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WILLIAM FOX *presents*

Janet Gaynor	Dixie Lee
Charles Farrell	Sharon Lynn
Warner Baxter	George MacFarlane
Victor McLaglen	J. Harold Murray
Edmund Lowe	George Olsen
Will Rogers	Paul Page
Frank Albertson	Tom Patricola
El Brendel	Ann Pennington
Walter Catlett	Frank Richardson
William Collier	David Rollins
James J. Corbett	"Whispering" Jack Smith
Richard Keene	Marjorie White

and 76 other outstanding stage and screen stars in this all talking, singing, dancing MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

The Brightest Stars of Broadway & Hollywood Entertain You

IN

HAPPY DAYS

Story by Sidney Lanfield *Dialog by* Edwin Burke

Staged by Walter Catlett

Directed by BENJAMIN STOLOFF

One hundred of the most scintillating personalities of stage and screen contribute their talents to this all-star, all-talking, singing, dancing musical extravaganza! The most colorful, tuneful, tantalizing show the stage or screen has ever known!

Coming soon to your favorite theater—don't miss this

FOX MOVIETONE



HEAR HER *Again!*

You'll HEAR an entirely new and different Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," with a mellow, lilting voice that will win you from the first word. . . .

You'll SEE a new Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field"—a fast-stepping girl of today doing daring things in daring costumes.

"Lilies of the Field," made from a famous Broadway hit, rips through forbidden walls to lay bare the lives of worthless women and faithless men.

It probes the secret places of a mother's heart to find a love far greater than that which lovers know.

Its powerful dialogue, its catchy new songs, its striking chorus numbers, its lovely star, make "Lilies of the Field" one of the most satisfying talking pictures yet produced. Watch for it!

VITAPHONE PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Corinne Griffith

in

LILIES OF THE FIELD

All-Talking-Singing

With ***Ralph Forbes, Jean Bary*** *directed by* ***Alexander Korda***

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTU

JANUARY. IS FIRST. NATIONAL MO



Volume XXXIX, No. 1 February, 1930

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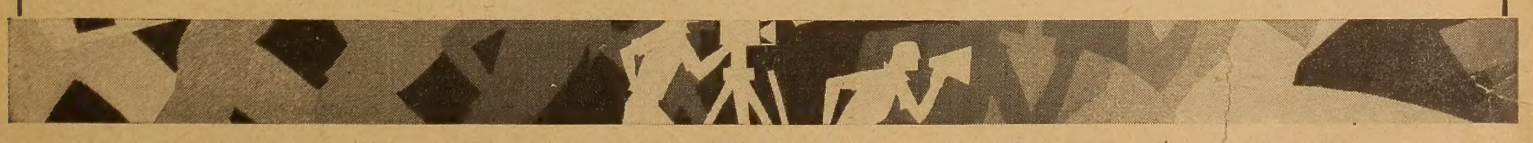
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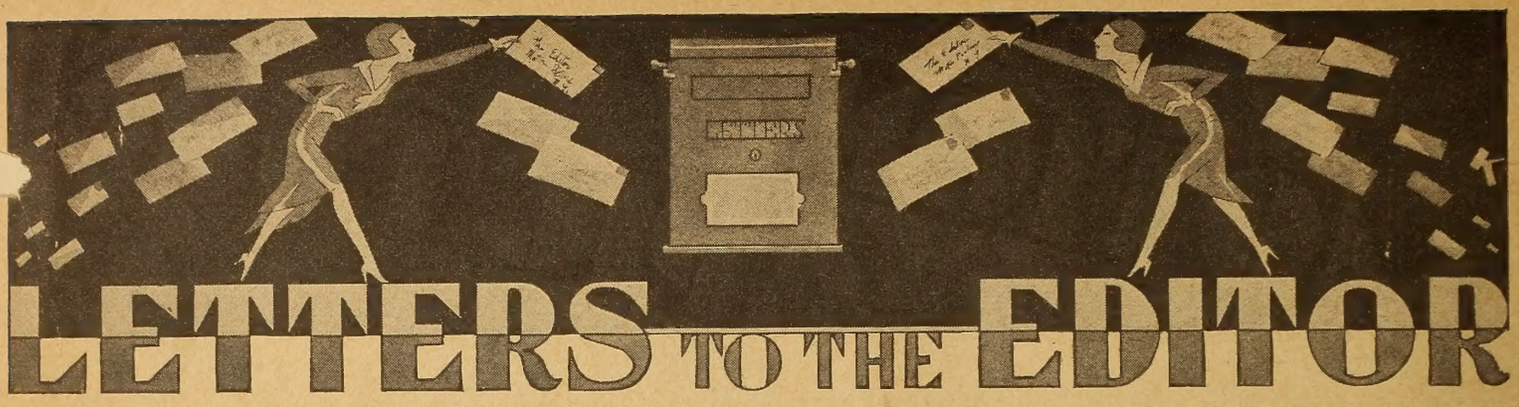
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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

It's Quality, Not Sound

NEWARK, N. J.—Much has been said concerning both the "talkies" and the "silents," and everybody seems to have his own opinion, but no one seems to prefer both.

The good quality of a picture cannot be determined by the fact that it is either a talkie or a silent picture. There are times when both can be used to their own advantages. Just at present the musical type of picture is very popular, but this is becoming quite monotonous. Most of these so-called operettas or musical productions have no plot and therefore they afford no chance to good actors to display their talent. On the other hand, they enable skilled dancers and singers to show what can be done in the movies now, even though their special kind of work was confined to the stage only, not so long ago. When the silent picture was at the height of its popularity, many beautiful dramas were produced. The players had an opportunity to show their emotions successfully, while the "talkies" produce a comical rather than a dramatic effect when emotion is shown, but in spite of all this, the talking picture leaves a more vivid impression in one's mind because of its naturalness. Personally, I prefer either type of picture as long as it is interesting. If there were more variety, I think that both the "talkies" and the silent pictures could be shown successfully, because there are many good points in each of them to make them successful.

Minnie Janette Megaro.

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

Some Pungent Points

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. Just one more interested patron of pictures voicing the question of a method of permanently placing certain pictures, historically correct at the disposal of students. The ill-fated "Courtship of Miles Standish" by Chas. Ray could well be shown yearly to the younger students. I remember it did not receive much advertising—also the title probably did not catch the public ear or eye. It's well worth a rejuvenation. There was another, "The Fall of Constantine," would aid the High School student to understand a most-difficult subject—the Byzantine Empire.

Does the public demand the picture to fit the star—for instance, filming "Cocktail" as adapted to Mary Pickford, not opposite? This is not a criticism—merely a question.

Could we not have the advertisements read "Evangeline" with Dolores Del Rio instead of Dolores Del Rio in "Evangeline"—stressing the idea and plot instead of the individual?

It was a rare treat to see Chester Morris and Regis Toomey in "Alibi"—they were adapted to the parts—their acting was realistic and in tune, one might say, with the other participants—there wasn't any attempt to "steal the lead" from each other—as the present star system encourages.

Margaret F. Harmon.

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

More Colorful Settings, Please

SONORA, CALIFORNIA.—I believe most theatergoers get more enjoyment out of strange land sceneries, such as Constantinople, Alaska, Spain, Italy and many foreign countries.

For instance, I went to see the "Trail of '98," not for the pleasure of the picture, but for the sake of seeing a part of Alaska which most people cannot afford to visit. Going home from the theater, I heard one women whisper to the other, "It's good to see Alaska through the movies." I felt so happy that I had the same idea in my mind too.

But now the movies bring a great change. It seems that mostly every producer is making dancing and singing indoor scenes on the stage. Is that all they're going to do from now on? Give us a little change before some people get tired of them.

Lastly, I say, let us have some outdoors-acting scenes of other countries. *F. V.*

Sound-Limited Settings

BROCKTON, MASS.—One thing I dislike about the talkies is the fact that they are confined to such small space. It seems almost as if the actors are cramped for room. No longer do we see the moving over space that we used to "in days of old." An entire picture takes place in only one or two scenes.

Take for example, that picture "The Charming Sinners"; the acting was excellent, the plot amusing and yet I felt as tho the actors were measuring their steps to keep within the limited space assigned to them. The same thing was true of "Jealousy," "Interference" and innumerable others.

The directors merely take a play from the stage and transplant it on the screen. Now that isn't what we want. We want talkies—yes—but we want them still to be moving pictures—to cover space. I miss the scenic beauty, the moving about, the outside life that used to play such a large rôle in silent pictures.

Probably it is because talking pictures are still in their infancy that this confinement is evident. I sincerely hope so. *"Nemo."*

Re Casts

NORWALK, CONN.—I have very often seen a picture when an actor, having a rather minor rôle, has so impressed me with his performance and screen personality that I was anxious to ascertain his name.

This has happened to me so often that I have wondered why the producers did not arrange it so the usual "Cast of Characters" is flashed on the screen at the conclusion of the picture.

Very few people read the list carefully in the beginning and a great many would be anxious to identify performers they had been attracted to while watching them on the screen.

This practice would not only aid the intelligent theater-goer who appreciates a fine piece of acting or is quick to recognize a new personality but it would be a great help to these aspiring performers who need to have their work recognized. *Mae G. Pratt.*

The Star View

HICKORY, N. C.—After reading "The Cuban Telephone Girl's" letter, in your December issue of MOTION PICTURE, I believe there are many "fans" who are very inconsiderate.

What if the stars do get a few thousand dollars a week, they earn it. Consider the up-keep of their homes, they must have plenty of clothes, and the many other expenses it takes for them to keep up appearances.

Those who receive several thousands of letters a day or even a week have to have a secretary to answer those letters. That takes money. And photographers don't take pictures for accommodation.

If one appreciates the real value of a photograph, it is the least one can do to contribute a few cents to defray mailing expenses.

I have sent money and a request for a photograph and once it was over a year before I received it.

I feel certain the stars appreciate the adulation enough that, were it possible, they would like to answer each letter personally.

I wish folks could realize that actors are human, even as you and I, and are due a little consideration. *Thelma Wentz.*

Viva Gloria

WATERVILLE, CONN.—I have just come from seeing what is in my humble opinion the best talking movie produced to

(*Continued on page 122*)

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



The Fountain *of* Youth– is *Mirth*

PONCE de LEON made an old man of himself searching restlessly for the Fountain of Youth. He might have stayed young and happy many years more, in his own sunny Spain, if he had *only learned to laugh.*

Mack Sennett is a wiser and a happier man. He recognized that Laughter is the Fountain of Youth, and he has tapped this golden spring for an endless stream of mirth that will help to keep *you* young.

Have you seen and heard Sennett's latest talking comedies—"Clancy at the Bat," "The New Halfback," "Uppercut O'Brien" and "Scotch"? In these and in *Educational's* many other talking comedies you'll find a real Fountain of Youth, as near as your favorite theatre.

MACK SENNETT
TALKING COMEDIES

These Jack White Productions mix speed and thrills with laughs.

MERMAID TALKING COMEDIES

TUXEDO TALKING COMEDIES

JACK WHITE TALKING COMEDIES



You'll find your favorite stars, too, in *Educational's* Talking Comedies.

LLOYD HAMILTON TALKING COMEDIES

LUPINO LANE TALKING COMEDIES

CORONET TALKING COMEDIES with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

Educational Pictures

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EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive Offices:
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Hot-Spot

OF THE MONTH

Sue And Nick Broke Their Engagement Because They Were Already Married

By RUTH BIERY

SUE CAROL married Nick Stuart Sunday, July 28, 1929, in the city of Ventura, county seat of Ventura County, California, seventy miles north of Hollywood.

She was married under the name Eva Jenny Kiefer—the name of her former husband being Kiefer.

Nick used his Roumanian cognomen — Niculae Pratza.

Edward Henderson, Judge of the Superior Court, performed the ceremony.

The witnesses were John O'Melveney and Corinne O'Melveney.

Sue gave her age as twenty-one; Nick's is recorded as twenty-five.

Eva Jenny Kiefer's address is written on records as 5680 Hill Side Drive—Sue Carol Stuart's" present place of residence; Nick's is recorded as 2049 Meadow Valley Terrace.

The groom's occupation, according to the certificate, is photography; the bride's, "student." Well, this is a safe way to put it, anyhow.

The name of the bride's father is written "Sam Led," rather than Sam Lederer, as Sue has commonly given it. He was born in Bohemia.



Sue Carol and Nick Stuart first met three years ago, when she was visiting in California, and it was he who persuaded her to enter pictures. Attracted to one another from the first, and seen together constantly, they have at last fulfilled all romantic expectations—even to the detail of a genuinely secret wedding

Successful Secrecy

AT the time this is being written these two have been married four months to the day without one newspaper or magazine getting hold of it. They have successfully kept it a dark secret, with Sue maintaining her separate residence and Nick his.

During the summer, they announced their engagement.

A few weeks ago they publicly, through the Los Angeles newspapers, broke it.

At that time, it leaked out that Sue was going with George O'Brien. Sue issued a public statement that this was unfair to George O'Brien — and, Hollywood added, to Olive Borden. Now, Olive and George are expected to be married in the early part of 1930.

There are undoubtedly other reasons for the secret. Friends of Sue's state positively that Mrs. Lederer, her mother, has placed a firm maternal foot upon the marriage-plans of the youngsters.

The same friends whisper that the Fox Film Company did not approve of the marriage. Not unusual in the case of Hollywood girls with a large fan following.

Persuasive Nick

THE romance dates back to before Sue's entrance into pictures. She was visiting in California when she met Nick, and it was he who urged her to enter pictures.

Engaged — not engaged: the usual gamut run by Hollywood lovers. Their romance has been almost as up and down, as much publicized, as Joan Crawford's and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr's.

Close friends of Joan and Doug still insist that they were married in California or a nearby state long before their quiet trip to New York which culminated in a Church wedding. We wonder if there is any chance that Sue and Nick have planned on repeating.

Yet, there seemed to be no definite plans for Sue and Nick to marry until they returned from Europe, where they made "Chasing Through Europe."

It was in Venice that real love seemed to catch up with the youngsters. Sue came back with a new light in her eyes, a new wistfulness about her. "I have always thought an awful lot of him," she said, "but now *I know I love him*. I could never do without him."

(*Continued on page 118*)

THAT HAPPY PAIR!

Here's Bessie Love and Charles King of "Broadway Melody" fame.

No wonder they're laughing and singing!

They've made a picture that's even greater than "The Broadway Melody."



THE ROAD SHOW

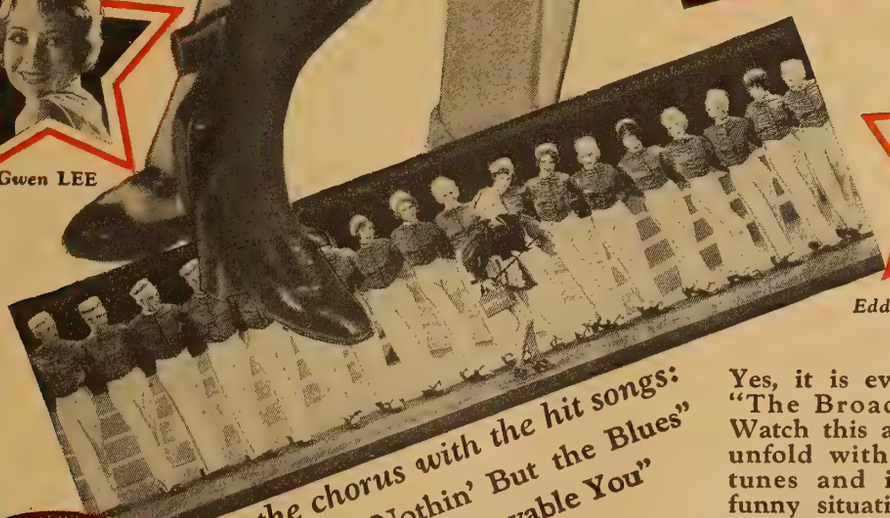
Marie DRESSLER



Polly MORAN



Gwen LEE

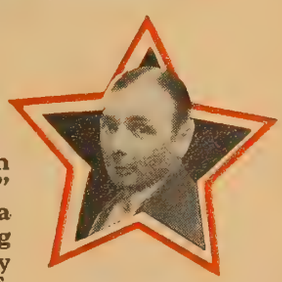




Eddie PHILLIPS



Jack BENNY



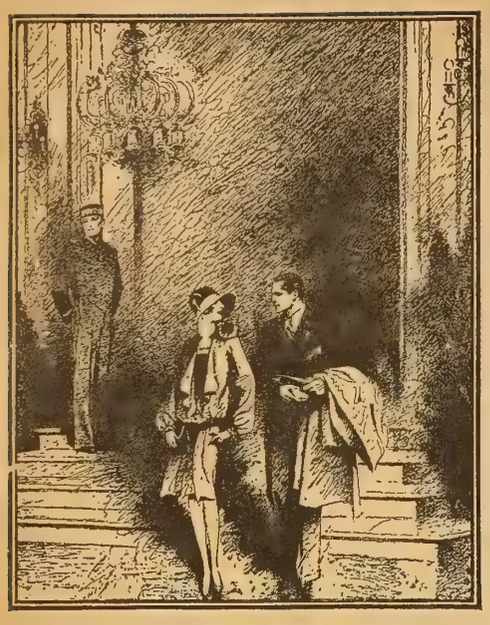
Geo. K. ARTHUR

Join the chorus with the hit songs:
"Love Ain't Nothin' But the Blues"
"Lucky Me and Lovable You"

Yes, it is even greater than "The Broadway Melody." Watch this absorbing drama unfold with its tantalizing tunes and its screamingly funny situations. Charles F. Riesner, the "Hollywood Revue" genius, directed it. Take a tip. All roads lead to "The Road Show."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"



IN
Quiet Proximity
to Downtown
DETROIT

There are certain things one *expects* in hotel facilities . . . "service that anticipates your needs" . . . "luxury without ostentation" . . . "*comfort in peaceful surroundings.*" These serenities may be taken for granted at the Fort Shelby. But you also want to be convenient to shops and theaters. Here, again, the Fort Shelby excels. Downtown Detroit is practically at the door!

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Wire or write and we'll reserve tickets to theaters, concerts or sporting events. A booklet and route direct to hotel supplied on request. *Rooms Servidor-equipped. Rates: $3 per day and up.* Main routes run either directly to or in the vicinity of this hotel. Competent attendant promptly takes care of your car. Look for large green sign on roof.

HOTEL
FORT
SHELBY

Lafayette and First
DETROIT

J. E. Frawley, Managing Director



By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert—playing in *Sunkissed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Burning Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *It's a Pleasure*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *Street of Chance*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Gertrude—playing in *It's a Pleasure*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—recently completed *Playing Around*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Banky, Vilma—playing in *Sunkissed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *The Man From Blankleys*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Son of the Gods*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Such Men Are Dangerous*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—recently completed *Son of the Gods*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studio, 1401 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blane, Sally—recently completed *The Vagabond Lover*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Blue, Monte—recently completed *Isle of Escape*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Mamba*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
Borden, Olive—recently completed *Dance Hall*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *The Humming Bird*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *Crashing Through*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *Rambling Roses*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Blackbirds*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Burning Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brice, Fannie—playing in *It's A Pleasure*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *Blackbirds*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Montana*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—recently completed *The Lone Star Ranger*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Come Out of the Kitchen*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chandler, Helen—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Bernice—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Collier, William, Sr.—playing in *Harmony At Home*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *Seven Days Leave*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Montana*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *Kettle Creek*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *Love Comes Along*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—recently completed *Dulcy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dove, Billie—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ellis, Robert—playing in *Undertow*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Loose Ankles*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Playmates*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *The Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Francis, Alec B.—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Street of Chance*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garrick, John—playing in *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Playmates*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Fool's Luck*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Gilbert, John—recently completed *Redemption*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Lillian—playing in *The Swan*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave.
Gleason, James—playing in *Puttin' On The Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gray, Alexander—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Hackathorne, George—playing in *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Hackett, Raymond—recently completed *Dulcy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Haines, William—playing in *Fresh From College*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—recently completed *The Saturday Night Kid*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Harding, Ann—recently completed *Condemned*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Henry, Charlotte—playing in *Harmony At Home*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *Hell Harbor*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)

"From Now On—VOICE *Will be the factor in picking* Movie Stars"



Jacqueline Logan

"Anyone who thinks at all can see how important a good voice will be in the movies from now on, and what a deciding factor it will be in picking stars for various parts.

I rejoice in the coming of the Talking Movies as an added outlet for the expression of artistic acting and I realize the importance of developing and training the voice to the utmost degree.

With vocal mastery comes poise, confidence and commanding personality. For these things all those who aspire to stardom should labor with all their hearts."

Jacqueline Logan





I Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%

Mail coupon below at once—and learn how with my wonderful NEW Silent Method of Voice Culture, I actually *guarantee* to improve your voice at least 100% or refund you every penny. Think what this means—especially now with the great demand the Talking Movie has made for men and women with rich, compelling voices. Movie Directors are now seeking—NOT just pretty faces and nice figures—but FINE VOICES! Practically all the big stars are taking voice culture. See what Jacqueline Logan says in her letter shown above. Here is YOUR one big chance—the chance you've been longing for—to really get into the movies—write me at once and let me show you how you can develop a rich, compelling, commanding voice. But don't delay—mail coupon NOW!

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Mail coupon now and without any cost or obligation on your part I will immediately send you my wonderful voice book—"Physical Voice Culture" telling all about my *guaranteed* NEW Silent Method of Voice Culture. Take the first step now toward the voice you've longed for—the movie chance you've hoped for—*mail this coupon!*

Prof. E. Feuchtinger, PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE,
Dept. 12-62 1922 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago

Prof. E. Feuchtinger,
Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 12-62
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

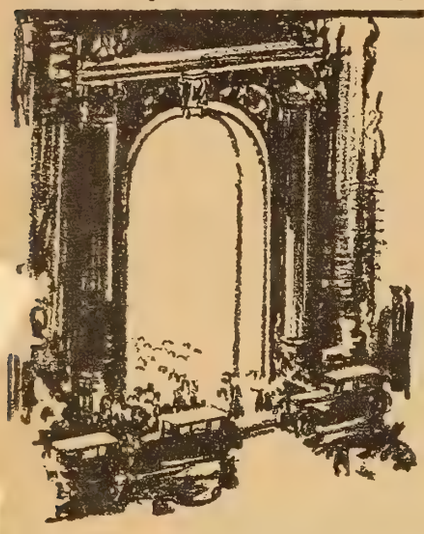
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*City*_____ *State*_____

THE
Doorway of Hospitality



IN HOLLYWOOD, film capital of the world, the Hollywood Plaza is hotel headquarters.

Here is everything to do and see. Downtown Los Angeles is but 20 minutes away. The beaches, also, are easily accessible. Golf, recreation, night life and other entertainment surrounds the hotel.

Plan to stop here on your trip to Southern California. Reasonable rates . . . every possible comfort. Write for descriptive booklet.

THE HOLLYWOOD PLAZA HOTEL

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-832 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.



There's an air of hospitality that you'll like
AT THE HOTEL
PICCADILLY
227 WEST 45th ST. at BROADWAY
NEW YORK
ADJACENT TO EVERY ACTIVITY
600 BRIGHT SUNLIT ROOMS
EACH WITH BATH,
ELECTRIC FAN, ICE WATER
SINGLE ROOM AND BATH $3.00
DOUBLE ROOM AND BATH $4.50
EXCEPTIONAL RESTAURANT AND GRILLE
WIRE AT OUR EXPENSE FOR RESERVATIONS
F. D. SOFIELD · MANAGING DIRECTOR

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Holland, John—recently completed *Hell Harbor*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Holmes, Phillip—recently completed *Pointed Heels*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed *Love Comes Along*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Fresh From College*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Johnson, Kay—playing in *Such Men Are Dangerous*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Jolson, Al—recently completed *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Kent, Barbara—playing in *The King of Jazz Revue*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
King, Dennis—playing in *The Vagabond King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—recently completed *Dance Hall*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lane, Lola—playing in *What a Break*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lane, Lupino—playing in *The Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
LaRocque, Rod—playing in *The Swan*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—recently completed *Murder Will Out*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Livingston, Margaret—playing in *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Loff, Jeannette—playing in *The King of Jazz Revue*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—recently completed *Playing the Field*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Montague—recently completed *Love Comes Along*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Blackbirds*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Farrell—playing in *Men Without Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeannette—playing in *The Vagabond King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Marion, George—playing in *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Maynard, Ken—playing in *Kettle Creek*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *Lights and Shadows*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moore, Tom—playing in *Lights and Shadows*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran and Mack—playing in *Two Black Crows of the A. E. F.*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Moran, Lois—recently completed *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Moran, Polly—recently completed *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morgan, Helen—playing in *The River Inn*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Morris, Chester—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Morton, Charles—recently completed *Cameo Kirby*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Muni, Paul—playing in *The Holy Devil*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—recently completed *Cameo Kirby*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Swan*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—playing in *Undertow*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The House of Troy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliott—recently completed *Dulcy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—recently completed *Hit The Deck*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Fire Walker*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Owen, Catherine Dale—recently completed *The Rogue's Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Humming Bird*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Pringle, Aileen—playing in *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—recently completed *The Bishop Murder Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Richman, Harry—playing in *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *By The Way Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rollins, David—playing in *What a Break*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *Out To Kill*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Schildkraut, Rudolph—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Scott, Fred—recently completed *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Seegar, Miriam—playing in *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—playing in *The Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Their Own Desires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sterling, Ford—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Their Own Desires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *The Trespasser*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Sweet, Blanche—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Terry, Ethelind—playing in *The House of Troy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tibbett, Laurence—recently completed *The Rogue's Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Street of Chance*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Torrence, Ernest—recently completed *Officer O'Brien*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tryon, Glenn—playing in *Anything Goes*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Van and Schenck—recently completed *Playing the Field*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—recently completed *Hell Harbor*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Wagstaff, Joseph—playing in *What a Break*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Walker, Polly—recently completed *Hit The Deck*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Furies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *Just Kids*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Rambling Roses*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—playing in *The King of Jazz Revue*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—recently completed *Furies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Withers, Grant—playing in *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wray, Fay—recently completed *Pointed Heels*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

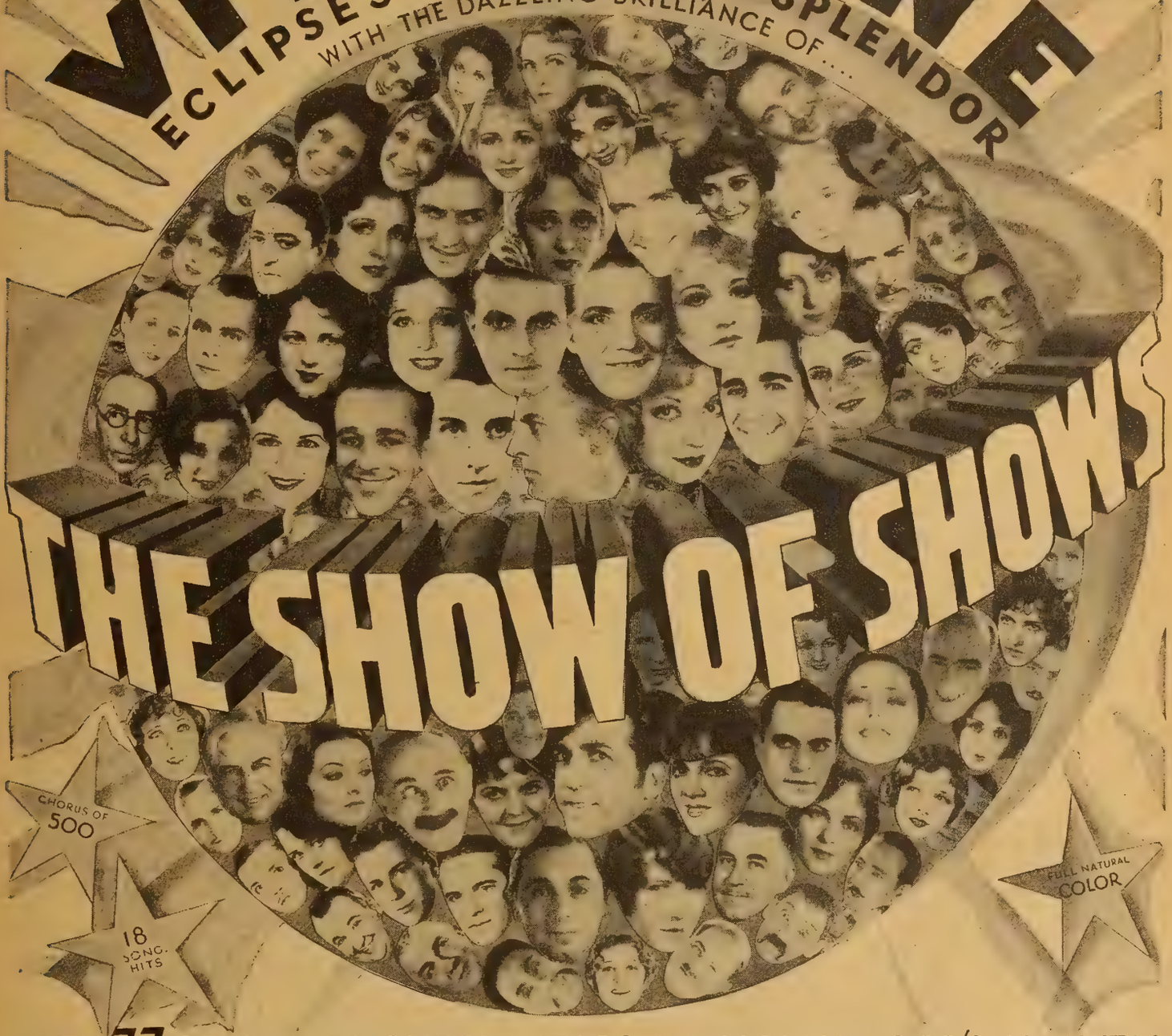
* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Man From Blankleys*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Mad*—Metro-Goldwyn-*

VITAPHONE

ECLIPSES THE SUN IN SPLENDOR

WITH THE DAZZLING BRILLIANCE OF...



WITH 77 OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN HOLLYWOOD'S HEAVEN

Since their first startling introduction of *Vitaphone* Warner Bros. have gradually massed wonder upon wonder until it seemed that talking picture progress had surely reached its peak.

But now suddenly at a single stride *Vitaphone* comes forward with an achievement so immeasurably superior to any that have gone before, that the history of screen development must be completely rewritten and revised.

"THE SHOW OF SHOWS" is a connoisseur's collection of the supreme examples of almost every form of stage and screen entertainment.

Only *Vitaphone* could assemble the names of John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Georges Carpentier, Irene Bordoni, Dolores Costello, and enough more for 20 average pictures, all on one prodigious program.

And you'll remember as long as you live such sensational features as the Florodora Sextet composed of headline screen stars — the Sister Number with eight sets of celebrated screen-star sisters—the stupendous Lady Luck finale with a chorus of 300 and fifteen specialty "acts."

If you could see only one motion picture this season, that picture should be "The Show of Shows." Don't dare miss it—for you may never look upon its like again!

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. NATURAL COLOR PICTURE BY TECHNICOLOR

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade mark of the Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process

A SWEEPING DEMONSTRATION OF THE SUPREMACY OF VITAPHONE PICTURES, PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY BY WARNER BROS. AND FIRST NATIONAL



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**What male star of the screen has a penchant for revealing his torso in still photographs**

• ● •

2—**Name the M.G.M. ingénue who has stepped out only once (her own story) without a family chaperon.**

• ● •

3—**Who is the artistic actor in Hollywood who boasts of the fact that he doesn't touch liquor?**

• ● •

4—**What is Greta Garbo's real name?**

• ● •

5—**Two prominent feature players of Hollywood have been separated for several years without filing a divorce action. Who are they?**

• ● •

6—**Name the star who wears the loudest clothes in Hollywood.**

• ● •

7—**Which famous member of the I-have-left-the-screen-for-good Club has returned to Hollywood to make pictures?**

• ● •

8—**What cowboy of the screen drives a cream-colored Rolls-Royce and rates big with the ladies?**

• ● •

9—**What popular male star recently denied his engagement to a fiery señorita from Mexico?**

• ● •

10—**Out of the five men to whom Sally Eilers has been reported engaged, can you name two?**



Kahle

Even under the most harrassing circumstances, Joyce Compton is not a girl likely to blow up. But upon this occasion, the advent of 1930, she considers such a performance permissible

11—**Who are the favored public escorts of the following: Norma Talmadge? Bebe Daniels? June Collyer?**

• ● •

12—**Louise Dantzler is the real name of a well-known Paramount player. What is her professional name?**

• ● •

13—**What pretty lady in Hollywood doubles Ben Lyon's salary check each week on the New York stock exchange?**

• ● •

14—**Name two of M. G. M.'s biggest stars who have the reputation of shunning personal publicity.**

• ● •

15—**Mae Murray has instituted a suit for $250,000 against the Fox Theaters. What was the basis for the charge?**

• ● •

16—**What Broadway singer dedicated a gag-song to his girl friend entitled "You Don't Have To Go To Europe To Marry A Broad"?**

• ● •

17—**Ronald Colman has recently been attentive to a New York stage star. Can you name the lucky lady?**

• ● •

18—**A certain film couple have a two-year old daughter named Antonia. Give her full name.**

• ● •

19—**Name two stars of the stage, now in Hollywood, who are competing for the title, "The Best Dressed Woman From Broadway."**

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.

Do You Know Your Type in Make-Up as Screen Stars Do?



PHYLLIS HAVER
Pathe Star



Blonde ...Brunette ....*or* Redhead

MARGARET LIVINGSTON
Independent Star



ALICE WHITE
First National Star



RENEE ADOREE
M-G-M Star

Discover How to Actually Double Your Beauty with Hollywood's New Sensation in Society Make-Up...Cosmetics in Color Harmony, Created by Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up Genius! See Coupon for Priceless Beauty Gift.

BEAUTY!...*the alluring beauty you've longed for*... is hidden in the magic of a new kind of make-up known to the screen stars of Hollywood. Charm!...*subtle in its fascination*... Personality!...*magnetic in its power of attraction*...are complements of this new beauty which is emphasized to the fullest in the beguiling feminine loveliness created by this entirely new art in make-up.

Just as you have marveled at the beauty of the screen stars, so now you will marvel at the amazing beauty this new make-up will bring to you.

The secret lies in a make-up ensemble in perfect color harmony to blend with your own individual colorings and type. Color harmony make-ups tested to type and approved by famous stars such as Marion Davies, Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Bebe Daniels and scores of others. Colors in cosmetics...powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials...proved perfect under the blazing motion picture lights; so wonderfully true to lifelike colorings that the beauty effect they create is one of entrancing loveliness.

You've seen, in hundreds of feature pictures, in millions of feet of film, the magic of make-up by Max Factor, because Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios.



MAE MURRAY
And MAX FACTOR
Mae Murray marvels at the perfect color effect of Max Factor's lipstick. She knows it is kiss proof and water proof.

Now in Society Make-Up, Max Factor offers to you, and every woman, the make-up beauty of cosmetic color harmony which until now has been held in Filmland. A sensation in Hollywood...it will be a beauty revelation to you.

And you may play the part of a screen star and have your complexion analyzed and your own individual color harmony charted for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King. You'll discover the one way to actually double your beauty; you'll discover the one color harmony for you to use, whatever your type, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. Accept this priceless beauty gift which Max Factor offers you with a copy of his own book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* Fill in coupon and mail today.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

**"Cosmetics of the Stars"* HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-2-18

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					

**Note: "96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Stars and Studios is Max Factor's," Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics*



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

HOLLYWOOD is the most hospitable town in the world—at ten dollars a plate. No visiting celebrity is allowed to arrive and escape, without at least one shindig to which everyone is invited—to bring his own flask and a blank check. Not only public, but many private functions are conducted on this pay-as-you-R.S.V.P. idea.

A certain studio, in feting a world-famous aviator, tendered a tea to which every actor, director and artist on the lot was commanded. At the end of the month the dazed guests were charged with the bill (which was generously split fifty or sixty different ways.) And the only guy to get thanked was papa **FRONT OFFICE.** Cute?

On the other hand, this guest idea works the other way around once in a while, the stunt being that if you can pay your own way, you can go anywhere. Even without the official badge of an invitation. They tell the story of **Paul Whiteman's** private dinner to which he had asked half a dozen studio executives. Right at the beginning of the festivities, a seventh and uninvited official arrived, ate his meal, left a ten-dollar bill under his plate and took his leave. After all—it isn't the money, it's the principals in the thing.

But don't let me give you the idea that money (your own) is the only consideration in our whoopee for the Who's Who. Our daring and original schemes of saying "Hello" to the little stranger in our midst are in a class by themselves. When the **Maharajah** of **India** arrived recently to look over the other famous **Indians,** he got an eye and an ear full on more than one occasion. One studio hired two hundred extras to paint up as cowboys, cowgirls, Aztecs and so on. They were instructed to swoop down on the studio gate just as his **Nibs** rolled up **a la motah.** And, what I mean, they swooped! Shouting, shooting, stampeding and singing. The bewildered dignitary almost fainted from sheer fright. "Howdy," yelled the grotesque hoodlums as they corralled his car. "How's the harem?" His smile was as strained as a tight rope, but he was game. He did smile.

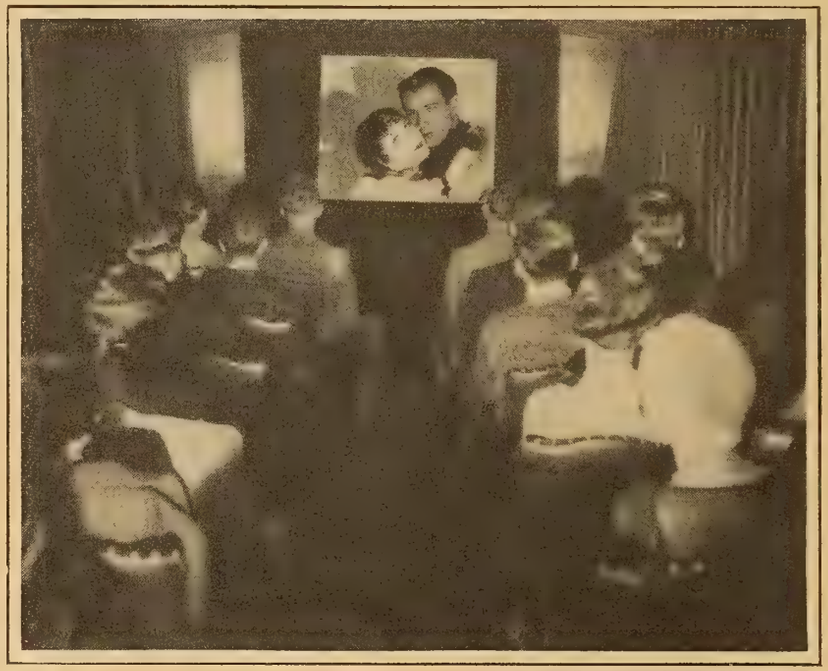
Things That Are Never Seen in Hollywood: With all its big-city atmosphere, we've always missed the sight of a good, old-fashioned railroad station in our little hamlet.

And then, if you are from a small town back **East,** of course, you'll notice the complete lack of anything that resembles a **park.**

If there's one place in the world that one would expect to find a pawn-shop, it's in this haven of flat-broke extras—but the city council made a rule against anyone's displaying three **gold balls** within our fair city's limits. I suppose they figured that would spoil the illusion.

If you think you've ever had a laugh out of a **Laurel** and **Hardy** comedy, you should see them actually making a talkie in **Spanish!** How they murder the queen's tamale-chatter is side-splitting.

Short Sob Story: He was once married to one of **Hollywood's** most beautiful girls. She wasn't a success at the time of their sweetheart days, but two years after the marriage she was one of the ranking women of the screen. During those first lean months, a baby girl had been born—born of poverty and love. Then, with her sudden success, came an overbearing attitude and self-pity. She became ashamed of the man she had loved. Finally, divorced. The only right that he was able to save from the wreckage was the privilege of seeing the little girl once a week. His grief affected his work and he was fired. Now there was no money to buy dollies and candy. No money to hire an automobile for that one eventful day. No money. On that one afternoon each week he could be seen walking up the long **Boulevard** with the baby in his arms. Only once every six months or so was he able to afford a cheap doll. He **still** walks the **Boulevard** with his girl on the same day of the week. He has made a failure of everything in life—except life itself.



International Newsreel

Reels on wheels: a glimpse of the first showing of a talking picture ever to be given on a railroad. A car specially equipped for sound pictures has been added to one of the limited trains between Los Angeles and Chicago

I've been wondering, ever since the **Janet Gaynor-Lydell Peck** nuptials, if that little ceremony was a signal for the resumption of the **Virginia Valli-Charlie Farrell** romance. The four-cornered hitching post has been relieved of **two** of its disquieting influences. Here's hoping!

Clara Bow must think she's slipping. The other night at the **Roosevelt** she appeared in a bright red dress. Not quite the color of her hair, however. Not quite. In fact, it was so close that the result was a collision. Don't try so hard, **Clara;** they'll all see you!

Everybody in the **Blossom Room** joined in a lusty chorus of **"Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here"** when **Lew Cody** entered. He had been out a whole year with a very painful illness.

Harry Richman was handed a bit of a boo when he declined to sing for the folks. I'm glad someone in the joint knew when to say "No."

Does **Ivan Lebedeff** have **always** to look so band-boxy? No matter where you see him, it's forever the same story—immaculate and alone.

Mary Astor, Olive Borden, Lila Lee and **Mary Pickford** all driving down the **Boulevard** in their new **Fords.** Must be great to have dough!

I think we should give this little extra girl a hand. She was trying to improve her voice during her off-hours from the studio. One morning the assistant director asked her how she spent her evenings. She is reported to have said, "I'm being wired for sound!"

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



David G. Farley
Brooklyn, New York



Zena M. White, Teague, Texas



Harriet L. Lamp
Youngstown, Ohio

Mellin's Food—A Milk Modifier

The Baby grows very fast, will usually double the birth weight at five months and treble it in a year.

The diet should therefore be arranged to supply the constant need for

PROTEIN—to form new tissues and to cover body waste.
MINERAL SALTS—for the chemical requirements of the body.
FAT AND CARBOHYDRATES—to carry on the work of the body.

A plentiful supply of these essential elements is always present in milk properly modified with Mellin's Food. The relation of these elements—one to another—is orderly, and the caloric value well calculated for every pound of body weight.

This is the reason for the firm flesh, active muscles and strong bones so noticeable in babies fed on

MELLIN'S FOOD AND MILK

Mellin's Food Biscuits

Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle

Mellin's Food Biscuits

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Company - - - Boston, Mass.

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

SAYS "I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY"



From a poem to MRS. LODGE *by* AMY LOWELL . . .

Dancer of silver shadows,
You are all youth and freshness . . .
You dance in the dawn,
Printing a fleeting pattern of your bright body
Against sudden, startled green.





Lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge of Boston and New York is the bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Née Francesca Braggiotti, she is widely known as a dancer. (Left) *in her brilliant interpretation of "Scheherezade," so much admired.*

BEAUTY, romantic ancestry, talent and charm—such is the dowry of lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge, bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator from Massachusetts, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge.

Born Francesca Braggiotti, Mrs. Lodge lived as a child in Florence, Italy. Beautiful, with starry dark eyes and hair golden as Melisande's, she is devoted to the art of the dance.

"I believe in beauty," she says. "Women should live for loveliness, for lovely minds in lovely graceful bodies. And the charm of a lovely skin is as important!"

Mrs. Lodge's own skin is exquisite, warmly colored and fresh as a tea-rose. "I've used Pond's Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream. Pond's new Skin Freshener is doubly precious because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream which holds her powder gives her arms and neck a lustre which she says "is attractive in the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN SKIN LOVELY by Pond's four swift, simple steps:

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At bedtime, cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.



(Left) *Pond's four delightful preparations are preferred by lovely women everywhere—Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.*

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Russell Ball

It has always been a habit of Californians to boast of the beauty of their daylight. But the chances are now they will prove no less vociferous on the subject of their climate after dark, for Lola Lane is to appear in "What A Break"



What an imposition on the audience to put a girl with Evelyn Brent's looks in "Darkened Rooms"! It would seem that until that is past fans will have to make out with remembering how striking she was in "Why Bring That Up?" and "Fast Company"

Preston Duncan



It's one of the tragedies of Hollywood that the one man there who can wear dress clothes without wondering how he looks in them, has a weakness for cruising the South Seas. Meaning, naturally, John Barrymore, next to appear on the screen in "The Man from Blankleys" and "The Show of Shows"

Fred R. Archer



Kenneth Alexander

So long as she marches in it—and she does—"The Grand Parade" will be grand indeed. For Helen Twelvetrees has already, in "Words and Music" and "The Ghost Talks," shown herself both able and personable, regardless of the rôle entrusted to her



Ernest Bachrach

Richard Dix will presently be engaged in again unlocking the hearts of his fans, and this time he is most amply equipped, with a play called "Seven Keys to Baldpate." And when that is done, Dick will shove off for "Hawk Island"



Apeda

Catherine Dale Owen is why Hollywood has ceased saying that Broadway actresses may have voices but no beauty. Her almost regal loveliness was seen first in "His Glorious Night," with John Gilbert. It will be again in "The Rogue's Song," with Lawrence Tibbett



Preston Duncan

Behind the screen, at least, Lila Lee has been leading a hazardous life lately. For no sooner has she done with her part in "Dark Streets" than she is cast into a film environment even more terrifying, "Murder Will Out"



Russell Ball

Lloyd's pleasure appears unalloyed in this glimpse of him. And who can blame him, for word has gone forth that Mr. Hughes will be enrolled prominently in the list of players for Bebe Daniels's newest film, "Love Comes Along," which follows "Rio Rita"

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

February, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Camera!

FOR a complete transformation of occupation the case of William S. Hart comes close to winning the dimity cocktail shaker.

Because if ever any one person was the embodiment of everything silent on the screen, William S. was that. He was the most noiseless hero in the completely noiseless era of the films. Compared to William S., a clam is a side-show barker.

And now, in contrast, William S. has reversed himself in his work by entering into radio broadcasting. He has undertaken to win a new public and revive an old one by his voice alone. Today his fans may not see him saying good-bye to his old hoss, but they can hear him. And perhaps hear the hoss whinny tearfully in return. This through the aid of an animal impersonator.

At any rate, those of us who for so many years were thrilled by Mr. Hart, the one best Western actor, feel like breaking into sound ourselves. We are prompted, now that he has found a way once again to come before us and to us, to become very noisily clamorous indeed for his return.

Wall Street in Fact and Fiction

ARTHUR TRAIN once said that characters in melodramas were truer to life than many in more ambitious plays. He held that we are, for all our tendency to individualize ourselves, pretty much classifiable into broad types.

And Mr. Train contended, too, that conversely melodramas were a pretty accurate representation of life, for all that they might seem exaggerated.

This comes to mind apropos of the recent crash in Wall Street.

We recall a few months ago a picture dealing with just such a situation. It looked overdrawn. Parts of it in particular, where the young teller gets caught in the crash and is forced to disclose that he has been speculating with his bank's funds, looked like what is known as the old stuff.

It is the old stuff, of course. But it's also the true stuff. And even more, it's a mild portion of it. In "The Wolf of Wall Street" only one bank employee was found to be speculating. Whereas in actual life, the other day, out in Flint, Michigan, about twenty in the same bank were detected. The imaginations of scenario writers are many degrees more conservative than life itself.

Is Hollywood Going Hollywood?

OUT in Hollywood these days it begins to look as if Hollywood were going Hollywood again.

For a time there was a change in the place. When the talking pictures came in, experts and leaders of all sorts were rushed out and assigned to do work. Electrical engineers, of course. And stage actors, for the speaking rôles.

For a time after that, too, films improved in quality and in intelligence enormously.

But there are indications that the ultimate powers of the screen are again beginning to assert their authority. They are once more going in for believing that after all they themselves could have done this anyway. And so hereafter they may scorn the advice and the suggestion and the assistance of specialized performers, and undertake to let their cousins do the job and draw the salaries.

For the good of screen entertainment and for the prosperity of the industry, we trust that this suspicion is unfounded. Because the present stimulation of interest in films is due to the renaissance of competency in their making. Before the talkies came, they were pretty bad. They were uninspired and dull, and the public knew it and was staying away from them. The coming of the talkies brought a revolution not so much by dint of the novelty of sound as by dint of attracting better brains to the production of films.

What *the*

Most Of The Stars Are Poorer. But None Is Wiser



TICKERS on the sets.

Hundreds of pencils with long points but with ends nervously chewed to splinters by famous teeth—even Roy D'Arcy's.

Glum faces. Faces which were trained to smile.

Hands which twitch uncertainly together.

Rumors like these flying about:

"Al Jolson has lost over two millions."

"Irving Berlin is right where he started. He has a trust fund for his wife and baby. He has his business. But otherwise he's lost every penny."

"Carl Laemmle, senior, was in for four million."

"Irving Thalberg, Harry Rapf, Sid Grauman—they've lost their entire fortunes."

"Edmund Lowe lost thirty thousand, Lilyan Tashman (Mrs. Lowe) eighteen thousand."

"Ivan Lebedeff is pacing the floor of a friend's home in a frenzy. He was up to his neck in R. K. O."

That is a picture of Hollywood this morning. That is a sample of the conversation among all of filmdom's people. For the first time in the history of pictures there is something more important to these folk than pictures.

Topics Change

"WILL the Duncan sisters sign a new contract?" was the theme song two weeks ago at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

"How much did Irving Thalberg lose? Did Norma Shearer crash, too?" is the present-day sequel.

The time elapsing between the two refrains seems like centuries, so changed is the outlook of even song writers.

One official told me that business is practically suspended. Psychologically speaking. "You'd think we were Wall Street. Everyone is dashing hither and yonder, carrying pencil and paper. And they're not making notes on scenarios. They're learning the art of subtraction."

Tips? Yes! But mostly tipped. Men who were millionaires yesterday are thousandaires or paupers this morning. Women who had a fortune in jewelry a week ago are selling or borrowing on it this week to cover their margins. Hollywood is hit and hit hard. Hit with something of which it has no understanding.

I have spent two full days trying to trace the amounts of the gains and losses. For there are some gains, but they are like a drop in the bucket.

To trace the exact amounts is impossible. In many cases people do not know themselves. That is the pity of it. Like children punished for something which they cannot fathom. Like women accused of unfaithfulness who are so innocent that they do not know how to meet the accusations. Actors and actresses accustomed to easy-come, easy-go dollars caught in a maelstrom of be-wilderment and "I-can't-believe-it's."

Like Cheated Children

YOU see, they are accustomed to tips but not to tipping. "If you buy R.K.O. now, you'll be



The photograph at the top shows Broad and Wall Streets as disorderly as the stocks themselves during the recent market crash; and down, in order, Irving Berlin, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman

Stock Crash *did to* HOLLYWOOD

By RUTH BIERY



worth twice as much tomorrow. I have an inside tip. It's going to . . . ."

They believed it. Not knowing much of anything but make-up and dresses and smiles created for camera angles, they believed those who were supposed to know about business. They had faith. Like little children.

And now they can't understand just how it all happened.

A woman who works on the Richard Dix set said, "Richard came down to work last week with a smile which was heart-breaking. He told us, 'Well, I have four pieces of real estate, two Packard cars, perfect health and ninety-one dollars. Thank God for the perfect health.'"

John Gilbert will not talk. But those close to him tell the story that just before John left on his honeymoon trip to Europe he scraped together all he could and placed it on the stock market. None of us would go so far as to announce or rumor that John Gilbert lost his last penny. He has his house, his cars, his furniture and some shares of Montgomery Ward which he owns outright. But he is reported to have lost money. Possibly a considerable part of his savings. It is said that he had one thousand shares of Auburn stock which he purchased at three times what he sold them for—which would mean a three hundred thousand dollar loss. In addition, friends tell us, he had some Montgomery Ward on margin.

Norma's Nightie

THE persistent rumors that Irving Thalberg, husband of Norma Shearer, crashed to the wall are not founded upon facts. His losses are estimated by those on the inside at five hundred thousand. But these same friends remind us that, during his honeymoon trip to Europe, he made eight hundred and fifty thousand. However, Norma Shearer told a representative of MOTION PICTURE that she had canceled an order for a new fur coat and some jewelry and told her maid to mend her silk nightgown. Under normal conditions she would, undoubtedly, have told the maid to keep it!

Proving that she was a dutiful wife who came to the support of her husband, Mrs. Thalberg said in the same conversation that she was on the way down-town to sell some bonds and gilt-edged securities so that she might buy in on the low market. This was after the second slump. Today came the third. She could not be reached for information as to what had happened to her investment. She was in bed with Klieg eyes. Whether Klieg eyes can be caused by the market is something you can guess as well as I.

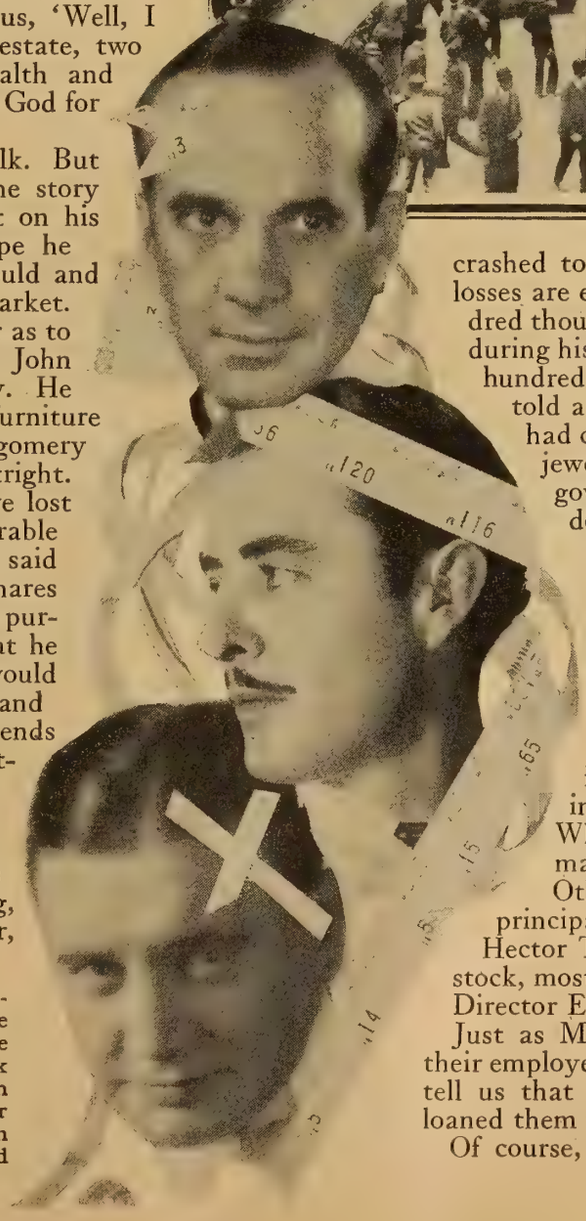
Other losses reported from those closest to the principals were:

Hector Turnbull, seventy-five thousand. Paramount stock, mostly. Eddie Montaigne, thirty-thousand. Director Ed Sedgwick, twenty thousand.

Just as Montgomery Ward rallied to the support of their employees holding their stock, so workers at R. K. O. tell us that Radio has come to their support. It has loaned them the money to cover their margins.

Of course, there are those who have profited. Little

(*Continued on page 116*)



It was necessary to call out hundreds of extra police to dispel the crowds that milled about the portals of the New York Stock Exchange, shown above, when stocks crashed. From the corner of Broad Street and reading down are Al Jolson, John Gilbert and Richard Dix

Salvaging Stars

Because Of Mrs. Wallace Reid's Efforts, Many Falling Idols Have Stopped Falling

By CHARLESON GRAY



IT'S a great life if you don't weaken—b u t why not weaken and have a little fun?

That's one angle.

The other is that if you are a national figure, if there are thousands of people ready to watch and copy and comment upon your actions, you haven't the right to fun—if your fun is the kind that will set a bad example.

You see, there are two angles. Heeding the first, Hollywood too often forgets the latter. That is why we so often hear: "You wouldn't think it to look at Ronnie Remsen, but he's the lousiest drunk that bzz bzz bzz—" or "No wonder Celia Curve is good in whoopee rôles. Why, do you know that bzz bzz bzz—" That sort of thing.

And then all over the land we have little nit-wits starting to carry flasks and going to parties without their panties because they've heard, and perhaps correctly, that Ronnie and Celia do so. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then picture people are just about the most sincerely flattered in the world. The pity of it is that this imitation is oftener of the bawdy, rackety actions of filmdom than of its steadier and worthier side.

One Who Bitterly Realizes

IT so happens that there is in Hollywood one woman who realizes that fact a little more bitterly than anyone else. When Wallie Reid died, and all the world learned by the manner of his death that he was not the fine clean symbol he appeared on the screen, decency took a crashing blow. His wife lived to know this as poor lovable Wallie did not. And with the knowledge torturing her, she consecrated her life to the task of seeing that others—of the American gods, other figures which the public had lifted to praise, did not force their worshipers to see that they possess feet of clay.

Wallie died in 1922. I am powerless to describe the local reaction when the news broke that the lingering illness and consequent death of Hollywood's swell guy had been caused by drug addiction. Everyone was affected, but particularly the young people. In a hurt, puzzled way they seemed to feel that a pal had thrown them down.

Seven years ago the tragic death of popular Wallace Reid stunned all America. And for seven years his wife, the former Dorothy Davenport, has worked, not in vain, to save others from his fate

Dorothy Davenport Reid learned this reaction to be nation-wide. A sensitive, principled woman, she at once began to work on the drug problem, seeking to wipe out some of the stain caused by her laughing, careless husband. She made propaganda pictures such as "Human Wreckage"; she gave until it hurt, and then more, of her slender funds to every "anti-dope" project; she instituted the Reid Foundation Fund, which cares for addicts without charge.

She worked incessantly, always praying for the realization of one fond hope, a cure for the disease. In 1924 it seemed that she was on the track. A former drug user in Seattle had discovered a Hindu secret which promised to allay the craving. His experiments had not been carried far enough, however, to insure a certain cure. Mrs. Reid returned to Hollywood, and the man continued his work.

Fruits of Hope and Work

FIVE years later, in the early part of 1929, she heard from him again. He had carried his discovery to its conclusion. More, the find had been developed to include a cure for alcoholism. C. R. Ouellette brought the news and the formula to Hollywood. A physician was secured to administer the treatment—and

(*Continued on page 105*)



Bull

It took the difference between the chow served in Napoleon's army and what he'd been used to back in Paris, to give the young *Lieutenant Armand deTreville* his first taste of what war was like. And Ramon Novarro, as *Armand*, makes this clear indeed in his next picture, "Devil May Care"

Campaignful Thoughts

The LOVE-

Broadway Now Is As Well



By

DOROTHY MANNERS

IT'S not the talking, singing, dancing part of it. Hollywood is holding her own pretty well there. It's this Broadway love upset that is beginning to be the grounds in our coffee.

It's like this: let them come out if they must and strut their stuff. What do we care? We can do things, too. Didn't Conrad Nagel sing, "You Were Meant For Me" almost as well as Charlie King? Well, almost. But when they start competition in the love interest, then things are really beginning to get serious; when the Broadway femmes start intriguing our confirmed bachelors, and the Broadway beaux step out with our very best, who haven't given the local swains a break since Rudy Vallee arrived, then it's high time things were done about it.

As a menace, the Broadway love-invasion is worse than that epidemic we went through with the foreigners and the Equity people. Some of the optimists say it is just the novelty of the thing. You know—the glamour of the visiting fireman—the village belle from another hamlet—that sort of thing. And there may be something in the idea. But in the meantime the casualties are mounting up right smartly.

The Gilbert Kidnaping

OFF-HAND, I'd say Ina Claire began the banditry with that air-plane elopement with John Gilbert, our leading de luxe heart-breaker. Just when everyone had him so nicely mated with Greta Garbo, too. How were we to suspect it was a drawing-room accent he was crazy for all the time? They say he fell in love with her over the marcelled heads of all Hollywood that night at the Barney Glazers. And, my dear, it isn't as though we hadn't had sex-appeal right here all the time. Of course, she did have that background of a trip to Europe or a French phrase or something different. But it was funny the way he fell like a ton of bricks. Really, the only way to account for it must be the novelty of the thing.

And look at Ronald Colman. Not that he's married yet, thank heavens, but they do say that Gertrude Lawrence actually got a flicker of the eyelash out





Upper left, John Gilbert and Ina Claire, now Mr. and Mrs; left, Constance Bennett, who knows William Haines's florist; and below, Lawrence Gray, a frequent caller on Marilyn Miller

R. H. Louise

INVADERS

Swiping Hearts As Contracts



Bull

of him—and that's more of a shock than the entire battery of Hollywood gals could arouse. We've worked on Ronnie for years, too. All sizes and shapes. All models—including the re-conditioned. He has been baited with everything from the athletic type that just loves to play tennis with him, on through the clinging vines and down to just-the-pals. But nothing came of it—not even a rumor.

Gertie Work

IT was when he went to New York for the opening of "Bulldog Drummond," that this Gertie element entered to complicate things. He took her places and sent roses and otherwise conducted himself in a way to frighten the home squad. They do say she's cute and vivacious and chuck-full of personality, and red-headed—but, on the other hand, we've had red-headed girls in Hollywood all along. It must have been the change of climate.



Upper right, Nils Asther, and Vivian Duncan of the Duncan Sisters; right, Mary Erian, seen here and there with Rudy Vallee; and below, William Haines, once erroneously thought a woman-hater

Richee

Nils Asther was the worst blow of all, in a way. He was so tall and cynical and hard-to-get—on the telephone. The gossip hounds say he even went so far as to train his house-boy to recognize voices and answer, "Not home," to the right or the wrong ones. The only women friends in whom he showed even a casual interest were Greta Garbo and Seena Owen, his countrywomen. Of course, he had declared in print that the only woman he had ever loved was Vivian Duncan, but no one took that very seriously. It was supposed to have been an old flame.

The people who know him best say the first symptoms cropped up the day Vivian and her sister, Rosetta, arrived on the M.G.M. lot to make their first talkie. Instead of rushing right over to say, "Hello," Nils dodged her—and she dodged him—and that's always suspicious. People who don't care anything about one another would just as soon meet as not.

The End Comes

THEY kept up this brand of hide-and-seek for a week or two before they accidentally met at the studio photographer's. After that it was merely the matter of the announcement and getting the ring. Everybody likes Vivian, but after all, she is a bit of an outsider and Nils only adds another scalp to the belt of the invaders.

(*Continued on page 115*)



Otto Dyar

A Soft Berth

Jean Arthur climbed a long way upward by her work in "The Saturday Night Kid" and now is so near the top that "Half Way to Heaven," the title of her next picture, doesn't quite describe her present situation

I Have Wasted My Heart on a SHADOW



What One Woman Suffered For One Of The Screen's Greatest Men Stars

As told by her

To RUTH BIERY

THIS true story of a strange love seems to us one of the most remarkable human documents that has ever come out of Hollywood. We came across it accidentally and took pains to check it; and we print it now, wondering whether there are other girls who have gone through a similarly devastating experience. The letters to which the writer refers are written in the heat of great feeling. If they are ever printed in book form, they will cause a sensation, and rouse the query, "Who is the actor?" Perhaps you can guess from the meagre hints in this story. Whether you can or not, it is true, and the picture is an actual photograph of the writer of this confession, but—out of deference to her family—it is masked. If other fans shared this girl's unhappy experience, we would be glad to hear from them.

Editor's Note.

I HESITATE to tell my pitiful little story. Yet what are the experiences of one individual worth if he or she cannot benefit others by them? My sufferings have brought intense pain; my joys ecstasies beyond belief. But what good have been the long hours of the former or the brief seconds of the latter, if I do not warn other women of the toll they must pay if they unwittingly follow in my wake and fall in love with a shadow?

For twelve years I have given my heart to an actor. For twelve years I have drained my emotional life, sacrificed the normal thought and ambition and love-happiness of youth and young womanhood because I had given my human love to a shadow-lover. For those long years I have lived upon a fantastic hope—that indefinable flotsam of the mind and the soul—a hope that I might some day find in him all that his screen-wooing promised.

Now, I know that it is futile. Illusions have turned to disillusions. I realize that I have wasted twelve years—the best of my life—if I cannot use my experience to warn other young women.

First-Class Foolhardiness

FOR, you see, it all had its beginning in a simple fan letter, a letter such as is written by thousands upon thousands of young women to screen actors daily. Which in itself is not dangerous if allowed to remain merely a fan letter. I mean, to admire the virile, handsome, go-getting young men of the screen is the prerogative of all women. They are to be admired. To be stirred by their achievements, to whet your imagination with their appeal, to encourage romantic thoughts with the romance which they bring you is to be expected as a reasonable celluloid reaction. But to limit your reactions to one man's shadow, to scoop into your palm all of your emotional life and hand it, irretrievably, to someone whom you have never met, someone of whom you know nothing except his fictitious portrayals in the theater—ah, that is foolhardiness of the first order.

(*Continued on page 106*)



Kahle

If Marjorie White represents truly the newly arrived twelvemonth, it should be one of the most delightful in about 1930 years. But you who have seen her in "Sunny Side Up" hardly need to be told this, of course



Bull

As "Lord Byron of Broadway" above—Cliff Edwards, also alias Ukulele Ike, tunes his lyre for strumming in the modern manner



It looks as if "The Love Parade" will be one of a Continental army, what with the Gallic Maurice Chevalier and the German Ernst Lubitsch—at the right—leading it as director and star

A'ODD Gossip of the

FAN MAGAZINE WRITERS will be good hereafter, I hope. It took New York stars to teach us our place. One syndicate writer, going to see a famous Broadway star by appointment, was told to come around to the back, ushered into the kitchen where the maid was ironing, and allowed to stand until the star, rustling crossly out, drew her onto the back porch among the ash cans and garbage pails, and addressed her in this wise: "I don't know what I am going to do about this sort of thing—(the writer being this sort of thing!) In New York we were never bothered by interviewers. Well, well, what was it you wanted to ask me?" The star by this time will have read the writer's remarks about her in a newspaper syndicate which reached six million people.

Hereafter we will look for the sign "Tradesmen's and Writers' Entrance."

Just to Be Sure

ROBERT ARMSTRONG'S pretty wife tells this one on him: They were playing golf, and the caddie, after earnest inspection of the Armstrong features, asked, "Say, aren't you an actor? Didn't you play in 'Big News'?" "Bob tried to look modest and gracious," says Mrs. Bob. "He admitted that he was the actor the boy had seen in 'Big News' and waited expectantly for the avalanche of praise to follow. He had his face all fixed to say, 'Did you really think so? Glad you liked it,' but he never said it. The caddie stared at him stonily, then remarked, 'Humph!' and walked on to the next tee."

SHOTS

Stars and Studios

No, It Was the Star

IT WAS AT THE PREMIERE of a new musical talkie and the star, billed as "the voice with the soul," had just sung. "I hear they had a double for her," said one first-nighter in the lobby. "Nonsense," said another. "No producer would pay any one to sing that way."

Forestalling Scandal

CONRAD NAGEL called his press agent up the other day to tell her that his wife was going East for a visit to her family in January. "But that is three months away," said the press agent. "I know," said Conrad, "but unless I begin to tell people she is going now and get every one, including the public, accustomed to the idea they will say that we are getting a divorce."

Two Other Duncans

WHEN the Maharajah was introduced to Rosetta Duncan, he bowed low. "So you are the famous Duncan sisters?" he inquired. "I have read of you in that so wonderful book, 'The Life of Isadora Duncan.'"

Sort of Engaged

HERE IS ANOTHER fine distinction: Katherine Crawford insists that she and Wesley Ruggles are not engaged, but



Richee

Today's version of a bicycle built for two is the automobile built for one, but quite commodious enough for one more. According to Richard Arlen's notion, of course, and when the one more is Mary Brian



Ball

Alice Joyce—above—returns to the screen to appear with John McCormack, the tenor, in his first screen venture for Fox Movietone. Previously she played with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess"

Grimes



A player of both screen rôles and tennis is Kay Johnson—at the left—waiting on the sidelines of the courts at the Beverly Hills Hotel for the call to compete in the tournament recently held there

All the Gossip of the



R. H. Louise

While the day of the bathing beauty in comedies may be past, the day of beauty most certainly is not. Nor will it be so long as Thelma Todd—at the top—continues to appear in the hilarious two-reelers with Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel

A Woolf, but not one in sheep's clothing, stands just above. He is Walter Woolf, in Hollywood to repeat now the success he made on Broadway of the operetta, "The Golden Dawn"

admits very coyly that they are "sort of holding hands."

It's Merely Her Way

"BUT THE OTHER NIGHT when he returned from New York," insisted the reporter, "you rushed up to him and kissed him." "Yes, I know," said Miss Crawford, "but I am apt to do those things to people."

Moe of Marseilles

IT WAS ON THE SET of "The Marseillaise," with two thousand extras in gorgeous uniform, carrying muskets. The scene was just about to be shot when a little costume fitter scuttled across the set calling anxiously "Moe, oh, Moe!"

Défense de Fumer

ON ANOTHER SET of the same picture women in mob caps leaned out of the windows to watch the tumbrels passing to the guillotine. "Hey, ladies!" shouted the assistant cameraman. "You gotter douse them cigarettes."

It Must Have Been Good

A WELL KNOWN free-lance scenario writer somewhat the worse for an evening of hilarity was weaving his way into Henry's for a cup of coffee when he espied a producer and button-holed him, "Say, listen to this," he urged, "I got a swell plot for a story for you." He related the plot at great length and the producer was delighted with it. "Write it at once and bring it to me, and I'll give you a check for it," said he. A week later the writer appeared at the studio. "I'm sorry, old chap," he confessed, "but I was so drunk when I told you that story I've

Speaking of old Spanish customs, here—below—is Don Jose Mojica dressed strictly according to them, for the purpose of a new film which will bring him and his voice to the screen for the first time



forgotten what it was about." "That's all right," said the producer. "I was so drunk when I heard it I've forgotten it, too."

Coming Clean

THEY HAVE BEEN having a merry time with the stars at the income tax investigations. "What was this item?" they asked Billy Haines, pointing to the heading, "Cleaning and Repairing," on his income tax return. "That was for a gallon of very bad gin," replied the actor with disarming honesty. "Hm," said the judge. "In all probability, young man, the liquor was better suited to cleaning and repairing."

The Unhappy Mending

"THIS STOCK FAILURE is awful," said Norma Shearer. "I'm feeling so poor that this morning I told my maid to mend my silk nightgown."

Better Than Buster

THE HANDSOME Metro masculine star was making his first talkie love on the screen, and the audience fell into fits of laughter every time he uttered a word in a voice rather weaker than his appearance would lead one to expect. Buster Keaton listened to the whole-hearted mirth and went out shaking his head. "Say, what do you know about that?" he marveled. "That sucker is funnier than I am."

The Long Arm of Wall Street

THE STOCK MARKET debacle had its effect upon those who sell to the movie stars as well as upon the stars themselves. The biggest jeweler in town reports that every ring, necklace, pin, wrist-watch, or bracelet

(*Continued on page 92*)



Not only as a tenor but also as a judge of Irish beauty, John McCormack knows his scallions. In witness of which is Maureen O'Sullivan—below—whom he brought all the way from Ireland to enact a rôle in his first singing film

Kahle



Richee

If anyone can typify convincingly the title of "Romance of Rio Grande," it is Mona Maris—at the top. Which is doubtless why she was chosen to act in it and also with Don Jose Mojica

A lot of people sit on things modernistic. But Kay Francis—above—does it so pleasantly in her dahlia and cerise pajamas



Chidnoff

Crown Princess of Pictures

Marguerite Churchill Has Every Qualification of a Queen-to-Be

By GLADYS HALL

IS the queen dead, too? Is it a case, then, of "Long live the Queen"?

Probably this is the most pathetic question in the world. Far more pathetic than the companion query, "Is the King dead?"

In the case of a monarchy a queen's death is doubtless of far less consequence than the decease, by any means, of the male line.

It will be remembered that Henry VIII disposed of queens as casually as one disposes of a bunch of wilting flowers. "Off with their heads!" the jovial monarch would cry, over the breakfast plover eggs.

But Hollywood is not a monarchy. It is by way of being a matriarchy. What happens to its women is, nine times out of ten, more vital than what happens to its men. Mothers of stars have guided and in many cases controlled their infants in the infant industry. There never were any fathers, to speak of. Hollywood has been a woman's world. A woman, Mary Pickford, has been the undisputed sovereign of the screen. The world's sweetheart has been female, not male.

It is sadder, Hollywoodishly speaking, to see the old-time feminine favorites go the long trail to oblivion than it is to see any one of the popular men. After all, men can always do other things. Go to war, for instance.

There is the faint aura of impending farewells over Hollywood.

Stone Turns to Sand

PEOPLE speak with slightly lowered voices of names that, one short year ago, were shrieking their own everlasting glories in electrics and six-figured contracts.

The names of Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Colleen Moore, *et al.*, were invincible names. Beyond competition. Perennial. They are so no longer. Not now. Contracts are not being resigned. There are some new places for old. Sometimes there aren't any new places at all. There are new contracts for old—but not always for the old players. There is debate and rumor and conjecture, and the thrones of the mighty are tottering.

Yes, Hollywood speaks of them in hushed accents, as one speaks of the dear and recently departed.

And there is, by sharp and bitter human contrast, the loud peal of hosannas when one speaks of the newcomers. One says, "Ann Harding, Catherine Dale Owen, Marilyn Miller, Hal Skelly, Marguerite Churchill, and underlying the names one hears the ringing cry of "Long Live the Queen!"

Some prophesy that Ann Harding will succeed to the place of—but we won't mention names. Those old, familiar names. You can fill the blanks in for yourselves. Others say Catherine Dale Owen. Others, Ruth Chatterton. This one or that one. If I have any guess at all, it is Marguerite Churchill of whom I now write. If you have seen her and heard her in "The Valiant," you may agree with me. Or you may not. Be that as it may, this girl has brought to Hollywood a quality that has never been here before.

There seem to be certain qualifications applying to most of the new queens. There are new ways for old.

(*Continued on page 94*)

BRIDGE

As The Stars Play It

Problem Number Two

Alice White
and
Grant Withers
Oppose
Dorothy Mackaill
and
Basil Rathbone



FROM the above diagram, it is evident that Dorothy Mackaill has been dealt the winning hand in this rubber game. A good bridge player should have no trouble with it, as it is a simple enough hand. Play it as you ordinarily would and then turn to page 120 and read how Dorothy manipulated it





Elmer Fryer

He *took* COLLEGE Seriously

This and Other Policies Have Paid Richard Barthelmess Well

By CHARLESON GRAY

The scrivener opened surprised blue eyes. "Is Dick a Psi U? I know him well—but I didn't know that!"

Nor could he, accomplished characterizer that he is, have given a more complete description of Barthelmess' personal make-up had he employed a ream of paper. Not to mention to an old acquaintance that they were fraternity brothers; how like Rich Richard!

ONCE upon a time—during his stay at the Ambassador which resulted in his writing the novel, "Spider Boy"—I, still with one-year-to-play at the dear ole colletch, discussed Greek-letter fraternities with Carl Van Vechten.

Rather, he cussed them and I made feeble sounds of protest. How could anybody with any heart at all go on sitting there, especially with a bottle of Scotch in his hand, and contend that such organizations are all right when you are in school but mean nothing when you get out? Huh, how could he?

"But," I wailed, feeling another illusion slipping away, "hasn't your stay in Hollywood been made pleasanter because one of its most up-and-coming young men is a fraternity brother? Surely, with Richard Barthelmess also a Psi Upsilon—"

To College to Learn Acting

BARTHELMESS prepped at the now defunct Manor School, in Connecticut, and upon graduation enrolled in Trinity College, of the same state. The son of an actress, and with some stage training, he was from the first a leader in the school theatricals. Of all the men considered in this series, he is the only one who set out with the determination to be an actor and shaped his collegiate career accordingly.

He made an excellent fraternity, Psi Upsilon; sang with the glee club, was the junior cheer-leader, and played with the school troupe, The Jesters. All of which, it readily is apparent, was excellent training for his life work. Even those who do not like Barthelmess, and they are not few, do not underestimate either his intelligence or his purpose. From his earliest years he has progressed toward the distant shining goal of success with the same seriousness which in an older day marked the zeal of young crusaders on a more romantic quest.

His Place Is Secure

WELL, he has achieved his purpose. There is no male star in the business more firmly entrenched. Jack Barrymore, Gilbert and Haines are showing defects

(*Continued on page 95*)



Alexander

• pulling strings •

like the grecian ideal of women, ann harding possesses both delicate beauty and sensitive intelligence, and the rare talent of self-expression. she has had to pull no strings to win her way in hollywood . .

women • by the great lovers of the screen •



in all the world, declares joseph schildkraut, american women are most to be pitied

as told by joseph schildkraut

to dorothy calhoun

joseph schildkraut says—

The only man who knows women is the man whom women spurn.

One of the greatest discoveries in life is not a woman with a fascinating body but with a fascinating mind.

I never see a mother without envying her.

Every man wants much of the mother in the woman he loves because there is so much of the little boy in him.

American women are the unhappiest women in the world.

American men forget that a husband should be always a lover.

The popularity of the romantic actor in motion pictures shows American women's craving for love.

Women are dynamite to talk about—to have anything to do with. It is even more dangerous to discuss a woman than to kiss her.

You think that screen lovers—"fascination-men"—know women? You are wrong. We think about them less than most men. We know less about them than most men. I will tell you who knows that glorious necessary evil of the world, woman (if she can be known): not the handsome man to whom women are attracted, but the man whom women shrink from. The ugly men, the insignificant men, the crippled men, who need women, and long for women and can only watch them and think about them.

The three men in all this world who have known women best are Byron, the cripple with the clubfoot; Heine, the weakling who died a paralytic; and August Schnitzler, bitter and a recluse. Of the men in Hollywood I would say the man who knows most about women is not Colman, or Novarro, or even Valentino. It is small, sad Charlie Chaplin, a comedian with a twist in his nature if not in his body.

It is not through sex one learns of woman's nature. Sex is made the basis of life in all novels, poems, pictures; but in reality it is less important. The man who is not betrayed by the physical sees more clearly, and in the end these men often get the better of the romantic heroes of the world and find what most of these never do find, spiritual love that is not of the body, but of the soul.

stressing beauty of body

I think one of the greatest discoveries in life is not a woman with a fascinating body but a woman with a fascinating mind. The charming ankle, the piquant face, the coquettish figure catch one's glances, but they do not hold one's thoughts. Most men, however, are susceptible to beauty, and so most women have developed the art of being as beautiful as they can, and have neglected the subtler art of capturing a man's imagination and interest.

If I had the choice of spending an evening with a woman who dominates the situation by her beauty, or with an insignificant little creature, who has something

Freulich (*Continued on page 113*)

by the great sirens of the screen . . men.

they are fairer than women, mary nolan believes, and they get the worst of life

as told by mary nolan

to dorothy calhoun



I know men better than I know women. They are much easier to know. Less complex. More truthful. Simpler. I think all women would admit, if they were frank—which few women are—that they like men better, not merely sentimentally but as human beings, than they do their own sex. I cannot imagine being directed by a woman, for instance. That happened once and in ten minutes we were mentally at swords' points. In this game called life every women is potentially the opponent of every other. We may be sisters under our skins but we are rivals above them, and we know each other's tricks—we are on to each other's moves in the game.

As a "Follies" girl and a movie actress, I have had plenty of opportunity to learn about men. There is my fan mail, for instance: almost entirely masculine and written by admirers of all ages, from fifteen to seventy-five. The fact that these letters deal mostly with love tells me nothing about the ages of the writers because all men are romantic—always. The older they get the more romantic they become.

men are forever lovers

That is one advantage men have over women—the only real advantage, to my way of thinking: they never seem to grow too old to feel the rôle of lover unbecoming or incongruous, or to have the world find it ridiculous in them. On the screen they can be playing romantic rôles when a woman of the same age would be doing character parts—and yet I think that it is largely our own fault. There is no reason why women shouldn't be attractive, charming and—yes!—inspirers of love at fifty or sixty. Look at Ninon—her picture should be hung in every woman's boudoir as an example. I know several beautiful actresses here in Hollywood who look like girls in their twenties and are—well, considerably older. But as long as nobody thinks of age in connection with them, age doesn't matter.

I have never envied men or wished that I had been born a man. You often hear it said that this is a man's world, but it seems to me after living in it twenty-four years that men have the worst of it. In spite of all the talk about feminine independence and economic free-

(*Continued on page 114*)

mary nolan says—

I think all women would admit, if they are frank, that they like men better than they do their own sex.

Every woman is potentially the opponent of every other.

There is no reason why women shouldn't be attractive and inspire love at fifty or sixty.

It is said that this is a man's world, but it seems to me that men have the worst of it.

Poverty is at the root of most sins and most suffering. It is every man's life-work to keep poverty away from some woman.

Men are more easily hurt by an unhappy love affair than women.

The single standard is nonsense. Men and women are both naturally polygamous.





• love in all

billy (big mans) bakewell have their



"i might, big mans . . but belinda might tell, so give belinda great big booful kiss first. belinda loves oo too . . all you think of is kisses, boy friend"

all portraits by russell ball



languages •

and nancy (little womans) drexel puppy days



"aw, nancy, don't be that way . . but you've gotta osculate belinda too . . gee, i love you, sweetness . . just me-ee-ee—just you-oo-oo"

• no private baby-talk



fred r. archer

loretta young and grant withers are engaged but not goo-goo

by cedric belfrage

Loretta Young and Grant Withers are the latest thing we have to offer in the way of engaged couples. The young upstarts are throwing all the best traditions of Hollywood romance overboard.

Look at the way she calls him "Grant" and he calls her "Loretta," for instance. Heaven knows neither of them is new to Hollywood by any means, and if they don't know by this time that calling your mate-to-be by his or her real name (especially before interviewers) is simply not done, there would seem to be little prospect for the smooth, happy divorce in which most of our romances so agreeably terminate.

I was appalled by the state of affairs when, the other day, I graciously allowed myself to be entertained to lunch by the "happy couple." The fact that she didn't call him "Dodo," nor he call her "Lollipops," was only the first of a series of shocks to my constitution—which, as everybody knows, is at no time too robust.

Ruthlessly ignoring the Doug-and-Joan baby-talk convention for Hollywood engaged couples, they then proceeded to flout another now time-honored tradition, the Bubbles-Reggie. Loretta picked up a menu and ordered her own meal, without any effort on Grant's part to interfere and dictate what she should be allowed to eat.

neck-biting neglected

When the meal started, Loretta made no move whatever to sit in Grant's soup *à la* Lupe-Garee so as to get in better position to bite his neck between mouthfuls of food.

Grant did not even offer to cut up Loretta's food for her, *à la* Kohner-Philbin—apparently having the nerve to suggest that a girl old enough to be engaged ought to be able to cut up her own! Of all things!

And it went from bad to worse as the meal progressed. They neither gurgled, nor ogled, nor kissed, nor hugged, nor spluttered, nor wagged their forks at each other, nor pushed at each other's faces, nor pulled each other's hair, nor sighed, nor whimpered, nor yearned, nor held hands, nor stroked legs with feet, nor fidgeted, nor poked each other in the ribs, nor made mystic signs, nor breathed sweet nothings.

In fact, they simply sat there and had lunch. Just as if they had had no romance to advertise at all. Just as if they didn't give a hoot whether I thought they were under the influence of a biological urge or not. Just as if—the idea!—they felt that any vibrations there might be between them were their own business and nobody else's.

Striking his fork into a quivering lump of hamburger, Grant spoke out.

no private baby-talk

"Love," he said, "is a darned sight too much commercialized in Hollywood. It's all right if you're really in love—go ahead and say so. But these people who put on a show just to get publicity are the limit."

"But do you mean to say," I expostulated, after a few minutes in company with this unusual "Hollywood Romance," "that you have no theme-song—not even a private baby-talk language for the benefit of interviewers?"

"We do," replied Loretta, gently but extremely firmly. "Meaning we haven't. We are in love, but we're not on parade with it. When we're out, we try to behave just like two normal people."

This out of the mouth of babes! For the Young girl is but just sixteen. "Whoops and tally-ho!" I cried to my news-sense, and in a flash had whipped out my reporter's note-book.

My next question was and is a tradition in the best interviewing circles. "Ahem," I began—that is the correct

(*Continued on page 99*)



a dutch treat

or, if you will, a bit of hollandaise sauciness, in the person of clara bow whose appearance in her next picture, "the humming bird" (do you remember gloria swanson's silent version?), should interest the fledglings of all ages

E. R. Richee

• nor maid • nor wife • nor widow •



kenneth alexander

jeanette loff finds herself in an interlocutory . . . and amusing . . . . state

as told by jeanette loff
to dorothy manners

I am no longer married. On the other hand, I am not yet single. I'm just interlocutory.

In the State of California there is a span of one year following the granting of a divorce in which the principals wait for a final before they are legally separated from one another. They are no longer married for the simple reason that they are divorced. But they are by no means free. By some strange freak of the law they are married and unmarried at the same time.

Personally, I have no quarrel with that law. They tell me it is a good one on several counts. First, it allows for any temporary peeve that may have caused the domestic rift to wear off, and if at any time during that year the couple decide to kiss and make up, the divorce is set aside. Secondly, it prevents a too-hasty replunge into matrimony with another partner; and those tempestuous lovers who refuse to wait and think it over will find themselves bigamists in the eyes of the California law. The late Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova were caught in this intricate tangle. So were Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, and, I believe, Jacqueline Logan and her husband. But as I am contemplating neither a reconciliation with my husband, nor a marriage with someone else, mine is not a feeling of impatience—only a peculiar sense of being neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring. It is funny enough to find myself divorced after three years of marriage without the complications resulting from still being married.

both loosed and lost

The first reaction from my divorce was a sense of lostness. I think this is inevitably true when people part on friendly terms. No sudden, silly quarrel separated Harry and myself. We both agreed that we would be happier apart and we separated with mutual well wishes. Harry and I agreed to a divorce with as little mud-slinging as possible, settled our business affairs amiably and shook hands over the terms of the action. In view of our friendly feelings, which still exist, you can imagine how I felt to read of myself as a girl who had allowed ambition to crowd her husband out of her life. That isn't true. No matter where Harry and I had lived, or in what profession we had engaged, we would have eventually parted.

I immediately went to live with a friend of mine, a girl I had known for years, and awaited the filing of the suit. It is not easy to shake off the association of years; and at first I was restless and unhappy. No matter what the

(*Continued on page 102*)



mexicoquetry.

lupe velez has a fiery attraction that makes attention to things latin anything but prosy. and she displays this to uncommon advantage in her forthcoming photoplay of those who come up from the sea in ships to "hell harbor"

Wm. A. Fraker



• why • foreign films

they scorn american tastes while they beg american favor

by herbert cruikshank

illustrated by eldon kelley



Most of those "Hands Across the Sea" are extended to give your old Uncle Samuel a swift poke in the whiskers, or a resounding smack upon that other cheek which is too frequently turned. This, at least, so far as motion pictures are concerned.

From Berlin, London, Leningrad, and points both East and West, they call the un-Gilletted old fellow "Uncle Sham" or "Uncle Shylock" and other not-so-nice appellations. True, it doesn't bother him much. Just so he can keep the peoples of the world saying "Uncle" and demanding American motion pictures, he seems content to chant: "If Marie and Wilhelm demand my fillums, quotas'll never hurt me."

Which is all very well in its way. But, after all, we are just one big happy family except for a few complications in Manchuria and the Balkans, and it is the part of brotherly love to tell the Portuguese, the Armenians and the Greeks, just why Amelica no likee their movies. Especially Armenia.

Contrary to opinion on the Nevskii Prospekt, Unter den Linden, the Bois and Piccadilly, there is no deep-dyed villainy afoot through which America delivers the well-known double X to the brethren and cistern. The simple fact is that the U.S.A. movie audience considers their comedy unfunny, their thrills don't, and their beauties aren't. The sales end of the great motion picture organizations can't give them away, even when green trading stamps are passed out with each and every foot. The exhibitors won't permit them to darken the doors of the box-office. The people stay home and listen to bedtime stories over the radio. There are reasons. Not until Europa gets that pfennig away from her eye will she be able to see the nice new dollars that tumble from the silver screen. At present she is trying to sell straw hats to the Esquimaux and fur coats in the summer time.

giving us fits

Because "The Power of Evil" is the first picture to be released in America by the Armenian Soviet, let's cite it as the number one horrible example. For the time we'll refrain from comment on photography, direction, acting and little items like that, and confine ourselves to the story. This is what the Armenians offer to American film fans: a story in which the heroine is an epileptic who obligingly throws the cutest and most realistic fits, about one to a reel throughout the picture. There is also a drooling half-wit, and a drink-crazed maniac. A little baby is brutally smothered to death with engaging close-ups of its mottled, murdered face. A hideous old hag is engaged to slay the epileptic and does so by thrusting her face into the fumes of a charcoal pan, and holding it there while she convulsively struggles for breath. The fade-out is on the insane laughter of the maniac. There is at least one other incidental slaying.

Now when the wife and kiddies want to step out for an evening



In armenia or russia, it may be just a jolly bit of light entertainment to spend an evening watching drunken killings and unremitting despair revealed on the screen. but such subjects displayed in america are sure to prompt our average moviegoer to run—not walk —to the nearest exit

fail..

of relaxation in Armenia, this may be the sort of light entertainment that sends them home in high glee. But, as you may agree, it offers little serious competition to Graham McNamee so far as American picture-shoppers go.

The foreign film that received the most critical acclaim of the other year was the Russian contribution, "Potemkin," which was lyrically lauded by a portion of the press, and by many important movie people in both New York and Hollywood. To the most discerning eyes it was a box-office wash-out. And the theater men, like all laborers, are certainly worthy of their hire. "Potemkin" was little more than a glorified news-reel. It had no vestige of story, and was simply a series of shots depicting the revolt of a group of oppressed seamen. Unlike the Armenian atrocity it boasted mighty rhythm, and what one critic nominated "the liquid movement of masses." But playing right across the street, Laurel and Hardy would have collected dollars for dimes with "Potemkin" as the opposition.

maybe it's art

Perhaps this was an artistic film. But it doesn't seem as though art for which there is no demand is worthy. Art must have its patronage. It always has. Otherwise it ceases to exist. "Potemkin" and its follower, "Siberia," and all their ilk to come will be unwept in America until art is combined with those qualities which entertain and inspire. In the main, the Russian product ranks with the Armenian. The pictures mentioned are exceptions.

The endeavors which have found greatest favor here are those emanating from the German studios. Hollywood directors will tell you that their much-vaunted camera angles were used in California while German pictures were in the peep-show stage. Be that true or false, the Germans, a non-inventive people, are great improvers. There is no question but that American technique has been improved by German contact.

In many cases, German pictures, too, suffer from heavy handling of depressing themes. Else they are overly symbolic, and not infrequently downright silly, as in "The Carnival Crime" in which nobody, including the actors, seemed to know just what it was all about. And remember it is to be expected that all foreign lands send us the finest of their products.

Another difficulty with even excellent German films is that the stars are unknown to us except in a very few instances. And in these cases the players are almost totally unappealing. One of the big shots frequently seen here is a fat, short, middle-aged chap who should be playing character rôles, but appears as the lover. A rôle, incidentally, which the rotund Jannings insisted be accorded him, despite his rumored sense of humor. Their only slender hero seems to be Warwick Ward, the Englishman, who has a cast of countenance which would fit him for heavy rôles in Hollywood.

What happened when such a German gem as "Hungarian Rhapsody" was recently shown at New York's great Paramount theater? During its week's stay the gross dropped a full $20,000, which is a lot of marks, rubles, or francs. Yet this offering, directed by Pommer with several years of Hollywood experience, was a fine film. Two things were wrong. First neither the hero, heroine, menace nor vamp was known to one in a hundred movie-goers. And that is understating it. Secondly, the picture was silent. But the triumph of "Four Feathers," left silent for experiment, demonstrates that the latter objection is the lesser of the two.

a dearth of dough

As elsewhere in Europe, one difficulty which is certainly not the fault of the movie people, is a serious detriment to the success of German films. This is the lack of finance, and the penurious manner in which money is spent to obtain production value. Whole feature films are made

(*Continued on page 108*)



george jacob rogers

. reel latin and real lace

dolores del rio, pensively revealing the glory that once was mexico's and now is hollywood's, would seem to be wondering if the title of her first all-talking picture, "*the bad one*," is not a little misleading

• they made him what he is today •

evelyn brent, clara bow and others . . . jack oakie is satisfied

by walter ramsey



Hollywood is filled with sheiks, gentlemen, slave-braceleted youngsters and ladies' men. But once in a blue moon you come across a regular guy. The kind of a guy you sit down and chin with about bootleggin', bills, last night's stud game, or the fights.

It's Jack Oakie I'm talkin' about.

And how he dresses the part! He's liable to wander into anybody's Hollywood party covered only by a pair of dusty white ducks, a sweat shirt and a pair of tennis shoes. It is rumored that he has never owned a hat. He looks so darn comfortable that when O. O. McIntyre saw him, the columnist threw away his fawn-colored linen spats and had a good cry. I mean he affects 'em this way: easy-going, happy, natural and cool. And, by the way, blond, medium tall, twenty-five and smiling.

And when I say he's a rare bird in this paradise of artificiality, I mean to say he was waiting at nine-thirty for me to interview him at ten. You see, most generally a ten o'clock appointment starts, after a two hour heel-cooling, with lunch about twelve.

We were ushered into an empty office and the door was slammed after us. With no respect for my years and station in life, Jack immediately picked the most comfortable chair in the room and hoisted his feet onto the desk with: "Well, I'm the visiting fireman of the day." Followed a long silence while we looked each other over like a couple of strange bulldogs. Finally Jack voiced his opinion:

deserting the lady

"Name's Jack Oakie. Been here two years. Still here. Same guy—go on, I dare you to ask me questions.

"How do I know but what you're out here to catch me off guard so's you can pan me? How do I know? Might turn out same as my foist interview.

"See, dis lady comes out from the noospaper and everybody's been filling her full of the bunk about me bein' a wisecracker and keepin' the gang in stitches. So when I walks in, she says, 'Well, go on—be funny.' And the look on her face says, 'I'd die before I'd crack a smile.' So I takes her over to the studio hash house and jus' as we're going in I spots three of my pals from N'Yoick, and so I tells the lady to sit down and wait a minute. I comes back in about five minutes and has lunch with her and pulls a few fasties—and what of it? She don't know the answers. Over her head like an umbrella. And you shoulda seen the write-up. The great Jack Oakie forgets joke book and leaves lady interviewer all alone in big restaurant and isn't funny. See, that's what I get. So I says, 'Jack—you and publicity is off'n each other.'

"As a matter of fact, there's only one thing to write about me and that ain't ever been written. I'm not responsible for all my good breaks. Why not write about the ones that are?"

"I'll bite, why not?" I comes back.

"See? It's this way," Jack rambled on. "When I has finished a coupla pictures, the word gets passed around that everybody better watch this guy Oakie, he sneaks in

(*Continued on page 100*)

honeymoon . . .



in the top corner is the warning front-door knocker . . . two by the fireplace, reading, too far apart in this instance . . . tea for two in the candle-lighted dining-room . . . and a mysterious chest with a coat-of-arms . . . at the top, opposite, why look outdoors when there is so much to see inside? . . . and outside in the sunny patio the flowers may bloom unseen . . . then the love-seat in the corner . . . and when they're both there, even the kitchen has its glamour

all portraits by russell ball

. . . house







where joan crawford and douglas fairbanks, jr., found the happy ending and plan to stay---in love



R. H. Louise

Blanche Sweet believes that life is nine-tenths habit. And marriage, being part of life, is similarly composed. This is why—lack of habit—so many movie marriages go by the boards. The cause is not absence of love

Why Hollywood Marriages FAIL

It's Because, Blanche Sweet Contends, They Needn't Succeed

By GLADYS HALL



R. H. Louise

THERE seem to be some people in this world who walk a simple, pleasant path from the cradle to the grave.

Things go just so for them. The building blocks of life fall into order to left and to right of them. Work is steady and orderly. Love is steady and orderly. There are no ups and few downs. Life leaves no stigmata.

It is not so with Blanche Sweet.

She has never walked the simple, pleasant path. Not that it has been a Via Dolorosa from the beginning to the present. Not that. But neither has it flowered and bloomed. There have been chasms and ravines and dark detours and sunny patches.

From her very earliest childhood, life was an enigma to be worked out. Life was hard work, and there were the overtones of tragedy. Scars were made when she should have been playing paper dolls and hop-scotch. She was worrying about her daily bread when she should have been worrying over six times six and a new hair ribbon.

Her mother died an early death and a sad one. For years Blanche didn't know where her father was, or even who he was. With her little, loyal grandmother the small blonde girl battled the world across the footlights.

A Roller Coaster Path

LIFE was never orderly for Blanche. Love has not been orderly. Even her work has had its sharp up curves and sharper down ones. Life has left its mark on the girl who first dawned on the film horizon in the days of the old Biograph. When D. W. Griffith was putting movies on the map. When the Gishes were beginning. When Henry B. Walthall was the maidens' prayer, and Mary Pickford was only beginning to be known as the world's sweetheart.

Still, today, Blanche Sweet and Dorothy Gish are best friends.

And still, today, Blanche Sweet looks as she looked sixteen years ago when she was just half as old, sixteen. Slender and fair and dressed in pale blue sports clothes. Bare-legged. Gay of manner, if not of heart. The only difference in Blanche Sweet today is that in her far-seeing, sea-blue eyes there is a look of wisdom and of waiting. Such a look as only patience and pain can bring.

She has reason, it seems to me, to be bitter and disillusioned. We all know, we have all heard that there have been dark hours in Blanche Sweet's life. Battles to be fought—and won. Sloughs of despond to wade through.

She has reason to be disillusioned about love, about marriage, about the just rewards of work more than ably done. But she isn't. And the fact that she isn't is the key to the character of Blanche Sweet. It is the reason why she has come back— again. This time, I'd like to prophesy, to stay.

The other key to her character is the fact that through all the vicissitudes of her career, through all of her ups and downs, through the times when her purse was fat and the times when it was very, very lean, *she has never lost a friend.*

When Hollywood stands by, it is because there is something very well worth standing by. Ask anyone.

Blanche Blames Blanche

"EVERYTHING that has ever happened to me," Blanche said, curled up, little-girl-wise on a couch,

(*Continued on page 110*)





THE BISHOP MURDER

SPOOKY **If you like your murders juicy and frequent,** you are going to spend the most homicidally happy evening of your life watching the **Unknown** fiend bowl 'em over and leave 'em with **Mother Goose** rhymes pinned to their bodies. **Director Nick Grinde** has been prodigal of surprises, and the suspense is kept up till the last moment, when there are so many members of the cast murdered that **Philo Vance,** the elegant society detective, is able to decide on **"The Bishop"** and still leave a couple of lovers alive to embrace amid the shambles. **Basil Rathbone** as the detective fortunately has plenty of lines to deliver in one of the most charming voices the talkies have unearthed. It is a pity, in view of the originality shown in making **"The Bishop Murder,"** that it follows so many duller detective pictures. Incredible, of course, but thoroughly good entertainment of the bloodier sort.



DANCE HALL

POIGNANT **This picture is primarily interesting be-**cause it features one of the most colorful and little considered details of the **American** scene—the dance hall. Strewn from one end of the country to the other, these giant tawdry pavilions again and again form the settings for just such small and poignant romances as that which **Vina Delmar** has spun about *Tommy Flynn* and *Gracie Nolan.* Screen juveniles apparently support the idea that the way to play a post-adolescent is to wear a cap, a grin, and to alternate the shoulders in a plunging gait that is like nothing on heaven or earth. **Arthur Lake** as **Tommy,** the pride of the dance hall, is no exception. But his sincerity is bigger than his faults; so holding **Olive Borden's** hand, we'll ask him to step up and bow to the sweetly murmuring populace. Notwithstanding the stereotyped portrayals the folkses should respond to this neat little number.



THE GRAND PARADE

SAVED BY SOUND **If it weren't for the sound in** this opera, one might think it a long-lost product of the days when the **Old Master** was grinding them out at the junction of **Sunset** and **Hollywood Boulevards.** What with **Gay Nineties** costumes, a drunken husband and a finger-biting wife, it seems like shades of ol' **Biograph.** And then there is **Helen Twelvetrees** looking more like **Lillian Gish** than **Gish** looks like herself.

"The Grand Parade" is devoted to the regeneration of a drunken **Irish** minstrel with a glorious voice. Both **Fred Scott** (who is he?) as **"Come-Back Kelley"** and **Miss Twelvetrees** as the little slavey who keeps his ears clean, give capable performances. Call sound pictures squawkies or screechies if you like—but you gotta admit they are bringing a more adult fare to a long-suffering screen.



POINTED HEELS

WEAK STORY **This picture proves four things:** 1. **William Powell,** the star, can out-**Menjou Adolphe** in the wearing of clothes. 2. **Fay Wray** (**Mrs. John Monk Saunders**) has developed into a sophisticated actress who can almost match **La Swanson** in her carriage. 3. That the personality kid, **Helen Kane,** is a real rival for the home-town **It** girls. 4. No matter how excellent the talent, you can't make a good picture without a good story. And this is a weak, a very weak story. Another of those back-stage affairs with chorus girls in front of the curtain and the principals behind it. It has **High-Spots** of excellent humor but taken as a whole the dialogue reminds you of a flat tire. Yet the songs **Helen Kane** sings are worth the price of admission. She has *boofi-oofi-a-doofied* herself into the big spotlight. No foolin'.

Parade



NAVY BLUES

GET BUSY, BILL! You all know the Bill Haines story, the smart aleck who makes a mistake, gets wise to himself and gets the girl. This time, having used up all the sports costumes with the possible exception of that of ping-pong, he appears in a **Navy** uniform. **Bill** is a funny guy; but more and more his humor is bordering on the pathological.

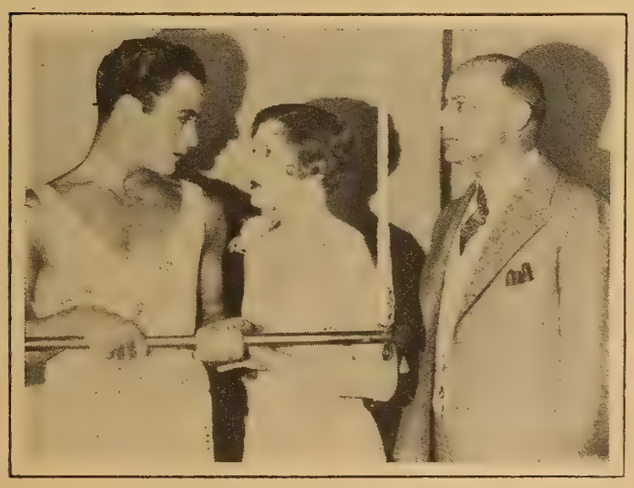
It is, at best, painful to see an excellent actor degenerating into the life-of-the-party. **"Navy Blues"** is a rambling yarn apparently constructed by someone who relied on **Haines's** comedy to pull it through. Which was a mistake, seeing that said comedy is for the most part about as funny as ripe fish. The last few stories **Haines** has had to struggle with have set him back like a cyclone. The boy deserves a break and one soon at that. But if you like them broad, here y'are, brother.



NIX ON DAMES

WISE-CRACKY "Nix on Dames" gets the new hard-talking team of buddies, **Robert Ames** and **William Harrigan,** off to a pretty poor start. It is one of those operas devoted to the quaint antics of vaudevillians at home. The story is the work of **Maude Fulton,** who will be remembered as being also responsible for that artistic attempt, **"The Humming Bird."** And have you tried staying at home with a book lately?

From where we sit, there appears to be about as much need for another team of wisecrackers as for a case of whooping-cough on a sound stage. **Ames** and **Harrigan** are not unworthy followers of the trail blazed by **Lowe** and **McLaglen, Gleason** and **Armstrong,** *et al*; but we wish they at least had been original enough to lay off moiderin' dis here **English** language. Like burnt steak, it's been overdone. And say! Are all these stage people homely?



HALF WAY TO HEAVEN

A TIDY TID-BIT Charles (Buddy) Rogers turns into a two-fisted guy in a stirring climax to an interesting and at times spectacular program picture. **Paul Lukas** is the receiver. With a villain like **Lukas,** a hero like **Buddy,** and a sweetheart to motivate both of them like **Jean Arthur,** what more can you ask of a picture? Don't get discouraged when you find the first reel or so a bit slow. It picks up in the end so that you completely forget the start and leave with that "I've had a good time" feeling.

There's some of the prettiest circus aerial work you've ever seen. And the trick **Buddy** pulls to keep his enraged partner (**Lukas**) from killing him is something you won't forget in a hurry. It's going to be another push for the popularity of **Buddy** because he's as courageous as he is good-looking.



THEIR OWN DESIRE

WORTH WHILE Here is a cast that really does its stuff. **Norma Shearer** is her own lovely self and in more than a few moments she rises to emotional heights she has never touched before. Make no mistake about it, she turns in one of the year's neatest performances. The story, unfortunately, is not worthy of the actors' performances. **Norma's** father deserts her mother for another woman. Unknowingly, **Norma** falls in love with the son of her father's new flame. It's been done before, but seldom as well.

Lewis Stone as poppa and **Belle Bennett** as momma are excellent. But watch **Robert Montgomery**—watch this boy's popularity take a leap after this picture. He is something it's hard to be—a convincing cave-man in modern settings.

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic



FLIGHT

QUITE A KICK

Truth is kinder than fiction. The football hero who made that famous run in the wrong direction actually lived to become captain of next year's team. In the movie version of that tragic event, he is so crushed by ridicule that his whole life is well-nigh ruined, and he creeps out of college to bury himself in the **Marine Corps.** It is here that the story of **"Flight"** really begins. Yes, it is an **Aviation Special,** modeled along familiar lines—hard-boiled sergeant; sensitive rookie; disgrace; war (in **Nicaragua,** for a change); regeneration. Not to mention a pretty nurse and that time-honored struggle between love and friendship.

But though none of this is much of a surprise, it is distinctly a thrill. A definite quality of excitement pervades the picture and upsets your emotions. **Ralph Graves** and **Jack Holt** are very human and very funny—though not, thank heavens, in the **"What Price Glory"** manner. **Lila Lee** sees to the love interest in her nurse's uniform.



DEVIL MAY CARE

NOVARRO SINGS

I am trying to use restraint in describing **Ramon Novarro's** first talkie, but really only superlatives will do. In addition to his familiar talents for comedy, for pantomime, and for looking romantic, **Ramon** now produces a voice. All around me women were swooning at every note—both spoken and sung. Furthermore, **Ramon** is the only movie actor I know of who can wear a butler's uniform and still not look like a butler. The picture is one of those foolish movie operettas that combine drama and frivolity. Huge but unseen orchestras suddenly strike up in the kitchen or the boudoir, but still you are supposed to take it all pretty seriously.

It's about love and loyalty in the days of **Napoleon's** exile to **Elba,** and is full of stirring songs, suspense and romance. Not content with **Novarro,** they have got **Marion Harris,** who sings more satisfyingly than any woman in the talkies so far. And **Dorothy Jordan**—who is exactly the right person to receive **Ramon's** advances. Don't miss this picture.

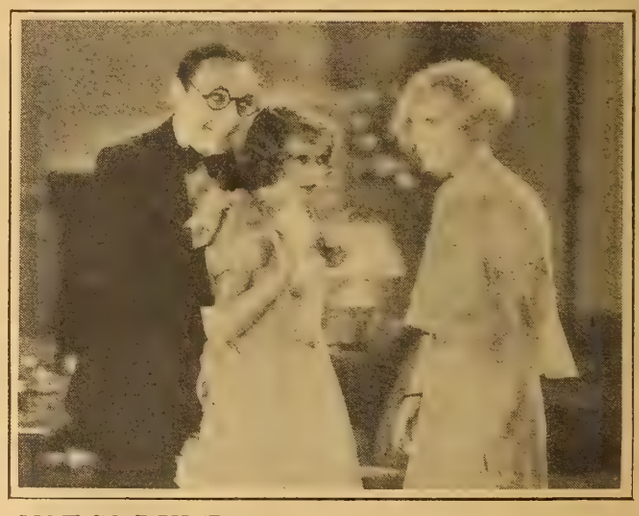


SEVEN DAYS LEAVE

MUCH CHARM

This picture has been adapted more or less accurately and without too much whimsy from **Barrie's** play, **"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."** An old spinster charwoman is impelled by her pride and patriotism to invent a **Son** at the front, so she may hold her head up among the married scrub ladies. He is not purely fictitious, for she gets his **Name** out of the newspaper. Of course, he comes back to scold her for her impertinence and, drawn together by their mutual loneliness, they become **Mother** and **Son** in spirit. Moreover, he leaves the trenches a deserter and, under the influence of her love, goes back a loyal soldier. The fact that he dies as a result won't matter to people with ideals, I suppose.

You are sure to love this, in spite of the fact that the **youngest** woman in the cast is over **Fifty.** It is romantic just the same, and no one could have more arch charm than **Beryl Mercer,** who is the star of the picture. **Gary Cooper** is delightful, though somewhat overshadowed



NOT SO DUMB

SLOW AND DULL

The same man directed "Halle-lujah" and **"Dulcy."** It is hard to believe, harder to understand. Once more it is triumphantly proved that popular stage plays are not necessarily screen material. Behind the footlights "Dulcy" was a sparkling satire on beautiful but bromidic ladies who say, "If there's any breeze we get it!" Under the **Kliegs** "Dulcy" becomes dull and interminably dragging, and even the sprightly **Marion Davies** as the well-meaning young lady who tries to help her fiancé gives the impression of being worked by strings.

Plainly, satire cannot be translated in screen terms. A bewildered audience took the picture seriously except for the unmistakable farce of **Donald Ogden Stewart** and **Franklyn Pangborn,** and seemed to find the incident where **Stewart** drops a rose and then spanks **Marion** as she stoops to retrieve it the highlight of a wasted evening. There is little action. When will producers learn that the first requirement of a motion picture is to move?

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



THE SKYHAWK

FRIGHTFULLY GOOD

Prejudiced before the picture began by an unfamiliar cast and the dread of seeing "another war-picture," I could hardly keep from shouting "Something new" ten minutes later. From the first scene in the **English** canteen to the final breath-taking battle above a darkened **London** there is nothing of the war-stuff we have become hardened to, but on the other hand, a dozen distinctly different thrills. The director has managed an illusion of reality that is almost painful. The spectator feels like one of the terrified mobs of **London's** millions rushing to cover at the signal of "the **Zepps** are coming," or again like one of the joking death-dealing **Germans** cruising above the helpless city.

John Garrick, as the aviator who crashes on the verge of being sent to France and, paralyzed and discredited by the suspicion of cowardice, redeems himself by fighting the **Zepp** singlehanded, brings a splendid voice and likable personality to the screen. I'm not so enthusiastic over **Helen Chandler.**



LOVE COMES ALONG

BEBE SINGS AGAIN

A program picture, distinctly above the average. In fact, it verges on the special class of picture, and doesn't miss it by very far. It has practically everything you can think of —music, singing, dancing, comedy, drama and melodrama, skilfully built around the personable **Bebe Daniels.** As a stranded **American** show-girl in a **South American** seaport, **Bebe** sings, dances and troups her way through a variety of situations and lands triumphantly (and pure) in the arms of her sailor sweetheart.

Her singing of **"Until Love Comes Along,"** through her tears, is alone worth the price of admission and stands out as one of the best pieces of work we have seen. (Try it in front of your mirror if you think it is easy.) The music is pleasant though rather undistinguished. **Lloyd Hughes, Montague Love** and **Ned Sparks** give their accustomed good performances. Another feather in **Bebe's** cap. The story is adapted from the play, "Conchita," by Edward Knoblock.



HOT FOR PARIS

TRES BON

Eef you wan' to see Paris, jus' look into Fifi Dorsay's eyes, as she invites **Victor McLaglen** to do in this riotous, colorful comedy built around the sailor who wins a fortune in the **Grand Prix** lottery and flees from the French agents who are trying to tell him of his luck, thinking them police officers! That's the whole plot, but it's the characters that count, and here what richness! **Victor** may not be able to sing—even his talking voice is rather weak but he plays the most attractive roughneck on the screen, hearty, spontaneous, and always seeming to be having a perfectly grand time acting.

El Brendel almost steals the picture, however, with his quaint funmaking and whimsical personality while **Fifi Dorsay** is the vivacious, sparkling **French** cutie **American** tourists of the male sex sneak about **Montmartre** hoping to meet—and seldom do. She is naughty without being vulgar, a talent sorely needed by the screen. It's your own fault if you don't see **"Hot For Paris."** Don't say I didn't tell ya.



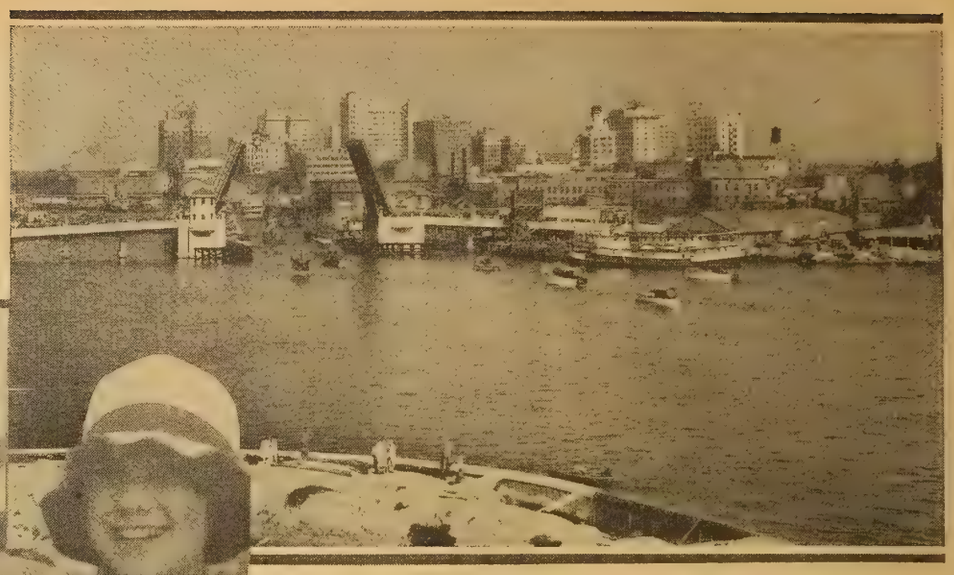
THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY

ALL GLEASON

Our hat is quite definitely off to the Gleason family. For light comedy which absolutely excludes slapstick and yet never even verges on the over-polite, the **Gleasons** carry off all the prizes. There probably isn't another team to be found anywhere in which the two halves play up to each other as beautifully as do **Jimmy** and **Lucille.** There is nothing in this picture except the **Gleasons,** but that's enough for anybody. **Mary Philbin** figures in a few shots, as does also **John Breeden** as her boy-friend. **Slim Summerville** makes a hit with his drunk impersonation.

The picture is about how a vaudeville team buys a hotel in a one-horse town and then sets out to outwit the **Town Bully** who wants the hotel for his own nefarious reasons. Practically no story at all, and what there is—completely shop-soiled. But those **Gleasons!** When we say they do their stuff to perfection, we do not mean maybe. What we mean is that they do their stuff to perfection.

As told by
Colleen Moore
To DOROTHY CALHOUN





Home Town

Colleen Moore Once To Bring Her Back

THEY say in Tampa that if you put sand between your toes when you go away, you'll be sure to come back to Florida. When I left I went out into the backyard and filled my shoes so full of sand that I could hardly walk to the station. The newspapers didn't have scareheads when the Morrisons left town, but I have a clipping carefully put away among my souvenirs which reads: "Miss Kathleen Morrison has a host of friends in Tampa, and all will greatly regret the departure of the family."

Whether it was the sand that did it or not, I have been back to Tampa once since our train pulled out of the station that morning. And, by the way, it's the same old station, though otherwise Tampa has changed so much that I can hardly find the old landmarks any longer. It had fifty thousand inhabitants when I was growing up there, and now it has—goodness, I don't dare to say how many times that number! People would accuse me of being a booster. Two years ago I had a visit from Marie McKeen, one of my schoolgirl friends—Mrs. Alonzo Clewis, Jr., now, whose husband is in the First Savings and Trust Company. She used to live across the street from my old home on Magnolia Avenue and I was so thrilled to hear that our house was still there, though it would probably look smaller to me now than when it was the center of a magic little-girl world.

I keep up a correspondence with half a dozen of the bunch who used to go, arms twined, to the Convent of the Holy Name, in white middies and blue serge skirts with huge bows on our braids. Edith Allen lived on Azeel Street, two blocks away, and Edith Gibbons lived on Crescent Place. I address one of them as Mrs. Earl Mullins nowadays, and the other as Mrs. William Kinnebrew, but that's only on the envelopes. Inside we write just as though we had never grown up, and were still sitting on the edge of the pavement discussing life and love breathlessly as we used to in our early—our very early—teens. We were extremely curious about love in those days, but our only data on the subject had been gathered from the movies, and finally I determined that I for one was going to find out exactly what people did and said when they were in that mysterious state known as going together. Martha Moore Partrick, one of my best friends, had a cousin, Agnes, who was being courted by a good-looking young man named John Perry. So we sneaked down to her house one evening and hid under the porch swing, hoping to solve once and for all the question of love.



At top: Colleen Moore and two of Tampa's reception committee on her return three years ago; and above, right, down-town Tampa as seen from Davis Islands. And at the right: a memoir of schooldays. The little girl in the dark dress, directly in front of the banner, is Kathleen Morrison, later to be famous as Colleen Moore



Boys and Girls

Put Sand In Her Shoes To Tampa. And It Did

But before the two in the hammock had exchanged a single kiss, I felt it coming—a shrill devastating a-choo! And then— —!

You Can't Kid Home-Folks

WELL, when I went back to Tampa three years ago, I was at a party trying to look very dignified and live up to everyone's idea of a movie actress when a distinguished gentleman came up to me and shook hands. "The last time I saw you," said he, "I gave you a good spanking." It was John O. Perry, whose name is engraved importantly as vice-president on the Exchange Bank stationery, and with him he had Mrs. John O. Perry, *née* Agnes Partrick. There's simply no use trying to get away with anything in your own home town. People have such painfully accurate memories. You're not a movie actress to them, or an opera singer or a novelist; you're just that freckle-faced little Morrison girl who used to live on Magnolia Avenue and paraded around play-acting in her mother's best blue dress and hid under swings.

My first beau was a boy named Joe Mickler who lived around the corner from us and who had two claims on my youthful affections. One was that his father owned a chain of grocery stores that displayed, among less glamourous articles, cinnamon sticks and all-day suckers. The other was his ownership of a bicycle on which he used to carry me around, perched on the handle-bars. Because of these two things Joe always had a tender place in my Tampa memories, but I had forgotten, when I went back, that twelve years makes a difference in a boy's looks. I certainly didn't recognize the successful-looking man who wheeled a bicycle up to me at the luncheon the old crowd gave me on Davis Island, but when he said, "C'mon, Kathleen, jump up in front and I'll give you a ride," I knew him. And there was Joe Mickler and Kathleen Morrison bicycling again, and I could almost feel braids tied up in my neck with a big ribbon bow, and forgotten freckles springing out on my nose.



The Good Old Fire-House

IF I should take a sentimental journey through Tampa today, I would surely stop first of all at the fire-house on Magnolia Avenue. There was an alligator pool in the fire-house yard, and we girls each named a 'gator after our-

(*Continued on page 90*)

At top: Downtown Tampa as it appeared ten years ago; and to the right, the first of Colleen's doll's houses, beside which stands her brother Cleve.; and above the house, an inseparable triumvirate of the "old days": Edith Allen, Colleen Moore and Edith Gibbons. At the left, a group of old friends gathered together during her return visit. Colleen Moore is second from the right. Her first beau, Joe Mickler, is second man from the left

If His Song Can Start You Crying

Al Jolson, Mammy And Mystery Man, Is Happy

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



AL JOLSON is the most contrary guy, or chap, in Hollywood. At this weighty conclusion I have finally arrived, after sifting the evidence. Al is going to be glad to hear about it.

Were I addicted to homespun, I should go further and say that Al is plumb contrary.

For, speaking, as I think I may, for the whole monstrous regiment of Hollywood's poison pen interviewers, none of us can find a hole in his armor to poke our nibs into. This is made doubly annoying by the fact that large apertures are always showing themselves, only to disappear suddenly just as one is ready to launch the attack.

Does Al take himself seriously? If so, how much of himself?

Does he like to be yessed?

Does he like Jack Warner?

Does he really think he's a great actor? singer? composer? writer? Or that he's just got the public fooled?

Are the tears in his voice crocodile tears?

Does he believe he really has the sex-appeal with which the posters credit him?

To these questions, nobody is quite certain of the answers. This makes Al Jolson a mystery man; a sort of male Greta Garbo. Does he or doesn't he? Can he or can't he? Is he or isn't he? Would he if he could? Al has only to get two or three more writers playing this game to get a permanent reputation as the mystery man of Hollywood. A reputation which I am quite sure he deserves.

Al's Mystery Technique

HE achieves that mysterious status in exactly the opposite way from Garbo. Hollywood's mystery woman gets her name by simply never saying anything to anyone.

Al, on the other hand, takes on interviewers, three and four at a time, and floors them in rapid succession by contradicting his words by his actions and vice versa.

My most recent attempt to solve the riddle of Al Jolson has failed more dismally than ever. I found him on the set singing what appeared to be the theme-song for his new picture, "Mammy":

"Let me sing
A funny song
With happy words
That roll along;
And if my song can start you laughing,
I'm happy.
Let me sing
A love refrain
Of sad young hearts
That love in vain;
And if my song can start you crying,
I'm happy—so happy."

Lippman

—or words to that effect. Irving Berlin, who wrote the song, cupped his head in his hands and registered rapture as Al intoned it. "That," he confided in me afterward, "is not so much the theme-song of the picture—it's the theme-song of Al Jolson himself."

But it does not solve the puzzle. It only starts me asking my silly questions again. Why is Al happy—so (slur) happy—when he starts everybody laughing and crying? Is it because he feels like a great artist swaying the world with great art—a sort of "Me and Caruso"? Or because he realizes how smart he is to fool 'em with such drooling bilge as "Sonny Boy"? Well, friends, it's beyond me. I don't know the answer.

(*Continued on page 104*)



Otto Dyar

Black and Blues

A little of the first on the face and plenty of the second in the tones—and you have Al Jolson as Lillian Roth sees him. Add to this a *Sonny Boyish* bob and the imitation is better than Harry Richman's

How The STARS

I--Even In The

Jean Hersholt

By RILLA





Above, the Beverly Hills home that 'jack' built—with the help of a budget; and right, an impression of the interior of their present home—with the Hersholt family taking life easy

YOU read of the diamond studded heels of Lupe Velez's red dancing slippers. You hear about Lilyan Tashman's solid gold dinner service. You see Corinne Griffith wrapped in sable. "The stars never give a thought to what they do with their money," you sigh.

So it may surprise you to learn that Jean Hersholt and his wife have lived on a budget system since they were married. Visiting the beautiful new home the Hersholts now occupy, turning the pages of Jean's newest book treasure for which he paid five thousand dollars, or standing before one of the fine paintings that adorn the walls, it is hard to believe that the owner of these things actually put aside this much for the butcher and that much for the baker every month. "But we do," smiles Mrs. Hersholt, "though Jean insists that the money I spend on clothes will soon leave nothing for either butcher or baker."

Actors are reputed the most spendthrift of human beings, but they should be the most thrifty, Jean Hersholt says. When a man knows his job may be lost overnight, it is quite necessary to account for every penny he earns, especially when there is a wife and new baby to support. That was the case in 1913 when Jean was getting only fifteen dollars a week at the old Thomas Ince Studio.



One of Jean Hersholt's passions is the collection of fine books and paintings. At right, he is seen with his son in a corner of the library

Saving On Fifteen Per

"OUR biggest item—it should be the biggest item on any budget—was twenty-five dollars a month for rent," he explains. "We allowed twenty dollars for living and out of the remaining fifteen dollars came clothes—there weren't any Parisian gowns then—" with a smile towards his wife—"medicine and incidentals. Even in those lean days we saved. I firmly believe that no matter how little a man makes he should save something regularly.

"When I plucked up enough courage to ask for a three-dollar raise, I was fired. Then we did have an awful time. I pawned everything we possessed that would bring in a few dollars, even my wife's wedding ring.

"A friend of mine, Frank Newberg, took me out to Universal where he had a job in the stock company. The casting director told me there was no vacancy. I made my way to the general manager and pleaded so earnestly that he ordered them to make a vacancy and give me twenty-five dollars a week.

"When I hurried out to tell Frank my good news, I found he had driven

Handle Their Money

Fifteen-Per Days, Used A Budget

PAGE PALMBORG





In inset, the four-room cottage which was the Hersholts' first home in Hollywood, and, above, as it appeared after upper story had been added. Left, Mr. and Mrs. Hersholt and their son, Alan

off without me. I was so happy that I didn't mind the four-mile walk home—I didn't have any money to buy a ride. Gaily I called to Frank as I passed his house, "Hey, Frank, I got a job at Universal." I can see him now as he opened the French window to his upstairs apartment and shouted down, 'I know damned well you did, for you got mine and I'm fired!'"

In seven weeks Universal raised Jean's salary to fifty dollars and at the end of the year to sixty dollars.

Their First Own House

"WHEN a man can afford to pay fifty dollars a month for rent, he can afford to buy a house for his family," says Jean. So the Hersholts moved into their first home, a little four-room cottage in Hollywood.

"My wife did the housework. I walked to the studio, when I couldn't catch a ride. At that time our budget didn't permit a car or maid. We used sixty dollars of my two hundred and forty for the house payments, sixty dollars for living, another sixty for clothes, thirty dollars went into the savings account and thirty dollars for incidentals. You see we increased our spending as our income increased, but not so fast. I believe a man should always live a little less expensively than he can."

In 1917 Jean was stricken with acute appendicitis and nearly died. "I don't know what we would have done without our little savings account," says Mrs. Hersholt, reminiscent tears in her eyes. "After weeks in the hospital Jean came out thin and pale, weighing only one hundred and twenty-eight pounds (his usual weight is a hundred and eighty pounds). He had to support himself with a cane when he started out to look for work. Of course, in his condition acting was out of the question."

"My old friend, H. O. Davis, who had made that vacancy for me at Universal, was now general manager at the Triangle Studios," explains Jean. "He made another job for me by creating the first make-up test position. I took pictures of actors as they tested their make-ups for new rôles. For this I was paid thirty-five dollars a week.

"Naturally we had to cut down our living expenses now. The sixty dollars on the house had to be paid and there were doctors' bills to meet. Thirty-five dollars a month took care of our living expenses, twenty dollars

(*Continued on page 111*)



An interior view of the Hersholts' first home, which they were able to buy after he was earning sixty dollars a week



Ball

As in her clothes, so in her house does Lilyan Tashman run to unerring good taste, according to Harold Grieve. It is because, he believes, she has discovered exactly what goes with her type and because she knows that type thoroughly. She can always be counted on for the smart and the sophisticated in decor

By GLADYS HALL

BEDROOMS MUST

But Otherwise, Says Harold Grieve, Hollywood's Taste In Homes Is Improving

HAROLD GRIEVE, a gent of great importance in Hollywood, cuts the stars to fit the homes.

That is to say, if Colleen Moore wants a Spanish type of home, which she did, this sandy-haired young man with the flair for chintzes and riots of gorgeous colors adapts Colleen to fit the house. And not the house to fit Colleen.

Or if Lilyan Tashman, say, should grab off a yen for early Colonial—spinning-wheels and tatting and what-nots, Harold would have our Lilyan a Colonial dame with lace mitts in no time at all. Fortunately for all and sundry Lilyan has not been taken that way.

Harold Grieve it is who is Hollywood's pet home-maker. You really cannot have a more intimate mission in Hollywood or anywhere else.

He is responsible for Colleen's guest dressing-room with its toile walls, pale green, sprinkled with downy white powder puffs. He had a hand in installing Lilyan's black onyx bathtub, the approach to which is two steps down. He made Blanche Sweet's glass screen, scrolled and decorated. He paneled for Adolphe Menjou, who has a passion for paneling. He did Lita Gray Chaplin's pale green satin boudoir with the modern furniture. These are just items picked out at random.

He says, "It's fun. I never do a job that isn't—isn't fun, you know."

Harold started out in life to be an architect. His folks wanted him to be a dentist. But he didn't fall for that type of interior decorating. Molars and bicuspids seemed rather limited to him.

After he'd begun to work on blue prints for a while, it occurred to him that while he could read and write, he couldn't figure. Somehow, for him, three and three just never would make six. He wondered what to do about matters mathematical. He felt that he would probably have somewhat abnormal results. He knows now that all well regulated architectural offices have men who are there just to make three and three come out six. But he didn't know at the time and so—he went into a movie studio with Rex Ingram and with Lubitsch and others. He went abroad with Rex and dabbled about here and there.



Mather

Hollywood's favorite decorator maintains that Blanche Sweet, whose library is seen at the left, has the best sense of color of any woman he has ever worked with in furnishing



Comfort was the prime demand of Colleen Moore when she called in Mr. Grieve to do her home. She wanted in particular one great room, such as that she and Mr. Grieve are sitting in here, where she and the rest of her family and guests might always find a place to rest. The very size, for one thing, Colleen thought conducive to relaxation

Ball

BE FRENCH • •

He says that a movie studio is the swellest place in the world to learn almost anything. Specially interior decoration. Unlike molars and bicuspids, there are no limitations. You are as likely as not to be called upon to do Mary Magdalene's lair or Nebuchadnezzar's play-room. Or you may have to make funny symbols for a Babylonian temple or vamping spots in Nineveh.

Harold worked in studios, read books and experimented. He drew pictures, because he likes art; and the first thing you know—here he is—Hollywood's pet home-maker.

Unhampered by Education

HE never went to any school of interior decoration. He believes that interior decorating, like journalism, is a matter of flair and practical experience. You have to have a background of furniture knowledge, of course. Periods and things, such as getting the Louis' straight. You have to know where to go for things or how to have them made. Harold has most of his things made in his Hollywood shop, which is a symbol of Harold in itself.

Harold Grieve does doctor's offices in a way to make patients feel confidence in the doctor of medicine. He does dressmaking salons, such as the famous Greer's in Hollywood, and the homes of all and sundry from stars to soap manufacturers.

And here's something—of the two, the genus called soap manufacturer and the often maligned stars—which d'you think has the better taste?

Nope, you're wrong. The movie stars have the taste. The conservative taste. The ree-fined taste. The ladylike and gentlemanly feeling for old prints and chintzes.

It may be a matter of fear—they have been so kidded about their ostentation, their passion for Rolls-Royces and equivalent things. It may be development. Whatever it is, Harold Grieve says that the picture people are there when it comes to discriminating selection.

He admits that in the beginning, when the movies were truly young and Hollywood was like a mining town, drawing into its midst little floozies with frizzed hair and red heels, things were different. In those days the movie gals and boys did have passions for red plush and vaulted ceilings and gilt lace and rococo coats-of-arms and marble statuary and cathedral glass. They wouldn't have known what to do with a book in the house. Their bedrooms were invariably bowers of rose and lace and lamp shades and frilly dolls. But not now.



The library of the film star of today is different from that of those who first struck it rich in the movies. The books are real. An example is Colleen Moore's at the right

Mather

Hollywood-Conscious

"THEY are Hollywood-conscious, the homes these days," Harold said. "They are

(*Continued on page 97*)



Richee

Villonous Again

No rôle has ever done so well by Dennis King, or been so well done by him, as that of the cut-throat, sneak-thief and poet, François Villon, who leads the rabble of Paris against Burgundy and becomes King of France for a day. So in Hollywood, as on Broadway, he and none other will be "The Vagabond King"

"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the
American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*— and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.



**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate, Dept. M-618, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

· · Guide *to the* EATONS

Who's Who In Screendom's Biggest And Blondest Family

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

IF you are going to follow the talkies for the next few months, you'll need a sort of Guide to the Eatons, for they are practically overrunning the moving picture business at present.

There is a nucleus of seven—Mama, Mary, Pearl, Doris, Evelyn, Charlie, and Joseph. And around that cluster their husbands, wives, boy-friends and assorted children.

The Eatons, one feels, aspire to be a Royal Family, and by virtue of their numbers at least, they top all the other pretenders to that title—including the Talmadges, the Gleasons, and the Barrymores.



Lansing Brown

A full house, or perhaps we should say four of a kind—Charles and Mary in the back row; and left to right, in front, Doris, Mother Eaton (the only brunette in the family) and Pearl

Many an evening in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt, Mary has been seen presiding over a long and bountiful board. She seemed to be giving a perpetual banquet. But on closer inspection it proved to be just the Eaton family having its supper.

This was a fairly frequent occurrence, until the Eaton children presented their mother with a big house in Beverly Hills, where their banquets are now staged privately and hilariously. They cherish their family life, and even Mary's recent marriage to Millard Webb was not allowed to interfere with their indivisibility. They are simply assimilating Millard. He is rapidly becoming a blonde.

Blinded by Blondes

IT seems incredible that such a large and high-spirited family could fail to quarrel now and then. But the dove of peace was flapping conspicuously about the house, the day I recently visited them in their new home.

My first impression was of countless blondes, swirling and eddying about me. Dazed, I found it impossible to distinguish one from the other. But gradually I became accustomed to the golden light, and their personalities emerged clearly.

When you look hard at the Eatons, you find that actually they resemble each other very little. The most amazing discovery is that the mother of this pale-haired brood is a brunette.

It was Mrs. Eaton who directed the destinies of all her children toward the footlights. Whether it was to compensate for her own thwarted dreams, or whether it appealed to her as the most practical thing to do with a large flock of pretty children who were going to need lots of cosmetic money later in life, doesn't matter. At any rate, Mrs. Eaton moved from Norfolk, Va., and hired the children out to a stock company in Washington. She had all ages, sizes, and sexes; and one or two of them were always working. That led them, along a trail of hard work, study, and lucky breaks, to Broadway and Mary's eventual prominence in the "Follies."

Little Men and Women

IT is probably due to Mrs. Eaton, too, that the girls have kept their unprofessional freshness and that boarding-school air. It would be hard to imagine a more natural, wholesome, gay and good-tempered group of young people than these. I felt as if I had accidentally stumbled on the characters from the Six Girls Series, or one of those other books that is supposed to set a good example to adolescents.

First there is Mary, the most pink and white and gold of them all. Mary has pleasant contours—"not plump, just round," as Doris told her soothingly. She has very white teeth, very blue eyes, and a sunny disposition. Although Mary is more famous than all

(*Continued on page 112*)

I didn't know she had red hair





"Why, it's Nancy Carroll! I didn't know she had red hair!"

This fascinating Paramount star—like all your other favorite motion picture stars—becomes a new personality under the magic wand of Technicolor—real, vibrant, convincingly alive! A photograph transformed into a radiant reality!

Black-and-white motion pictures disclose only half the loveliness of handsome women, only half the magnetism of virile men. Technicolor works the miracle that shows the players in their true human colors.

Settings, costumes, landscapes, that were merely "pretty" in black-and-white, become exquisite in Technicolor.

After ten years of intensive research and experiment, the Technicolor process has been perfected. Technicolor's color experts, Technicolor's scientific staff, its cameras and its laboratories are used now by the greatest producers for their finest productions.

Technicolor is a name for the motion picture patron to remember. The process of photographing color and preparing the motion picture film makes the color endure, so that the smallest theatre in the smallest town gives its patrons, with Technicolor, the same beauty of color, the same accuracy of reproduction, that grace the screens of the finest motion picture theatres on Broadway.

Technicolor is natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

IT'S A GREAT LIFE, starring the Duncan Sisters (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee in revue scenes (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); The PARAMOUNT PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PARIS, starring Irene Bordoni (First National); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON OF THE GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Grey (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).



CHARLES FARRELL

SPECIALLY PAINTED BY MARLAND STON



85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency.



Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer,* but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe.* What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe,* sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Broadway Stars Close-up

Like 9 out of 10 Screen Stars, they have long kept their skin at its best with Lux Toilet Soap . . .

THE moment the talkies "arrived," many of the most famous stars of the Broadway stage were signed by the great motion picture studios. Then, under the terrific glare from the huge incandescent close-up lights, they faced the cruelest test a skin can possibly meet.

They passed the test, needless to say! Theirs was the flawlessly smooth skin demanded for the innumerable close-ups of sound pictures. And never were they more appreciative of the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap has given their skin.

For long ago the stage stars made Lux Toilet Soap their own. Long ago it was made the official soap in 63 of the 65 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and in other leading theaters throughout the country.

Hollywood found out years ago that



GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, adorable favorite starring in *Candle Light*—"I'm devoted to it."



RUTH CHATTERTON, much beloved star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves one's skin smooth."



MARILYN MILLER, "the darling of musical comedy," who played *Sally* so unforgettably, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth."



ANN PENNINGTON, world-famous dancer in George White's *Scandals*, and in the talkies, says: "I wouldn't be without Lux Toilet Soap!"



WINNIE LIGHTNER says: "It cares for my skin so perfectly!"



PEGGY WOOD says: "It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."



HELEN CHANDLER says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."



NORMA LEE says: "It leaves my skin just like velvet."

Pass Merciless Test

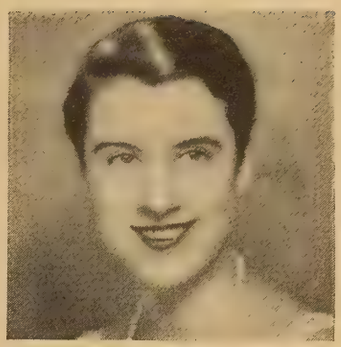
no girl ever becomes a motion picture star unless her skin shows *perfect* on the screen. That is why, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps the skin lovely and smooth as a flower-petal.

It was at the request of the actresses themselves that all the great film studios have made this white, daintily fragrant soap official in their dressing rooms.

You can keep your skin just as attractively clear and smooth as the famous women of the stage and screen keep theirs —by using Lux Toilet Soap. And it does lather so very generously, even in the *hardest* water! Order several cakes today.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT (*See Naples and Die*), "So soothing!"



BEATRICE LILLIE, "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so smooth."



MARY EATON is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap.



HELEN MORGAN (*Sweet Adeline*)—"...a wonderful soap."



LENORE ULRIC, who won fame in *Kiki*, *Lulu Belle*, and *Mima*, and who is now in *The Sandy Hooker*, says: "It keeps my skin exquisite."



JOAN BENNETT says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth!"



JEANETTE MACDONALD says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so lovely."

LUX TOILET SOAP

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now

10¢



HELEN KANE—"It keeps my skin in beautiful condition."



BOBBÉ ARNST says: "It leaves my skin so soft and smooth."



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and Addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

G. E. M.—You bet **Jack Oakie** is popular. **Jack** was born in **Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 12, 1903.** He's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Has appeared on the stage in **"Innocent Eyes," "Artists and Models," "Passing Shows," "Peggy Ann"** and once with the **"Follies."** First appearance on the screen was in **"Finders Keepers,"** starring **Laura La Plante.** Real name is **Oakfield.** Write him at the **Paramount Studios.**

HELENE JEWELL.—You forgot to give your street address. **Julanne Johnston** played opposite **Douglas Fairbanks** in **"The Thief of Bagdad." Marguerite De La Motte** in **"Mark of Zorro." Ann Rork** was the girl you refer to in **"The Blonde Saint." Chester Morris** was born **Feb. 16, 1902. Douglas Fairbanks, May 23, 1883. Sue Carol, Oct. 30, 1907.** Well, let's hope for your benefit, **Gilbert Roland** changes his haircut.

BOOTS.—Lillian Roth, "blues" singer and dancer, was appearing on the same bill with **Maurice Chevalier** in Florenz Ziegfeld's show, when the vice president of the **Paramount Famous Lasky** first saw her perform. The next day she had a **Paramount** contract. Her latest release is **"The Love Parade,"** starring **Maurice Chevalier. Shirley Mason** was **Rosie** in **"Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Laura La Plante** has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. Married to **William A. Seiter. Joan Crawford** and **Doug, Jr.,** were married **June 3, 1929.**

NANCY.—So you're a big shot from Chicago, are you? I'll keep your secret. A Fan Club is merely a group of admirers of a certain star, who get together through correspondence. **Arthur Lake** is appearing in **"Dance Hall."** Don't recall a fan club in his honor. I'll be seeing ya.

PRECIOUS RED-HEAD.—Why the high-hat? The theme song in **"The Man and the Moment"** was **The Lucky Moment. Basil Rathbone** is a new-comer to the screen. His latest picture is **"The Bishop Murder Case." Jack Oakie** was the **boy from Gentryville** in **"Fast Company." Josephine Houston** is the girl you refer to in **"On with the Show." Jacqueline Logan** was **Mary Magdalene** in **"King of Kings."**

T. N. T.—Business is like a wheelbarrow—if you don't push it, it won't go. **Virginia Lee Corbin** played the rôle of **Claire** in **"Footlights and Fools,"** starring **Colleen Moore. Janet Gaynor** was born **Oct. 6, 1907.** Has auburn hair and brown eyes. **Dennis King,** Paramount star, was born in **Warwickshire, England.** He started his stage career in dramatic productions, and it was only four years ago that the constant advice of friends led him to try a musical career.

ZALITHEA.—Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles? Well, you see, they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots. **Ken Maynard** was born in **Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895.** He is married to **Mary Leeper. Adolphe Menjou's** name is pronounced **Mawn-joo,** not men. **Lafe McKee** is the chap you refer to in **"The California Mail."**



Dyar

For adequate protection from the horde of enthusiastic fans, Clara Bow had to go to the dogs. Here she is shown with Duke, her recently acquired Great Dane, who dogs her steps wherever she goes—even past sound stage doors

JUST ANOTHER DANCER.—Yes, **Ernest Torrence** formerly sang in musical comedies. **Betty Compson** played opposite **Thomas Meighan** in **"The Miracle Man." Greta Garbo** is five feet six inches tall. **Helen Foster** was the girl in **"The Road to Ruin." Claudette Colbert** was born in **France.** Her first screen appearance was in a silent film, **"Love O' Mike."** Followed by **"The Hole in the Wall," "The Lady Lies"** and her latest release is **"The Big Pond."**

HONEY.—My, but your sweet. **Marian Nixon's** nick name is Micksy. **Bill Cody** and **Sally Blane** had the leads in **"Wolves of the City." Sally Starr** has appeared in the following—**"So This is College"** and **"Dulcy."** That's her real name. **Dorothy Janis'** real name is **Dorothy Penelope Jones. Evelyn Brent, Riggs.**

BEBE DANIELS FAN. — Have you seen her in **"Rio Rita"? Bebe** was born in **Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901.** She's five feet four, weighs 123 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Not married. Hobbies, all outdoor sports. Her latest picture is **"Love Comes Along," RKO studios.**

NEW YORKER.—The name you picked would not be so good. You'd better wait a while, before deciding on a screen career. **Greta Garbo's** real moniker is **Gustafson. Ramon Novarro's, Samaniegos. Arthur Lake, Silverlake.** Those are real names of **Charles Rogers, Neil Hamilton** and **Clara Bow.** Send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of **Fan** clubs and pictures I have in stock.

J. A. F.—The players you mentioned were not **Wampas** stars. **Nancy Carroll** was born in **New York City, Nov. 9, 1906.** She is five feet four, weighs 118 pounds, red hair and blue eyes. Married to **Jack Kirkland,** scenario writer. Real name is **Lahiff.** She received her stage training in a dance specialty in the **"Passing Show of 1923," "Topics of 1923," "Passing Show of 1924," "Mayflowers," "Nancy," "Music Box Revue," "Loose Ankles"** and **"Chicago."** First picture was **"Ladies Must Dress."**

BLUE.—You were much too late for the last issue. Better luck next time. **Rudy Vallee** and **Rudolph Valentino** are not related. **Natcha Rambova** is not appearing on the stage at this writing. **Wallace Reid** was born **April 17, 1891,** died **Jan. 18, 1923. Ramon Novarro** is playing in **"The House of Troy," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**

INQUISITIVE IKIE.—Well, how does the name look in print? Not bad, eh! **David Rollins** was born in **Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1908.** He is five feet ten, weighs 135 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His first picture was **"The High School Hero."** Yes, **Charles Rogers** has a brother. **Janet Gaynor** and **Charles Farrell** are appearing in **"Playmates,' Fox Studios.** Drop in again.

LUPE VELEZ FAN.—Lupe was born in **Mexico, July 18, 1909.** She was a **Baby Wampas** star of 1928. Received her education in **San Antonio, Texas.** Her first picture was **"The Gaucho,"** starring **Douglas Fairbanks.** The songs she sang in **"Lady of the Pavements,"** were **Where Is the Song of Songs for Me, Nena** and **At the Dance.** You will see her next in **"Hell Harbor," John Holland** plays opposite.

ALICIA.—Esther Ralston was born **Sept. 17, 1902. George Bancroft** appears

(*Continued on page 98*)

not how hard, but HOW EASY TO POSSESS BEAUTIFUL SKIN

DOUBTLESS many women upon reading the average advice on complexion care and resulting beauty are impressed with the idea that while it may all be possible, it is dreadfully complicated.

Here, then, is a totally different idea. Princess Pat declares that complexion care should be easy—and proves it by millions of women who have adopted Princess Pat beauty methods.

Princess Pat's secret is the application of scientific research and study to the field of beauty endeavor. There is no valid reason for a multiplicity of creams, lotions, soaps, etc. There is no excuse for laborious, complicated methods. The best beauty care is that which is thoroughly scientific, and correspondingly easy.

For instance, Princess Pat Skin Cleanser restores the complexion to pristine freshness and youthful beauty because it contains a solvent for "pore film." Any dermatologist will tell you that pore film is a colorless coating of fatty acid—that it forms daily on every skin—that until it is banished regularly, all other beauty effort is hopeless.

Again you are being given only the scientific facts when told that pores normally tend to relax . . . that unless some scientific method is followed to keep them fine the skin must constantly lose beauty. To meet this need Princess Pat formulated its scientific cream, Ice Astringent. You use Ice Astringent as a powder base — the most perfect powder base known. But in addition Ice Astringent keeps the pores always normally invisible.

You hear much about skin food creams. Yet many are nothing more than ordinary creams, made a little heavier. Princess Pat Skin Food Cream was formulated by finding out what oils the skin loses in its contacts and exposures—and incorporating in a delightful cream the right ingredients to restore softness, pliability, vitality and firmness.



Lupe Velez, the great screen favorite, illustrates how easy it is to prevent wrinkles. The jar seen in Lupe's graceful left hand is, of course, Princess Pat Skin Food Cream.

You can employ the complete Princess Pat beauty care in two or three minutes daily. There is no work to do, no "manual labor." Just use the creams.

And you can make your own test at the expense of Princess Pat. All you need do is fill in the coupon and mail it. Free of charge you will receive sufficient of Princess Pat creams to make a thorough test—and the most enlightening booklet yet written on complexion care. Please accept this offer. When you find out how *easy* it all is you will find time to care for your skin.



Laura La Plante, the beautiful screen actress, knows that fine pores are the basis of skin beauty. She is seen at her dressing table with her jar of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, the ideal powder base.



and such different POWDER - - - ROUGE - - LIP COLOR

Beauty of make-up, too, is enhanced by scientific discoveries — as, for instance, Princess Pat's famous face powder with a base of precious Almond — Rouge giving color that seems to come from within the skin — lip color of glorious beauty and supreme indelibility.



PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. A-1012

I certainly do want a lovely complexion, quickly, easily. Please send, entirely free, trial tubes of your three wonderful, scientific creams —also booklet.

Name_____

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City_____

State_____

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO

Full of Fame or a Filling Station

Ted Lewis Thinks His Clarionet And Comedy Will Bring Him One Or The Other

By DUNHAM THORP



Apeda

"COME, seven!" It came, and he won a battered top hat from an old-time New York cabby; he stuck a silver lining in the hat and raised it up into the class of Chaplin's shoes, and it helped him make a million dollars, and he went ahead to shoot the works.

"Is everybody happy?"

Ted Lewis said "Aye" when Jack Warner said "I want," and now the picture is released. If it clicks—boy, howdy! And if it don't—bury me on the lo-one prairie.

It all started some months ago. Or maybe we should go back even further, to the time when the father left Hungary to brave Ellis Island and see what this land promised him. Hardship, no doubt. And poverty and the loneliness of not even speaking the language of your neighbor. But a job, too, for he was a competent ladies' garment worker. Also security for each forward step he made, and an open road before him. Benjamin and Pauline Friedman settled in Circleville, Ohio, and established a home.

Then on that June 6 of an uncertain year she presented him with a son whom they christened Theodore. Years passed. Another son came, and school days for young Ted. More passed and he received his diploma from Ohio State. The son a university graduate! What a gulf, in the old country, between such as he and such as his own father!

All Steady So Far

BUT Benjamin had prospered, too; now he was established in a business of his own, and thriving. To fit Ted to succeed him, he sent him to school again. To Bliss Business College, at Columbus.

So far, all was flowing in a steady stream to the vast ocean of American life. One stream in how many countless thousands no whit different. And then something happened. The parents had sunk themselves in this new land and become of it; but in the blood of the children born here something of that gypsy land, Hungary, lived again and would not be denied. The boys made their bow to Circleville not from behind the counters of their father's store, but across the footlights of the local theater. "Ted and Ed, The Musical Twins," were launched as a new act in the world of vaudeville. They renounced their heritage of a secure business for the gamble of the stage.

And paid the price. For now the sons knew a struggle similar to that which had filled the life of the father. The grind of small time. The poverty of layoffs. Jealousy, back-stabbing, indifference. All the bitter life-and-death struggle of the lower levels. Ten years of this before Ted even got his own band, and then ten years more to reach the place that is now his. Twenty years of struggle, of gamble in which one unlucky throw might break him, kill any hope of fame, make him only one of many who struggle just to hang on.

Always Ready to Fade

NOW he has taken the result of all this and staked it on the dice again. Not that one picture can break him now, no matter how it flops. Not right away at least; he has built too firmly for that. But it could be a heavy blow to even his stage popularity, and easily start a slow decline that would gather momentum as it went.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream



Massage cream lightly into the skin and allow it to penetrate for several minutes . . . till it collects impurities from the pores and softens the skin. Then—Kleenex!

—it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

Failure to remove cold cream is a grave mistake in skin care. Experts say cold cream should be removed with Kleenex.



Lift two sheets of Kleenex from the New Box, and rub them over the surface of the face and throat. The Kleenex will blot up all the dirt, grease and make-up. Then discard Kleenex.



Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color

Flesh Pink — Sea Green
Canary Yellow — and White

The colors are absolutely pure . . . and they harmonize exquisitely with bathroom and bedroom decorations



SURPLUS cold cream should be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise . . . in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Experts insist on Kleenex because of its amazing absorbency. You don't need to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, as when you try to wipe away the surplus cream with towels and "cold cream cloths."

Kleenex absorbs by blotting

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply *blots up* every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up, along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

You use these tissues just once, then discard them forever. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delightful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely . . . of pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color . . . and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't waste Kleenex.* And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

More hygienic than handkerchiefs

Once you know Kleenex you'll find a score of uses for these lovely little tissues. Many use them in place of handkerchiefs—and certainly they are far more hygienic and comfortable, especially when one has a cold!

All drug and department stores have Kleenex. Ask for it at the toilet goods counter. If you prefer to try it without investment, the coupon will bring a generous sample.

KLEENEX
Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:
M-2

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Their European Souls

Some Stars' Spirits Flower Only Abroad

By
CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Abbe—Paris

Above, Louise Brooks, who is now in France, making her first starring picture, "Le Prix de Beaute"; and right, Anna May Wong, Chinese star, as seen in "Show Life," which bears a made-in-Germany label

SOME are born European; some achieve Europe; and some have Europe thrust upon them.

So it is in this funny old business of the movies.

The advent of the talkies has been thrusting Europe rather too suddenly and violently upon some of our eminent Hollywood citizens. It was a case of here today and gone tomorrow. One day, the arrival home of Jannings from his studio labors, swathed in a fur rug in the rear seat of his Mercedes, was the local big event which everybody turned out to see. The next, there was just a big empty house with a few beer-stains on the tables. And Jannings was no more.

And it seems like yesterday that we were all worshiping at the shrine of La Belle Negri, and dishing the dirt about her temperamental and emotional adventures over our Montmartre spaghetti. Yet today we are dishing it about Ina Claire and Irene Bordoni and Ruth Chatterton—such dirt as there is to dish about these practically irreproachable ladies.

But there are others, formerly of our number in the picture colony, whose bright little faces are no longer seen around, nor are their bright little names bandied from mouth to mouth at Wednesday and Saturday dirt-dishing time. A face here, a face there, has faded out of the picture. Not faces especially greatly missed, because perhaps they never fitted very well into the jig-saw puzzle of Hollywood.

Good and Unhappy

THESE are they who have achieved Europe. Achieved it as a natural consequence of the fact that they were really born European—though they didn't realize it at the time.

In Hollywood they were, in a way, square pegs in round holes. They were good, but they weren't happy. They were well on the upward path to the starry heights; some had actually achieved stardom. There was nothing to stop them except their temperaments.

They had restless souls, like Chekhov's heroines who sit on the wide-open steppes and moan all day long: "God! I'm stifling here! I can't breathe! When, oh when, do we go to Moscow?" The only difference was that the steppes in this case were Hollywood and Moscow was Europe.

So, in the end, they packed their grips and lit out for their spiritual home.

(*Continued on page 96*)



Beautiful LILA LEE

Gives Marvelous Secret of Holding Youth and Beauty

In speaking of dainty, youthifying Sem-Pray, the compressed creme so talked about by women everywhere, Miss Lee says:

"One must have a flawless skin to be a success in pictures, for the tiniest defect is magnified by the camera. Sem-Pray is a great aid to clarifying the skin."

Miss Lee is not the only star who, today, looks as fresh, youthful and charming as ten years ago. Sem-Pray erases, prevents age signs and lines, as if by magic, for all.



Lila Lee and John Darrow in scene from "The Argyle Case." Close-ups are merciless unless skin is perfect. Thanks to Sem-Pray, Miss Lee's complexion is without blemish.

The charm that has made beautiful Lila Lee famous is vividly portrayed above. She gives Sem-Pray full credit for her marvelous complexion.

Quick, New Method Ends Lines, Wrinkles

Wonderful Overnight Results

3 Minutes With *Sem-Pray* Better Than Hour's Treatment With Ordinary Creams

Here's a Marvelous New Way to erase 10 years from your appearance and also achieve new skin loveliness. Sem-Pray Creme clears, softens, whitens and youthifies your skin as no other creams ever have! Remarkable results OVERNIGHT!

Sem-Pray smooths away age-lines; firms sagging facial muscles; tones the skin tissues *without growing hair.* It also avoids large pores; ends blackheads; gives you the clear, radiant, flawless complexion of a young girl. Sem-Pray contains none of the ingredients of ordinary creams, but offers you the remarkable virtues of rare Eastern cosmetic oils and beautifiers never before used in any cream. Its wonderful youthifying and beautifying effects will be a revelation to you.

Just three minutes a day takes years away. But you can carry Sem-Pray with you and give yourself *many* beauty treatments a day. It takes the place of all other creams, lotions and skin tonics. It is the only beauty aid you need.

Sem-Pray is guaranteed safe, pure. A marvelous powder base too, blends powder and rouge perfectly, prevents spottiness. It never dries out. All stores, 60c, *or send for FREE 7-day package;* see how quickly Sem-Pray imparts new youth and beauty.

Amazing New Beauty Creme Easy to Apply

New Oval Container . . . Fits Handbag. Carry It With You. Use Any Time . . . Anywhere

Sem-Pray Compressed Creme is a closely guarded secret of rare Eastern cosmetic oils and beautifiers, entirely different from and *far superior* to anything ever before used in a cream.

Compressed into dainty, rose-pink, almond-scented cake. Never evaporates or dries out. Melts into pores as you softly smooth it on from attractive oval container. Opening in bottom permits pushing surface of Creme above top to apply direct to the skin without touching with fingers.

As easily applied as your lipstick. Fits in handbag; for use at home, office or when shopping. Enables you to give yourself many complete youthifying and beautifying treatments a day!

FREE

Generous Package . . . FREE . . . of Sem-Pray Beautifiers

If you send quick, we will mail you a charming little packet of SEM-PRAY Beautifiers. Contains 7-day supply of SEM-PRAY Creme, "The Secret of a Skin That's Always Young," also generous sample of SEM-PRAY Face Powder and liberal supply of SEM-PRAY Rouge. See how SEM-PRAY imparts beautifying, youthifying results OVERNIGHT! Mail coupon NOW before you overlook it.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Mme. La Nore, Sem-Pray Salons, Suite 102-D Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Send generous 7-day trial package of SEM-PRAY Compressed Creme, SEM-PRAY Face Powder and SEM-PRAY Rouge. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

Name.....

St. & No.....

City..... State.....



Elmer Fryer

Snow White

All dressed up for the long trek from the dressing-room to the sound stage, with a paper snow-storm forecast for the near future, Alice White illustrates how the Parisian decree of long skirts has affected show girls' costumes. She is not so attired in anticipation of a cold reception to her next picture, "Show Girl In Hollywood"

Doctors Show

Talkie Stars

How To End COLDS in a Few Hours

TEMPTING taste! Surprisingly quick relief! Then the joy of facing the microphone without fear of spoiling a picture by the sniffle of a head cold, the husky hoarseness of a chest cold or the static-like discord of an untimely cough.

This, briefly, is the new experience told by scores of "talkie" stars.

For doctors have shown the way to quickly end head colds, coughs or chest colds. And at the first sign of a cold players are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Soon the cold is gone! For this hospital certified remedy has been chosen by physicians as the best of different widely used methods to treat colds. Test cases have proved that it gives the quickest, surest relief.



ROBT. ARMSTRONG
starring in "Big News", "Its a Pleasure", "The Racketeer", "Oh Yeah!".

Robert Armstrong Finds Quickest Way to End Colds

ROBERT ARMSTRONG for example, had a severe cough caused by neglecting a chest cold. Examination showed that his breathing passages were congested, his throat was inflamed by constant coughing and his voice was hoarse.

Then he was given double strength doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion started clearing up, then a spoonful every two hours.

In just an hour or so the medication began to relieve congestion. Breathing became easier; the spasmodic attacks of coughing ceased and by dinner time he was feeling like a different person. When friends arrived for bridge that evening his hoarseness had almost entirely disappeared. The next day he was delighted to find that Cherry Pectoral had cleared up the cold so that his voice was in condition to go ahead with the picture.



LILA LEE,
starring in "The Argyle Case", "Murder Will Out".



ALICE WHITE
Starring in "Broadway Babies", "Playing Around", "The Girl From Woolworth's", "Show Girl in Hollywood".

Alice White Used Cherry Pectoral to Get Rid of Cold Caught at Dance

ALICE WHITE is still another, like Lila Lee, Roland Drew, Nancy Drexel, Robert Montgomery and scores of Hollywood stars, who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds disappear after a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"During a recent dance", says Miss White, "I became overheated on the dance floor and walked out on the veranda to cool off. As a result I caught a severe cold. The next day my head and chest were so congested with cold that the director advised me to stay at home. He realized that my hoarse voice would simply spoil the picture.

"By evening the cold was worse and I was advised to take Ayer's Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion began to clear up, then once every two or three hours.

"By night my fever was gone. I was able to sleep without coughing. The next day my voice cleared up so that I could work—and in just a day or so I was astonished to find that all trace of the cold had disappeared. No wonder Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a necessity to players, especially now that talkies demand that one's voice be kept free from the effects of a cough or cold."



ROLAND DREW
starring in "Evangeline", "Ramona".

Ayer's Pectoral was hospital certified as the best of the different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds because it gave the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety. It is now featured by all leading druggists.

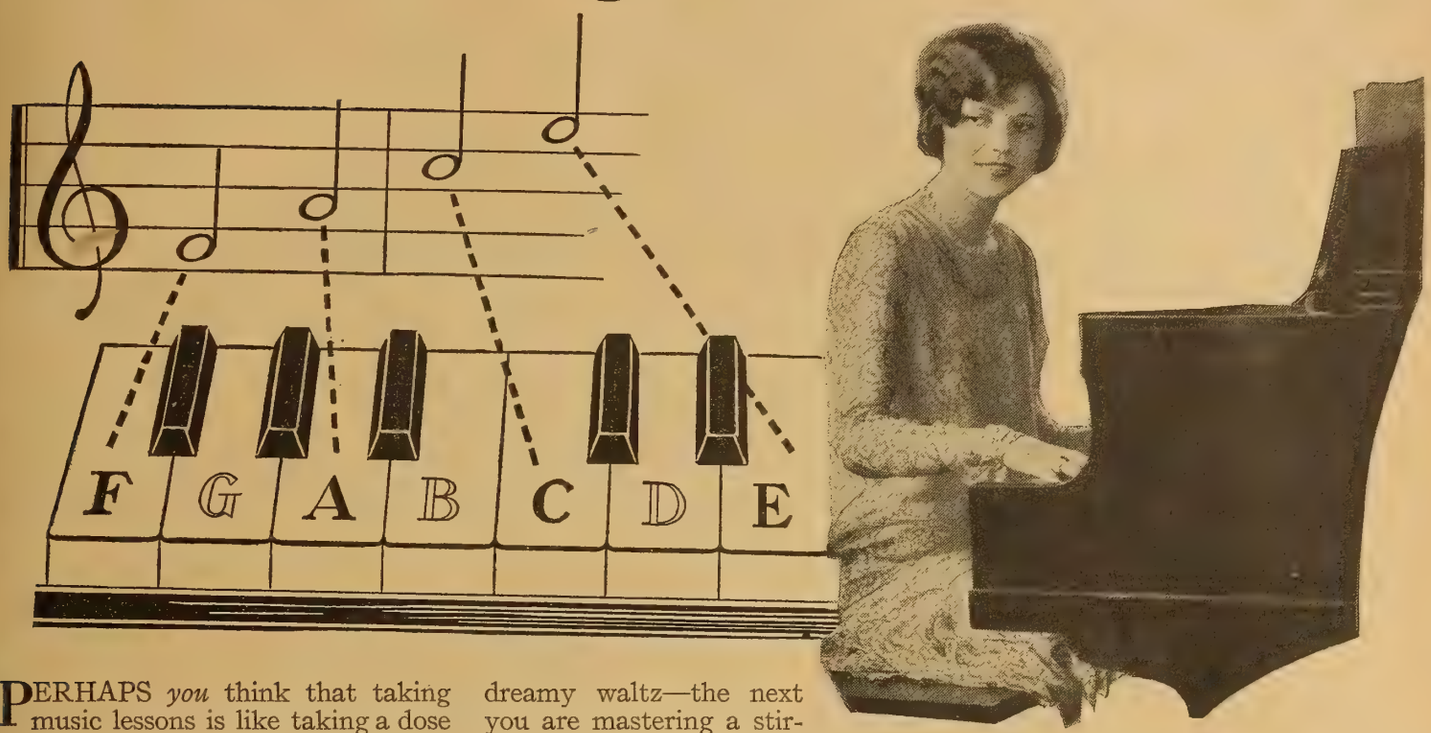


Augh Elixir Nay Fay Ay

Sally Starr would here seem to be wasting her pig latin on a Phoney Feline, but no doubt there's a mirror somewhere in front of her, and a rehearsal is in progress. (Movie stars do rehearse, you know.) She is now playing with Blanche Sweet and Tom Moore in the picture tentatively titled "Lights and Shadows"

R. H. Louise

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS *you* think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start towards musical good times *now!*

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from musical lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Just imagine . . . a method that has made the reading and playing of music so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Do you wonder that this remarkable way of learning music has already been vouched for by over a half million people in all parts of the world.

Easy As Can Be!

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You study with a smile. One week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march. As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by *actual notes* the classic favorites and the latest syncopation that formerly you only *listened* to.

And you're never in hot water. First, you are *told* how a thing is done. Then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

New Friends—Better Times

If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Half a million people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 602 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
602 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You
.....Instr?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Home Town Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 65*)

selves. The next stop would be at the house where Martha Moore Partrick lived. (Martha is Mrs. Marvin Walker now.) It was in her backyard that I did my first and perhaps my most impassioned acting in such thrilling dramas as, "A Sister's Sacrifice" and "A Stepchild"—both written by myself if I remember correctly. Besides Martha and me our casts contained Edith Gibbons and Norma Martinez, whose people were big cigar manufacturers—and whom we regarded with awe because she had a cigar named after her—Norma Merriweather Steed she is now—and Carmen Garcia, our guide to Ybor, the Spanish part of Tampa; and Marie McKeen; and Angie Allen, Edith's little sister who took dancing lessons and was useful as the Ballet or Chorus; and Rosa Galvin, and Mildred Taliafero, whose father was president of the First National Bank, which seemed to us as important an office as President of the United States. Her husband, Andres Iglesais, is in the diplomatic service now.

I would want to drop by Mr. Johnson's grocery, where I used to spend the change from twenty cents' worth of lard, a can of baking powder and a box of ginger snaps, on peppermint candy (his son became mayor of Tampa afterwards), and I would certainly have to go down on Franklyn and press my nose against the windows of Maas' Department Store where my dresses and my Christmas presents and my ideas of style and luxury came from. It was Maas who had the first fashion show in Tampa with "real living models from New York City" to parade in the gowns and coats, and such a terrific crowd gathered that the floor nearly gave way. I would want to pass the Y.M.C.A., where my brother Cleve learned to swim, and the bandstand by the Court House in Lafayette Square, where Martha's father and mother used to take us to listen to the band concerts on Saturday evenings in summer.



A still of a star who is seldom still: Lupe Velez behind the covers of MOTION PICTURE, getting in the proper mood to increase the already large number of her fans when she appears in "Hell Harbor"

The Greatest Honor

AND, of course, I would go to visit the Sisters at the Convent of the Holy Name, which was on Twigg Street and has been moved to Bay Shore Boulevard. Sister Ignatius who taught us music, I visited recently in Montreal; Sister Catherine and Sister Ethelbert are still at the Convent, but Mother Superior Edith has been transferred to another city. Do you know the greatest thrill I got when I went back to Tampa three years ago? When Edith and Marie, Norma, Carmen and I went to school, and distinguished guests came to the Convent, we girls were sometimes allowed to come down to the great parlor and pass the cake and grape juice. To be given these marks of hospitality you had to be somebody, distinctly. I went back to visit the Sisters and they ushered me into the big parlor, and sat me down in the place of honor, and then—then the door opened and girls in white middies and blue serge skirts brought in a plate of cake and a pitcher of grape juice—for me, Colleen Moore! Everyone in Tampa had been marvelous to me, I'd been given parties and welcomes wherever I went, but for the first time it came to me, "Cake and Grape Juice!" Then I really must have succeeded. I must be pretty good.

There was one other thrill, almost as big, and that was when I saw the name of one of my pictures on the canopy of the Publix Theater, which used to be the old Bonita where the crowd went to see its movie favorites.

Pre-Fan-Era Fans

WE were tremendous fans, then, when the word fan had not even been invented. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford were our especial beloveds, though Marguerite Clark and Francis X. Bushman ("Isn't he just too handsome, girls") and Maurice Costello, whom we called Dimples; and The Biograph Girl, as Mary Pickford was known then, were close rivals for our affections. Tampa newspapers were not interested in the movies, so we begged Edith Allen's mother to subscribe to a St. Louis paper which had a movie column, and we hungrily read every word of it. But we never had thought of writing to a picture star until one day Edith came shrieking through Hyde Park calling, "Kathleen! Marie! Edith Gibbons! Martha Moore! See what I've got!"

It was a signed photograph of Webster Campbell and a postal card in his own handwriting. We gathered in an awed group while Edith read it aloud. "Almost never," he wrote, "do I answer letters even from friends but yours was so dear that—well, I'm going to write you a real letter if you answer this." It was the first fan-letter from a movie star ever received in Tampa. But not the last—oh, no, not the last! Grace Cunard lost a worshiper by not answering my ardent letters; Marguerite Clark sent me her photo and became my goddess.

We had other loves, too. A stock company occupied a theater on Franklyn Street. Hazel Burgess was the official star of the company, but it was Bert Leigh, the leading man, who tolled our weekly allowances into the box-office. We went every Saturday to the matinée and afterward gathered, giggling, thrilled, self-conscious, in Hutlo and Schoenborn's Drug Store near the theater to toy with cherry ices till Bert Leigh himself dropped in for a coca-cola. That was a great moment.

The Birth of Ambition

AS I remember, he was too unearthly beautiful in "The Man On The Box" with that profile, that wavy hair, that stern glance for vice and tender smile for virtue. It was Bert Leigh who determined me to be an actress. I never doubted my destiny from that moment.

On Sundays most of us went to the Church of the Sacred Heart to listen to Father Navin's wise and kindly words. But the hour of my devotions depended on the state of my heart. When I was in love with the altar boy, I used to go to six o'clock mass before the sun had come up behind the Municipal Building across the street. When I was in love with the choir tenor, I went to high mass at noon.

Now Tampa is full of gorgeous homes and splendid new hotels, but in those days my idea of a grand house was Peter O. Knight's big brick mansion on Central Avenue. It's still there, by the way. The Knights and the Walls were two of the leading families of the town. People used to say that if a Knight or a Wall ever ran for office, their relatives, alone, could elect them. Jimmie Wall, whose father had a hardware store, was one of my brother's friends. So was Frederick McMullins, who lived on the corner across the street—and licked Cleve in his first fight. And Lem Woods, whose father was the head of the Gulf Fertilizer Company, and who went to Sacred Heart College with Cleve later. In the Gasparilla Carnival two years ago Lem was the king.

The Gasparilla Carnival

THE Gasparilla Carnival was—and is—the big event of the year in Tampa, a fete something like the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. There is a great ball, and a river pageant to Gasparilla Island in a pirate ship. The girl who is elected queen feels that she has nothing left to live for. If I had been asked then which I would prefer—to be a motion picture star or the queen of the Gasparilla Carnival—I would have chosen the latter without hesitation.

How our ideas change! I remember once stopping on the bridge on my way to school one morning and looking down the harbor where a millionaire's white yacht was anchored. They say if you cross your fingers and spit in the water and make a wish, it will come true. So I performed the ritual conscientiously, and whispered my wish, "to be rich enough some day to have a yacht like that!" Twelve years later I stood in the same spot. John and I had bought our yacht two months before, a lovely thing like a sea-gull on the California waters. I crossed my fingers and spit in Tampa Bay and made another wish: "That there would be somebody who would come along and take that ghastly expensive yacht off our hands!"

Tampa was a lovely Florida town when I grew up there—it has become a great city. Palmacea Springs, where we went for school picnics and to swim, is a beautiful resort now and our old pool is gone. Davis Island, where we used to put droves of wild hogs to flight when we went down the bay to spend Saturday, is connected with the mainland by a fine bridge today, and is the site of a luxurious hotel with shaven lawns (grass grows greener in Tampa than anywhere else in the world I do believe, and the flowers smell sweeter there). Indian Rocks, another of our picnic grounds, is—as the phrase goes—improved, and the shores of the bay, where Cleve and his friends used to go swimming in their birthday suits, are covered with casinos and hotels.

Twice Homesick

I SUPPOSE that this is progress and that I should rejoice with Tampa over its growth, its skyscrapers and great new boulevards and hotels like palaces and splendid homes, but it is a little like losing something of one's self to lose the remembered spots of one's childhood. Edith Allen sends me the *Tampa Daily Times* now and then. Her husband, Earl Mullins, is the manager; and D. B. McKay, the owner, was mayor of Tampa when I lived there, and is mayor now. When I read in its pages of strangers and strange streets, I feel a little homesick, and when I read of familiar names and remembered places I feel still more homesick—homesick for Tampa and homesick for the girlhood left behind there.

Sand in my shoes may take me back to Tampa, but all the sand in the world can't bring back the magic of being fourteen.

DOES YOUR NAIL POLISH EVER DECEIVE YOU AT A PARTY?





GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT

LUMINOUS as a pearl, exactly right in color—and constantly smart. That's Glazo! A polish for the nails that never under any lights changes its beautiful tone and texture.

Many nail polishes, as you probably have found, play tricks in evening light. Beauty flees from fingertips that in the sun were lovely.

The Color of Your Nails Was Never so Important!

Lighting conditions cause many a woman to view her nails with disappointment. Sometimes, electric light drains a polish of color, sometimes it produces a yellow tinge or a strange lavendar hue. But Glazo, and Glazo alone, remains immune to lighting effects—its clear, modish color never changes.

Flooding sunlight, candlelight, brilliant electricity find Glazo equally charming.

As a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all lights, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone it had in the sun!

And we challenge you to find another polish that will pass this test with flying colors!

Glazo's chic finish lasts a week and often longer. It wears evenly without cracking or peeling and gives, as long as it is on your nails, a delicate and natural sparkle. So thin and smooth is the covering film of Glazo that it seems to be as much a part of the nail as the lights in a pearl or the bloom of an amethyst.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its unchanging color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all conditions of light. And with Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢. Glazo Remover in single packages is 25¢.

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Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 39*)

bought in the last two months by his movie patrons had been returned. And an art shop on Hollywood Boulevard tells me that all day, while the stocks were tumbling, famous picture people would rush in with some bronze or marble statuette or a painting and ask anxiously, "Couldn't you give me something on this?"

Hello, Everybody!

FRED STONE, visiting our own Will Rogers, has a new stunt now. No opening is complete without it. Approaching the microphone, he gives the following imitation of a star broadcasting at a première, in a shrill falsetto, punctuated by giggles. "Hullo every-body! I'm sure I don't know what to say! (giggle) I wish you could all be here to enjoy this won-derful picture, too. I'm sure it's going to be just won-derful. Well, I'm going in to see the picture now! Good-bye, every-body (giggle)." Any radio listener of Los Angeles will recognize it.

Original With Everybody

THE OPENING of the "Cock-eyed World" was particularly painful for the listener-in at the radio. As every famous member of the audience arrived and stepped up to the microphone, he or she remarked with the roguish air of one getting off a good thing, "I'll tell the cock-eyed world I'm excited." Or perhaps, "I'm just cock-eyed with excitement."

Choleric Eric

ALL EXCEPT Eric von Stroheim, who growled, "I'm the man you love to hate or hate to love, or something. It doesn't make any difference which. It's all damn foolishness that's said over the radio at these openings anyhow."

Clara's New Number

CLARA BOW has changed her telephone number again. She has the most transitory phone number of any star in pictures, and the change in her phone number usually—mind, I say usually, comes after she has had a quarrel with the boy-friend, so acquaintances say. However, she and Harry seem as devoted as ever.

Nina Mae Curtsies

AT THE OPENING of "Hallelujah" Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were shown into the seats just ahead of those occupied by Nina Mae McKinney and her mother. As Norma turned to speak to the star of the picture, Nina Mae rose and dropped a little curtsy before she answered, "Good evening." There were generations of sad-eyed slaves behind that humble little curtsy.

Queen for a Day

YET NINA isn't always so humble. She has been making personal appearances at the local vaudeville theaters. She arrived at the Orpheum in the handsome Rolls limousine furnished by Metro-Goldwyn, accompanied by the maid furnished by Metro-Goldwyn, and helped out by the footman supplied by Metro-Goldwyn, to find her name blazing in electric lights across the marquee of the theater. The next night, in the same style, she arrived at Grauman's Egyptian in Hollywood, started to alight, looked up at the marquee and discovered her name was not there. Tossing her head, she swept back into the limousine and commanded, "Drive on. I'm not going in." And she didn't either.

Sartorial Error

THEY WERE REMINISCING the Broadway players out here for the movies, about famous characters in New York theatrical life. "Do you remember J—?" asked one. "When he became a famous producer, he decided that he ought to have some eccentricity, like the other producers. So he hit on the notion of interviewing his men visitors, sitting at his desk without a stitch of clothes on. The first to come in was a reporter from a paper to get a statement from J—. He didn't bat an eye when he saw him sitting there naked, and talked for ten minutes with the utmost unconcern while J— writhed with disappointment. As he rose to go, however, he remarked, cheerily, "Thanks awfully for the story, old chap. And say, J—, by the way, hope you won't mind my mentioning it—but your vest is unbuttoned."

It's Still a Secret

RUDY VALLEE says that some day when he is through, he will tell the secret of his success. He says it is so simple and yet no one has thought of it. And certainly very few people seem to have thought of a way to be as successful as Rudy.

And He Never Knew It

CHARLIE FARRELL took a vacation recently and went to Montreal, where the Eighteenth Amendment has never been heard of. In the midst of a jolly evening's celebration he read with astonishment a newspaper sob story that he was supposed to have left Hollywood to hide a broken heart because of Janet Gaynor's marriage to Lydell Peck.

Alias Edward Robinson

EDWARD ROBINSON, now playing *Tony Garotta* in "Back Fire," has played many gunman and crook rôles on the stage and screen. He discovered recently that his work had been good when he observed two square-toed detectives following him into Henry's and keeping him under stern observation as he ate a club steak. Presently one of them beckoned the head-waiter and pointed to him. "Who is that feller?" he queried. "We know we've seen his face somewheres. He's a crook, but we can't remember what he's wanted for."

Bashful Basil

WE ASKED Basil Rathbone, the handsome English actor, to pose for a series of "English Love" pictures, showing all stages in the love-making of an English couple. "Well, really, I haven't got much time," said Basil. Then his face brightened, "But I might pose for one picture, showing the girl at one side of the room and me at the other, and you could just print that ten times for the layout. Because, really, you know, that's just about the way it is."

Life an Earthquake, or Twins

THE RUMOR that one of the big companies was trying to find a legal way to break the contract of a star whose voice proved useless for the talkies was being discussed at the Brown Derby lunch table. "Well," suggested one, "maybe they could have the contract annulled on the grounds that his voice is 'an act of God.'"

What Price Publicity

THIS IS TOLD of Sam Goldwyn and Doug and Mary, though the fact that Doug and Mary were touring Europe at the time may hurt it with sticklers for veracity. "Doug," said Sam, "I want you to promise me to attend the opening of 'Condemned to Devil's Island.'" "Sorry, Sam," said Doug, "but we never attend openings, you know."

(*Continued on page 101*)



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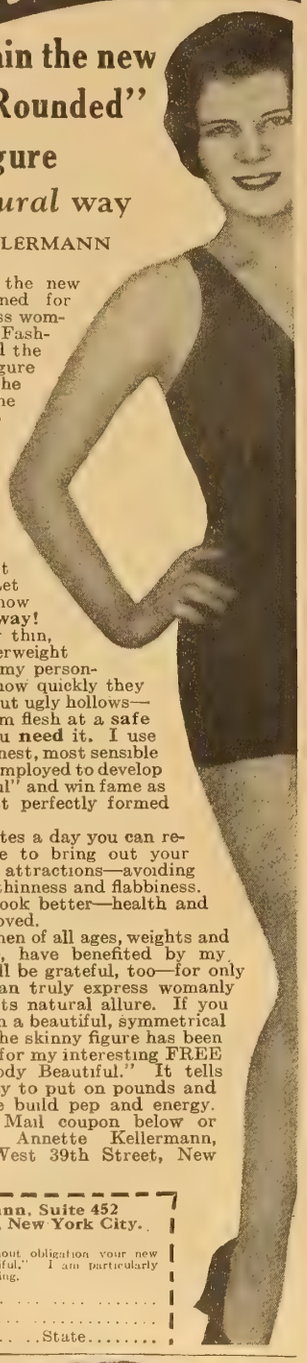
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ANNETTE KELLERMANN



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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Crown Princess of Pictures

(*Continued from page 40*)

They do not come dragging tabloid tosh behind them. They are unstained by horrid scandal. If they are married, they are, for the most part, quietly married with one or two babies and proud of it.

They live moderately and modestly. They have worked hard and, in some cases, long. They are human, unassuming, without pose or pretense, people—not play-people. They do not lean heavily upon the goddess It. They do not keep themselves in the slimelight by wild parties, by rumored engagements, marriages, divorces and other shockers. They are people.

Marguerite Churchill is eighteen.

She is dark. She is lustrous. The clear light of intelligence shines forth from the clearest eyes I have ever looked into. Eyes that could detect falsity, pretense, scar or shame, unquestionably. Eyes that could pity, would never condemn.

She is grave and straight and beautiful. She is not a flapper. She never has been. She does not belong to the jazz age. She is, in all probability, essential womanhood as it has been through the ages, at the source of things. Such a face as might wear the coif of the nun and be bent in perpetual devotion. Such a face as will, undoubtedly, mirror back to us emotions more sacred than profane.

She wears her heavy chestnut hair long. Her eyes are shining brown. Her face is pale with the lovely pallor of health and solitude. Her voice rings out like a quiet bell, significant and with each syllable rounded and perfect. Definite.

Santa Claus as Stork

MARGUERITE was born in Kansas City, Mo., on Christmas Day. She is an only child. Her father was a theatrical producer. He built theaters, organized companies and then proceeded on his way. The small Marguerite and her mother lived in the Middle West, in Buenos Ayres for a time, and then New York City. They were a tiny group of three, quite sufficient unto themselves.

Marguerite was a solitary child. She never wanted to play with other children. She never wanted to go to parties. People, excitement, startled and upset her. Made her unhappy. The same holds true today. She never goes to parties. She has been to one Hollywood opening. She didn't enjoy it. She really prefers to stay at home with her mother and grandmother. She prefers to read—and read—and read. And think things out. And have a few friends come in, those she really values—worth while.

Her father died when she was eleven or twelve. The small family was penniless. They knew only one world and that only slightly—the theater world. They knew enough of the theater—and of life—to go to agents and not to friends. That's about all they did know. Mr. Churchill had kept his business and his family as things apart.

They went to agents and from the very outset there was, simply, no question about it. Which is, I believe, a most significant thing. Marguerite was never turned aside with come-back-tomorrows or leave-your-telephone-numbers. She never struggled or walked on. In those fathomless, clear eyes even the jaded hirers and firers of Broadway could read some token in the sky.

Scholarships Galore

HER first professional rôle was the ingénue in "Why Not?" in which Tom Powers played her father. And was kindly and helpful. She was then thirteen. Three years later she played with Tom again in "The House of Shadows." This time he was her lover.

She went to the Professional Children's School and, a bit later, entered the Theatre Guild Dramatic School under the auspices of Winifred Lenihan. The Professional Children's School mailed her her high school work. She won the Winthrop Ames scholarship during her first term with the Theatre Guild and the Otto H. Kahn scholarship the next term. There was never anything potential about Marguerite. There was the fact positive. She is like a clear vessel through which shines the unmistakable fire.

After the Theatre Guild schooling she never played anything but leading parts. In "The Small Timer," "The Alimoniacs," "Skidding," "The Wild Man of Borneo" and others.

She never thought of the movies as a medium for herself. When she did think of them, it was to believe that they were not her medium. They didn't seem to be doing the things she wanted to do. Sex and It and sensational advertising and lurid plots are not in her line of interests.

Donald Gallagher saw her in "Night Hostess" and prevailed upon her to make a test. She did and it pleased her. Possibilities she had not thought of opened up before her. The use of the voice gave her a scope that had not been there before. She saw the infinite possibilities of the screen as training, if nothing more. Where else, how else, she says, can one stand off and watch one's own performances, be one's own critic, emend one's own mistakes. Then there is the variety of story material, the shadings and blendings in characterization, the delicate nuances possible to the camera.

A Slapstick Start

AMUSINGLY enough, she came to Hollywood to do tragedy. And her first part was with Clark and McCullough in "The Diplomats." The next was in "Furnace Trouble" with Robert Benchley. All of which was a bit amazing and discouraging. And then, in time, Hollywood awoke to whom it had in its midst and she was given the leading feminine rôle with Paul Muni in "The Valiant."

And now she is on her way. A five-year contract with Fox. And at the present writing she is playing in "They Had to See Paris," The Will Rogers picture. Ivan Lebedeff plays the romantic lead. And he says of the girl, Marguerite, "I have never known, in Hollywood, a girl so sweet, so good, so lovely, so intelligent. She is of the most perfect charm."

She is those things. All of them. There is no guesswork about it.

She was born knowing, somehow, that this is not a safe world. That there is an underlying pathos and tragedy to being born a human being. That the gift of laughter is as rare as it is precious. That there isn't time for frivolities, for wasting the thin, fine precious essence.

There is nothing morbid about this girl of eighteen summers and the wisdom of other ages in her luminous, grave face. She has, she believes, lived other lives before this one. She was born knowing the deep and pitiful heart of things. And so she is compassionate when she is, by actual count, too young to be compassionate. She is wise while she is yet too young to be wise. She is clean and lovely and high because she knows the silly despoilment of lesser things.

She has, most of all, a significance that does not chatter or make futile noises about nothing or fritter away the rare coins she has to spend.

If it is to be, "Long live the Queen," in Hollywood, there could not be a lovelier sovereign or one with a more potent influence. She is a most fitting crown princess.

He Took College Seriously

(*Continued from page 42*)

which seem due to dim their luster, and soon. Novarro and Chaney have yet to make talkies. Buddy Rogers may be in the nature of a passing fad. But Barthelmess is set. Still young, the microphone hurdle triumphantly passed, in a commanding position as to stories, casts and direction, he appears prepared to last longer than a half dozen of his rivals lumped.

Naturally, things haven't always been so smiling. He was forced to leave Trinity before graduation, due to lack of funds; and his early years in the picture racket were nothing to win him much respect at his bank. Thus, now that he is in the big money, it is not odd that he should tend it carefully.

Everyone with a knowledge of theatrical life is familiar with the manner in which old troupers on the road hike for the money-order window of the local post-office the minute that the weekly pay checks are distributed. Barthelmess had this example of thrift ground into him early; there will be no need of benefits for him, no home for aged and improvident actors. Shrewdly and carefully he has gone about building a respectable fortune.

Now Curt, Now Courteous

THIS habit of consolidating his position is at one time a virtue and a fault. Surely there can be no large criticism for a man's wish to make his place secure in the world; but Barthelmess has allowed that wish to become something of an obsession. At present he is under the direction of the capable Frank Lloyd. But his record is spotted with disagreements with men equally gifted, of quarrels with studio officials, exhibitions of temperament or temper with fellow players, and so on down the line to his well-known flair for being snooty with people of the press.

Personally, I have found him to be a consistently gracious gentleman. But that is no reason why I should attempt to disguise his arrogance with those whom he feels to lack an intelligence and background comparable with his own.

It is apparent how this scion of an ancient family (the Barthlemy tree, of which he is the tenth Richard) has had encouraged those unsocial traits indicated in his failure to tell Van Vechten that they are members of the same fraternity. Until his recent marriage to Jessica Sargent of New York, he had two close friends in Bill Powell and Ronald Colman. But what is the burden of that bum, but telling, song about wedding bells breaking up that old gang of mine?

Primarily for Business

THE usual college man in the movies, when asked regarding what he thinks his school did for him, replies that his years in the dear old place fitted him for a better enjoyment of life, or gave him a deeper insight in human character, or something equally pallid. This, our Richard, makes no bones about holding that his educational years were valuable to him primarily because they equipped him for his business.

In Hollywood a great deal of hooey is cast about art by people who wouldn't know the dear old chap were they to meet him face to face. On the other hand, no great outcry is made about being a good business man. Yet it is almost axiomatic that the stars who last the longest are those with a knowledge of story-value, production-value, and box-office value.

Attaining stardom entails a number of things; retaining it, a number of others. Dick Barthelmess will remain a star for a long time because he combines to an unusual degree the talents of artist and business executive.



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Their European Souls

(*Continued from page 84*)

Hollywood saw them no more—for a time, at least.

There was Louise Brooks, for instance. Charming girl, Louise. Pretty girl. Clever, too. People liked her in Hollywood—those who could understand her. The others thought she was cold, haughty and upstage. But there was no doubt about her ability. Nobody asked her to leave; she just left.

The siren voice of Europe called her and held her. She went to work for Pabst, the German director, in Berlin—at a salary at least double what she received in Hollywood—and is still working for him, at present on her third picture. But I am *naïve* enough to believe sincerely that it isn't the salary that holds Louise in Europe. Of course, it makes a decided difference to her outlook. But fundamentally it is the fact that, at heart, she is a European.

She Is So European

WHEN I say European, I mean as distinct from Hollywoodian—the only other thing one is allowed to be, if one is in the movies. Louise adores New York, and goes back there for a short visit between each picture. But Hollywood? The very mention of the place gives her a sensation of nausea. The pettiness of it, the dulness, the monotony, the stupidity—no, no, that is no place for Louise Brooks.

Or so the eminent Herr Pabst described it to me over a cocktail in the Bristol Bar, Berlin. "Louise," said Herr Pabst, "has a European soul. You can't get away from it. When she described Hollywood to me—I have never been there—I cry out against the absurd fate that ever put her there at all. She belongs in Europe and to Europeans. She has been a sensational hit in her German pictures. I do not have her play silly little cuties. She plays real women, and plays them marvelously."

Anna May Wong is an even stranger case. She has not only the combination of a Hollywood background and a European soul—but an Asiatic body, thrown in. Anna May was a lonely enough figure in Hollywood. She was considered a success in pictures, but she never got to enjoy the social life of the place. The only set she enjoyed going with was the European set. She was often to be seen at the Jannings' or at the Veidts's, but beyond that she walked by herself most of the time.

Anna May Escapes

THEN came an offer from Europe. The moment she landed she was a sensation. Royalty and the *haute noblesse* took her up, and wined and dined her. She was voted in England, France and Germany the most amusing and delightful addition to society in months. You should see her today receiving her friends at tea in the garden of Berlin's Esplanade Hotel. Novelists, statesmen, sportin' chappies and whatnot come to pay court to her and listen to her charming conversation. Her life is an endless procession of dinners with Lady This and cocktail parties with Baron de That. And to Anna May, Hollywood is a mere memory which she would rather not think about very much. She does not tirade against Hollywood—with Asiatic calm she assures everyone that it's perfectly all right in its way. But its way isn't Anna May's way. Give her Paris, Berlin, London, and she is in her right setting.

Virginia Bradford was another one. Popularity, work, and success were all hers in Hollywood, but her temperament was against her. The monotony of it got on her nerves. After six years in the place she found she had practically lost interest in its social whirl, and in studio activities also. She had been to Tia Juana so many times that she was sick of it. She was fed up with parties where the same people eternally said the same things. Hollywood Boulevard gave her somewhat of a pain in the neck. Going to openings had deteriorated, for her, into a pretty bad joke.

Just an Old-World Girl

WAS this the European soul doing its deadly work again? It seems so. For Virginia set sail for the shores of old England; three weeks after her arrival was placed on long-term contract by Maurice Browne, the London producer; and a week after that had been heard to declare, so that all might hear, that she didn't particularly care how long it was before she saw Hollywood again. And she, too, has found herself a spiritual home in the Old World. She has come to the conclusion that in some previous incarnation she must have been either a Hungarian gypsy or the Queen of England.

Betty Blythe is another star with a European soul, though at present she is back in Hollywood. Betty has been in Europe five or six years, making pictures in England, Germany and France. She has come back to Hollywood because she has a desire to get on the talkie band-wagon while the getting is good, but her soul pines for Paris.

Other Exiles

SYD CHAPLIN and Monty Banks were both European-born, though they carved out their careers entirely in Hollywood. They are rather European of soul—never have quite been able to Hollywoodize themselves. They have now both more or less permanently transferred their energies to European studios. Syd, if one may believe newspaper reports, has a great time in England dining extra girls, while Monty, having gone bankrupt in America, finds the English air particularly bracing. Having a European soul suits them both admirably. To them the Old World is a good old world.

Full of Fame or a Filling Station

(*Continued from page 82*)

He knows this—has seen it happen to others time and again right under his own eyes—but he jumped at the chance, just the same, and faded the very first offer of a bet.

"It's big, the biggest wad I've ever played for in my life. The possibilities of the screen are so enormous that we're just like ants beside it. This can be absolutely the greatest boost I've ever had in my life—or the hardest kick in the slats. I'm not big enough, no one's big enough, to stand up against this thing and fight it. We've just gotta be thankful, or resigned, for whatever it decides to give. Not the producers, understand, but the audience; an audience so tremendous that it makes you frightened. If it says 'No,' I can't argue with it.

"Here in vaudeville I'm set. I'm famous, and people come to see me and applaud me because I'm famous. Even if I'm rotten they'll think I'm good, because I'm famous.

(*Continued on page 121*)

Bedrooms Must Be French

(*Continued from page 71*)

afraid of being criticized for ostentation and display. They are afraid to be too extravagant, too elegant. If anything, they err on the side of extreme simplicity. They don't care about show any more—they all want convenience.

"There are two things every movie star demands in her home. Two things always—not display or that 'money look'—but a room to relax in, and a library. No kidding.

"Every one of them asks, first of all, for a place to rest in. A place to be comfy in. They may call the room a play-room, a gaming room, a lounge, a gym or a sun-porch. Whatever they call it, that's what it's for—comfort.

"When Colleen and I were doing her house, she said, 'I don't care what else I have in the place so long as I have comfy chairs. They are the vital things.' Her gallery running along the back of the house, overlooking the pool, the barbecue and the whole vista of the back was the main squeeze in the house. It's a place to rest in.

No Prop Books

"THE stars always have a library. And usually a pretty well-stocked library, too. The books are no longer props. Of course, they have to have books these days. They have to read a lot to get stuff for characters, plots, stories and so forth. And they do. Whatever the reason, I haven't done a star's home yet that hasn't had a library. Colleen has one on the main floor, three walls lined from floor to ceiling with books. She has shelves in her upper hallways and also in the upstairs den. Benjamin Glazer's library walls are literally papered with books and he recently added an upstairs library done the same way. Lilyan Tashman, Blanche Sweet, the William K. Howards—they all have them.

Their Kindred Adorations

"BLANCHE SWEET, by the way, has the best color sense of any woman I have ever worked with. We think alike in terms of color and materials, she and I. We both fancy the wrong sides of materials. We both adore the Mexican pinks and yellows in combination.

"Lilyan Tashman runs true to her own type in her house. Not every woman does. As in the matter of gowns and hats, some women never know their own type. Lilyan does in clothes—and she does in her home. She never goes astray. She goes out unerringly for the smart, sophisticated thing.

"Adolphe Menjou, for instance—men are not usually very much interested in how their homes are done, but Adolphe is an exception—he is mad about paneling. You would imagine him going in for the French periods. But not at all. He wants everything to be English.

"Almost every star's bedroom I do is French. That's about the only common denominator, really. They all want the French boudoirs. And they are the hardest things in the world to do. One curleycue too many and you have—a horror.

"Most of them, now, are going in for one small room, at least, done in the modernistic stuff. Which can be, by the way, as good as any other period. Antiques are not necessarily good just because they are antiques. Modernistic stuff is not necessarily bad just because it is modern. In every period there was the good and the bad. It's always been a matter of taste and selection. It is now.

"And the screen stars have it.

"Homes should be the result of the owner's tastes—when I do 'em, I mean, when I don't do 'em—oh well, you know what I mean. Or don't you?"



This Soothing Beauty Bath is Astonishing to Fastidious Women . .

RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisibly light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess, is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
612 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.
If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.
State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

Name_____

St. Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

with her in **"The Mighty." Warner Baxter, Margaret Livingston** and **Esther** in **"The Best People,"** this was released in **Sept. 1925. Mary Nolan** was known on the stage as **Imogene Wilson.** Playing in **"Undertow," Universal Studios. Baclanova** was born in **Russia.** She is about thirty years old. Her name is pronounced **Bah-clahn-ova,** accent on the **"clahn."** Playing in vaudeville at this writing.

CURIOUS.—**Lee Tracy** was the radio announcer in **"Salute." Basil Rathbone** plays the rôle of **Philo Vance** in **"The Bishop Murder Case." "Conquistador"** has been released as **"The Romance of the Rio Grande." Clara Bow's** first picture was **"Down to the Sea in Ships." Gary Cooper** was **Ted Larrabee** in **"Children of Divorce."**

JUST L. A.—**Boise, Idaho,** is believed to be the only city in the world having a natural hot-water system. **Dolores Del Rio** was born in **Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905.** She is five feet four and a half, weighs 110 pounds, and has black hair and eyes. Real name is **Dolores Asunsola de Martinez.** She is playing in **"The Bad One."** The first all-talkie was **"Lights of New York,"** a **Warner Brothers Production.**

THE LONE WOLF.—You can't scare me. **Betty Lawford** was the girl in **"Gentlemen of The Press." Richard Arlen** before deciding on a picture career, was in turn a clerk in a brokerage office, a swimming instructor, a sports writer and an oil worker.

SHIRLEY GIRL.—**Hello, Shirley,** don't be afraid to write any time you wish. **Edmund Burns** and **Marian Nixon** had the leads in **"The Chinese Parrot." Ken Maynard** is appearing in **"Kettle Creek."** Our **October, 1929,** issue contained the eighteen-day diet. **Leatrice Joy** and **Clive Brook** played in **"For Alimony Only."** You may send me twenty-five cents for a picture of **Rudy Vallée.**

MERRY ANN.—Making people happy is simple business. You bet I'm glad to help you. **Patsy Ruth Miller** and **Kenneth Harlan** played in **"The Fighting Edge." William Janney** was the brother in **"Coquette."** He also played in **"Salute"** with **George O'Brien. Nancy Carroll** is playing in **"Come Out of the Kitchen."**

ANN ARDEN KENT.—He who hesitates loses the parking space. **Walter Hiers** is very much alive. **Ethel Clayton** is coming back. You will see her soon in **"Hit the Deck," RKO Studios. Mary Philbin** was born **July 16, 1904.. Irene Rich, Oct. 13, 1894. Clive Brook, June 1, 1891. John Barrymore, Feb. 15, 1882.** Thanks for them kind words.

MISS POMP.—**Madge Bellamy's** name is pronounced, **Bell-amy,** accent on first syllable. **Dolores Del Rio** and **Lupe Velez** are not related. **Loretta Young** danced on the stage before entering pictures. First picture was **"Naughty But Nice,"** which was released in **June, 1927. Jason Robards** was the lawyer in **"On Trial." Dorothy Janis** had a voice double in **"The Pagan."**

CRIS AND GINNY.—There are no shade trees and hammocks along the road to success. **Corinne Griffith** and **Walter Morosco** have been married about six years. **Warner Baxter** played the rôle of **Col. John Beetham** in **"Behind that Curtain." Betty Compson** has been appearing in pictures since 1919. Her remarkable ability was recognized when she played in vaudeville as a violinist.

J. D.—**Laura La Plante** is a blonde. **Virginia Lee Corbin** was married to **Theodore Kroll, Sept. 26, 1929. Anita Louise** is about twelve years old. Real name is **Fremault.** She's still growing. **John Barrymore's** picture, **"The Man,"** was changed to **"The Man from Blankley's." Ruth Chatterton** is playing in **"Sarah and Son," Paramount.**

MOVIE-CRAZY.—The English are a fine people. Yes, but they have such quaint manors. **Warner Baxter** and **Roland Drew** played opposite **Dolores Del Rio** in **"Ramona." Charles King** in **"Broadway Melody." Ann Harding** in **"Condemned"** with **Ronald Colman. Jack Oakie** will be seen next in **"Hit the Deck."**

THOMAS MACDONALD.—**Sue Carol** was married to **Nick Stuart** on **July 28, 1929.** Her latest picture is **"Lone Star Ranger." Audrey Ferris** was born in **Detroit, Mich.,** about twenty years ago. She is five feet two, weighs 103 pounds, auburn hair and brown eyes. Not married. You are right, **"Dante's Inferno"** was produced by the **Fox Film Co. "Hollywood,"** which was released by **Paramount** in **July, 1923,** had practically every player in **Hollywood** in one or two of the scenes. The leads were played by **Hope Drown, Luke Cosgrove** and **George K. Arthur.**

EXTREMELY CURIOUS.—You would be. But we're always glad to hear from you. **Charles Bickford** plays opposite **Greta Garbo** in her first talkie, **"Anna Christie."** You may write **Greta Garbo** at the **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Fredric March,** who is one of **Hollywood's** football enthusiasts, was varsity manager in **1920** for the football team of the **University of Wisconsin.**

FIRE KID.—The most noticeable thing about most family trees is their need of pruning. **Marion Byron** can be reached at the **First National Studios. Victor McLaglen** appeared in a number of pictures before **"What Price Glory."** Some of them were, **"The Unholy Three," "Men of Steel," "The Isle of Retribution" and "Beau Geste." Rex Lease** and **Douglas Gilmore** are free-lancing.

SUE AND BETTY.—Never spend your money before you have it. **George Barraud** designed friezes for an English wallpaper manufacturer when he was fourteen years old. **Alice White** did the singing herself in **"Broadway Babies,"** no double was used. You refer to **Russell Gleason,** who played the rôle of the brother in **"The Flying Fool." Billie Dove** is appearing in **"Faithful," First National Studios.**

A MOVIE FAN.—**Hoot Gibson** will be seen next in **"Fools' Luck."** He was born **July 21, 1892.** He is not married. **Robert Guzman** is a **Mexican.** He was secretary to **Adolfo de la Huerta** when the latter was trying to establish himself as **President of Mexico.** His first stage appearance was in **Los Angeles.** He sang in **Warner Brothers'** screen operetta, **"The Desert Song,"** and in the **Technicolor** singing and talking picture, **"The Song of the West."**

WAITING.—Hope I didn't keep you waiting too long? The theme songs of **"Twin Beds"** were **My Wee Bonnie Jean,**

(*Continued on page 107*)

No Private Baby-Talk

(*Continued from page 48*)

opening. "Do you believe it is possible to combine successfully marriage and a career?"

"I don't quite know how to answer that," said Loretta. A bad hole in your armor there, Miss Young; a movie star who can't answer that one will never go far.

"But I do," broke in Grant. "The whole idea that you can't combine them is perfectly ridiculous. Of course, you can combine them. I'm as interested in Loretta's work as I am in my own. We're both part of the picture business, and out of it we would never be happy—so why should Loretta give it up just because of an antiquated idea that hasn't any sense, hey? That's what I'd like to know." Grant pounded his fist on the table in his zeal.

Being Fair to Mother

BY this time Loretta, who had listened quietly to what Grant had to say, had also thought up an answer for herself. "Perhaps if I had my own way," she said, "I would give up my career—but it wouldn't be fair to mother, who has worked so hard to get us three girls started. It means everything to her that we should succeed in a big way.

"Maybe in two or three years, if we have children, I shall think it over again. But I'd be sorry to have to retire. I've been brought up in the business and it would feel wrong to be out of it." She delivered herself of these sentiments in an immensely dignified manner and looked placidly at Grant, who at this point realized the amazing fact that he was not only marrying a beautiful wife but one who could give intelligent answers to silly questions.

"Look at Doug Fairbanks, junior, and Joan Crawford," said Grant. "They're in love, and what else matters? Both of 'em having a career doesn't make any difference."

"Dodo, Dodo!" mimicked Loretta. That girl won't stand for any sloppy talk around interviewers.

It was time I made a suggestion. "Well, how about a little companionate marriage?" I said. "You two seem to be just the couple for it."

"Oh, no," said Loretta; "nothing like that. To tell the truth, I don't quite know what it means, but it sounds terrible. We shall be married next year in a small church. Just a few friends, that's all. Something quiet, but taking."

Sixteen for Two Years

"AND how old are you, if one may ask?" I said.

"I have been sixteen for two years," said Loretta, who every time she spoke looked and sounded more like a princess, or a duchess, or something. "That is, I'm really sixteen now, but they gave that as my official age when I started in pictures, in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.' Actually I was only just fourteen then.

"The law still makes me go to school. I have a tutor on the set. But I'm beyond the spelling and simple arithmetic stage, you know."

We escorted the queenly and beauteous bride-to-be back to her set, where she was playing opposite no less a personage than John Barrymore. "Now, Grant," she said as we left her, "don't forget that shopping you're to do for me, and be back in good time to call for me."

Grant's Packard rolled us off down the street. "Gosh," murmured its owner in ecstasy, "Isn't that girl a peach? She's just the only girl in Hollywood.

"Mark my words, we shall be married just as soon as I have enough to build a house with a swimming-pool."



(*Left*) DOWN SOUTH, *charming Mrs. Daniel McNiel, of Jacksonville, exclaimed—"Using Lux for dishes has kept my hands as dainty as when I was married, 6 years ago."*

(*Below*) "OUT WEST *we are proud of keeping house in modern fashion," Mrs. H. S. Christensen, San Francisco, confided. "Our hands mustn't ever say dishpan! I use Lux for dishes—and Harry says my hands are just as pretty as on our wedding day!"*



"Hands lovely as on our Wedding Day... thanks to Lux in the Dishpan"

. . *say these young wives*

MODERN young homemakers themselves discovered this secret of keeping their hands as lovely as on their wedding day—in spite of housework and dishes.

They first noticed how nice their hands looked after Luxing their fine things . . . Then began using Lux for dishes, too!

And delightedly found that even one dishwashing with Lux leaves hands lovelier!

Now 96 out of every 100 young wives questioned in 11 cities are using Lux! And among thousands of wives who have kept house many years, 8 out of 10 use Lux . . . for dishes and other soap and water tasks!

As 305 famous beauty shops put it: "Lux gives the hands actual *beauty* care."

Yet this wise beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

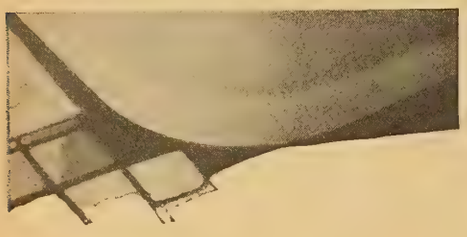


IN THE EAST, *too! "Using Lux for dishes is marvelous for one's hands," said Mrs. L. V. McMaster of Boston, Mass.*

Lux has helped millions of wives to have hands lovely as a bride's . . . for less than 1¢ a day.



BATHASWEET



Make your Bath a Beauty Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

FREE A can sent free, anywhere in the U. S., if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M. B., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

_____

_____



Bert Longworth

Standing up for their favorite screen star: Louise Fazenda's two terriers, one white and the other black, do a trick or two for her amusement, outside the home she has built for them in the front yard before her Malibu beach home

They Made Him What He Is Today

(*Continued from page 55*)

and out of scenes and does a lot of fast muggin' and cops the woiks.

Lead On, MacDuff

"ABOUT the next picture I'm teamed up with Evelyn Brent. She's heard about my rep, so she walks on the set and says to me: 'So you're a leading man? Well, go ahead and lead. Go on, *MacDuff*, and lead.' And then when she sees I'm really dumb about the racket, what does she do? She spends half her time helpin' me get the most out of my part, puttin' me in front of the camera and lookin' out for me. She sure taught me a lot of tricks of the trade.

"But you see, I had just come from the stage where they do things different. When you're back of the footlights, all you have to do is to be careful not to watch the backdrop. If you aren't actually turned with your back to the footlights, why you're a cinch to be looking at someone. So I never quite realizes that the camera lens was only a coupla inches of audience. All I was careful not to do was to back into it.

"Then I gets a part in a picture with Clara Bow. After a few shots she takes me aside and asks me if I really don't want to be in her scenes with her. I tells the lady that her crack don't register with me, so she explains: 'Jack, boy, you're a great one to be called a scene copper. You haven't had your face in one scene today. You don't know where the camera is, do you?' And then Clara takes her lunch hour to show me how to get in the center of the picture. And when you stop an' think that that is where the star belongs—you'll get some idea of what Clara did for me.

They All Helped

"IN FACT, everyone I've worked with has gone outa his way to help me. Dorothy Mackaill taught me how to get my pan in a still picture and, believe me, that's an art in itself. Zazu Pitts played her part slower than usual so that my ordinary speed would look like a whirlwind. An' Betty Compson gave me lessons that are almost responsible for what little degree of success I've had.

"O'course by this time I'm all set. I'm doin' all the stuff they've been teaching me and I'm beginning to think that the old boy is goin' to amount to something after all. Then they teams me up with this Orpheum headliner, Helen Kane. You know her? The gal that just goes boo-poopi-doup, and the audience is in the aisles. Well, she ain't never made a picture, so I says to myself, 'Here's where I use all the tricks and steal the woiks.'

"All during rehearsals I keeps backin' the gal into the piano and she doesn't get a chance to get her puss within shootin' distance of the camera. Why, if they'd been really shootin' those scenes as we was rehearsin' 'em, all you'd of seen on the screen woulda been Oakie with his pan closed and all you'da heard woulda been boo-poopi-doup from behind the piano.

And Baby Did

"BUT before we starts shootin' I thinks it all over. Here they've been teachin' me how to keep from showin' my dumbness and when I finds out I tries to hoit somebody with it. And Helen is in the same spot I was in two years ago.

"So when times comes to shoot the picture, I grabs Helen out from behind the piano and shoves her up in front of the camara and says, 'Go on, Baby, knock 'em dead!' And she did.

"Hey, we been here an hour and you ain't ast me a question yet. Pretty soon it'll be time to eat and you'll still be stalling on this interview. Ast me something!"

I thinks real hard and then I says, just for the fun of it, "All I wants to know is—who was you and Skeets Gallagher supposed to be imitatin' in 'Close Harmony'?"

"We was doin' a Van and Schenck, see? But the critics says we wasn't no bargains."

Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 92*)

"Make an exception this time," begged Sam. "Tell you what I'll do—" in a burst of generosity. "You and Mary come to my opening of 'Condemned,' and I'll come to the opening of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' Now what could be fairer than that?"

A Scrambled Egg with Ham

THE OTHER DAY a handsome limousine, covered with dust and showing the signs of long and fast driving, drew up to a stop before the Hollywood Athletic Club and the chauffeur helped out a young gentleman evidently unable to alight alone. Weaving and staggering, the inebriated one entered the club, waving a copy of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. "It shays here," said he, "that Lloyd Hamilton wash cured of drinking by fellow that lives at thish club. I've come all the way from Salt Lake City for same doshe. If Ham can be cured, so can I."

Speaking Not So Easy

JACK OAKIE is responsible for this one. A souse went up to a Hollywood policeman. "Shay," said he, "will you kin'ly direct me to the nearest speakeasy?" "What!" roared the cop, "Haven't you heard about prohibition?" The souse giggled. "Sure I've heard that one," said he. "But all kidding aside, where *is* the nearest speakeasy?"

Two Ruthless Women

SOMEONE told Ruth Roland the other day that she was called the third richest woman in the United States. "That's perfectly absurd," flamed Ruth indignantly, and more indignantly, "who were the other two supposed to be richer than I am?"

Or a (Re) Pent House

A PICTURE PLAYER who was recently named in a breach of promise case has a beach house, mentioned in the suit as the place where the proposal was made. It is now referred to by his friends as "his little breach house."

And Not to Dead Ones, Either

DID YOU KNOW that Hoot Gibson is the only star in Hollywood who invariably sends orchids?

Due for a Pension

A CAMERAMAN at the Pathé Studios was espousing the talents of a friend. Eddie Quillan nearby overheard him.

"Why," said the friend, "this fellow was with von Stroheim for two-and-a-half years."

"Ah, making a quickie for him," said Eddie, as he strolled away.

Von Has Heard

VON HIMSELF is conscious of his reputation. We called him up the other day for an interview. "Are you in a hurry for the story?" asked the voice over the 'phone, "because if you are, maybe you better get someone else. You know what they say about a von Stroheim production."

A Bleach of Promise

GRANT WITHERS has bleached his hair blond to play opposite Corinne Griffith, who likes contrasts in her leading men.

Try This on Your Pan

VIRGINIA BRADFORD is back from London with a brand-new British accent. She has been taking lessons in English pronunciation, and was describing the methods used by her teacher to an American friend. "At one point she made me pronounce the words with my fingers in my mouth," said she.

Intimate BEAUTY TALKS with HELENA RUBINSTEIN



[Thousands of women all over the country are continually writing to Helena Rubinstein, seeking her expert advice on the personal beauty problems that are so much a part of every woman's life. Write yourself to this world famous beauty specialist! Address inquiries to Helena Rubinstein Beauty Talks, 8 East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, N. Y.]

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Yesterday I went ice skating. Today my lips are chapped, my hands are rough and my face is dry enough to crack. Can you help me?—Gladys R., Boston. P. S. I only want to buy one preparation.

Dear Jane R.—If you want but one preparation, then by all means choose my Valaze Pasteurized Cream! This unusual cream is wonderful for the face, the throat, the hands, the arms, the elbows. Then, if you wish, you can protect your lips with my exquisite Valaze lipstick which never dries the lips and will remain on for hours.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—The stage is certainly a strain on my complexion. I have noticed "whiteheads" as well as blackheads under my skin lately—and my face, away from the footlights, looks sallow and coarse. What shall I do? —M. B., N. Y.

Dear M. B.—Your complexion need not suffer, my dear! If you will wash every day with my Valaze Beauty Grains, all the hard skin substances and hidden impurities will be quickly removed. Then at night, apply my Valaze Acne Cream to purify your pores and magically clear your skin.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—I have three charming daughters who are fairly clamoring for "mother to step out". They laughingly accuse me of being old fashioned . . . So I have made up my mind to surprise them. Have you anything to aid a sadly drooping chin?— Mrs. J. H. L., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

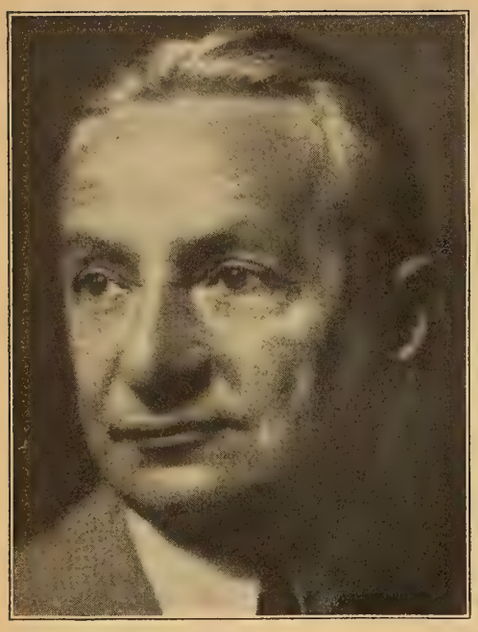
Dear Mrs. J. H. L.—One with so much spirit could scarcely be called old-fashioned! Start tonight by cleansing your face deeply with Water Lily Cleansing Cream, my amazing rejuvenating cream. Then apply Valaze Contour Jelly, patting it well into the skin, pressing up on your eyes, lifting your chin. This will tighten the facial muscles . . . and will firmly round your contour. Write me of your progress, do!

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Trying to look presentable for business is such a nuisance. I powder my nose twenty times a day and still it is shiny! Have you a remedy? And oh, yes!—have you a rouge that "sticks"?—D. B., Pa.

Dear D. B.—First of all, try my Valaze Snow Lotion. This adheres marvelously and makes the loveliest of foundations for my Water Lily Powder. Keep a Water Lily compact in your desk drawer. The powder comes in enchanting colors, as clinging as you please. And the rouge is ever so flattering to your skin. Or if you want a rouge that will stay all day long, there's Valaze rouge *en creme*. Smooth it over your cheeks! Then add the same enchanting hue to your lips. You will be amazed at the transformation!

Cosmetic and scientific home treatment preparations of Helena Rubinstein are on sale at the better shops and at her salons. The values are really unusual: Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Valaze Cubist Lipstick (1.00). Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00). Valaze Acne Cream (1.00). Water Lily Cleansing Cream (2.50). Valaze Contour Jelly (1.00). Valaze Snow Lotion (1.00). Water Lily Compacts: single (2.00), double (2.50). Valaze rouges en creme (1.00).

Helena Rubinstein, Inc.
8 East 57th Street New York



Flo Ziegfeld

whose "glorification of the American girl" has received international recognition, says:

"I find that sparkling hair—hair that catches the lights of the theatre—is an invaluable addition to feminine beauty. In casting my productions, I always keep this in mind."

The glory of lustrous hair may be yours through the use of Hennafoam, the shampoo that contains a pinch of henna. Buy a bottle at your dealer's or send 10c for a generous sample to Dept. 2-M P., the Hennafoam Corporation, 511 W. 42nd St., New York City.

The Alluring, Irresistible Charm Of Woman

Not infrequently a woman loses charm because her nervous system is rundown. Strong nerves and good looks go together. The woman who takes the herbal tonic which Dr. Pierce prescribed for many years when in active practice, namely, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, retains her clear complexion, bright eyes, vivacity and youthful appearance. Women should take this tonic in maidenhood, womanhood or motherhood. Druggists have it, in fluid and tablets.



Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for an acquaintance package of the tablets. The Dr. Pierce Clinic will give you medical advice free, too.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



When Sue Carol has a residence like this one, from which she can survey the Hollywood district from the sea to the mountains, it's no wonder she can scoff at apartment penthouses

Nor Maid—Nor Wife—Nor Widow

(*Continued from page 50*)

cynics say, divorce is not an easy step for a woman, even the supposedly light-hearted actress. There are hours of wondering if you have done the right thing—or the wrong thing. Besides, separation lends a glamour to the missing partner. Strangely enough, after we have definitely cut ourselves off from someone, we can remember only the sweet and appealing things about him, and not the issues that may have come between.

For several weeks I moped around. I was between pictures at the studio. Time was heavy on my hands.

My friend thought I needed diversion, anything to take my mind off myself. "You should go out, Jeanette," she told me. "Anywhere, with anyone." And, "you're free now," she would remind me.

No Man Handy

THE point was I didn't know anyone I particularly wanted to go out with. It's only a myth that Hollywood girls know hundreds of attractive and handy men ready to escort them to attractive places. As I had been married ever since I arrived in Hollywood, my masculine acquaintance was limited mostly to business associates and men with whom I came in contact through my work. "Well, go out with So-In-So," she advised, naming a man who had handled several business propositions for me and who had invited me to the theater more than once since my separation. "There's nothing in the world more normalizing than the company of a man with whom you are not in love." A bit of a philosopher, that girl, believe me. The next time the business friend phoned, I accepted his invitation.

It seemed funny, but somehow exciting, to be dressing for a social engagement with another man. I felt as I had in my beau-days before my marriage. Though this man meant nothing to me, nor I to him, there was a little tinge of excitement when his flowers arrived with a nice card to the effect that he was looking forward to the evening, or something like that. It was the first emblem of my new freedom.

After that we went dancing and to the theater several times. We enjoyed each other—enjoyed the laughs we had together. We became sincerely good friends though we both realized that we could never care for one another, seriously. There are men who fill between the climaxes of a woman's life with friendship and understanding—and he was one of them.

Catching Each Other

ONE evening, shortly after returning home from one of our engagements, I had a telephone call from Harry. "I saw you dancing at the Blossom Room this evening," he laughed. He and the young lady with him had spotted us from the door. "We decided not to come in. It might have embarrassed your escort to find your husband there."

"Not if my husband was also stepping with another girl." I kidded in the same vein. But it's rather funny, at that, isn't it? Seeing a girl who is your wife, and not your wife, but who will be your wife for a year as far as the law is concerned—out dancing with another man. No wonder



In the swing of things: Ruth Chatterton, erstwhile celebrated as a stage star, has settled down in Hollywood for good. And she seems to like it as much as it does her

Harry felt muddled about it. Had I seen him first, I would probably have felt the same way.

I was beginning to meet other men—to go about quite a good deal. I made it quite plain that I didn't want to fall in love, that my freedom was too cherished to jeopardize it with a new attachment and most of them were merely good friends to me. Only one insisted that he was madly in love, wanted me to hurdle the year and elope to Mexico with him. "But I couldn't marry you, even if I were madly in love," I told him. "Why not?" he demanded jealously. "My husband won't let me!" I could hardly keep my face straight as I juggled the words of that famous old song. A divorcée of Hollywood finds herself in amusing, as well as perplexing situations!

Some Gents Are Jealous

ANOTHER thing into which I was continually bumping was the unexpected and unwarranted jealousy among men who had no real claim to that feeling so far as I was concerned. In the first place, it was a new wrinkle for me. Harry had never been jealous of my friends in Hollywood. He had never checked up on my time and demanded long and detailed explanations as to where I had been during the most casual absence. When one's husband has been so well behaved, it is amazing to find one's friends acting in such a fashion.

Lately I have made some charming new friends. Women as well as men. These people are interested in music, art, literature as well as the ever-present movies. Because I have never lost my love of music and look forward to the time when I will be able to devote myself to it again, I spend many delightful evenings with this group. Imagine my embarrassment to find one or two of my boy-friends protesting at the way I am wasting my time! With true male psychology they are suspicious that I have suddenly fallen in love with one of the new friends. Funny, but I sometimes feel I had more honest-to-goodness freedom when I was married—than now. And first of all, before I belong to someone else again—I want to belong to myself.

MARY'S HAPPY SECRET



"I HAVE good news for you, Mary. Father says he's going to raise your pay this week. Aren't you glad?"

"Of course. But I didn't expect it so soon."

"Well, you deserve it. Father says you take more letters than any other girl in the office, yet finish your work quicker. How do you do it, Mary? A few weeks ago you were like all the other girls, too tired and wornout after a day's work to enjoy yourself. Now you're as fresh and full of life as though you hadn't pounded a typewriter for eight hours."

Then Mary Told Him Her Secret

"That's one more good thing I owe to Speedwriting—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

"Oh. It's the new stenography that helped me take letters faster, finish my work quicker, and make everything so easy that it's like a game. And it took only four weeks to learn it perfectly."

"Only four weeks! Why, Mary, you must be joking! I always thought it took years to learn shorthand, and then long experience to get up real speed. Now you say that you learned Speedwriting in a month, and developed more speed and accuracy in a month than other girls get in *years!*"

"Why not?" Everybody who takes up Speedwriting does exactly what I did."



"I have used another shorthand but my work seemed difficult. When I changed to Speedwriting the difficulties disappeared. Through Speedwriting I secured a better position."—*Grace Mallon, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"I wish to tell you of my good fortune in securing a position just after I had sent in my final examination. I got a raise two weeks after getting the position. So you see Speedwriting is doing for me what it has done for so many others."—*Jean S. Moore, Lebanon, Tenn.*

"I have been offered a position with a raise of Twenty Dollars. This is what Speedwriting has done for me."—*Viola Gail Ramos, Peoria, Ill.*

"I feel that my present position and increased salary are very largely due to Speedwriting."—*Lulu Moore, Huntington, W. Va.*

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. . . . Tell me and I will tell you—an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a *single, simple* shampooing.

Your hair has a very definite shade of its own—a shade at least slightly different than that of anyone else. If you want to know its full beauty, you must pay as careful attention to its shade as you do to your complexion when you apply your "make-up".

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. Simple directions tell you how. 25c at your dealers'—or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. B Seattle, Wash., * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____



SHAMEFUL PIMPLES

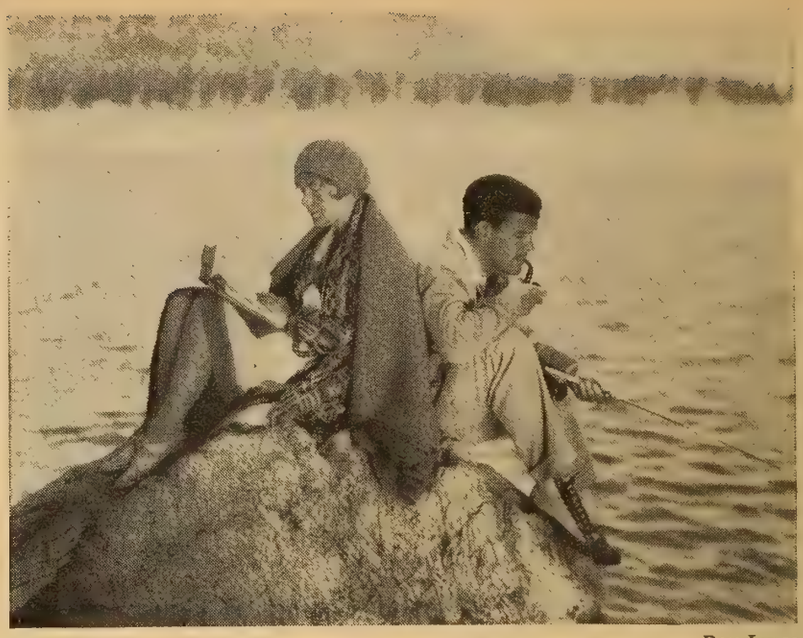
Made Others Turn Away

"Pimples, blackheads and ugly blotches nearly drove me mad. Squeezing made my skin look worse. Balms, liquids and pastes —nothing helped.

then almost over night they turned to admire

"A friend told me about Rowles Mentho Sulphur—how its Phenol ingredient cleared up infection—how its Sulphur cleansed the clogged pores—how its Menthol soothed and healed sore, raw tissue. I applied this ointment at night. The next day I looked better. In a few days my skin cleared up."

For relieving itching torture, pimples, blackheads, blemishes or eczema, ask your druggist for Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Clears skin right up! Keeps it clear.



Ray Jones

Fish stories: Mrs. Glenn Tryon is reading one. And Mr. Glenn Tryon is preparing to compose one, in the course of this particular afternoon in their vacation in the Sierras

If His Song Can Start You Crying

(*Continued from page 66*)

When he was making "Say it with Songs," Al said to me: "This stuff isn't real life—nothing like it. The public doesn't want real life on the screen. It isn't great art, but it's what they want, and that's its justification."

Taking "Mammy" Seriously

HE speaks of "Mammy" in just the opposite way. Enthusiastically describes the tritest situations and tricks at great length, as though he really thought they were something wonderful. He almost burst into tears as he told me the scene where he comes home to mother and tries to fool her that he has a long European stage contract, when actually he's going up the river. And Mammy—she knows the truth but won't let on either! Pappy! Sonny Boy! What a situation!

Of his acting in "Say it with Songs," while the picture was being made, I remember Al saying: "I cried over a hundred times by count to make one scene. I turn it on just like a faucet and then I can't stop."

Of that picture he now says: "It was bad—but I was good in it. The trouble was there was too much crying. That's why in this picture ("Mammy") we're just going for laughs." But a moment before he had been describing scene after scene in "Mammy" where he is accused of another man's crime, where he parts with his mother, where he rides under a train, where a fellow actor in his troupe gets killed, and so forth. It certainly sounded weepy enough to me.

Listening to the play-back of himself singing the "Mammy" theme-song, Al burlesqued himself until it seemed that he saw the funny side of Jolsonism better than any man alive. At the end of the song he said to the assembled company: "You know, it was all I could do to stop myself bursting into tears when I got to that line, 'If my song can start you crying.' I had a great big lump in my throat."

All Christmas Tigers

THEN everybody started to tell him how good he was, while Curtiz, the director, sat transfixed as though struck dumb with sheer rapture. "You're all a lot of yes-men," said Al, jokingly, "just Christmas tigers." "Yes," said someone. "I guess we're all yes-men where Al's concerned—there's no other way to be."

In describing a drunk scene he does in "Mammy," Al said to me, apparently quite seriously: "I say this openly, for publication—there isn't anyone, not even Barrymore, could have played that scene better." Then again, two minutes later, he was burlesquing himself all over the set.

What does he really think of Jack Warner? "You can tell the world," he said to me with vehemence, "I didn't get a single share in this company—not one. Everybody's been saying that Jack Warner made me a present of some, but it isn't true. I get my salary, and that's all. I haven't made a penny out of this picture racket, not compared with what I used to make on the stage. Of course, I started the whole talkie business, put the company on its feet and all that, but what of it?" This last with some bitterness. Then, suddenly, a complete change of tone. "With it all, though, there's no better guy in the world than Jack Warner—you can bet your life on that. He's my friend."

I have heard him eulogizing the songs he has written, but the latest, hot from the "Mammy" set, is that "anybody can write popular songs. It's the lowest form of life. A child ought to be ashamed if it couldn't sit down occasionally and write a song hit."

More Contrariness

WHAT does he really think of Hollywood? "You can put me down a bolshevist, anarchist, socialist, nihilist and all the rest of them," he said. "I don't go to parties and openings because there's nothing but knocking going on everywhere. Nobody has a good word for anything. I hate destructive criticism."

A moment later he told me about the "Gold-Diggers" opening. "I spoke out at the mike," he said, "and told 'em these five dollar openings were the bunk, and said that those who had stayed home and kept their five bucks ought to feel very pleased."

The only thing I can tell you for certain is that Al is working on "Mammy" like ten men, sleeping rarely, putting everything he's got into it. He has written the story and dialogue, and is acting and singing—the acting part including days spent in the wilds impersonating a hobo.

Salvaging Stars

(*Continued from page 30*)

one of the most amazing and practical pieces of salvation known to modern times was under way.

Immediately, however, a curious and ironical condition became manifest. Mrs. Reid was interested in the cure only from the drug angle. This addiction, thinking of Wallie, she considered a disease. Alcoholism she thought a vice. But with a marvelous treatment for addicts ready, it was discovered that among the people she primarily wanted it for, screen players—popular idols, there were few if any victims!

This situation, in the years when she had been busy with less spectacular cases, had been brought about by two forces. The Hays office had put a moral fear of the Lord into the colony, and what it missed the narcotic squad attended to. Thus we have Captain Seegar of the local bureau able to declare that there are fewer drug users here than in any city of its size anywhere in the world.

But the alcoholism cure admittedly was needed. Mrs. Reid was persuaded to the viewpoint that indeed a cure for drunkenness among film people was all but as important as one for drugs. The names of over indulgers were on every tongue—national figures, faces familiar to every household, who scarcely ever drew a sober breath. The kind of people whose scandals and disgraces became front page stuff. Mrs. Reid consented, and the treatment began to be employed upon inebriates.

Among the first patients was the comedian, Lloyd Hamilton. Down and out, blacklisted by the Hays office, he faced a future as dark as the inside of an undertaker's hat. Henry Lehrman, the director, forced him into taking the cure; and a short time afterward, clear eyed and steady, he was writing from San Francisco: "My mother and sister broke down with happiness. Both told me it had been their prayer for years, so you can imagine everything is wonderful. Many thanks."

There is neither space nor need for a repetition of the names of those who have been transformed, resurrected, from sodden drunks to a plane of esteem. A gravely lovely leading lady, nagged to drink by a fancied inferiority complex—the publicity head of a huge studio—the sister of one of the greatest stars—extras—contract players—people whose slips are broadcast the world over—all finding renewed health and hope and happiness—while on a quiet side-street a slender woman holds her tow-headed son close as they gaze at a tall painting of the man whom the world called Wallace Reid.



A black crow for a Black Crow: Doris Hill presents Charlie Mack, one of the two birds so famous as the Two Black Crows, with a real specimen of the tribe

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THOUSANDS of smart women have found this easy way to take off excess weight once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro contains many of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

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Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost weight. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself wholesome meals. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.



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By R. C. JAMES

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Then somewhere—just as you are reading this—I read of the Niagara Method which makes piano playing wonderfully simple. I sent for Director Wright's book "The Niagara Secret." I read the book, and I knew it was right.

I followed Director Wright's principles, and in no time I had caught on to his ideas.

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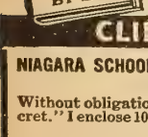
And the best part of it all is that there is nothing hard about the Niagara Method. In a short time, by following Director Wright's principles and by devoting a part of my spare time to the practical application of his course, I soon learned to play.

No tiresome scales—no arpeggios to learn—no weary hours of practice—no do-re-mi—no meaningless exercises. If you know the Niagara Method, you can sit down and reel off any popular song which the high-priced orchestra leaders play in cabarets, clubs, hotels, dance halls, or theaters.

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If you have never played a note, or if you do play—no matter how well—you too may become a master of jazz and melody by learning the simple, wonderful Niagara Method.

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I Have Wasted My Heart on a Shadow

(*Continued from page 35*)

He answered my first letter. Answered it in his own inimitable handwriting. Like my maiden epistle to him, it was personal and served as a drug to inspire my already stimulated emotions.

It chanced that I made a copy of the one hundred and twelve letters which I wrote him. Why, I do not know. Probably I did it so I might read them over and over even after I had sent them. In that way, I could remember the beautiful, the dangerous things I had said to him.

I am glad, now, that I did retain copies. For I am compiling them into a book—a book which will show more plainly than any story I might write each stage of my love for this man whose pictures had brought a new vision of life to me. I am making no comment, I am merely printing those letters with which I spent my entire life during the twelve-year period.

I went out with no other men, I thought of no other happiness but to become to him what he had become to me. I sacrificed normalcy for my weird devotion to a shadow.

Neither Glad Nor Sorry

YET, strange to say, I am neither glad it happened nor sorry. All that I am, today, I owe to the development which that one love brought to me. But I would not wish a daughter of mine to go through what I have been through.

So that you will not misunderstand and think me just one more cracked woman, I believe I had better tell you a bit about my anonymous self. I am not exactly what you might suppose from this introduction. I have family; I have had education, and travel. Every advantage which money and training can bring to a girl has been given to me. I have been in twenty-one countries; I speak several languages and have what is commonly called culture. Now I am living in Hollywood studying the industry which has directed my life for me, watching those world-famed people who make possible hero-worship. I have learned much from them. I have learned that to agitate emotionally the millions who pay daily to see their moving photographs upon the canvas is the business of these strange people and they take it merely as a business. To answer their mail is as much a part of that business as is their acting. Letters are the definite answers to a hero-worshiper's yearning and the actors realize it long before the worshipers.

In my very first letter to him—and I shall call this man "him," for I have no desire to hurt in the slightest the very famous masculine star who has so unwittingly molded my life for me—I confessed that I was a hero-worshiper.

". . . My heart has its reason of which the reason knows nothing. To be highly pleased with your work is the one thing I have in common with other girls who have watched you through so many silences. . . .

"I'm a hero-worshiper. . . .

"Principles aren't important, I guess, unless one is well fed and I am hungry."

Those are some of the sentences of my first letter. In his answer he said he, also, was hungry. He implied, at least, that he would like me to feed that appetite—through letters. I fed it.

What She Alone Gave

AH, how few people could understand what writing letters could mean to me! He did not answer often. But I like to feel that whether he answered or not he was getting from them something he needed, something no other woman fan could give him.

For long years I did not meet him. I had seen him, however. Seen him before I wrote the first letter. My heart had first reacted to his appeal when he played in stock at our home-town theater. It was when his first few pictures were released, several years later, that I appointed him as the answer to all of the dreams which adolescence had brought to me.

I met him again. I knew he was to be in New York. I went there, many, many hundred miles, to see him. I gave as an excuse some post-graduate work at Columbia University.

A cousin introduced us. When I asked him, he said, "Oh, yes, I know so and so. I see him rolling in and out of the Lambs' Club almost every evening."

"You mean—he drinks?"

"Like a fish."

My mind recoiled. There was no drinking in our family. But my heart yearned. He needed a devotion such as mine to inspire him, to keep him from false gods, false peoples.

Three days together. Three long, yet too short, days when we were constantly seeing one another. Days when he quoted from my letters, showing that he had read them. Days when he discovered that my name was his favorite among the names of all women. Days when I thought he understood that his wishes were my wishes.

"My ambition is to have a son," he told me.

My ambition became, from that moment, to be the mother of his son.

Yet I voiced no such ambition. I voiced none of my roaring-within-me emotions.

"But you are different from your letters—"

Ah, how much can we put into letters that we cannot bring ourselves to say in person—we restrained, yet unrestrained, hero-worshipers!

No Tie to Bind

WE parted. I was to write. He was to answer. There had been no actual bond between us. He had not so much as patted my hand. I went home, starved and yet nourished. He had seen me. Now, he would know that I was good, pure, a product of sincere training. He could not help admire me.

I lost one more dear to me than life itself. A parent. One from whom I had scarcely ever been separated. All of my loss, all of the half of me which was left, I poured out to him on paper. Where he had been only one of two—now he was all that remained to me. I turned to him as a dying woman turns to a priest for consolation.

He wired his condolences.

I went to Europe to assuage the pain of the death of the one and the yearning for the other. There were people, many of them. Counts, dukes—and just average men with average cognomens. They were kind to me. But their kindness meant nothing. The kindness of one was the all-important.

I returned home. I came to Hollywood. He came to see me. He drove me to the gigantic home he was building. He pointed to the wing which was to be used for the nursery. He sighed. He sighed again. I wondered. My heart pounded.

On the way home, I asked him a question. "What is the matter with me?" A simple girl-question.

"You are too wise."

The man on whom I had squandered my wisdom to call me too wise.

This time, I circled the globe to forget him. And sent him a card from every port

(*Continued on page 109*)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 98*)

If You Were Mine and the Chicken Walk. "Our Modern Maidens," I Waited a Lifetime for You. Harry Langdon and **Thelma Todd** receive their fan mail at the **Hal Roach Studios.**

NATALIE.—Haven't the age of **Harry Richman. Grant Withers** was born in **Pueblo, Colorado, Jan. 17, 1905.** He is six feet three inches tall, weighs 197 pounds, brown curly hair and blue eyes. **Loretta Young, Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912.** She's five feet two, weighs 98 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. Yes, they're reported engaged. **Percy Marmont** was **Clara Bow's** leading man in **"Mantrap."**

APPLE CIDER.—You mean **Apple-Jack.** An amateur is a professional who won't admit it. **Grant Withers** is twenty-three years old. **John Boles,** thirty-two. He is appearing in **"La Marseillaise." Richard Barthelmess,** thirty-five. You pronounce his name **Bar-thel-mess,** accent first syllable.

A. B. C.—Sounds like dear old golden school days. You refer to **Betty Compson** who played the rôle of **Carrie** in **"The Barker." Thelma Todd** hails from **Lawrence, Mass. Claudette Colbert** was born in **Paris, France,** about twenty-three years ago. She is five feet five, weighs 103 pounds, brown hair and eyes. **Clara Bow** is playing in **"The Humming Bird," Paramount.**

JEAN ARTHUR FAN.—**Harold Murray** and **Norma Terris** are appearing in **"Cameo Kirby."** Yes, **John Gilbert** played in the silent version which was released in **Oct., 1923. Dorothy Revier** is five feet four and a half, weighs about 125 pounds. **Evelyn Brent,** five feet four, 112 pounds. **Sue Carol,** five five, 120 pounds. **Jean Arthur,** five three, 105 pounds. **Dorothy Mackaill,** five five, 114 pounds. **Baclanova,** five four, 116 pounds. **Anita Page,** five two, 118.

FUNNY FACE.—You hate yourself, why? Only the brave deserve the fair. And what's fair about that? **Buddy Rogers** is twenty-six years old, five feet six, weighs 165 pounds. He's not married or engaged. **Charles Morton,** twenty-four, six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds. **Phillips Holmes,** twenty-one. He is the son of **Taylor Holmes,** stage and screen actor. Write **Buddy** and **Phillips** at the **Paramount Studios. Charles** at **Fox.**

FAN.—You enclosed a two-cent stamp for a personal reply, but neglected to give your name. You'll have to have your answer thru the column this time. **Ramon Novarro** is not giving up the screen. His latest picture is **"The House of Troy." Lois Moran** and not **Lois Wilson** appeared in **"God Gave Me Twenty Cents."**

BINKIE.—Is that a steal on **Barthelmess's** name that he used in **"Young Nowheres"? Dorothy Mackaill** was born in **Hull, England, in 1905.** She is five feet five, weighs 114 pounds, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Not married. Playing in **"The Flirting Widow," First National Studios.**

CHARMING SMILE.—I agree with you about **Regis Toomey. Regis** was born in **Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 13, 1902.** He has light brown hair and grey-green eyes. Not married. Has been on the stage for five years. First picture was **"Alibi."**

JUST BOB.—So your new suit is full of ticks. Guess you bought it on time? **Wheeler Oakman** was **Mr. Porter** in **"The Donovan Affair." Jean Arthur** is about eighteen years old. She's five feet three, weighs 105 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is **Gladys Greene.** Appearing in **"Streets of Chance."** Drop in again.

NEIL'S MINE.—I think his wife has something to say about that. **Neil** was born in **Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1899.** He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Elsa Whitner.** Hobbies are sailing, magic and sports in general. Latest picture is **"Kibitzer." Paramount Studios.**

MORTON DOWNEY FAN.—**Morton** is about twenty-seven years old. He started to earn his living as a boy soprano singing at political clubs in **New York** and **Brooklyn.** It was at one of these functions that **Paul Whiteman** heard **Downey,** and was so impressed with the talent of the young **Irish** tenor that he started him on his lucrative **Broadway** career, and for four years, **Downey** was one of the features of the **Whiteman** programs. His first picture was **"Syncopation,"** followed by **"Mother's Boy"** and **"Lucky in Love."**

JUST CURIOUS.—**Raymond Hackett** is playing in **"Dulcy." Tullio Carminati, Jack Pickford** and **Jewel Carmen** appeared in **"The Bat." Doris Hill** is free-lancing. **Eugene O'Brien** is appearing on the stage in **California. Victor McLaglen** and **Fifi Dorsay** playing in **"Hot for Paris."**

BILLIE.—**Ramon Novarro** played the rôle of **Hentzau** in **"The Prisoner of Zenda."** He did not appear in **"Rupert of Hentzau."** You may write **Margaret Steins, 101 Richlawn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.** in regard to a **Ramon Novarro Fan Club. Vilma Banky** is playing in **"Sunkissed," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**

CLUB FANS.—Here are some new clubs that have been organized. **Lupe Velez Club, Mrs. Inez Browne, 1115 14th St., Bradenton, Fla. Bessie Love Club, Miriam Alberga, Admiral Apts., 48th and Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Leatrice Joy Club, Laura E. Payne, 4718 Clinton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Buddy Rogers, M. Bernard, 708 South Central St., Chanute, Kansas. Billie Dove, Lenore A. Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dorothy Mackaill, Charles L. Baldwin, Noroton, Conn. George Duryea, Julian Arnold, 446 Candler St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.**

H. D.—**Gordon Elliott** has been free-lancing. Not married so far as we know. **Clive Brook** and **Irene Rich** appeared in **"The Pleasure Buyers." Helen Kane, Paramount's** fascinating "baby-voiced" singer, started her professional career six years ago as one of the chorus in a **Four Marx Brothers'** show.

WILLIAM BOYD FAN.—He has plenty. It is less dangerous to slip with the foot than with the tongue. Either one of your gifts sounds good. I believe **Strongheart** is the dog you refer to that died recently. **William Boyd's** latest picture is **"Officer O'Brien," Pathe Studios.** Yes, he lives in **California. Conrad Nagel** is appearing in **"The Swan,"** starring **Lillian Gish.**



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Jiggs tells Zaza, his bride, that her dog-biscuits are just as good as those his mother used to bring him. But Zaza knows better and she is making no bones about her sense of shame. Leila Hyams has come to the table just in time to smooth over the first family quarrel

Why Foreign Films Fail

(*Continued from page 53*)

for a few thousand marks—a mere fraction of the cost of any of several sets in, let us say, "The Patriot." It is safe to declare that enough salt was sprinkled on the Paramount lot before the palace of the mad Czar to have paid the cost of a German super-production. If it be true that necessity is the mother of invention, this difficult school, this working without proper tools, may develop a race of great producers and directors. But it will take a long, long time to lay bricks without mortar.

That Great Britain is very, very film-conscious is proved by the great number of motion picture promotions which have deluged the isles for several years. Millions of pounds sterling have been subscribed to movie ventures by the subjects of King George.

What is true of the British stage seems true of British pictures. And that is that England's actors are forced to tour the provinces until they have whiskers like the left-hand Smith Brother before they can procure metropolitan engagements. Americans won't stand for juveniles who need crutches, nor do they approve the British conception of feminine beauty.

In addition, there is the die-hard conservatism for which John Bull's island is noted—or notorious. The attitude is rigidly, "It cawn't be done." If there is no moldy precedent to be unearthed, why any given enterprise is just impossible—you cawn't even approach it. A minor instance—what would happen if a London producer wished to get a little authentic atmosphere by having the fire department race through Oxford Circus, or Bond Street? It is done every day in Hollywood. But not even the Prince's pal could put it across in the land of lost aitches.

Laughing at Tragedy

A RATHER good tragedy of the Manx wilderness was presented the other day before an average New York audience. It was a talkie. The story was about a vampish lady who fooled her lover's slayer into believing she cared for him in order that she might hold him for the police. The American title was "The Unwritten Law." A misnomer, of course. It was an ambitious effort. But between the terrifically slow tempo of the picture, the *ad infinitum* repetition, and the accents of the characters, the lookers-on settled back after a reel to have a good hearty laugh. An American film editor called in to save the day, threw up his hands. For once a Yankee, too, admitted that it couldn't be done.

On the contrary, Director E. A. Dupont turned out a creditable British picture in "Piccadilly," just as he created a wow in the German epic, "Variety." But, his women in "Piccadilly" were Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong, both American actresses with a huge following. And even at that, his effort failed to make the Broadway grade and was relegated to one of the little theaters that get away with murder in the name of art.

Thus far, the French and Italian pictures have been utterly impossible. They have failed to pass muster in any department. From the make-up of the players to the photography of the picture, they have been sadly without the pale. Their actors are without distinction, their themes are unsuitable either because of risqué or gross situations or because of the interminable footage utilized to unfold a simple—take it both ways—story.

Even the people of foreign lands prefer the imported American product to the home brew. Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks, Swanson, Mary and Clara have the call above any of the stars that flicker in the native cinema heavens. And so long as this is the case, what hope is there for a successful invasion of the American field?

They'll probably say that it cawn't be done—and that's up to them. But there is a way to get the eyes and ears of Uncle Shylock's movie-going public. And that is to make worth-while photoplays with suitable theme, capable directors, popular stars. They'll have to be better than American pictures, naturally enough, for there is no reason we should patronize an inferior foreign product.

I Have Wasted My Heart on a Shadow

(*Continued from page 106*)

so he would remember; so he might know I had not forgotten.

Flowers Bowed in Shame

AH—today, I might have a home and children. I might have found real love if I had not spent all of my life upon shadow-devotion.

I do not blame him. The heroes of the screen cannot help it if they become real heroes to us. Was it his fault that I wrote from shipboard, "I found some fine flowers in my cabin, when we left, though they hung their heads because they wanted so to be from you."

Or should he shoulder the responsibility because, when I learned in Port Said that he had undergone a dangerous operation, I wrote: "News of your operation came to me, this afternoon, on a train between Cairo and here. I knew it, before, though, by what was taking place in my soul. My heart stopped, shied like a frightened horse and set off at a gallop that almost strangled me.

". . . All I could think of was flinging my prudent pride away and flying to you. I'd flaunt the entire world to keep you in my sight. But, after a few seconds of speechlessness, my equilibrium returned to me and I remembered your heart needed me not, so calculating caution imprisoned me in its grasp. Besides, I'm much too far away."

The letters in the book, the letters which I wrote him, cover a quarter of a life time. I cannot give a fair glimpse of them here. I finally came to Hollywood to learn more of the man to whom I gave of all that was in me while I did not know him.

No Marrying Man

I HAVE learned much. There have been other women. Countless numbers. There has been a life filled with the adulation and hero-worship of unknown girls, a-many. His is the life of a star—and like the star in the heavens we can only reach for but never grasp it. He has remained, to one and all, a man who does not marry. I may have longed once to become his wife and the mother of his son but now I would not want him as the father of my son. It is not his fault. We make idols of these men! And idols they should remain—something to admire and interest and pay homage to from afar—not flesh-and-blood men to be taken and warmed at the hearthstone of a woman's inner emotions.

Towards the end, I wrote him: "You've let me supplicate and sue and set my passion free, without a word. Your manner toward me, all along, has been a blending of respect and impudence. Nobody could have been more remiss with a greater air of humility. There has been nothing between us, practically—looks, secret understandings, thought—that's all. And what a precious amount of time I've spent mustering my untried nerve to attempt a conquest here! What audacity! What faith in myself!

". . . Well, I shall mix my brains with my heart from now on and match my wits against your ego."

And to match my wits against his ego is to forget him, completely. I have copied the letters and sent them to the printer's in the hope that they may carry to the countless numbers of women throughout the nations the message: Admire but never adore a shadow.

You have just read of a girl who wasted her heart on a shadow. You may, or may not, know someone like her. But certainly you know people who consistently waste time and money—two things never wasted by readers of **MOTION PICTURE, The Progressive Screen Magazine, "The Oldest—The Newest—The Best."**



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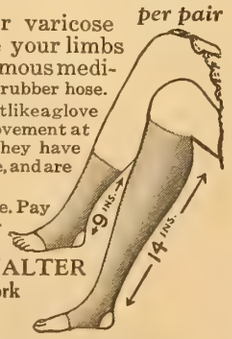
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Why Hollywood Marriages Fail

(Continued from page 59)

"has been my own fault. I know that now. I think I knew it at the times things were going wrong with me. When I fell down on my work, it was because I didn't want it to interfere with my personal life at the moment. Well—what could I expect? And everything else has been the same. I could have done things differently. I chose to do them as I did. That's that.

"I always dread interviews. And it's not because I don't love to talk about myself. I do. Who doesn't? It's because none of us ever tells the truth about himself. Most of us don't know it. Most of us wouldn't dare, even if we did know it. Perhaps it's merciful. For any one of us to see ourselves as we really are—Well, I doubt that it can be done."

We talked about Hollywood marriages

Blanche Sweet has, finally, left her marriage of so many years' standing behind her.

It was a wrenching, painful step for her to take. The wrenching, painful things do seem to happen to the persons who cannot take things lightly. Perhaps, to be sunny, the burdens are neatly fitted to the back.

"No one can ever know," Blanche said, her eyes on some horizon I could not see and did not try to follow. "No one will ever know how hard it was. The little physical acts. Packing up. Dividing things. Storing things away that might never be used again. Saying 'Adios.'

"And I did try. I tried in every way I knew or could imagine to make a success of my marriage. Because I wanted it to be a success—so very much.

Micky Had Everything

"MICKY has everything I care about in a man. I sometimes think I must be a very difficult person for any man to live with. I demand so much. Perfection, even when I know that there is no such thing. And that it would probably be odious if there were.

"First of all, I want a man other people like. A charming host. A man who can enter a room and create an impression. I like that quality in a man. A man with a sense of humor. He'd have to have that. A man who goes in for athletics. Some, at any rate. A man who is reasonably eminent in whatever work he is doing. A man with a brain, with a presence. And one who is physically attractive to me, as well.

"Anyone who knows Micky well knows that he has all of these qualities. I admire him. I respect him. He has vanity, but it is the vanity of the small boy. Such vanity as all males have, I think. And then—he is the only man I ever loved. Oh, a few little-kid affairs years ago. But I never even went around with other boys.

"I sometimes think that love is the most absurdly abused word in the whole dictionary. It shouldn't be used, freely, to fit any old case, as it is.

"Love should be a very seldom word. Rare.

"I have never been able to understand a woman who has professed to love a man, who has been married to him for years and who, when the split comes, begins to talk about him. To criticize him. To condemn him. Say horrid, scurrilous things. That isn't love. It never has been. For once you have really loved, you love forever. Love isn't weakly dependent on what a man does or does not do to or for you. Once you have loved a man with real love you love him no matter what he does. You may not find it possible or advisable to go on living with him. But you continue to love him all of your life.

No Roots, No Growth

"I THINK most movie marriages fail, not from lack of love, not because of other men and women, or too much ego or too much money or any of the usual reasons set forth. Movie marriages fail from lack of habit.

"Life itself is nine-tenths habit. The safe and stable things in the world are habits. Tides and solar systems and things like that.

"Marriage is, or should be, nine-tenths habit, too. Without formed habit no roots can grow. And without roots nothing can live and grow for very long.

"We in the movies have no time and no need to form habits.

"We have none of the common marriage things together. No regular hour we can depend on to be with one another. No set and regular breakfast and dinner hours. Movie wives seldom pour their husbands' breakfast coffee. Movie wives do not wait for the click of their husbands' latchkeys at twilight.

"If we have children, which we seldom do, we hand them over to nurses because our time is too uncertain to form the habit of caring for them ourselves.

"We simply do not depend on one another for anything. Not for entertainment. Not for comfort, when we are tired and depressed. Not even for financial support, half of the time.

"We grow no joint roots, build no home life together. We are as separate as unmarried individuals from the day we are married to the day we are divorced, if ever.

"No, it isn't Hollywood that wrecks movie marriages. It isn't the proverbial other man or other woman. It's the lack of togetherness.

"The need of a man for a woman, the need of a woman for a man, the building of two lives into one is stronger and more potent than any grande passion could ever be."

Work the Sole Certainty

THERE fell a silence in the room where I sat with Blanche Sweet. Blanche Sweet, a bare-legged girl clad in sky-blue, with short bobbed hair, a gay manner and ready laughter—but a woman's eyes. Tried. Patient. Familiar with pain.

I said, "What are you going to do? What do you plan—from now on?"

Blanche made her graphic little gesture. The wave of the hand that makes you aware of how futile all such questions are in a world where nothing is certain save the passing of time and the ebb and flow of the tides.

"How do I know? I'd like nothing better than to marry again. I'm lonely. I probably never will. As I've told you, I demand too much. Work, I hope. What else? I've worked all my life and for the best reason in the world—because I've had to. It's been the one strong thread in my life, my work. It's come and gone, had its ups and downs, too. But mostly because of my own fault. And in between times—I adore baseball games. I never miss one. I get fads for certain kinds of athletics. Never do anything very well but have a whale of a time doing it. I have my grandmother, who is mother and father and friend to me. And I have all my friends as I had them in the beginning. So you see, I couldn't be bitter or disillusioned. I've found friendship firm and staunch and loyal. The rest, all of it, I have myself to thank for."

How The Stars Handle Their Money

(*Continued from page 69*)

covered our clothes and incidentals and twenty-five dollars went into the savings account. As soon as I could pass an examination, I took out an insurance policy for one thousand dollars."

During the war, Triangle closed for a time and Jean got a job as director for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. "By that time I realized how uncertain my salary was so we did not change our manner of living," he explained. "We added the extra money to our savings account."

Jean got what he considers his big break when he played with Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." He was paid three hundred dollars a week. Next came "Greed," with a weekly salary of three hundred and fifty dollars and then a jump to five hundred with Constance Talmadge in "The Goldfish."

"After 'Tess of the Storm Country' we decided we could afford something that had long been Jean's greatest wish—send to Denmark for his mother to make us a visit," continued Mrs. Hersholt. "While she was here, I engaged a little Japanese maid to help with the housework. Since then I have always had one servant. But we don't have more than one even now. When I entertain, extra help is called in. I would never have a personal maid and Jean wouldn't have a valet or chauffeur if we were worth millions."

The House Paid For

"I BOUGHT my first automobile when I began to make three hundred dollars a week," continues Jean. "Up to then we had walked or ridden in trolleys or busses. Most people seem to think that a car is a necessity, but to me it is a luxury and not to be assumed until one's income is assured. It was at this time that I made my first big investment, a ten-thousand-dollar life insurance policy. When I finished 'Greed,' I worked with Douglas Fairbanks in 'Don Q' and was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. We finished paying for our little home and added a second story addition.

"Not long after I finished 'Don Q,' Universal signed me on a three-year contract, on what we call a sliding scale. The salary started at twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week and gradually went up to three thousand. It was then Via and I decided we could have the kind of home we had always dreamed about. We are living in the house we bought at that time, although we have made several improvements, such as the banquet room, which we added, and the garden at the rear.

Worry-Free At Last

"AFTER buying the house the first big investment we made was a life insurance policy. The same man who had taken my first little application drew up a trust that guarantees an income that will take care of all of us in case I am disabled, and will give a life income to my wife and son in event of my death or come to me later in life."

Is it any wonder that Mr. Hersholt's name is on the list of the board of directors of two Hollywood banks, that he is on the advisory board of the Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce and director of the Danish Building Association? Through his efforts to raise the necessary fifty thousand dollars to bring representatives to Los Angeles, Denmark will be represented in the Olympic games.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hersholt are still strong for the budget system. It has worked so well for them, that Jean, if he wished, could retire tomorrow. But he has no intention of quitting work.



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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY

509 Western & Santa Monica Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

Guide to the Eatons

(*Continued from page 74*)

the others on the stage, and although she starred in the movie of "Glorifying the American Girl" and then accomplished the brilliant coup of marrying her director, she is most unassuming. She seems not to wish to be starred in her own home. Like the rest of the girls, she is likely to go into her dance at any moment, and she throws in a few vocal trills now and then for versatility. She is more lively than the others, if such a thing is possible. Maybe it's that bridal glow that lingers about her.

Then there is Doris, a bit younger. She is the old-fashioned girl and looks like Lillian Gish, only more bouncing. Doris never puts make-up on her face, except when she's mad. Then she goes upstairs and puts a little rouge on, just for spite. For this she is rewarded with a pale and lovely skin.

She never smokes, and takes a cocktail but rarely. She has a sense of responsibility for the whole family, watches their manners and keeps them in order, when she can.

From Classroom to Chorus

BUT don't imagine that Doris is the meek and stay-at-home type. She was the first of the Eaton girls to go in the movies, and may be seen tap-dancing in "Street Girl" and "The Very Idea." She was in the chorus of the "Follies" at the age of fourteen—a feat which she accomplished by lengthening her skirts, piling her hair high on her head, and changing her name. By day, a little schoolgirl in short skirts, by night a swell chorine. No one would suspect Doris of leading a double life.

Evelyn is the eldest, and has retired from the "Follies" to live domestically with her husband in Beverly Hills. She contributes the two children who stumble around the Roosevelt dance floor of an evening and do kid parts in the movies during the day.

Pearl is one of Doris's greatest trials. Pearl is more forceful and vivid in manner than the others, and reflects a little more the tone of the theater. She is the most wise and witty—or at least wise-cracking—of the girls. She was once voted the most beautiful blonde in America, and knows more about the use of cosmetics in private life than her sisters.

Though she is settled in Hollywood, teaching dance routines to the baffled movie stars at RKO, New York is still the base of her romantic manoeuvres. So naturally she is more interested in the air mail than in good manners. Pearl reads her letters at the table, guests or no guests, much to the mortification of Doris. And later on receives a kind but firm calling down for her lapse.

Charlie's Eight Hairs

CHARLIE is the youngest, blondest, and freshest Eaton. He is at the awkward age, but it doesn't embarrass him at all. Charlie is already quite a beau. He has solved the problems of growing up in his own wanton way. He doesn't want to start shaving until he absolutely has to, but there are eight hairs on his chin. He disposes of these with a pair of scissors or, when pressed for time, he burns them off with a lighted match and a twist of the wrist.

But in spite of his beard and his girl friends, Charlie is still a boy at bottom. He has over seven thousand lead soldiers—actually, I tripped over them all—and in addition to making them himself, he stages complicated battles, with cannons, sudden death, and barracks that go up in smoke right there on the bedroom floor. They are all modeled after the famous battles of history, and are really quite instructive.

He has a well-trained little Sealyham

(*Continued on page 117*)

WOMEN by the Great Lovers of the Screen

(*Continued from page 44*)

who does not mentally chew gum—I would not hesitate to choose the latter. You might say that this is not necessarily a choice, and that there are highly intelligent beauties. That is true, yet not often does one find them. Nature is marvelous. To one she gives blonde curls and a straight nose, to another, as compensation, the gift of humor and insight into life.

The immortal *Anatole* says, "Do you not sometimes wish that beautiful women were never taught to read or write?" But for me—Joseph Schildkraut—beauty in women is not enough. There will be some who will lift an eye-brow at this, but I am better than my reputation. My interest in women is mainly mental. Only a woman with a brilliant mind can hold that interest. Possibly that is because I experienced life very early. Perhaps it is because I live in a library of seventeen hundred books and in a world of music, and any woman I would be interested in—permanently—must fit into this background.

Strindberg's Sex-War

"WOMEN and men," cries Strindberg, the poet, "are natural enemies, and sex-warfare will never cease." As human material, woman is far finer than man. To her is given the miracle of childbirth. Someone has said that no man has ever wished that he was a woman. He was wrong. I never see a mother without envying her. I think she must know the most lovely emotion of which humanity is capable. If women knew that maternity is one of their greatest attractions, they might not avoid it as they often do. To the European man a woman is never so appealing as when she is taking part in this human miracle.

Perhaps this is because we know that love based on sex alone cannot last. Life is longer than any embrace, and those who have nothing to say to one another when they have ceased to kiss will soon find their way to the divorce court. It is pathetic to me to see men and women trying to found a future on physical attraction only. It is terrible, unthinkable, to settle the clash of wills, the struggle of personalities and temperament, the dignity of human relationship by sex.

I will become very personal. I met my wife one afternoon at four o'clock and, twenty-four hours later we were married. It was an attraction of the senses as violent as a shock. But we are still marrried almost eight years later. There has never been a moment of that eight years when we have not had something real, vital, eager to say to each other. She is beautiful, and she is also brilliant, complex mentally.

Mental Beauty Culture

IF WOMEN would cultivate their mental charms as carefully as they do their complexions, there would be fewer disillusioned marriages.

But this, you say, is not love. To paraphrase Pontius Pilate, I ask you, "What is Love?" Love, to me, is not merely emotion. That does not deserve the name, but another term. To me it is understanding, sympathy, tenderness, completeness.

I once played *Peer Gynt*. At the end, *Peer*, saddened, broken, comes back after forty years wandering in search of life, to his boyhood sweetheart, *Solveg*, sitting as he had left her, calm and unchanged at her door. "Mother of mine!" he cries as he sinks down on his knees to bury his grey head in her lap. "Thanks be to God," she says. "My boy has come home." "Where have I been all these years?" he asks her, bewildered. She lays a hand on her heart. "Here," she answers, "in my thoughts, my care, my love."

Every man wants much of the mother in the woman he loves because there is so much of the little boy in him. The little boy who wants to run out and play, and who wants to come home with his hurts and be comforted. In every marriage that lasts you will find a strongly maternal woman. God knows, men are not easy to live with! I, myself, am quite completely mad.

Now I shall say something that will perhaps startle you: American women are the unhappiest women in the world. They are unsatisfied women. Denied women. Hungry women. For whatever negative traits I find in them I blame American men who forget that a husband should be always a lover, and who wastes the beautiful God-given gift of emotion in business channels.

Their Dreary Freedom

LOOK, I will prove that what I say is true. This freedom women in this country boast of, this restless reaching out into other fields of activity than the home and nursery is not joyous. It is a substitute for something, a seeking for an outlet for the energy that should be fulfilled in emotional life. In no country in the world will you find so many women's clubs as here. They are the refuge of sex-starved women.

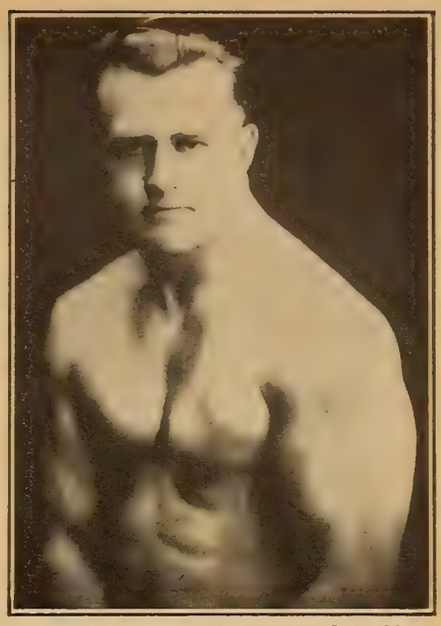
Here is another proof: The popularity of the romantic type of actor in motion pictures in this country shows American women's craving for romance. A million women every day sit down to write to the actors who have given them a taste of something they long for. If you could see their letters, you would know I speak the truth. Such poor, pitiful, shameless letters! Many of them are from married women whose husbands have forgotten to make love to them or who are ashamed of showing emotion. In America, women tore their wedding rings from their fingers to throw them on the stage when Valentino made a personal-appearance tour. In Europe the most romantic stage and screen heroes go about unnoticed.

And if further proof were needed—how American men hate European men! All of us, Valentino, Novarro, Asther, Lebedeff, myself—they hate us for our ease with women, or, perhaps, for their own inarticulateness. I have felt that hate when, at the studio, I have been introduced to a party of visitors, and show only the ordinary politeness to the women in it by kissing their hands. The men glower at me. I can hear them thinking, "Sissy! Gigolo!" They have an inferiority complex. They know that we can get further with a woman in five minutes than they can get in six months. And it is only because we have women's interests at heart. We study of them. We are not ashamed of emotion—it is the most beautiful and interesting thing in life to us.

Kissing An Entire Audience

"WHEN you go to a woman," says Nietzsche, "go with a whip." Perhaps in Europe, yes. But not in America. God knows that what women here need is not a whip, but oh, so little tenderness.

To me, that is the only justification for the movies, to bring a little color into empty lives. When I kiss the heroine of a picture, I feel I am kissing every romance-starved woman in the audience. It is a great pity that it should be America which will spread its conventions and ideals of love over the world by way of the movies, instead of some other nation, older and wiser in the ways of the human heart.



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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

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"But," you say, "it takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic champions." It does if you go about it without any system, **but there's a scientific short cut.** And that's where I come in.

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I Strengthen Those Inner Organs Too

But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great squared shoulders! That pair of huge, lithe arms! Those firm, shapely legs! You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes indeed, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness **always demands action. Start now**

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Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

MEN by the Great Sirens of the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

dom, men are still the money-earners. Eve's curse is hard but Adam's is harder still. It is the Adams who must fight the greatest enemy to the happiness of humanity—poverty. Poverty! That is at the root of most sins, and most suffering. It is every man's life-work to keep poverty away from some woman, and provide rent and groceries and automobiles and fur coats and diamond dinner-rings and coal, the necessities and the luxuries. Men have more to give in love, and they do give more.

Women Are Harder-Hearted

MEN are more easily hurt by an unhappy love affair than women. Absolutely! Their feelings run deeper and they are condemned by convention—and by their own natures—to forego the easy feminine relief of hysterics, complaints, tears. A woman can broadcast her woes to the wide world and nobody blames her, but let a man talk about his wife or sweetheart, no matter what are his wrongs, and he is labeled "Cad." A wife whose pride has been hurt by a rival will usually try to get back at her husband and the other woman in some way, but the newspapers are full of divorce complaints brought by wives who have fallen in love with other men and whose husbands are willing to free them and take the blame for the divorce because they love them so much that they want them to be happy. Men are innately chivalrous. When they hurt women, it is rarely because they mean to hurt.

Little cruelties are the weapon of the weaker sex: laughter with a barb in it, words with a sting, malice with a smile. Men are too strong for plotting and intriguing, but woman's weakness makes her dangerous, because it makes her secretive. Men are not so introspective as women—they are not nearly so interested in their own feelings and the reactions of other people. Their thoughts are concerned with the outer world—politics, business—rather than with the emotions. I think most men are rather ashamed of their emotions, as if they were unmasculine and unworthy. Watch a husband squirm when his wife reminds him of the tender things he used to say to her in their courting days.

The Byrd Exiles

LOVE is more important in a woman's life than in a man's. To him it may be merely the greatest experience, among many other experiences. But all a woman's thoughts, hopes, plans hover within reach of this one all-absorbing emotion and, consciously or unconsciously, it determines her actions, and shapes her life. It is not very flattering to my sex-vanity to admit it, but men seem to be able to get along quite happily without women for years at a time. There are Commander Byrd and his two hundred men voluntarily exiling themselves at the South Pole for two years—you cannot imagine two hundred women deciding to do such a thing!

This talk about the single standard is nonsense. Men and women are both naturally polygamous. The difference lies in the fact that men are fundamentally honest. When a man is tired of a woman, when he has ceased to love her, he cannot pretend an emotion he no longer feels; but a woman under similar circumstances will go on as if nothing has changed while she weighs the pros and cons, the advantages and disadvantages of a change. I do not believe that any love can last—in the very nature of things—for a lifetime, but circumstances may hold people together until

(*Continued on page 123*)

From "PUNY" to PANTHER-MAN

You're Next

Let me make *you* over. Let me build *you* the body of an athlete. Let me broaden your shoulders and fill out your chest. Let me cover your frame with solid layers of powerful muscles. Let me fill you full of glorious new strength and energy. I've done it for thousands of other men and now it's *your* turn. Just watch yourself change in the next 30 days!



Which is YOU?

Look at those two pictures! Which is YOU? A puny, run-down weakling, scorned by your fellow-men, avoided by the girls, ashamed to show yourself in a bathing suit? Snap out of it, friend. Take a look at that big boy at the right and cheer up. That's the way TITUS builds men. And YOU'RE NEXT.

Big Muscles Quick

"I never put on muscles so fast in all my life." That's what one man writes. And Walter Hollyoak of Victoria B. C. says that *"muscles seem to grow overnight."* Miguel Yeaza writes from the Philippine Islands: *"I could hardly believe my own eyes at the great change you have made in me. My muscles grew as fast as the beanstalk in the story of the Giant-Killer."* It makes no difference where you live—give me a few minutes a day and I'll make you a PANTHER-MAN.



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Find out how *easy* it is to get strong the Titus way. Get the facts about this amazing science of body-building. Send me your name and address and I'll mail you my wonderful new book FREE. Man, it's the greatest book you ever read. IT will open your eyes. RUSH THAT COUPON.

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FREE Write for sample of NR and package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

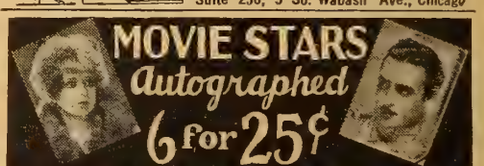


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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 Springfield, Mass.

The Love Invaders

(*Continued from page 33*)

Bill Haines, too. Believe it or not. Bill, the jokester. Bill, the funster. Bill, the guy whose two big romances were Pola Negri and Polly Moran. Just a wise-cracking number with no time for the ladies. Well, that was all right. Everyone had become rather used to Bill's immunity. You can imagine the embarrassment when they started coupling his name with Constance Bennett's. Nothing in the line of an engagement, you understand. But just to get Bill to call up and send flowers is more than the local attractions have been able to manage.

And with Lawrence Gray and Marilyn Miller, it was something the same. Larry hardly ever gave anyone a tumble—and I'm not saying there is anything definite with Marilyn—but they did get along so well at premieres and things.

I hope I haven't gone this far leaving the impression that the girls are the only cut-ins. Some of the boys have been hurt in the rush for novelty, as well.

The Capture of Clara

TAKE Lothar Mendez, and that doctor, and the automobile fellow who were so strong for Clara Bow, respectively. She might have announced her engagement to any one of the three, if Harry Richman hadn't come along to upset the apple cart. Clara swears up and down she hasn't been so hard hit since Gilbert Roland. And don't forget that includes several interesting romances. Anyway, she's wearing a perfectly enormous engagement ring on the proper finger; and when Harry isn't calling her studio, she's calling his. That Hollywood's biggest box-office attraction should fall for one of those strangers from New York was quite a jolt to the close-up boys who had had ideas along that line for some time. It hardly seemed right to take so much voltage out of the city limits.

Alice White has been accused of being a Bow imitator, but nobody believed that loyal little Alice would carry it to quite the extent of an engagement with that young fellow from the East, Cy Bartlett. Alice has been almost as locally engaged as Clara. But most of them were we're-just-fooling announcements. But Bartlett seems serious—and how! Even Alice's personality has changed under the tutelage of the idealistic young man from Broadway. No longer is she the famous whoopee girl of the boulevards. Just the other day she told me that she'd rather sit home than anything. Now what I want to know is—if they must fall, do they have to change, too?

She Kares for Kaley

GWEN LEE, who used to be engaged to George Hill, is making no concealment of her yen for Charlie Kaley. Strictly speaking, Charlie couldn't be said to hail from New York. I don't think he got farther east than Chicago, where he was the favorite master of ceremonies at a large movie palace. M.G.M. scouted him and brought him West for "Lord Byron of Broadway," and they say he's a hit. But what do you think of his walking away with our zippy little Lee number? She was always so patriotic before. Remember when Tom Mix used to serenade her at the Montmartre?

With Jeanette Loff, it's different. I don't know whether hers is treason or merely an ear for music. But anyway, Jeanette and that Tin-Pan-Alley artist, Walter O'Keefe, are supposed to be that-away about each other. They say he's even beating Paul Lo[illegible] of to the telephone. But maybe he just wants to sing her his latest song—and that's such a novelty in Hollywood.

(*Continued on page 117*)

FOOD FOR THE FAT

TWO GRAINS OF GLAND FOOD DAILY THEN THE FOODS YOU LOVE



FAT people, of course, should not over-eat. They rarely do. But starvation is a very risky way to reduce.

Modern science finds that a common cause of excess fat lies in an under-active gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. People grow fat when its secretions are scanty, despite all exercise and diet.

So physicians everywhere, in treating obesity, now feed a certain gland food. They combat the cause. The results are amazing, and they come in the right way.

A famous medical laboratory embodies that method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. All can see the results on every hand. Excess fat is far less common than twenty years ago.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. The formula is stated in every box. All the good results are explained. So users know why the flesh reduction brings such extra health and vigor.

No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply take four tablets daily until you reach the weight desired. Then you will know that the cause is corrected. An abnormal condition has been changed.

Try Marmola. It has served so many for so long that you owe this to yourself. Watch the new youth and beauty as it comes, the new health and vigor. Then tell your friends. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Big demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest, foremost school.

EARN $50 TO $200 WEEKLY

Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made $12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets $25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned $200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

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Stop those racking sinus Headaches!



Get at the cause! While local applications may give temporary relief, you must reach the sinuses themselves to clear up the trouble. HALL'S Catarrh Medicine—the one scientific 2-in-1 treatment—penetrates sinuses and other closed-in areas as no wash or spray can. Acts through the blood as a tonic. Relieves the inflammation. Tones up the membranes. Restores them to health. Builds up bodily resistance. Start this simple, effective treatment *today!*

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Get the combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 322, Toledo, Ohio. *Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers.*



***The only* 2-in-1 Treatment**

Tonic and Ointment



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

What the Stock Crash Did to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

Sue Carol, who was not in the market, rushed in and bought shares on the fateful Tuesday when others were sharpening pencils to try and straighten out their subtractions. The next day, on the rally, she sold and added six thousand to her already fairly bulging account. Joseph Schildkraut, also temporarily out of the market, sold short on Anaconda and cleaned up eight thousand.

Corinne Not Caught

BUT as a whole, it is a losing city. I doubt if you could pick out ten people of importance who have not lost at least upon paper. Corinne Griffith, one of the really wealthy women in the industry, owns all of her shares outright but they total hundreds of thousands. If they should not recover, her deficit would undoubtedly be astounding.

The old adage, "It never rains but it pours," has found new lodgings in Hollywood. Just as the actors and actresses were recovering from the first New York drop, the Consolidated Film Company's laboratories burned—next door to the RKO studio. A six-million-dollar fire. Although Consolidated Film was insured and is expected to pay its two-dollar-a-share dividend, the stock dropped to ten dollars for a short period.

Then Malibu sent a block of homes into flames. Again, although the movie colony lost few homes, there cannot help but be at least a temporary slump in real estate values on this stretch of beach almost dedicated to the film colony.

I lunched at a studio where there is a table reserved for directors, supervisors and executives. It is usually a place of gay jokes and tricks played upon each other. But today they sat with afternoon editions raised before them. While they read the market quotations from the inside, we read the headlines turned toward us: "Ten Million Loss Swats Stocks." The expressions of the readers matched the gloom of the captions. Their food—I believe they were wholly unconscious of what they were doing, but these same men whom I have watched, again and again, putting T-bone steaks into their stomachs were feasting upon salads. One director had a dish of plain sauerkraut before him. They were instinctively cutting down their luncheon expenses.

Singed Cinderellas

AND that, ladies and gentlemen, is the serious side of it. One so serious that it brings a lump to the throats of us who sit on the side-lines. We do not envy them their Rolls-Royces and huge cut-diamonds, but we do pity them when we see these luxuries going. We are used to simplicity but they—why they are like little kiddies with their Christmas toys burned when tapers ignite the tree above them. They are the Cinderellas and we don't like to see the hour of midnight approach any more than we did in the fairy story. We want the prince and all that he stands for to come back to them.

But there is a "Sunny Side Up." One of their own making. Just as a child cannot cry for long without smiles peeping through—so they cannot suffer without seeing a funny side to it.

Sid Grauman is said to have lost money. Some say it was well into the millions. On the very afternoon of the disaster, he hired a hearse and corralled the song-writers at United Artists for mourners. They sang the funeral dirge, walking slowly—garbed in black cloth—behind the black carriage. Throughout the United Artists' lot went the procession. And on the hearse in white letters were the names Joseph Schenck and Irving Berlin.

The first shock preceded the exodus to Palo Alto in honor of the Stanford-U. S. C. football classic. The tickets were already purchased, the private train hired. They proceeded—John Gilbert and Ina Claire, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, Harry Rapf, and scores of others. The stock market seemed forgotten until Buster Keaton disappeared into the diner to return with a table cloth as a robe, a towel as headgear and a big yellow cheese for a crystal.

"Allah, Allah, I see before me Radio Corporation of America—seven and six.

"Allah, oh, Allah, I see International Combustion 6 and 4."

Harry Rapf dropped from his chair in a mock swoon—just as though he had not dropped a fortune on the m rket a few hours before on similar but real information upon the same securities.

Chaney's Chant of Triumph

NOR did they put Lon Chaney off the lot at Metro when he stalked around with a grin which threatened to stretch his ears farther from one another. He was mumbling distinctly, "Gee, but the little old six per cent. looks good now. It didn't look so hot when all you fellows were making twenty. But now the little old six per cent. . . ." They actually grinned with him.

Clive Brook even forgot for a few moments. He was talking for the sake of a story. "Now, when I was poor—I mean when I was poor before." He had temporarily forgotten. His face clouded as he remembered, but he was smiling again in a second.

And although millions—literally millions—have been laid on the coals by the motion picture people to warm the hungry New York gamblers, they'll all be smiling again—probably before this is printed.

It's their nature. Money is money. It's serious to lose it. But pictures are pictures. You can't lose them. People must have entertainment. "We made it once; we can do it again."

Of course, there won't be many parties. Lilyan Tashman was to have had one this week but it has been canceled. Others have done the same. Misery loves company. For weeks they will console one another but not entertain for each other.

And, do you know, I suspect that they may compete, in the end, on who lost the most on the stock market? They are so used to competition. If they can't do it on jewels and Rolls-Royces and investments—well, it's been a question until now of who has the most on margin. Just watch. It won't be long before it'll take the reverse angle. A comparison of losses.

Carl Laemmle leads in the popular guessing-game today with his reported four million. But I've already heard one competitor say, "I don't believe it. I don't think it's a cent over two millions. Why, I lost—" and then stop. But when the first shock is over, he'll name a figure and whether it is literally fifty thousand or five hundred thousand, I'll wager right-quick that when he tells it, it will be closer to five million.

(*Continued on page 120*)

Guide to the Eatons

(*Continued from page 112*)

named Screwy, who bites the guests. And a lizard that lives in his room but frequently escapes, giving the gentle Doris plenty of sleepless nights.

There's a rule in the Eaton household that any poor joke is to be punished with a few good smacks. Charlie is almost black and blue as a result. Even the prospect of a thorough pounding cannot repress Charlie when he feels a pun coming on.

Robert, the eldest son, deserted the stage because he preferred to be a business man. He isn't mentioned much, since he contributes nothing to the Eaton legend, and rather interferes with the complete unanimity of the family interest.

Joseph, however, is admitted to the charmed circle because he aspires to be a playwright, which is quite fitting and proper.

It Gripes Joseph

"JOE," Mary explained, "is the member of the family who's being educated. He's in the University of Pennsylvania now, and we're going to send him to Oxford for a year, to take a course in playwriting. I don't know how an English accent is going to mix with his Southern drawl. He has much more accent than the rest of us because he stayed in Washington long after we left."

"Joe uses old Southern expressions," said Mrs. Eaton, reminiscently. "He says, 'It gripes me.'"

"He says, 'It gripes the hell out of me,'" amended Mary with sisterly candor.

The Eaton household is still in a very nebulous state. The furniture has not arrived from New York, but still the house doesn't look empty. Three rooms and the garage are filled with Charlie's soldiers, and his collection of ship models is strewn around to make it hard for the pedestrian. Pearl's bed was borrowed from the property room at the studio, and Charlie and the lizard sleep on a mattress on the floor, with coats for covering.

People invited there for meals are apt to sit on grocery boxes, or worse. But the fried chicken couldn't be more delicious, even though it is propelled to the mouth with silver borrowed from the colored cook. Mrs. Eaton makes the biscuits herself, and dispenses a gentle hospitality that makes you understand why the Eatons are still just one big wholesome family

The Love Invaders

(*Continued from page 115*)

I've saved Mary Brian for the last, because it certainly is surprising about Mary. Of all the girls you could count on, Mary was the most, if you know what I mean. Just the little sweetheart of the juveniles. When she wasn't going places with Buddy Rogers, she was with Allan Lane or Billy Bakewell. Now why did Rudy Vallée have to happen along and so thoroughly upset the little folks' schedule? A lot of the kids think it's pretty mean. Mary and Rudy have lunch together a good per cent. of every working week. RKO is dangerously close to Paramount—to add to the tough luck. And of all the belles in Hollywood, he would have to pick Mary for the Mayfair parties when so many other kids had their hearts set on her!

But that's the way it's going lately. As I said—s'awful!

Whether you want a guide to the film families of Hollywood or prefer to invade the lairs of the lovers, Motion Picture will show you the way. Its stories and art are always superlative and timely—which is why it's the Progressive Magazine of the Screen. READ MOTION PICTURE —The Oldest—The Newest—The Best.

Has True Love Come To You?



HAVE you ever experienced the *thrill* of true love or didn't you recognize it when it came? Can you tell when a person really loves you? Is your love-life unhappy because you don't know the vital, fundamental facts about life? Are there certain questions about your sex-life you would like to ask your family physician? If you want the mysteries of sex explained clearly and frankly, clip and mail the coupon below at once.

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How long must we be slaves to prudery? Will you let "false modesty" rob you of the right to understand the greatest force of life? Why continue to stumble along in ignorance—making costly mistakes that may wreck your happiness—when it is so easy to learn the truth about sex? Thanks to Dr. B. G. Jefferis, Ph. D., a large 512-page book—"Safe Counsel"—has been written that explains in easy-to-understand language the things you should know about your body, your desires and your impulses. It answers the questions that brides want to know on the eve of their wedding—that youths approaching manhood demand of their elders—that married people should know. The **real** facts are told—**frankly** and **truthfully**. Over 100 illustrations explain many subjects that have long puzzled you.

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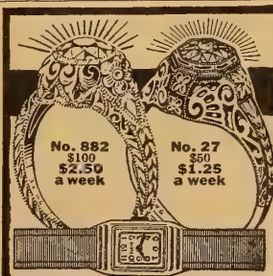
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The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

But the obstacles to marriage in motion pictures. . . . Ah, how often we have written about them! How often we have heard girls bewail them! Sue had found love; but how, how could she find happiness in marriage?

When she first met Nick, her divorce was not final. That obstacle finally removed, how about the others—those less concrete, but more insurmountable?

What's in a Name?

SECRET names solved the situation. No one would know her by the name of Eva Jenny Kiefer. Evelyn Lederer—yes. It had been printed too often. But the other had not been printed enough to linger in the public's memory.

And Nick had his Roumanian spelling. Here, the few people that knew he had a name other than Nick Stuart, thought it was Nicholas Prata. But the Roumanian spelling, Niculae Pratza, would defy identification.

It defied it so thoroughly that when the Ventura correspondent of a Los Angeles newspaper sent down word of the marriage with a note, "I believe they were theatrical," the newspaper didn't catch it.

And the professions! Nick is really a photographer, you know. Started as an office boy at Fox and passed through practically all steps from that to actor, including photography.

And I suppose Sue is a student. We all are, for that matter. Students of human nature.

Then further to hoodwink any over-zealous reporters, their engagement—their broken engagement.

The Would-be Denial

RUMORS leaked out that they were married. I sought Jimmy Fiddler, their joint press agent, and he secured a denial from Nick in person; Nick, who filed the marriage license on Monday, the twenty-ninth—since the day of their wedding was Sunday.

And Jimmy, we have good reason to believe, was at the wedding. Also Dick Mook, magazine writer.

Others have tried this trick in Hollywood. We know Vera Reynolds and Bob Ellis were not detected until they themselves made the announcement, many long months after the ceremony.

There is one other couple of whom we are practically certain—certain that they are married rather than engaged. But, as yet, we have not ferreted out the place or the record. Watch next month for this one.

Possibly the newspapers will discover about Sue and Nick before this is printed. We can never be certain. But we have promised to give you the inside of the Hot Spot each month, and this time we are at least writing it before it comes to the dailies.

Perhaps, it's a bit unfair to tell their little secrets—those so cherished by our Hollywood people. But a marriage, a death or a birth is a matter of record, a matter of news, and as such we print it.

You have just read the Hot Spot—one of MOTION PICTURE's exclusive features. And you've learned how Sue and Nick carried their romance into matrimony—without anyone being the wiser.

But MOTION PICTURE has its roving reporters. And once they discover what passes for news they waste no time in running down a story.

So it happened that Ruth Biery, the reporter on the job here, hied herself to Ventura, California, and gathered in the facts concerning the marriage of Sue and Nick.

The Hot Spot is always NEWS—and it is featured exclusively in the Progressive Magazine of the Screen—MOTION PICTURE.

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Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**George O'Brien is the physical culturist** who makes no secret of it.

2—**Anita Page usually takes one of the** folks along on her dates.

3—**He isn't narrow minded, but Joseph** Schildkraut just doesn't like the taste of the stuff.

4—**Garbo was shortened from Gustafson,** but Greta was always Greta.

5—**Lila Lee and James Kirkwood never** got as far as a lawyer's office with their differences.

6—**Clara Bow is the baby who combines** more colors than there are in the rainbow.

7—**After nearly five years Mary Miles** Minter is resuming her career.

8—**Come out from under that sombrero,** Hoot Gibson. We know you.

9—**Gary Cooper came right out in print and** said he and Lupe weren't engaged. So there!

10—**The most authentic of the Eilers en**gagements were Matty Kemp and William Hawks. But Eddie Sutherland, Hoot Gibson and Harry D'Arrast are not to be ignored.

11—**Gilbert Roland. Ben Lyon. Buddy** Rogers.

12—**It was none other than Mary Brian** who came into the world as Louise Dantzler.

13—**His mother has been unusually suc**cessful with Ben's investments.

14—**Both Lon Chaney and Greta Garbo** are keeping lots of secrets from the panting world.

15—**Mae claims she was injured in an** elevator in one of the Fox buildings and she wants them to do right by her.

16—**The cute little boy who thought up** the theme song was Harry Richman and the lady who inspired the sentiment was Clara Bow.

17—**Gertrude Lawrence, the English mu**sical comedy queen, made quite a hit with our Ronnie when he was back in New York.

18—**Antonia Vidor is the infant daughter** of King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman and they pronounce her name, An-to-nēea.

19—**Running neck-and-neck in sartorial** resplendence are Kay Francis and Ina Claire.

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IN HER anxiety, it is natural for the newly married woman to believe that her friends know more than they tell her about feminine hygiene. True, they may have been married longer. True, they may seem more experienced than she. But they themselves have probably received advice upon this subject so *different*, so *conflicting*, that they hesitate to pass it on.

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What the Stock Crash Did to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 116*)

Who Was Hardest Hit?

THERE are already side-bets being placed as to which lost the more, Irving Berlin or Al Jolson. You see, the one who lost the most made the most at one time or another.

Will they learn their lesson? Will they become content to pay income taxes on the largest aggregate incomes for one industry in this country—speaking per person? Or will they plunge again and try to recover?

After the first slump, there was to be no more plunging. But the second slump saw them glummer and glummer. That was the end! But, alas, today, on the third, was the time when they changed from T-bones to sauerkraut and wienies. And going from one studio to another, I heard that low murmur, "They can't go any lower. If I buy now and they go up, I'll probably make at least half as much."

Some children get burned and then keep away from the fire. But the more adventuresome try it over and over. When Richard Dix lost something like fifty thousand dollars a year or so ago on the Bank of Italy fiasco, he told me, "This is the end." He was going to buy real estate upon which he could at least lay a physical finger. Yet today he is making the same resolution all over.

I feel sorry for them. Yet I have a wee bit of longing to be one among them. Even Rolls-Royces must become monotonous. And there's nothing, nothing in the world, so painful to an actor, trained to live upon excitement, as monotony. Today they are living real drama.

The Solution of the Bridge Game

(*Continued from page 41*)

Hollywood bridge hounds are still exclaiming over Dorothy Mackaill's clever manipulation of the above hand, which she dealt in a recent rubber game at love score.

Grant Withers and Alice White were teamed at the bridge table against Dorothy and Basil Rathbone.

The bidding was simple enough. Dorothy pre-empted with three spades and found no opposition. Alice opened with the Queen of Hearts, which, of course, fell to North's King.

Now the next play makes the game or loses it! For once the lead leaves the dummy, it can never be regained, and the inviting string of high clubs will be useless.

After a little quiet calculation, Dorothy made the most sensational move known to bridge—she led the Ace of Hearts from dummy and discarded on it, not one of her losing diamonds, *but her own Ace of clubs!* This clever play was her only salvation, for it was the sole way to unblock the club suit, enabling her to run off the King, Queen and Jack from the dummy and discard three losing diamonds.

This left but one diamond trick and one spade trick for the opponents, and gave Basil and Dorothy five spades and game against any normal defense, as against the maximum of three overtricks that could have been secured by any other play.

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Continued from page 96)

Things have reached the point where I can't even criticize my own stuff, the way most acts can: by whether the audience applauds or looks bored. They always applaud, always laugh. I've got to study their applause and laughter, get the feel of it, see whether it's as spontaneous and hearty as I want or a shade or two under par. I could ride this wave for years, be a flop for years before they knew it. And even then maybe they'd get sentimental and say, 'He was good once, let's give him a hand for remembrance's sake.'

The Myriad Strangers

"BUT what happens if I make a picture? I don't play to friends any more, but strangers—who'll maybe be friends, and maybe won't. I go into the villages, into foreign countries, to millions upon millions of people who haven't had a hand in making me famous—a newcomer, to be judged as such. Maybe they'll say, 'No, we don't like him and don't want to see him any more.' Then I get the reputation of having tried something and failed, a sock in the jaw to anyone's success. Even one's friends may begin to wonder then, begin to look at you with new eyes.

"And that's not all. These very friends see me in unfamiliar surroundings. You're used to seeing a banker in a dress coat and top hat, and then you see him in a bathing suit—it's almost like that, you know what I mean? They begin to look at me, rather than my fame. What they wouldn't do for years, they do all of a sudden. If the picture's getting over, I can stand it.

"What I stand to win, though, easily balances what I stand to lose. If I'm accepted by the movie audience, I'll not only make a staggering number of new friends, but I'll also go up in the estimation of those I've already got. My stock'll rocket. Not that I'll get any more work; I've got all I can handle now. But more people will want what work I can do, and bidding against each other they'll jack the value up. Take Jolson and Will Rogers, look what it's done for them. They're worth infinitely more now than they were before, and are far more secure in their higher positions than they ever were in their lower. Have more people rooting for them.

Wanting to Like It

"FOR instance, take the relative success of Al's first two pictures. When I saw 'The Jazz Singer,' it was one of the greatest moments of my life. Though 'The Singing Fool' was also great, I thought it let down just a little from the standard of the former. But the public didn't see through my cold and fishy eye. His first picture had stolen their hearts, and they wanted to believe that anything he did after that would be at least as great, preferably greater. And the public has a habit of believing what it wants to.

"It's a case of self-preservation, too, in my case, not only wanting to get something more than I've already got. All the people in my line are rushing to the screen; California's got another gold rush. If they succeed and I stay out, my relative position's going to sink. Even if I hold what I've got, if they get more I'm going to be less amongst them than I was before. I gotta do it, whether I want to or not.

"If this picture, 'Is Everybody Happy?' doesn't get anywhere, I've got only myself to blame. They gave me every bit of coöperation that I could expect; not perfect, but all one could expect. Fine story, great cast, good production. No, if this picture flops I can't blame the band."



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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

date. It is Gloria Swanson's return to the screen in "The Trespasser," a modern story of a modern girl which gives Miss Swanson an opportunity to do some real dramatic acting. In this picture, she is in turn a stenographer, wife, mother, and "the Other Woman" and Gloria plays every bit of it with true feeling.

"The Trespasser" also gives Gloria Swanson a chance to wear some striking and fashionable clothes. She has always been known to wear exquisite costumes, but never before have I seen her look so stunning. And along with these fashionable clothes, she wears a new coiffure which is the last word in feminine dignity.

The biggest surprise in the picture comes when Gloria sings—and no doubling mind you. I also liked the way she used the mechanical piano instead of having it faked by moving her fingers over the keys as though she were playing while a double was doing the actual playing behind the scenes.

She is a sensation and "The Trespasser" should be a tremendous success.

I recommend this picture very highly to anyone seeking good entertainment.

E. M. V.

Our Favorites; Sounded or Silent

MONTREAL, QUE.—This letter is to voice my disapproval of the way some of our excellent screen players have been treated since the talkies.

No, it is not necessary for the producers to shelve the popular players because they do not speak drawing-room English. Their fans will stick by them whether or not they speak with a b-r-o-a-d "A." It won't make any difference if they speak with an accent, provided, of course, that their voices are well-modulated. In fact, it would make the hero or heroine more real, more human and interesting.

How many people do you meet in every day life who speak English the way they do in the talkies? The answer is "Few." Well, aren't the movies supposed to portray life as it really is—same as in our every-day life?

And, listen, if we still can't have our favorites "talking," then we'll take them "silent" and we'll like it too.

Best wishes to MOTION PICTURE. It is THE fan magazine of the hour. *N. J.*

Show Them Again

GOLD BEACH, OREGON.—Why can't some of the best filmed and greatest of all the old motion pictures be re-issued? I am sure that to see all our old favorites back on the silver screen would raise our hearty approval. Wouldn't we all like to see Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr come back to us as if alive? And our own Rudolph Valentino who was so dear to all our hearts?

And who wouldn't enjoy seeing Fred Thompson riding on Silver King again. And to laugh again at dear old Larry Semon. I am sure we would all enjoy it very much.

Mary E. Bailey.

Time Your Laughs

ELLWOOD CITY, PA.—The talkie pictures are wonderful. But the laughing that comes after a wise crack or joke covers all that the stars continue saying.

A brief pause in between could easily remedy this if it could be done without any harm to the picture.

And please do not cut the silent pictures. I thought "The Singing Fool," and "Broadway Melody," were perfect, but what of "Sunrise," "7th Heaven," "Street Angel" and a few older ones such as "What Price Glory," "Big Parade," and "Birth of a Nation." *Thressa Justin.*

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MEN by the Great Sirens of the Screen

(*Continued from page 114*)

death do them part, as the marriage ceremony rather cheerlessly puts it.

Men do not understand women as well as women understand them. They expect them to react as men do, and are bewildered and distressed when they behave in what seems an inexplicable fashion. Being frank themselves, they expect frankness and honesty of women and so are more easily deceived. Traditionally, man is the pursuer, and woman the pursued, but in reality it is usually the woman who goes out to get her man. And most men may be gotten. I would say all men can be gotten, only I do not want to start a riot. Some men are susceptible to flattery—for women have no monopoly of vanity. Some men may be won through sympathy. There are ways to reach them all. A man does not want to be friends with a woman. He does not want someone to mother him. He is not looking for a cook when he goes courting. He wants one thing and only one thing. A sweetheart. She may be blonde or dark, beautiful or plain; it doesn't matter.

Protection Before All

ON the other hand, women do not want cave-men, or sheiks. There are as many different reasons for a woman's falling in love with a man as there are women—or men. It might be the way the hair grows on his forehead, or a trick of smiling, or a tone in the voice. But I think most women are attracted by the protective instinct in men. They want to feel taken care of.

American men have this quality of protectiveness to a greater degree than men in other countries, at least, according to my observations, and I have lived three years abroad. Foreigners know the language of love better, and the little outward ceremonies of gallantry. They kiss a woman's hands and compliment her, but one feels instinctively that it does not go very deep. American men are not such finished lovers—or perhaps such experienced lovers—but they make the best husbands in the world. They don't spend much time talking about their love but they prove it in a hundred ways.

Talking seems to me a woman's prerogative. Men are naturally inarticulate on matters that concern their hearts. I distrust a man who makes love too fluently, just as I distrust a silent woman.

Men are mentally younger than women of the same age. Many men keep certain little-boy traits all their lives, and women love them in spite of it, just as they love a man who mistreats them—not because of an abnormal appetite for being cruelly treated but because they love other things in him enough to forgive his cruelty.

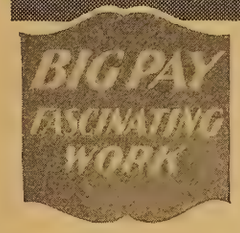
What do I think about men? After all, you cannot fit life into tight little phrases, or love into a few words. Let me put it this way: I have known a good many men in my life. I have known love, and love has brought me—as it brings all women—both great sorrow and great joy. And I still believe with all my soul that it is a wonderful thing to be born a woman.

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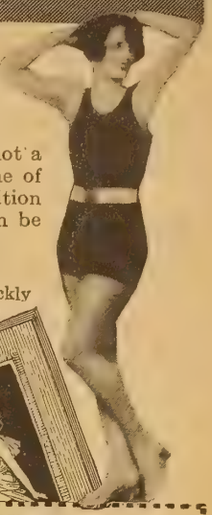
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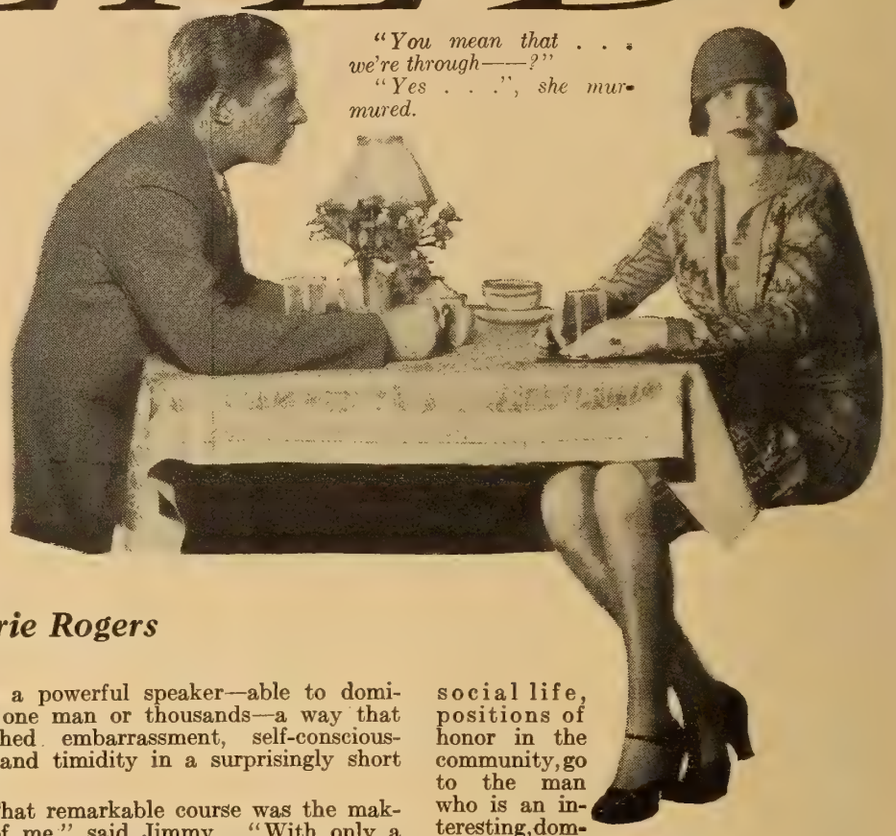
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A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the $10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader....



"You mean that . . . we're through——?"
"Yes . . .", she murmured.

By Marie Rogers

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making $25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with the idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband . . . a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

* * *

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words.* In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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"MY lipstick *isn't always coming off!"*



"My *dear,* you're *so* primitive—we're *always* waiting while you put on more lipstick! Why don't you use lipstick that *stays on? My* lipstick isn't always coming off!"

"What *do* you use then? I've always wanted to ask you. I think yours looks *so* natural."

"Why, *Kissproof,* my dear. Look at *mine*—I put it on this *morning* and it's been on *all day long!"*

"How *lovely!* Why on *earth* didn't you tell me *before? Do* let me try it!"

"Here you are. Only just a *touch* now—that's right. Rub it in well. Might be your *own* coloring, mightn't it? And you'll find that you'll not need lipstick *again* today . . . . ."

Kissproof is the modern *waterproof* lipstick that is everywhere revolutionizing women's use of cosmetics. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

Kissproof is such full, *natural* color that just a *touch* on the lips rubbed in with the finger tip is all that's needed. And you have the peace of mind of *knowing* that your rich, red youthful coloring is as *natural* as your very own—and as *permanent* as the day is long!

We urge you to find out for yourself how Kissproof *stays on*—what natural coloring it gives. Available in a number of attractive cases, including a darling red and gold swivel.

Lovelier eyes—*quick as a wink!*

Don't overlook the hidden beauty that lies in your eyes. Delica-Brow, the harmless lash and brow dressing, instantly frames the eyes in long, sweeping lashes—making them appear brighter, more alluring than ever before.

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Kissproof lipstick, face powder, rouge and Delica-Brow are on sale at your favorite toilet counter. Or, as a Special Introductory Offer, send convenient coupon for complete Kissproof Make-up Kit.



*Kissproof Make-up Kit

*Send for Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

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1. Kissproof lipstick (brass case).
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff).
3. Kissproof face powder (large box).
4. Kissproof cream rouge
5. Delica-Brow lash dressing (with camel's hair brush).
6. 16 page Make-up Booklet ("Clever Make-Up—nine tenths of Beauty").

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover mailing cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks, for instance. All in artistic case—ideal for week ends or your dressing table. The full size packages would cost over $3.00.

This is a Special Limited Offer. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one Make-up Kit per person.

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The sheen of the fine old inlaid floor, the grandeur of typical Parisian decoration characterize the Massé salon at 16 Rue Daunou Fittings are essentially feminine, designed to appeal to the discriminating clientele of M. Massé.

Massé *of* Paris

BEAUTY EXPERT OF RENOWN

urges his patrons to use this one treatment to keep the skin lovely

"The simplest method of skin care is by far the best of all. That is the consistent use of Palmolive Soap, which combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

AT 16 Rue Daunou, Paris, many of the world's most distinguished women are accustomed to consult E. Massé on problems of skin care. Massé gives much time and thought to home beauty methods, as well as to the various complexion treatments given in his artistic salon de beauté.

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work," says Massé. "Clients who follow our advice *never* use any soap except that which blends oils of palm and olives—Palmolive. They are the ones whose skin shows the greatest improvement as a result of the treatments we give in the salon."



Other authorities agree

All the leading figures in the Parisian world of beauty culture agree with M. Massé. Payot, Delord et Bion, Vincent—these are just a few of the many French authorities who recommend the daily use of Palmolive Soap. And in Berlin, Vienna, London, Madrid—in New York and all the cosmopolitan centers of culture—one meets this same advice.

First, make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water, to be rubbed, with both hands, well into the skin. Two minutes of soap massage, a rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. A final ice water rinse as astringent. Dry skin usually needs some oily cream at least once a day. Oily skin requires an astringent lotion and the use of a day cream with drying effect.

In this 2-minute treatment millions of women find a solution to their problems of skin care. Palmolive is now the leading complexion soap not only in the United States but also in 48 other countries.



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4757A

Motion Picture

MARCH

25 CENTS



Women
By Ivan Lebedeff

Men
By Evelyn Brent

s Love A Liability?

Glory Comes High

Are You Powdered to YOUR Satisfaction —and HIS?



Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you must use powder.

The aristocrat of powder boxes. Luxurious and beautiful, with exclusive drawer feature shown in pen sketch below

Be assured of this: once you try Princess Pat—with its exclusive base of soft, caressing almond—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without powder, but that you couldn't get along *without Princess Pat powder.*

Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For

It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

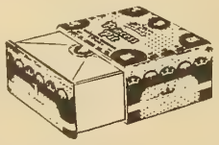
The Exclusive Almond Base is the Chief Difference

Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticize. But believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this too. brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.

Keeps the Skin Healthy—Protects Against Blemishes

You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself.* This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin.* Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens,* is delightful to the most sensitive skin.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent beauty.* And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Select your cherished weight, medium or light, and your favorite shade, and let Princess Pat delight you. Seven Shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Brunette, Ochre, Mauve, *Summer*tan.



Patented box—opens like drawer

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

With Princess Pat powder use the extremely beautiful Princess Pat Rouges. Shades: *Summer*tan English Tint (orange), Squaw, Medium, Vivid, Theatre and Nite. New! Princess Pat "Inner-Tint" Lip Rouge colors inside moist surface of lips, too.

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Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat Powder, as checked.

☐ *Summer*tan ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh
☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve

Print Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional sample 10¢ each.



JOHN FORD'S "MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"

An Even Greater TRIUMPH

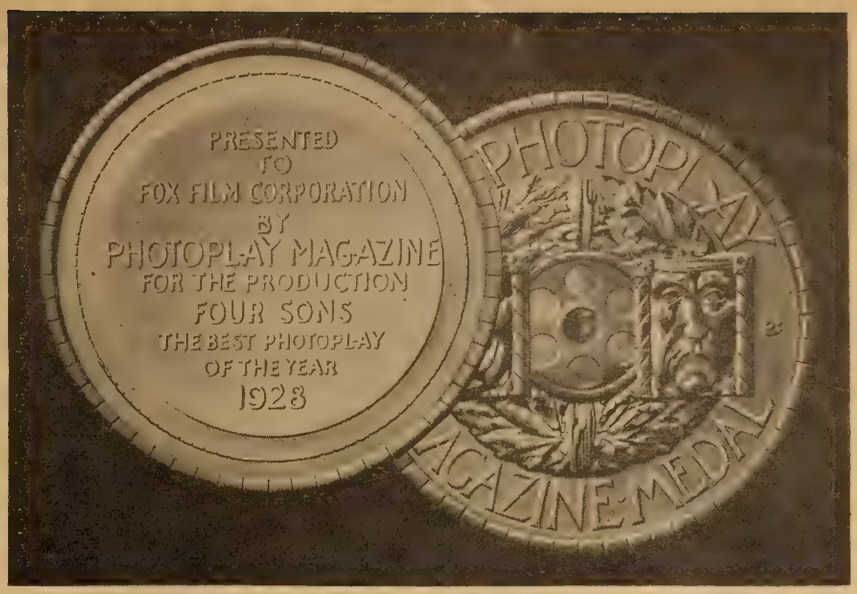


Sixteen men are caught in a disabled submarine. Faced with inevitable death, all their talk and thoughts center on the eternal subject—women. The amours of a thousand nights flash across memory's mirror. Then in the supreme, climactic moment, when one man must die to save the rest—woman is revealed as the motivating force that sends the hero to his sacrificial death.

But not a woman appears in the cast! This is a picture of *men* and their varying reactions to the elemental urge of the Universe, persisting even in the face of death itself!

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"—without a doubt John Ford's finest achievement—will be remembered as one of the greatest pictures the screen has ever known. Don't miss this

FOX MOVIETONE



AGAIN THE HONORS GO TO FOX

For the second time in two years, Fox has been awarded the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the finest motion picture of the year. This is the first time any producer has ever won this award twice in succession.

Awarded on the basis of an actual poll of its readers, Photoplay's Gold Medal is literally a symbol of the approval of a most important and critical portion of the great motion picture loving public.

Last year this significant award for the most distinguished picture of the year was won by Frank Borzage's Fox production, "7th Heaven".

And now another Fox picture—John Ford's outstanding artistic achievement, "Four Sons"—has received the award.

Although the winning of the Gold Medal for two successive years is an unprecedented achievement, the Fox organization is not resting on its laurels. The obligation to live up to the standard set in the past will continue to be its inspiration to still finer achievement in the future. Expect great things of Fox!



JOHN FORD

Director of this year's Gold Medal winner "Four Sons". He will also be long remembered for his direction of "The Iron Horse", "The Black Watch" and "Salute".



FRANK BORZAGE

Director of "7th Heaven" and "Humoresque", first Photoplay Gold Medal winner—not to overlook "Street Angel", "They Had to See Paris", and John McCormack's first singing and talking romance, now in production.

"Onward, onward swords against the foe! Forward, forward the lily banners go!"



IT lives again!—the thundering throb of "Song of the Vagabonds," in the glorious golden voice of Dennis King, star of Paramount's all-color musical romance, "The Vagabond King"! Once the greatest triumph of the Broadway stage, now the supreme triumph of the talking, singing screen—Paramount's New Show World. ¶ Blazing with gorgeous Technicolor throughout . . . vibrant with stirring melodies . . . packed with thrills and adventure, excitement, romance! ¶ With Broadway's favorite romantic stars, Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald in the leading roles, and a great cast. The New Show World of Paramount at its most brilliant height! ¶ And only Paramount, with matchless resources and unrivaled manpower, could unfold before your eyes this glittering panorama of song, color and romance in all the blazing glory of the original, the greatest of all musical romances! ¶ Don't miss the outstanding eye-and-ear treat of the year. Ask your Theatre Manager now when he is planning to show "The Vagabond King". *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*



DENNIS KING

"THE VAGABOND KING"

WITH

JEANETTE MacDONALD

Warner Oland and O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Ludwig Berger Production. From "If I Were King" by Justin Huntley McCarthy and "The Vagabond King" by William H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph Friml.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

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Volume XXXIX, No. 2 March, 1930

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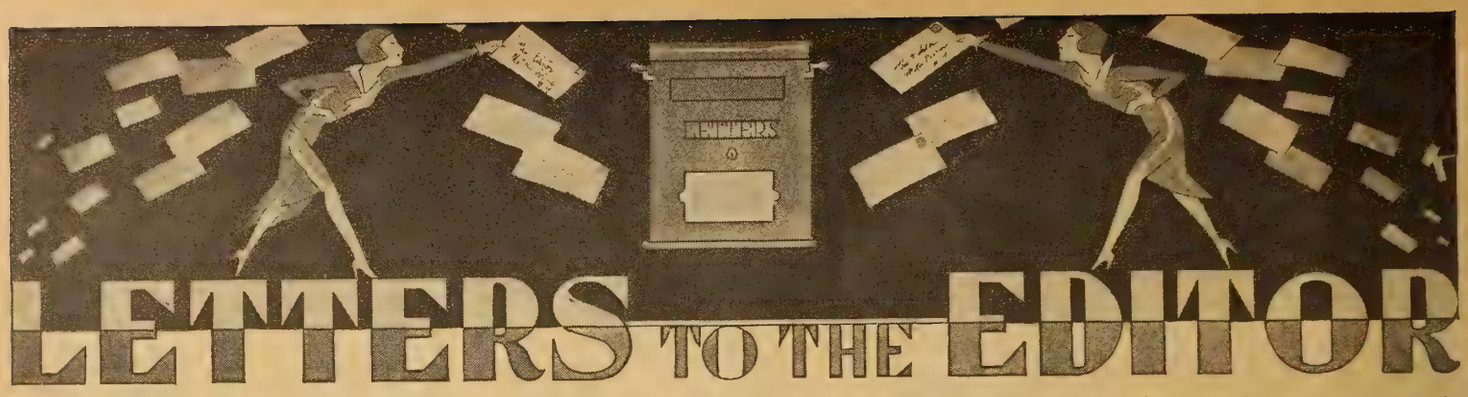
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Not In Healthy Hollywood Where Actors, Like Arthur Lake, Grow Up To Be Boy Scouts

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

Absorb This, Producers

OTTAWA, CANADA.—What's on my mind?

Why, it's all these *undress* shows that have come upon us like a deluge.

I'm sick to death of girls with no clothes on! Yet believe me, I'm no prude! I think the human body a most marvelous and beautiful creation. But when crowds of girls, each clad only in a belt, and probably a pair of fur-topped boots, goes wiggling and cavorting suggestively about the stage, there is no beauty in it. The whole thing is not even amusing. Simply silly and disgusting. Yet there is no getting away from such scenes. Why, oh why, did such a perfectly good picture as the "Desert Song" have to be spoiled by those ridiculous "harem" scenes. Was ever there a harem like that? I ask you! And even if a good picture does get through, then some abominable little short must needs be run before or after.

And please don't think I'm alone in these views. I've heard the same expressed by others, many, many times. Only tonight, at a local theater, when the usual display of legs, hips and what-not appeared, I heard a distinct groan from one of two men behind and a masculine "Lord! How weary I am of that sort of thing! If only they'd put something on for a change." Later—"And I thought this was going to be good!"

Presently, when I looked back, two seats were vacant. Yet men are supposed to be partial to "that sort of thing." Oh tell the producers to give us some good clean pictures—*real acting*. Never were there so many fine stories to choose from (if they are not spoiled) or such a splendid array of stars to work with. *Give them a chance!* And cut out all this stuff which is plainly only a slur on everyone's intelligence. *L. W.*

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

Cut Out the Triangle

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—What is the trouble with some of these producers who think a picture cannot be entertaining if it hasn't a triangle case in it? There is nothing clever or entertaining about them. My friends agree with me that this triangle subject is being worn out. It isn't a funny or clever thing for a wife to cheat on her husband, or a husband on his wife. Any fool can do a thing like that.

I am married almost two years, am twenty-three years old and not a prude by any means but enough of this subject is *too much*. I would enjoy seeing some pictures where the husbands and wives are good sports and treat each other like human beings. There are many in real life but the public only hears about those with scandal.

Give us some pictures with more decent ideas. There are many decent young people in this generation. (I don't know, considering these producers' ideas, how many in Hollywood.) Don't let them think the average life of man and woman is the way it is depicted on the screen. It is too degrading. Don't think I haven't a sense of humor. I was almost sick from laughing at "The Hottentot." *Mrs. E. L.*

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

"God's Gift"

BALTIMORE, MD.—Begging the pardon of Mr. Rogers, I too, only know what I read in the papers. But why all the pros and cons over the legitimate stage *vs.* the movie, the talkies *vs.* the mutes.

All this seems like limited vision, out of keeping with our times. The talkies represent progress but the legitimate stage will always have its devotees, just as the movies have theirs.

Just sit, theoretically, on top of the world a few minutes, and view the millions of people with their millions of tastes and moods, and why speculate on the decline of any of it.

The movies are a great gift to the provinces and I hope the time will come when some enterprising company will put out a series of travel-talks and pictures on a grand scale, such as Newman gives in person.

And I have a few feathers I'd like to put in the "movies'" cap. What progressive aid they have given this generation! In days gone by only a man of leisure and education used his books as frigates to carry him to lands away, but now Mr. Everyman travels and learns with the newsreel, laughs with the comic, *lives* with the feature.

The great American home too, reflects its influence in the taste and refinement of interior decoration, as depicted by experts on the screen.

And Mrs. Everywoman, by her haircut, trim figure, poise, and manner, emulates the screen personalities, who must, of necessity be finished products.

And may I speak of the great epidemic of speaking-voice culture sure to follow the event of the talkies. The one great fault of the American woman will then be erased, and it will be hard to tell Mrs. Grundy from the Colonel's lady.

I bow my head to the movies. They are God's gift to the common people, and in this modern race and riot to live, we're all just that, aren't we? *Mrs. Grace Schiaffino.*

They Relented

PORTLAND, OREGON.—I am a girl of sixteen and I certainly wish to show my appreciation of the movies. My father is a minister so, as is well known, no one in our family was allowed to go to picture shows. I had always wanted to see one but father and mother would not let me—until the "King of Kings" came to a large theater in town. I begged my parents; I read about its being religious; and at last my father consented to my going but told me to remember that it would be the first and last one I could see. I then tried to persuade them to go but to no avail. I went by myself and was never more joyful in all my life. On coming home, I tried to dramatize it to them until I finally persuaded my parents to go. They loved that movie and didn't I get my share of praise from father and mother because I had let them know what a real wonderful thing was!

We have seen "The Passion Play" and "The Four Sons" two or three times and my parents certainly love those religious plays. Give us more of them! *Inez H. E.*

Ask Your Neighborhood Theater

PORTLAND, OREGON—For the thrills of old time pictures to be enjoyed again, would it not be a good idea to have a revival night in suburban houses once a month. By revival night, I mean to show pictures that were popular from two to five years ago, which many old and young would gladly come to see.

What a thrill to shiver again at Lon Chaney's ghostly face in the "Phantom of the Opera,' or in "The Rough Riders," to gasp at Charles Emmet Mack's daring charge up San Juan Hill, and to live again the days of Richelieu with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers."

Those who care only for the stars of yesterday would crowd to see Rudolph Valentino and Wally Reid, who are now playing in the silent drama everlasting. *J. Callahan.*

Like Picture, Like Book

RALEIGH, N. C.—I am very much interested in the movies, and go to as many as possible. I not only look at a picture from the entertainment side but from the story as well. Yesterday I saw the First National

(*Continued on page 122*)

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



John BARRYMORE

Yesterday a speechless shadow-
To-day a vivid, living person--
thanks to

VITAPHONE

Until you've heard him in "General Crack" you can but guess at the full force of the flaming personality that is the *real* John Barrymore.

Not figuratively, but literally, John Barrymore "comes to life" in "General Crack".

For here for the first time, *Vitaphone* restores the pent-up power of the thrilling voice that made him the star of stars of the speaking stage... And resplendent scenes in COLOR show you what he really looks like as he storms recklessly into the vortex of cyclonic romance and adventure, breaking heads and hearts and sweeping monarchs from their thrones to suit a gypsy whim!

This tense and virile love story from George Preedy's famous novel, has been dressed by Warner Bros. in extravagantly sumptuous trappings to celebrate this greatest of all *Vitaphone* events.

THE STAR of STARS of the SPEAKING STAGE

in "GENERAL CRACK"

HIS *first* TALKING PICTURE!

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE REG'D TRADE MARK TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.



"General Crack" is another example of the treats that await you every week at theatres that feature *Vitaphone* pictures, produced exclusively by WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL



The Hot-Spot

OF THE MONTH

What Really Happened Between Clara Bow And Harry Richman

By RUTH BIERY

NOTE: Each month there are certain things that happen in the lives of movie stars which are news stories. The daily papers all over the country recount them. But do they tell the whole story? Do they give the inside dope, the real bits of human interest? Motion Picture picks out the most interesting news item of the month and tells you in brief form the lowdown on the situation. It may be a new love affair, a marriage, or even a murder. Watch this Hot-Spot and get the inside truths of the sensations in filmland.

"CLARA BOW, Heart-Sick, Stabbed Self Over Love, Says Richman."

Undoubtedly that head-line, strung across the top of a New York newspaper and copied throughout the nation, was the "hot-spot" of the month's movie news.

It would take more than the space allotted for one magazine story merely to repeat the yarns which have been told and printed. A few of the more startling are:

That the Bow-Richman engagement began simply as a publicity stunt.

That Clara dashed to the United Artists studio in an ambulance, clad only in a blood-stained nightgown and fur coat, to see Richman. That she had tried to kill herself because he had broken their engagement. That Richman hid in a closet to avoid seeing her.

That Clara jumped through the window of her hospital room in a second attempt at suicide.

That Richman had taken Marion Benda to the opening of "Condemned" and was being seen almost daily with her.

That Richman was— That Clara was— Hundreds and hundreds of similar stories, *ad infinitum*.

Your MOTION PICTURE reporters have spent days in tracing each one of these rumors. They have interviewed people who were on the set when Clara drove to the studio; they have talked with Clara in her bed at home. They have interviewed Harry Richman. In fact, they have left no stone unturned to get the inside "dope" on this sensational story. The following is what they have pieced together, starting from the very beginning of the engagement.

Like most Hollywood engagements, Clara's began as a rumor—publicity, if that is what you care to call it.

Joseph Schenck gave a dinner party to which Clara Bow and Lily Damita were among those invited.

"Clara had my favor," Richman told me. "I had met her in New York. I have met all the attractive women of the world, but there was something about this vivacious, emotional Clara—well, she caught my favor—

"I took her out the next night and the night after. The third day the publicity boys at my studio got busy. Clara and I went with a party of friends to Agua Caliente. I told Clara that it seemed as though they were trying to get us engaged and, so far as I was concerned, I would like to stand back of them. I would like to marry her. When we came back, the reporters came out and I admitted it. They called Clara. She admitted it. If you call our engagement a publicity stunt, that is exactly how it happened."



Looking to be wed: Clara is apparently happy to see Harry back again. He has just asked, "How do you feel about going to look at furniture?" and she has answered, "I can feel myself getting wicker and wicker"

A ten-thousand-dollar ring, but no definite date for the wedding, was the result of this beginning. I talked with Clara at the time. She was unwilling to set a day because she wished to be certain. Clara has always said that she had no desire to be a divorced woman.

The lovers quarreled. Not once but again and again. They are not the first lovers to have quarreled. There were reasons; there are always reasons. Clara was receiving telegrams from rejected lovers, begging her not to marry; Richman was jealous. Harry was seeing other girls, as is the way in this profession; Clara was jealous. Clara told her cronies; Richman told his. It became more fodder for the Hollywood gossips.

The Cause of the Rift

NO one who has known Clara intimately for any period of time would claim that she is a quiet, reposeful little girl. Clara is emotional, dynamic, persuasive. Perhaps Richman, with all his suave New York training, was not accustomed to the untutored, professionally encouraged

(*Continued on page 118*)

The Great Voice of the Metropolitan Opera Now Yours

Lawrence TIBBETT



The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where beauty, wealth and fame gather to pay tribute to the world's greatest voices.





THE ROGUE SONG

with

Catherine Dale Owen
Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy

Directed by
Lionel Barrymore

Music by
Herbert Stothart
and
Franz Lehar

The Greatest Operetta Ever Produced

AGAIN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proves its leadership by being the first to present an operatic genius of such outstanding reputation as Lawrence Tibbett in a full length motion picture production. Now you can hear in your favorite theatre the same glorious baritone that has thrilled thousands at the Metropolitan Opera House—that has carried his fame around the world!

And what a magnificent picture Lionel Barrymore, the director, has built around Tibbett as the singing, fighting, carousing Bandit Chief! Follow this fascinating story of wild, barbaric passion that knows no restraint—that defies convention—that gets what it wants whether it be revenge, loot or love!

See also Laurel & Hardy, the funniest team on the screen today, as a couple of singing bandits! And what a help to the Chief *they* turn out to be!

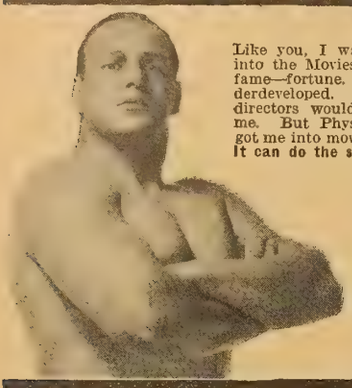
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including a visit to the big studios. Personal introduction to stars and directors, a Free Screen Test, and a GUARANTEED CONTRACT TO ACT IN THE MOVIES. All without a penny of cost to you—entirely at my expense. Think of it!

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Many stars such as Milton Sills, Reginald Denny, Herbert Rawlinson, Laura La Plante, Barbara Worth and Patsy Ruth Miller have been my pupils. Do you want the same training they took? Do you want to follow in their footsteps? Surely you've seen me in some of my big pictures: "The Great Circus Mystery," "The Golden Stallion," "Sea Tiger," (with Milton Sills), "King of Kings," "Chinatown Mystery," "Noah's Ark," and many, many others.

My wonderful Physical Culture Course produces marvelous results. It can give you that perfect body you want. My training has landed players their first jobs. Also develops the throat, chest and lungs to give you a pleasing voice.



Ramon DeBurgos of New York City, a former contest winner. I got him his contract.



Miss Anna Slnozich, of Braeholm, West Virginia, recent contest winner of a movie contract through taking my course.

The winners of my contest were chosen by the following judges: Carl Laemmle, Jr., Harry H. Zehner, Louise Fazenda, Syd Grauman, Fred Datig, Virginia Vallie.

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By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert—playing in *Sunkissed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—recently completed *Burning Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Be Yourself!*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Gertrude—recently completed *Be Yourself!*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lewis—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Banky, Vilma—playing in *Sunkissed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Man From Blankleys*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Son of the Gods*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Such Men Are Dangerous*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—recently completed *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *Murder on the Second Floor*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blane, Sally—recently completed *The Vagabond Lover*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in *His Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boles, John—recently completed *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *The Humming Bird*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *Crashing Through*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Slightly Scarlet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Only the Brave*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brice, Fannie—recently completed *Be Yourself!*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *Slightly Scarlet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Montana*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *The Big Party*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Honey*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chandler, Helen—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Bernice—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *Only the Brave*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Courtney, Inez—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Montana*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

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Dalton, Dorothy—playing in *Bride 66*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Dixiana*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Day, Marceline—playing in *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Delaney, Charles—playing in *The Ivory Trail*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—recently completed *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dove, Billie—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Francis, Alec B.—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gibson, Hoot—playing in *The Mounted Stranger*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Gilbert, John—recently completed *Redemption*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Lillian—recently completed *The Swan*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gleason, James—recently completed *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gleason, Russell—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Gray, Alexander—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Gray, Lawrence—playing in *Song Writer*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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Haines, William—playing in *Fresh From College*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Two Black Crows of the A. E. F.*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Long Island City, N. Y.
Hersholt, Jean—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holmes, Phillip—playing in *Only the Brave*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Dixiana*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)



Here it comes!—The hit that made "Tea for Two" a national anthem . . . The smash that shattered all musical romance records in its one-year run on Broadway . . . Brought to you on the screen in all its glory—and more!—More girls—more song-hits—more stars — more stupendous settings than the stage production! . . . . . .



A unique round-the-world romance with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray—convulsing comedy by Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, and Lucien Littlefield—studded with the most sumptuous song-and-dance scenes ever filmed, in full COLOR! . . .



Directed by Clarence Badger. From the musical comedy by Frank Mandel, Otto Harbach, Vincent Youmans, Emil Nyitray.

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In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Huston, Walter—playing in *Abraham Lincoln*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Fresh From College*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Jolson, Al—recently completed *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The House of Troy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Kane, Helen—playing in *Dangerous Nan Mc Grew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Keaton, Buster—playing in *On the Set*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kennedy, Merna—playing in *Song Writer*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *Strictly Business*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *Slightly Scarlet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—recently completed *Dance Hall*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lane, Lupino—playing in *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lane, Nora—playing in *The Ivory Trail*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—recently completed *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
LaRocque, Rod—playing in *Strictly Business*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—playing in *Second Wife*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Loder, John—playing in *The Ivory Trail*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—recently completed *They Learned About Women*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Montague—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Hell's Angels*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Farrell—recently completed *Men Without Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeannette—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Maris, Mona—playing in *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mojica, José—playing in *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *On the Set*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran and Mack—playing in *Two Black Crows of the A. E. F.*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *Bride 66*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morgan, Helen—playing in *The River Inn*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Morris, Chester—playing in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *The Golden Calf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Muni, Paul—recently completed *The Holy Devil*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Second Wife*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Newell, David—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—recently completed *Undertow*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The House of Troy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Eddie—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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Oakie, Jack—playing in *Marco Himself*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—recently completed *Girl of the Port*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Owen, Catherine Dale—playing in *Such Men Are Dangerous*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *On the Set*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Patricola, Tom—playing in *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—playing in *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Benson Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Pringle, Aileen—recently completed *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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Rathbone, Basil—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Richman, Harry—recently completed *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Robinson, Edward—playing in *Sunkissed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Roth, Lillian—playing in *Honey*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charles—playing in *The River Inn*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Long Island City, N. Y.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—playing in *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *The High Road*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—playing in *Honey*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Sterling, Ford—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Their Own Desires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Queen Kelly*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sweet, Blanche—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Du Barry*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Thomson, Kenneth—playing in *Faithful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *The Humming Bird*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tracy, Lee—playing in *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tryon, Glenn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Blind Raferty*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walker, Polly—recently completed *Hit the Deck*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Walthall, Henry B.—playing in *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Agony Column*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *Just Kids*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *The Golden Calf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Winton, Jane—playing in *Hell's Angels*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Withers, Grant—playing in *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Murder on the Second Floor*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Madam Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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THE GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Who are the two beautiful blonde sisters of the talking screen** that are rumored to be "on the outs" with one another in private life?

• ● •

2—**What is the real reason for the off and on engagement, and** long delayed marriage of George O'Brien and Olive Borden?

• ● •

3—**Buddy Rogers is stepping out** with a girl whose real name is Dorothea Heermance. Do you know her?

• ● •

4—**Who is the popular, unmarried** siren of the screen who will soon be known as an ex-wife?

• ● •

5—**Who is expected to become** John Barrymore's future brother-in-law?

• ● •

6—**A stunning blonde recently** walked up the aisle wearing a wedding veil made of five hundred yards of real lace costing $13,000. Do you know the lucky bride?

• ● •

7—**Who is the multi-millionaire** producer in Hollywood whose income, other than that derived from motion pictures, is between $15,000 to $18,000 per day?

• ● •

8—**Who is the leading lady whose** initials spell M. E. N.?

• ● •

9—**Which popular young married** couple introduced the quaint habit of dining in lounging pajamas?

• ● •

10—**Dorothy Devore was once engaged to Harry Edwards. Who** is his present wife?

• ● •

11—**How many times have the following been married: Greta** Garbo? Joan Crawford? Mary Pickford? Gloria Swanson?



Do you remember her? A few years ago she exchanged film stardom for New York stage fame, and became Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein. But she will appear again on the screen as Dorothy Dalton, one of an all-star cast, in her husband's musical spectacle, "Bride 66"

12—**Who is the romantic gentleman recently quoted as saying,** "I hope I never understand women"?

• ● •

13—**Who is meant by "America's sweetheart"? "The best** dressed woman in Hollywood"? "The man with a thousand faces"?

• ● •

14—**Which newly-weds of Bev-**erly Hills are occupying separate houses?

• ● •

15—**Who is the dashing brunette** of the screen who got her start in a Hollywood candy store?

• ● •

16—**Who is responsible for the** statement that Lon Chaney has more sex appeal than any other man in Hollywood?

• ● •

17—**Name the flapper who** "broke her engagement" three months after she was married.

• ● •

18—**Who is the romantic actor** accused of being afraid of women?

• ● •

19—**What married lady of the** screen admits that she dines out with other men?

• ● •

20—**Who is the former Hollywood** extra girl sent to the Ziegfeld "Follies" by Sam Goldwyn as "The Most Beautiful Unknown Blonde In Hollywood"?

• ● •

21—**As the retiring violet of Hollywood, a certain Universal player** takes the bouquet. Who is she?

• ● •

22—**Whom have the Hollywood Boulevardiers voted as having the** most sex-appeal off-screen?

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.



"Well... Er.. I Didn't Expect to Be Asked to Speak"...

I couldn't resist the temptation to have some fun with that crowd. Here they were, expecting me to be "scared stiff," trembling with the embarrassment and stage fright which had been my failing. I could see jeering looks and undisguised amusement on the faces of some of my cronies—they were expecting me to make a chump of myself!

But When I Started To Speak Their Jeers Turned To Breathless Interest And Then Applause!

I NEVER saw more complete astonishment in human faces as I saw then. Here was I, the notorious "human clam," the shrinking violet of the office. I had only been asked to speak because the General Manager intended to be kindly toward me—no one had expected that I would have anything to say, let alone the ability to say it. My friends expected me to be embarrassed—to stammer, gulp, and finally wilt pitifully down into my place. Yet here I was, on my feet, inspiring them with a new and unexpected message.

It was as though I felt a surge of new power in my veins—the thrill and exhiliration of domination—mastery over this group of banqueters who sat listening eagerly, hanging on my every word. To me it was a thrill—to them, it was a shock. And when I finally let myself go, bringing my message to a close with a smashing, soaring climax, I sat down amid wave on wave of enthusiastic applause.

Almost before it had died away George Bevins was over beside my seat. "That was a wonderful speech, Mike!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Boy, I didn't know you had it in you! How did you do it?"

"Thanks, George," I said. "But it wasn't really anything. Any man who knows how to use his powers of speech could have done just as well or better."

"Maybe so. But I certainly didn't expect you to do it. I tell you, it was great! But say! What did you mean by "any man who knows how to use his powers of speech?" It isn't everybody who has real powers of talking interestingly."

"That's just where you're wrong, George," I told him. "Seven out of every nine men have the ability to talk powerfully, forcefully and convincingly. You said just now you didn't think I could do it! Well, six months ago I couldn't—not to save my life. Yet in those six short months I trained myself by a wonderfully easy method right at home, to talk as you just heard me. It didn't take me but about twenty minutes a day; no one even knew I was doing it. There is no magic—no trick—no mystery about becoming a clear, forceful speaker. It's just the application of simple principles, which a noted speech educator has already put into lesson form for any man to use, regardless of education or previous training."

"Well, say, I'd like to take that Course myself. I'm woefully weak at speechmaking; I'd certainly like to be able to speak as well as you can."

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

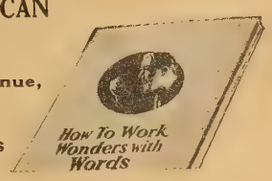
What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

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- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address board meetings
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make a political speech
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train you memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon NOW.

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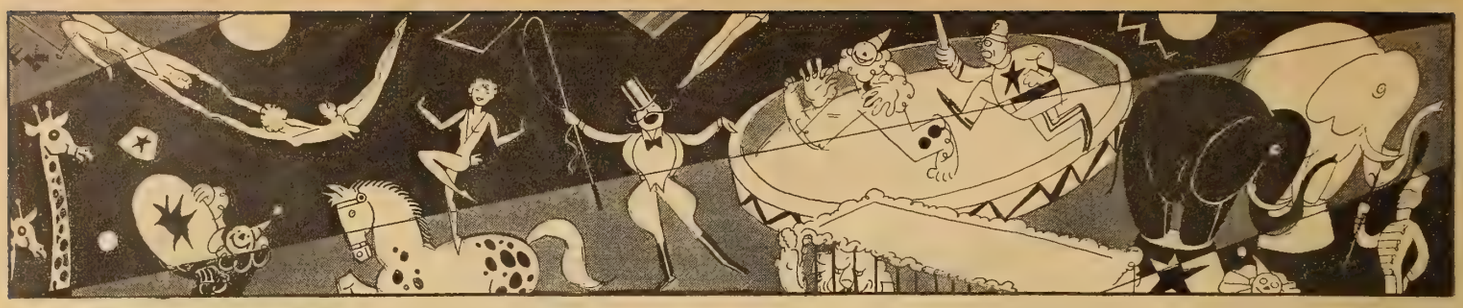
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The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

HOLLYWOOD tries awfully hard to get away from **Hollywood**—but somehow she's always catching up with herself. It's really terribly difficult to be exclusive when the herd follows right on the heels of the select few who take the trouble to be leaders. In fact, a "new spot" or a "new combination" or even a "new joint" is old stuff in less than a week. And in no time it is smart-setted to an early death.

Everybody's attempting to be exclusive results in but one thing: the exclusive field is overcrowded. The reasons are many and varied, but these two are the main ones: literally hundreds make enough money to be "among those present," and no one wants to be "exclusive" **alone.** Take the case of **Jack** and **Mamie.** They are both members of **Hollywood's** front family. They stumble upon a new and secluded place for afternoon tea. Of course, **Mamie** has to tell **Betty** and **Mary** or else there will be no one present to witness the triumph. And **Mary** and **Betty** are loath to hide their exclusiveness under a bushel, so by the end of the week—well, the place would be swamped by all **Hollywood** on an exclusive rampage.

So it was with the **Town House,** our newest and most "exclusive" apartment house. Built in the famous **Wilshire** district, it began operations with an expensive and high-powered name—plus atmosphere. The first time I ever attended the **Town House** grill room it was inhabited entirely by members of **Los Angeles** society. Not a movie star from **Hollywood** to be seen. The second time I dropped in to nose around I saw two of our special "exclusive **espionagees**" scouting the nooks and crannies with an eagle eye. Yesterday at least fifty of **Hollywood's** finest were basking in each other's reflected glory at the same **Town House.** Give it one more month and it will be a complete **Hollywood** sell-out. More's the pity!

It has been the same with every new place, mode or person. A year ago the **Montmartre** was on the crest of the wave. A day wasn't complete unless one paid **couvert** at the **House-of-Brandstetter.** If one were so foolish as to miss luncheon on **Mondays, Wednesdays** and **Fridays,** one was actually a mark to be tittered at by the mob. But the mob grew until one day, little kiddies, it was no longer smart to be seen at the old-favorite joint. The **Roosevelt** was the new and "exclusive" place to be seen. Or the **Town House.**



Wm. Grimes

Speaking of the Hollywood diet: five girls make shadows of themselves for Sammy Lee, dance director

A Famous Director buys himself a glittering, white phaeton and hires a black chauffeur for a contrast. **Stepin Fetchit** buys himself a glittering-white phaeton of the same make, and a *white* chauffeur to harmonize. The original phaeton has been painted red. Too much competition trying to be "exclusive" in this **Hamlet.**

NOTES ON MUCH-NOTED NOTABLES: John and **Ina** are occupying separate homes now. Did I hear a "me-ow or a titter"?

Pauline Frederick thrills **Hollywood** in a brand-new stage show. Wonder how **New York** will like it?

Bessie Love has lived up to her name by falling in love and getting married. She was often a bridesmaid, but now she's a bride.

Nick and Sue are entertaining as **Mr.** and **Mrs. Stuart** now. Here's hoping they have a lot of luck and happiness.

Bebe Daniels spent her usual $20,000 on **Christmas** presents. Now, *there* is a good way of being exclusive.

It is rumored that **Harold Lloyd** is negotiating with the "fightin' **Irish"** of **Notre Dame** to play with him in his next talkie. What a treat!

Gloria Swanson is the most talked-of star in **Hollywood** at the present time. In a complimentary way, of course. It is a greater feat to stage a real come-back than to "go over" the first time—according to the home folks.

The University of Southern California and the **University of California** at **Los Angeles** have the most distinctive "assemblies" in the country. They are entertained by the best talkie talent in town. Last week **U.S.C.** was riotous in their applause of **Lila Lee's** singing, **Armida's** dancing and singing, **Gus Edwards'** wise cracks as master of ceremony and the delightful voice of **Bebe Daniels.** Yesterday, out at **U.C.L.A.,** the student body was surprised to find **Jack Benny** and **Benny Rubin** acting as masters of ceremony. They were even more surprised to listen to a few of **Hollywood's** celebrities sing, and talk; **Joan Crawford, Bessie Love, Nina-Mae, Dorothy Janis** and a host of knock-outs did their stuff. **University** life near **Hollywood** is different.

Holly-wood has found a new way to say "good-bye" to a departing friend. The other day at the **Town House,** a group of boys and girls from the colony gave a farewell luncheon for a cohort —**Europe-bound.** The table was covered with a black oilcloth spread, and the napkins were of the same material. In the center of the table was a huge funeral wreath. The waiters, for this occasion, were also in black. Thoughtful???

IN ONE BLOCK OF THE BOULEVARD: A retired army officer in uniform trying to impress blasé **Hollywood** with his importance.

Two millionaire **Indians** from **Oklahoma** driving along slowly in a **Rolls-Royce** town car.

A squad of **Mexican** dancing girls, each with a highly colored make-up kit under her arm, headed for **Warners.**

A deaf-and-dumb boy selling papers in front of **Henry's Grill.**

Peter-The-Hermit, in sandals and flowing white hair, strolling about aimlessly, followed by two greyhounds.

For *the* Screen Stars, *a* Genius *Developed this* New *Kind of* Make-Up



Under Blazing Studio Lights, Filmland's Make-Up King Discovered a Magic Way to Enhance Personality, to Double Beauty

Now This Make-Up Secret, the Sensation of Hollywood, is Offered to You . . . to Every Woman . . . by Max Factor

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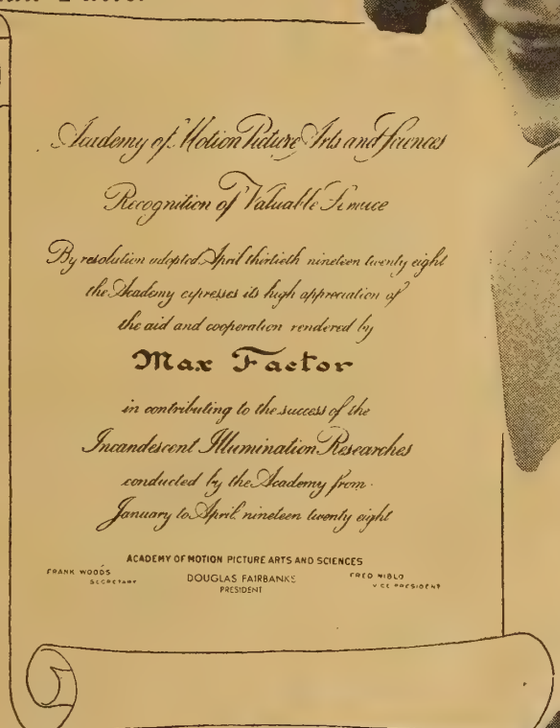
And now you may share this wonder beauty discovery . . . you may share Hollywood's Make-Up Secret.

"New beauty for every woman lies in the discovery of cosmetic color harmony. It is the secret of perfect make-up," says Max Factor.

"If powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials are in perfect color harmony with the individual complexion, beauty is magnified. If not, the effect is off-color and grotesque, and beauty is marred. This we proved in tests under the glare of studio lights.

"And, to vividly emphasize personality, make-up must be individualized . . . the color harmony must be perfect for every type, for every variation in blonde, brunette, or red-head. Then, of course, there are tricks of make-up, too, which not every one knows."

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Photographic reproduction of certificate of award presented to Max Factor by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for notable research and discovery in the Art of Make-Up.

Janet Gaynor

Fox Film Star

Who received the merit award offered by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her outstanding performance in "7th Heaven", says in a note to Max Factor:

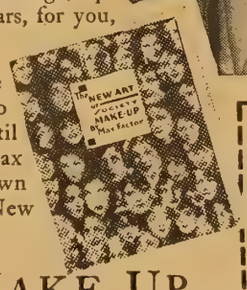
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You'll at last discover the one way to vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality; to give to your own natural beauty a charm and fascination which until now has remained hidden. Simply mail the coupon to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion, chart your own make-up color harmony and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".



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Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					

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2 Wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, safe, ample, absorbent, and so economical. Note the charming new box that brings them ready folded for your use. Just insert your fingers in the slit and draw them out, two at a time.

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Russell Ball

Vivienne Segal, comely prima donna late of Broadway, is making not only her Pekingese, but all Hollywood, sit up and take notice these days. First, because of "Song of the West," and now because of "The Bride of the Regiment"



Otto Dyar

The smiling Mr. Rogers sought to dignify his stardom by being called "Charles," but the public did not share his preference, and "Buddy" he remains. Appropriately enough, perhaps, for he is again an aviation buddy in his new picture, "Young Eagles"



Irving Chidnoff

The one and only tragedienne Hollywood has produced; Lillian Gish has, for her courage, been called one of the few sincere artists on the screen. After a long absence, she has returned to the films to make a talking version of Molnar's "The Swan"



Preston Duncan

What with having been told that her performances in "She Couldn't Say No" and "The Show of Shows" are capital, and wearing a trench coat, Sally Eilers has no cause to worry about the coming of either a figuratively or actually rainy day



The ray of hope to be detected on the countenance of William Haines is not inspired by the college widow's saying she will marry him if he makes a touchdown, but by the rumor that some day he will be given a rôle which is not sophomoric



Preston Duncan

In the last analysis, blondes prefer gentlemen, or so we should suspect, from Mary Nolan's last two pictures, "The Shanghai Lady" and "Undertow." She is scheduled to make three new pictures, in fairly rapid succession—as a popular star should



Fryer

A rôle which Billie Dove wants to portray, and in which she believes she could shine, in more ways than one, is that of a gypsy girl. And who knows? Now that she has "Faith" in her long list of successes, she may soon satisfy her desire



Kahle

It is a question whether Victor McLaglen is here trying to outdo George Bancroft, or Conrad Veidt as "The Man Who Laughs." Perhaps he is only anticipating some fun in his next picture, "On the Level," with William Harrigan and Mae Clarke

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

March, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Camera!

THE OTHER DAY the papers carried an item about two colleges aching for a debate, but desperately at a loss for a subject. Suggestions were solicited.

If put forward too late to be selected as a topic for this particular debate, our suggestion might appeal to some other colleges seeking an argument.

The question we should like to have before the house is: "Are talking pictures so called because of the speeches of the actors, or because of the vocal exercises of the audiences?"

World-travelers have long insisted that American theater audiences are the best natured but the worst mannered in the universe. Up to now the inference has been that their good natures were at least equal to their bad manners.

The Non-Stoppers

PERHAPS our personal nerves are frazzled—but from recent observations, made in sound-equipped cinema palaces, it seems to us that the manners are so reprehensible that nothing could equal them. Perhaps our experiences have been peculiar to ourselves—but in every theater we have visited in the last month we have sat in the neighborhood of people seemingly out for the long-distance, non-stop talking record of the western hemisphere. We have changed our seats, to no avail; their competitors were to be found wherever we might move.

A peculiar circumstance has been noted in each of these experiences. The rules of the competition seem to prohibit conversation during the showing of news-reels (no matter how uninteresting), or comedies (no matter how dull or silly), or during possible vaudeville features (no matter how stupid or vulgar)—while from the beginning to the end of the feature (no matter how intelligent or well presented), silence, instead, is apparently against the rules.

What They Are Like

THE TALKERS, we have discovered, almost invariably resemble the Neanderthal type, distinguished by little heads, sloping brows, and eyes set close together. Also, almost invariably, they are of female gender. The conversations usually evolve around such intimate and vast topics as how sympathetic the baby is to training; what Mazie told Hazel about her boy-friend; and what-I-says-to-the-boss.

Their sensitiveness is comparable to that of the well-known one-horned rhinoceros. Nothing short of physical measures apparently can halt them. Glaring like Noah Beery in their direction results in only a momentary silence, then a titter; a discreet request that they let you hear what the actors are saying brings forth the brilliant question, "Who do you think you are—the king of England?" A curt and threatening command for silence only increases the velocity and energy of their lip-work. They are impervious to either suggestion or insult.

Let the Talkies Be Heated

THE TALKIES are here to stay. And also, apparently, are the talkers. The better the former become, the worse the latter. Strong measures are needed. Or before they know it, the theater managers will discover that some long-suffering moviegoer has invented a practicable and inexpensive form of television for the home—to be attached to the radio or one's favorite arm chair—and the home, at one's wish, can become a little theater all one's own.

We have a proposal to make, which should be taken neither too seriously nor too lightly. On the under side of the arm of every seat in every theater in the land, let there be two electric push-buttons, one leading to wires in the seat ahead, the other to the seat behind. Then, should the person in front of you or, perchance, in back of you, become talkative, you could gently press the proper button, which would immediately start an intense heat-current coursing through his chair, making it untenable in a few moments. The contrivance should be so constructed, of course, that the current in his chair would automatically make the victim's own push-buttons useless.

Is Love A Liability?



Manatt

By
DOROTHY
SPENSLEY

I MEAN, it has caused us no end of worrying. Here I am about to dash off to another conference about it. I can tell you, Jesse Zukor and Adolph Lasky and Winfield Mayer and Louis B. Sheehan and Cecil B. Warner and Jack L. DeMille and I are in a fret over it. It wasn't enough that talkies should come clattering in, was it? Nor that natural color pictures should blush their way into favor, was it? And that Equity should waggle its thumb at us, was it? No, I should say not.

Now we've got to consider, and consider well, too, the question of whether love is a liability. I mean, we are going to have to figure ways and means of preventing our players from falling in love except when they are between pictures and nobody really cares whether they ever show up at the studio. Of course, I'm not saying a word about Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett. They had the grace to let their little heart affair inconvenience no one. Even were married on a Sunday, can you imagine? We arranged to give them time for a honeymoon. I should say so. Gave 'em Monday off and they went to the beach.

But this thing of love interfering with budgets and cost-sheets and overhead. What is going to happen to the schedule, for example, if the leading man falls in love with the leading lady and they decide the world is well lost, right in the middle of a picture? What is going to happen to the release date? What is going to happen to the bookings? Aw, let's play anagrams instead. I'm tired of these Ask Me Anothers.

Conveniently Romantic

NOW, of course, we don't object to the way certain of these things developed. When John McCormick and Colleen Moore got that way, they didn't bust any well-laid plans for keeping the shooting days down. They married and got to work together and on time. It was the same way with Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco. The only disturbance Norma Shearer made was to waft lady-like kisses to Irving Thalberg from dignified distances, and that made us feel rather idyllic. Nice, considerate couples, all of them. We'll see that the Academy gives them a dinner or one of those statuettes.

With Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez it was almost the same. By that, I mean there were never any upset schedules. He was never mooning around the Warner Brothers entrance while Lupe was making "Tiger Rose," when he should have been acting strong and silent over on his own lot as *The Virginian*. Even in the first hectic flush of their romance, things were most simple. They were working together in "The



R. H. Louise

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (above), did not upset schedules so much, but caused considerable worry with their private Esperanto, for no one knew what they might be planning; but in the eyes of producers John Gilbert (left) is a model off-stage lover, for love does not raise havoc with his work

For These Screen Romances, Is It The Producer Who Pays and Pays?



C. S. Bull

Wolf Song," and it was just a matter of hippity-hopping over to the set on location after Gary had thrown a few pebbles at the window of Lupe's sleeping quarters. No temperamental outbursts about their *grande passion.*

The thing that Sol Sistrom and William Wurtzel and I are most worried about is that we have no more occurrences in the Negri manner. It is a pretty well-known fact that when the pulchritudinous Pola arrived she was considerably intrigued by a little man who wore baggy pants and carried a cane in the pursuit of his art, and that Mr. Chaplin ofttimes exercised a lover's prerogative and told Pola not to let us bold, bad producers override her. It was the occasional result, then, that Pola would ride home from the studio full of plans about how she would be an Alpine dairy maid in her next, even to the story and director being selected, and return the following morning completely out of humor with the whole thing. It kept us producers on our toes, anticipating her reactions, I can tell you.

A Case of Overheadache

THINGS went along very peaceably in the manner of a mild hurricane with the glamorous Negri for a while. Love didn't joust with the budget. The schedule was serene. Chaplin was forgotten for others; all others for Valentino. But during the filming of "Hotel Imperial" came the death of Valentino; and Pola, in widow's weeds, made a pilgrimage across the country to his bier. It was all a very commendable declaration of her love, but it didn't help the overhead much. We couldn't very well put the cast, the director, the cameraman, the script girl, the prop boys, the electricians, the supervisor and the gag man to making splints and rolling bandages because there was no war for which to make them. The Nicaraguan fuss hadn't started, and we were all at rather a loss. Even Mexico was peaceful, and "The Cock-Eyed World" hadn't been filmed; the stock market had not bust.



R. H. Louise

When Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther (at top of page) were reunited after two years, they held up production schedules for thirty minutes, and now there is worry lest he be dreamy eyed in fight scenes; on the other hand, when Greta Garbo (right) was That Way about John Gilbert, she was never late at the studio

At the moment, it isn't Janet Gaynor Peck that we complain about. When she and her husband were going through the preliminaries, there were long distance calls and all that, but strictly out of business hours. She may have foregone her lunch now and then to hear her adored's voice, but she was never late to the set. We are keeping a watchful eye on Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. They cost us thirty minutes of time on the "It's A Great Life" set, with Sister Rosetta and Director Sam Wood pacing back and forth on the sound stage watching the noiseless clock. And now when you want to find Nils, the only place to look for him is on the set watching the infant Dunc. That, we admit, has its certain advantages, if he doesn't come in, dreamy eyed, to do a fight scene in his picture.

(*Continued on page 114*)

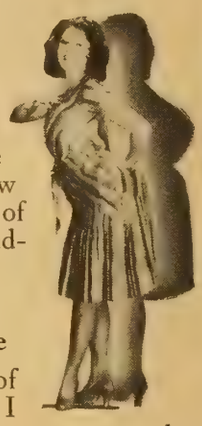
Back *to the* Bustle

The Hollywood Girls Go Dust-Collecting, Badly Though They Need Their Knees

By
CEDRIC BELFRAGE









HOLLYWOOD is going for the long skirts in a big way. There's no mistake about that. So far as the movie capital is concerned, dust collectors are in for a time, at least.

And now, how long before the pendulum swings back all the way and we get back to the bustle?

I must confess that somehow the idea of Lupe Velez, say, or Alice White in a bustle, swinging down Hollywood Boulevard or dancing at the Roosevelt to strains of "Bigger and Better Than Ever"—this is a beautiful dream, and I think we all hope and trust that it will come true. When bustle meets bustle——

Meanwhile, these straight up-and-down dust collectors, which hide the best points of their wearers without adding anything in new outlines, make most of the stars look completely undistinguished and rather like underhousemaids.

Nor is this particularly surprising. Sad, stupid and unbeautiful is the figure which most of the stars cut in long skirts. There is, after all, probably only one thing about the average movie queen which all of us can agree in praising—her knees. I know a number of people who opine that she has a face like the under-side of a saucepan. Others of my acquaintance find that her torso is like a newly born puppy-dog. Others again are infuriated by her bleached hair, while many ordinarily undemonstrative persons go into spasms of pain when they think of her manners, her throaty speaking voice, her violent facial make-up. Nearly all of us who have come into contact with her concur in the verdict that her brain is the nearest thing now known to that of the palæozoic tadpole.

Hiding Her Claims to Fame

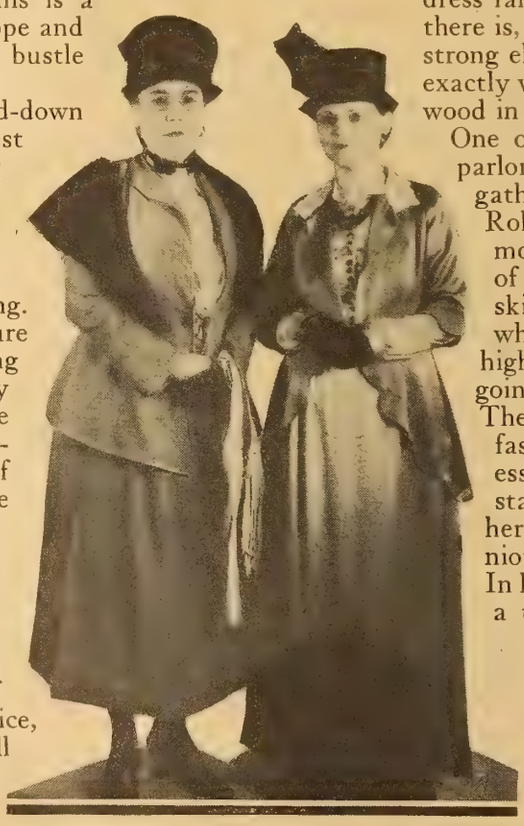
BUT no clique of people that I have heard of ever pronounced a censorship of her knees. In fact, I believe it is generally agreed that she has put the human knee on a new plane, has given it a status which it never before possessed.

Thus, when we see eminent ladies of the screen receiving lunch guests, going shopping, or opening a church fête in a dress falling most of the way to the ground, there is, to put it mildly, apt to be present a strong element of the ridiculous. And this is exactly what you do see in and around Hollywood in these odd times.

One observes stars driving up to beauty parlors and having to spend five minutes gathering up armfuls of skirt off the Rolls-Royce floor before they can dismount. One's eye is caught by pictures of them in the morning paper, with skirts at all conceivable levels, many of which only suggest that something higher up has slipped and the weather is going to take a cold turn.

The more one sees of the new trend of fashion, the more one realizes what an essential thing knees are to the average star. Her facial expression, her carriage, her manner—all suggest and are harmonious with the idea of the exposed knee. In long skirts, she looks as out of place as a ten-year-old girl trying on mother's

(*Continued on page 116*)



Which has the more s. a.? Upper left, June Clyde goes from short to long; above, Lillian Roth in a bustle and without; and left, Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales return from the attic in, they aver, 1931 styles



C. S. Bull

A Light in Her Eyes

Last of all the silent stars to see the light, Greta Garbo, masquerading down near the waterfront as *Anna Christie,* is thinking of how illuminating she is going to be in the talking version of Eugene O'Neill's play of that name

Glory

It's Bought Only Renunciation

By RUTH







Jeanne Eagels (at top, left) died young in years, old in experiences; Barbara La Marr (left) found the allure of fame as powerful and as fatal as a drug; Clara Bow (left, below), in her early twenties, fears no one cares for Clara Bow, the person—only the actress; Lucille Rickson (below), who appeared in the old Thos. H. Ince pictures, wasted her youth, and died, in the quest for fame

JEANNE EAGELS died a young woman. The best of life, speaking in terms of the average woman, lay before her. Yet she died having lived so intensely, so all-inclusively, that she left practically all of the experiences which can come to woman behind her. She could, undoubtedly, have encountered no new, really new adventures, had she lived longer.

Her death set me to thinking.

Tragedy stalks its prey in all cities. Poverty, disease, death. They are common sufferings of all peoples. And being common, they come to every class. They spread no discriminating snares for the feet of the young or mature, the newborn or aged.

But on the stage or in pictures, tragedy stalks youth, seeks its prey from those in the adolescent or just-out-of-the adolescent period. Especially in Hollywood where the trade-mark is youth and beauty.

What Life Owes Them

A VERY wise woman said to me recently, "We give to life so much. We are always giving. But life also owes us something. It owes us those few years when we are too young to know better, that period between childhood and maturity when we ride upon wings and never tread softly. When we suffer from love yet thrill because we are suffering. When we yearn to become great, believing that greatness is heaven and that heaven brings no responsibilities with it. Life owes us those dear, searching, adventuresome, buoyant years between sixteen and the early twenties."

In Hollywood those years from sixteen to the early twenties are the zenith of life, not the beginning. They are life. Before them you are a child, after them you are a has-been, in picturedom's language.

A few linger on when those years are finished. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Colleen Moore, Lon Chaney, Norma Talmadge,

Comes High

In Hollywood With The Of Youth

BIERY







Hesser



Hesser

Rudolph Valentino (at top, right) died an old man at thirty-one, retrospective, not expectant; Mabel Normand (above, right), once the most famous of screen comediennes, is now ill and all but forgotten; Corinne Griffith (lower right) and Mary Pickford (below) are among the few who are able to linger on in Hollywood, still glamourous, still portraying youth, although no longer in their early twenties

Corinne Griffith, John Barrymore.

A few achieve fame enough to live on it forever. They have sufficient money to travel, sufficient wisdom to enjoy that screen fame and that travel. Corinne Griffith will be one of these women. Mary Pickford is another.

But the balance!

Ah, the tragedy of it!

I speak not only of our Barbara La Marrs, Mabel Normands and Lucille Ricksons. Their stories are legion. Yet their stories are not different from the average Hollywood story except that tragedy has stalked more swiftly—taken a more definite, more severe, more startling penalty from them.

Asking Too Much of Youth

LUCILLE RICKSON, who died before ambition brought her fame while living, was merely seeking what all youth seeks in this city. Glory, fame, wealth, work. She, like all others, was searching them years before nature has decreed that such things shall come to a woman.

Do we expect writers, sculptors, lawyers, physicians, or even business men and women, to achieve success before they are midway between twenty and thirty? Would we patronize a lawyer or a doctor—allowing for the usual-rule exceptions—if they did attain it before twenty, before they had acquired judgment and experience?

Yet we not only expected but allowed Barbara, Mabel and Lucille to do it. We expect Sue Carol, Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, Nancy Carroll, Lupe Velez, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford and all the rest of the long list to accomplish a woman's work before they are women. Furthermore, we demand, when they have succeeded, that they assume the responsibility of womanhood, that they give to love and to living the judgment of the forties when they have scarcely reached the twenties.

Lucille died. Men helped in that death. She thought these men

(*Continued on page 90*)

Spurr



Russell Ball

Mitten *on the* Keys

Although Paul Whiteman has one already, he gets a great big hand wherever he goes; in more ways than one, a big figure in the world of music, he asks (and gets) a big figure whenever he plays. Since he went out to the old gold coast to make "The King of Jazz Revue," Mother Goose has been revised to read "Big Boy Blue, come blow your horn; the stocks are down, and the lambs forlorn"



Strange As It May Seem

They Said The Talkies Wouldn't Go - - - - and Other Things

By WALTER RAMSEY

IF this cartoonist boy, named Ripley, ever comes to Hollywood, he'll have enough material to keep his column running for months.

Stars are doing things they publicly vowed, "never as long as I live."

Other stars are not doing what they positively promised, "always as long as I live."

Things have come to pass that were deemed impossible of ever happening, and events that seemed certain have been forgotten for lack of accomplishment.

It's a dirty trick now to remember that two years ago they themselves said the talkies would never make a go of it. Honest. I've got the statements right before me. Improbable. Impossible. And a couple of other *im's* summed up the consensus of executive opinion.

Jesse Lasky: "Talky pictures would be impossible out-of-doors. How ridiculous street scenes would be in which the only sounds were those of actors speaking!"

Sam Said This

SAM GOLDWYN: "When the large figures on the screen start to talk, the illusion of reality is decreased rather than increased. Talking pictures are too far off to be discussed as a practicality."

Is that "Bulldog Drummond" I hear barking?

Cecil B. DeMille gave out the impression that he was entirely too busy to investigate the new art, but he made this point: "The fact remains that if I thought the development was at all practical I would have made time to investigate it."

Clarence Brown took a very economical view with, "There is so much money invested in present-day silent equipment that there is really little danger of the big companies throwing out everything and beginning again on a talking picture basis."

Douglas Fairbanks felt certain that, "Within the next ten years we may expect new developments in the picture business. Sound may be combined with motion, but not for a long, long time."

"I believe the so-called talking picture will serve simply as one more item, or feature, upon a program which is striving for variety." This from Hal Roach. Even the so-called Boy Wonder was doubtful. Mr. Thalberg added his crepe to the death-knell of the talkies. "They just aren't as enjoyable as silent pictures," said he. "Color and sound are, at best, fads!"

And what about all those stage stars who "absolutely, under no circumstances could be lured into the movies"? Back in 1924 there appeared a magazine story entitled "The Movies Can't Get Them," and pictured quite snootily below were Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding and the Messrs. Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, George Jessel, and—oh, yes—Marilyn Miller.

Dismissed for Good

THE Eagels lady (and didn't I see her in "The Letter"?) was most emphatic. To quote from the yarn: "It is rumored that Jeanne Eagels has been offered a tremendous sum to enact *Sadie Thompson* before the camera, but she dismisses the idea with a wave of the hand."

She went on to say, "I doubt if 'Rain' will ever be filmed. Screen audiences are so juvenile." Now that should make something or other of Gloria Swanson.

Al Jolson was equally skeptical. "Me? I'm a personality. Not a shadow. What place has the screen for me?"

Ruth Chatterton: "I'm not at all interested in pictures. I would feel that only a part of me was

(*Continued on page 92*)

Above, left to right: Marian Nixon, of "never again" fame; Ruth Chatterton and Al Jolson, of "the-movies-can't-get-them" renown; and Douglas Fairbanks, who never anticipated appearing with Mary Pickford

ODD

Gossip of the

RICHARD BARTHELMESS tells this story about a tourist who returned East from a winter in Southern California, much puzzled by the strange pronunciation of the Spanish names of towns. "You'd hardly believe the difference between the way a name is spelled and the way they pronounce it," he told his friends. "Now take, L-a—J-o-l-l-a, for instance. How would you suppose it should be pronounced?" "Why, La Jolla, of course," said his friend. "No," said the puzzled tourist, "you'd think so, but it isn't. It's pronounced San Luis Obispo."

Never Missed

JACK BENNY is going home for Christmas. "And when I walk along Main Street, swinging my bag," says Jack, "I'll meet some of my old friends and they'll ask me, 'Hello, Jack, going out of town, huh?'"

In Pressing Circumstances

"YOU LIVE IN A SWELL neighborhood, right among the millionaires," said the woman from Jack's home town. "Sure," says Jack, "my folks used to press their pants—"



Dyar

With nothing weighing down her pretty shoulders, no wonder Lillian Roth—above at left—is singing. But then, singing is habitual with her, whether she is on Broadway or in Hollywood



Fraker

He would seem to be learning his Latin satisfactorily (above). John Holland, who has just come over the horizon, stills the tempest named Lupe Velez in "Hell Harbor"



As a relief from the movie racket, Lawrence Gray (right) takes up the tennis racquet. From one love game to another, as it were. After "Spring Is Here," he will be seen in "The Song Writer"

Bull

SHOTS

Stars and Studios

Now It Can Be Told

OTHER INTERESTING statements from our press-agent friends this month: "An excellent voice and extravagant manners have elevated Clive Brook to his high position on the screen." "A production budget involving over three million dollars is scheduled by the Hollywood firm of James Cruze, Inc. Sound stages of three studios will be employed in carrying out this ambitious program."

A Much-Lost Art

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN, New York stage producer (in Hollywood he is "the husband of Dorothy Dalton"), may know his way around Broadway, but the winding roads of Beverly Hills stumped him. He couldn't find his way home nights. So he had a lot of signs printed—"To Hammersteins"—and tacked up along the route home, and the next night the fog was so thick he couldn't see the signs and he got lost again. Indeed a cause for worry, for folk have taken the trouble to warn him about the "bars in them thar hills."



Grimes

If able to paddle her own canoe, Bessie Love (above at right) believes, a modern girl should also know how to fish, swim, play polo and tennis, and use both golf and lip sticks



Bull

Dorothy Sebastian (left) aims to lift herself by her boot-straps. Without much pull, she already is head and shoulders above not only the carpet, but many of the Hollywood girls



R. H. Louise

Putting their heads together, Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet (above) made the momentous decision to die for dear old Hollywood, and soon will not only again be seen together but heard in "The Woman Racket"

All the Newest Gossip of the



Thomas

That Remarqueble Picture

WITH FOUR SKILLED scenarists working on the script for "All Quiet on the Western Front," something different may presumably be anticipated. The latest rumor is that they are going to give the picture a happy ending—and have Germany win the war.

But This Pastry Was French

IT WAS IN Famous Players' cafeteria. Clara Bow was choosing her dessert from a tray of French pastry when Jack Oakie called from the next table. "Careful, Clara," he warned her. "You can't have your cake and have 'it' too."

Who's Whose?

WITH JACK AND INA announcing that, until the carpenters enlarge Jack Gilbert's house and Ina has a place for her fifteen trunks, they will inhabit two separate houses, perhaps the status of the two stars will be definitely established. M-G-M's publicity reads, "John Gilbert and wife, who returned from Europe recently." Pathe's publicity reads, "Miss Ina Claire and her husband who recently returned from abroad." Take your choice.

So She Has a Coat of Tan

MARIE DRESSLER was sporting a new ermine coat at the studio, and Polly Moran was examining it. "I could have had a plush coat myself, one time, if I'd wanted it," sniffed Polly. "Well, why didn't you have a plush coat then?" sneered Marie. "Well," confessed Polly, "I'm so tender-hearted it hurt me to think of all those baby plushes being killed for it."

Pal Passes On

THE OTHER DAY, an old dog went to sleep in the sun and did not awaken when his master, Harry Lucenay, called him. Pal, the first dog star, was dead at the rheumatic age of fourteen, survived by Pete, "Our Gang" star, his only son. Pal had the reputation of "stealing scenes," and



Fryer

The Dred Scott Decision is part of American history, and the Fred Scott decision (namely, to enter the films) is now Hollywood history. He is to be seen at the upper left and in "The Grand Parade"

As quietly as she stepped out for a little while, Lila Lee has stepped back into pictures. From this, and from the photo in the center, one would assume that she is a retiring girl

Whether looking out for her future, or her husband, John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray (left) seems happy. And rightly so, after her recent graduation from ingenue to Big Time rôles

Don English

Hollywood Stars and Studios

many a famous human star protested at having him in the cast. Some of the critics picked him out as the real star of "Bobbed Hair" and other films in which he supported Menjou, Mix, Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor and Milton Sills. With his leg bandaged, and feigning a limp, Pal went forth on Hollywood Boulevard several years ago and collected a thousand dollars for the Hollywood Post of the American Legion, receiving a silver medal for his work.

They Kept on Saying Nothing

A FINE OF ONE DOLLAR for every star who said "Hullo, everybody" into the radio microphone at the opening of "Rio Rita" (the dollar to go to the Community Chest) resulted in plaintive silence from most of the celebrities, deprived of their usual remark. "I don't dare to speak into the mike," said Bert Wheeler, when he was called on, "because the last time I did I sneezed, and the next morning I got three hundred telegrams saying 'God bless you'—and they all came collect."



Dyar



Archer

Royally entertaining: Jeanett MacDonald (upper right) has just reigned as queen of Sylvania in "The Love Parade," and now is to be, if not the queen, the favorite, of "The Vagabond King"



A girl with a different slant: Myrna Loy (above) again goes native. It looks like the South Sea Islands this time, but one can never be sure

Known in Hollywood as "our happy Holmes": young Phillips Holmes "arrived" just in time to play an important part in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" and "Pointed Heels"

A Quick-Change Artist

AND JUST AFTER we get out a Magazine with a blonde—a very blonde—Laura La Plante on the cover, Laura dyes her hair dark brown. We call up her publicity man and complain that that isn't cricket, and he tells us that she will be a blonde again within a week. So we keep faith with our Public after all.

Hollywood Philosophers

AT LEAST, THE RECENT stock market debacle has made philosophers of the stars. "Served me right," stoutly says Eddie Dowling (who dropped half a million, they say). "I made it outside of my own racket. My job is acting. Any money earned any other way doesn't belong to me. I was getting to fancy myself quite a financier, and beginning to plan to retire from the stage and screen.

Dyar (*Continued on page 108*)



Desires Under the Elms

A Saga Of Mrs. Dowling And Eddie, Her Fifteenth Son

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

THEIR land lay fourteen-and-a-half miles from Plymouth Rock, and almost ever since the first Pilgrim set foot on that rock it had belonged to their family. Six generations had struggled stubbornly to wring a living out of its stony acres, which perhaps was why they loved it. "Every fall it was the same story," says Eddie Dowling. "Would there be enough money to pay the taxes? Mostly there wouldn't be, and the sheriff would seize the farm for the bill, and we'd move bag and baggage into town, children, pigs, dogs and all. Then the men-folks would get work in the factory during the winter, and save enough to pay the taxes, and back we'd go to the farm come spring."

Seven times in his childhood, he remembers, this happened. He can see the sad little procession, the mother at the head, carrying the latest baby, the rest straggling tearfully across the frozen sod, leaving the bleak, beloved little house under the elms. He can see the joyous return in the spring with the mother at the head, carrying the baby, the rest running, leaping, yearning toward a little house decked out in purple lilacs to welcome them. "The first thing I did when I began to make money," smiles Eddie, "was to put enough in a trust fund so that the taxes would always be taken care of. And now the land is ours forever, though why we should set such store by it, God knows! A poor rocky piece of ground —."

Fifteenth of Seventeen

EDDIE, fifteenth of seventeen children. Sixteen sons and one daughter all born in the same under-the-eaves bedroom. All welcomed. And nothing to clothe and feed them with but a few rock-strewn acres—and a pair of hands and a gallant heart. "You should see my mother's hands," says Eddie. "Now that she could be sitting with them folded, they won't fold gracefully. Bent and knotted they are, with the ten men's work she always did to keep us going, up before daylight helping to milk twenty-four cows, driving her truck with the milk cans ten miles to the railroad, bringing it back with boxes of kitchen leavings from the houses along the road for her pigs, washing vegetables, and peddling them from door to door, cooking our dinner and scrubbing our clothes, and scouring the milk cans. And never a year in the first twenty-five years of her married life when she wasn't taking a baby to church to be christened or carrying one there to be buried."

(*Continued on page 112*)

BRIDGE

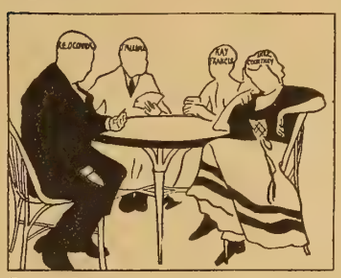
As The Stars Play It

Problem Number Three

Kay Francis
And
Robert O'Connor
Oppose
Inez Courtney
And
Jack Mulhall

Inez Courtney (North)
♠-Q-7-3
♡-Q-9-3
♢-K-9-8-7-4-3
♣-10

Kay Francis (West)
♠-5-2
♡-A-7-5-4
♢-Q-10-6-5
♣-Q-8-2



Robert O'Connor (East)
♠-A-9-8-6
♡-K-10-2
♢-J
♣-9-7-5-4-3

Jack Mulhall (South)
♠-K-J-10-4
♡-J-8-6
♢-A-2
♣-A-K-J-6

From the above diagram, it is evident that Jack Mulhall could make two No Trumps. As this is Contract, however, his partner raises the bid to three, in an effort to score game. By clever card-reading Jack almost makes the bid, but his opponents cagily disregard two fundamental rules and set him one. After playing the hand yourself, turn to page 120 and read how they manipulated it





R. H. Louise

Columbus did not Discover...

That Ohio State Harbored a *Hamlet* in Elliott Nugent

By CHARLESON GRAY

YOU and I and the rest of the gang have definite things in common. At certain periods of our lives we get all enthusiastic about love—and love's delight. At others we get that way about sunsets, ice cream, clothes, travel, cocktails, homes, flashy automobiles, and making the world genuflect and cry, "Hail!"

The wish for all of those things is perfectly human and understandable. But sooner or later we are taken by one desire that I'm darned if I can understand. How come the yen to act?

Nobody seems to escape. Don't I remember that the toughest little kid in our neighborhood was the best Christ-child of us all when we had Biblical playlets at Sunday school? And that for years I put off going to work by threatening my mother with exposure to the rest of the family regarding her one lapse from dignity, her recitation of "How Paw Caught the Bear" at a certain summer resort? Or am I apt to forget how the (allegedly) coldest-blooded girl in our college wept all the starch out of my shirt-front the night the dramatic society elected her to membership?

Nope—lightning and the wish to go theatric are no respecters of persons. But recalling the aforesaid (allegedly) frigid blonde, one is prompted toward speculation if that wish to act doesn't happen a little oftener to schoolboys and girls than to others. For they, you see, are at that precious age when the need for self-exhibition torments like hunger.

Oh, the hearts that have fissured because the banker's daughter was chosen over the town clerk's for the lead opposite the local Frank Merriwell in "Strong-heart"! Oh, the curses that descended upon the head of the colletch boy who is now one of Pathe's up-and-coming directors, when he beat out the writer of this for a rôle in "Secret Service" opposite the fair lass

(*Continued on page 110*)



The dramatic society at Ohio State took pity on Elliott Nugent (above) because he was so earnest, and once let him speak a prologue as "Chief Wet Blanket"; right, the now famous actor and playwright, with Mrs. Nugent (Norma Lee)



preston duncan

. . a match for seven

or a constance light, it might be called—for this eldest daughter of richard bennett is easily a match for seven girls in looks, and a match for seven times seven when it comes to wearing smart clothes. there is a rumor in hollywood that, in company with william haines, she is looking to a match other than the one occupying her attention above

women

by the great lovers of the screen

rule a woman's flesh, declares ivan lebedeff, and you rule her soul

as told by ivan lebedeff

to gladys hall



ivan lebedeff says:

For a woman, love is a professional art

There are no such things as good women or bad women. There are simply beautiful women or homely women

Beautiful women do not, as a rule, think much about the morality of their behavior

They know that their beauty will make the world forget

Femininity is the most important quality for a woman to possess. It replaces breeding, intellect, poise, elegance, manners, clothes

In the state of love women are always more clever than men. They are born actresses, all of them

If a man completely dominates a woman's flesh, he dominates her completely in all ways

It is less dangerous to have ten enemies among men than to have one enemy among women

"To tell you what I know about women—ah, but I can give only one answer to so stupendous a question: very few men know—and know very little—about women. And those few are the ones who never tell. The rest are profane. And I hate the profane.

"If you should ask me to tell you what I think about women—that is a different thing. Even a fool is entitled to his thoughts.

"And the thoughts of men have a tendency to drift toward the unknown. Especially if this unknown is as vital as this most vital sphere in a man's life. For woman is the most vital element in the life of a man.

"I will only ask you, all of you who read these pages, to remember that the subject is enormous. Hundreds of pages could be covered with speculation about women. The limited space of a magazine article does not permit of the logical approach to such a theme. Therefore, don't criticize me too severely.

"There is a short story—I think by Anatole France—in which a certain young king has employed a hundred wise men to write for him the story of humanity. It took the hundred wise men many years to complete their work and the work took up one thousand volumes. And when they brought their efforts to the king, he was grown an old man and he was dying. On his bitter complaint that he must die without having learned what he most wanted to know, one of the wise men approached him and told him that in the

(Continued on page 98)

.men.

by the great sirens of the screen

know one man well, says evelyn brent, and you know all men

as told by evelyn brent

to gladys hall

"If a woman knows one man well, she knows all men.

"Experience with many men is not necessary to a knowledge of men.

"For men are simpler than women. They are less complex. Especially are they simpler and less complex in their love lives. More direct. More honest.

"It is far easier for a woman to know a man well than to know another woman well. Men let you know them. They are never secretive.

"The fundamental experiences with one man is all a woman needs to give her insight into many men.

"Love. Real love, I mean. Marriage. The building of a home together. The building of a career or two careers. Not easy things, any of them. Marriage the least of all. But a successful marriage is up to the woman. Men follow the woman's lead in the marriage game.

"If a woman has known these things with one man, she knows far more about men than if she had had a hundred casual affairs.

"Men are tremendously important in any woman's life. Men are more important to women than women are to men. We are more dependent on men than men are on us. Men can; and do, enjoy each other's company. Men like to get off together, by themselves. They feel no need for explanation or apology if they are stag. Women, though they do have 'hen parties' and have fun together, always do these things with a slightly deprecatory air. They feel called upon

(*Continued on page 100*)



evelyn brent says:

Men follow the woman's lead in the marriage game

Women are more dependent on men than men on women. Men like to get off together by themselves, but do not have to apologize if they are stag

Women fall in love with men for physical attraction

Men are more vain than women, but they do not exhibit their vanity. They are vain about their abilities as lovers

Women lie to other women. Men never lie to women, even when the sex element enters in

A man can be true to one woman all of his life. He very seldom is, but he can be

Most men say they dislike make-up

• love

grant withers romance in gypsy









at the top, the betrothal: "a kiss on the shoulder means you are mine, my gypsy bride to be" . . . above, he is telling her: "and all i ask is a merry slip of a laughing fellow rover" . . . right, he warns her: "a romany man is quick to love, but quicker still is the lash of his whip, when his love's attentions wander"

in all languages

and loretta young romany style love



at top, right, he tells her: "long and winding is the romany road, but a gypsy's heart is his only load" . . . above, alone with her dreams, she sings, "o, i see the moon, and the moon sees me, and the moon sees the one that i want to see" . . . right, she tells the band to "play, gypsies, dance, gypsies, love while you may"

elmer fryer photos

the queen is not dead . . .

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN .

with the talkies as consort, gloria reigns again

by dorothy manners



ball

Gloria Swanson was late to our bungalow luncheon appointment; for which she was not so apologetic, as fretful. She could have been reached in the projection-room. Why hadn't someone called her there? Tardiness, one saw immediately, was not countenanced in her well-regulated scheme of things. It was all right with me; I've waited for the mighty before; but either the unnecessary delay, or something else, kept a slight frown on her forehead during the preliminaries.

Seated at the head of the dining table in the bungalow Pathé has erected to her, she served herself indifferently to sliced ham, salad, milk. A business man's luncheon, this, for a business woman. Details lurked everywhere. Details. The little things that are such big things. In the background a clock ticked toward future appointments. Conferences. Rushes. Tests. Costumers. Another picture to go into production. A salvaged version of "Queen Kelly" perhaps. Certainly something worthy to follow "The Trespasser"; to her mind, the finest thing she has ever given the screen. *Tick-tock.* Details. Details. *Tick-tock.*

She ate rapidly, preoccupied, her mind on a hundred things, none of which bore the slightest relation to the interview. Her scrupulously clean hair was brushed clear of her forehead. Her eyes moved restlessly. A simple blue sports dress, severe at the neck, outlined the strong oval of her face. She shone with cleanliness and efficiency. Friendly, but busy. Because I had nothing else to do I played with the idea of a mythical young man arriving on the scene and saying "Gloria, I love you." I am sure of her reaction. She would have taken it up with him a couple of days later at 2:15, say, between the hair-dresser's and the scenarists' appointments. She was that busy.

the ascension to power

I don't know why I should have mentioned my "extra" activities in behalf of the mob scenes of her earlier pictures, unless it could be that the luxury-gilded Gloria of my memory and my present efficient hostess were incongruously one and the same person.

"Eight years ago," she repeated, arriving fully on the scene at last. "Eight years," pause, "so much has happened, hasn't it?" A slight smile replaced the fretfulness of her mood. It was as though she, too, had looked back on that Gloria of De Mille days—and smiled.

(*Continued on page 102*)



otto dyar

not so dusty

since the advent of the hays organization, housecleaning has become quite the thing in hollywood, but nancy carroll indulges only for the sake of form, and is running little danger of getting housemaid's knee

revising a fable

by elisabeth goldbeck

george bancroft is a lamb in wolf's clothing



otto dyar

"If you could only understand me as well as I understand you," said George Bancroft earnestly, five minutes after we had met.

"I know all about you now. I can tell a great deal about people as soon as I find out when they were born. Then after talking to them for a little while and seeing how their minds are developed, I know everything."

I have the date of my birth to thank for the fact that George talked to me at all. According to the signs of the zodiac, he should have married a woman born on November 22. I missed it by only three days. So George felt confidential at once.

After another five minutes, I thought I understood George as well as he thought he understood me—even though I had no horoscopic data to help me, and though there are several reasons why he is hard to understand.

One is that he is probably the most talkative and the least articulate man in the world. Listening to him is somewhat like turning the dials of a radio. Fragments of ideas take shape and then merge, quite blandly, with something that nobody was talking about at all. Sometimes his thoughts trail off entirely into his favorite refuge, "Andsoandsoandsoandsoandsoandso." Sometimes they flower into something altogether new and unexpected. There must be continuity somewhere in George's mind, but his words leave most disconcerting gaps.

Another reason is that, though he has one of the finest lines in captivity, he is under the impression that he speaks nothing but gospel truth.

"I hope God will strike me dead if I ever say anything I don't mean," he said fervently. But, liking George as I do, I hope God will spare him.

what he is like

He's like a nice bear. Big and burly, with thick curly hair, and blue eyes that are inclined to look worried and hurt. There is a tremendous warmth in his manner and his deep kindly voice. When you're talking to him, you'd swear he was your best friend, even though the next day he might meet you in the hall and never remember having seen you before.

The paradox of George Bancroft has become an accepted fact. Merciless scoundrel and symbol of brute strength on the screen, he is really one of the world's gentlest creatures. He is a babe in the wood. Docile and sweet-natured and a trifle bewildered, he wanders harmlessly through a world of people who might be terrified of him, if his spirit matched his physique.

No one tries to explain this. It is just accepted as one of nature's caprices. But George Bancroft knows better.

"Do you want to hear something personally, dear?" he asked. "My father was one of the finest men that ever wore shoe-leather. He had a lovely nature, and I suppose I have very much the same nature.

"My father was very devoted to his mother. When she died, he couldn't understand why she had been taken from him, and he insisted on having an operation performed on her, to see why she had died. He went into the room and watched that autopsy, and he should never have done it. He wasn't the kind of man who could stand it—and it turned him.

"After that he became—well, I won't say the words, but he was a terrible thing. He had never drunk, before that. And he had been wonderful to my mother, and I had thought everything in the world of him. But after that, he

(*Continued on page 117*)



russell ball

• in a glass by herself

apparently a good looker in more ways than one, june collyer is a girl who frequently goes in for reflection

how to be a

by helen louise walker



This, my dear little friends, is in the nature of a request program. So many of my (ho! ho! hollow laughter!) public are always writing to me and sending me telegrams (collect) and telephoning (charges reversed) to ask me about this and that. And I take my duties so seriously that every now and then I really attempt, in my modest fashion, to answer some of these questions.

Now, one of the things about which they ask with pathetic persistence is, "How can I be a success in Hollywood?" You'd be surprised at the people who inquire about this. People like Mussolini and George Bernard Shaw—well, anyhow, people a little bit like them.

The correct answer to this question of how to be a success in Hollywood, of course, is "Well—how do I know, you poor saps? If I knew, wouldn't I be doing it? And being one?"

But it seems that they won't be satisfied with that. "You're there, aren't you?" they retort (rudely). "Can't you watch?"

You see? That's how it goes—day after day. So, in consideration of the expense of all those wires and telephone calls as well as a slight (very!) sympathy for the ambitious, I hereby set down, with a sigh, what rules I can get together after several years of peering about and wondering how in the world these people get like that.

watch your birth

I know that this has been said before, by wiser and wittier folks than I. But it is so obviously and inevitably true that it is getting to be an adage—you know, like one of those depressing early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise things—and no list of Hollywood success rules is complete without it. The best way to be assured of success in Hollywood is to manage to get yourself born into a family the members of which are already successful here.

Now this system, I am aware, despite its evident advantages, also has its drawbacks. In the first place, it isn't always so easy to arrange these matters. And in the second place, look at some of the people you might have to claim as relatives if you did contrive to arrange it.

But, after all, are they any worse than the relatives you draw by a hit-or-miss method? Relatives are relatives—however charitable you may be about it. No one can deny that. And, as long as you are almost certain to have them, you might as well have useful, influential ones as the sort you will draw if you just take a chance. I have never believed in gambling on relatives.

However, if you are old enough to be reading this, it is probably too late for you to take any steps in that direction—in this incarnation, anyhow. I merely mention it as something for you to keep in mind if you are one of those pessimistic people who plan to keep on coming back to this planet, century after century.

the marriage method

Another method, of course, is to marry someone who is a success. This method has this to be said for it. You don't have to make your plans quite so far ahead.

But—it isn't nearly so certain as the other, marriage being what it is in these days—likely to go all to pieces before you realize it.

Another drawback is that so many people have the same notion, and there really aren't enough executives and things to go round. The demand for producers and directors and even supervisors, as husbands, and for producers' daughters and sisters as wives, is simply appalling. And, what's more, the old meanies are as likely as not to go right on marrying each other. Members of successful families, I mean, are so prone to go and marry members of other suc-

success in hollywood

simple, practical rules for anyone who may think it's worth being

cessful families, instead of sort of putting success into circulation, as it were. Which is rather unfair of them when you come to think of it. And awfully selfish.

It's a good racket, though, if you can work it. There are people who have become stars by the simple expedient of marrying producers—and people who have become producers by marrying successful stars. Marry anybody you can catch who seems to be getting on pretty well. You'll get something out of it—if it's only alimony or your name and picture in the papers.

You run a certain risk, of course. Jobs are so uncertain. There is always the chance that, after you have gone to all the trouble to catch yourself a useful spouse, he or she will lose the job—and then where are you? It takes a good year in California to get free of the thing so you can begin over.

success enow

these are pretty general methods of attaining success, I know. It wouldn't matter much what you wanted to do in pictures—or actually whether you wanted to do anything at all. There are lots of people who would count themselves tremendous successes if they were born or could marry into a producer's family—if they never did anything else.

If you decide to go in for less certain and spectacular methods, there are a number of ways of going about it, depending, of course, upon just what you want to do in pictures.

If you want to act—and, oh, dear! I suppose that is just what you want to do, heaven pity you!—then you had better try to have yourself discovered by somebody. That's an excellent way of going about it. If your discoverer is important enough and clever enough, he will attend to all the details and you won't have to think much about anything. Since you probably can't, anyhow, this is a good arrangement.

Of course, your discoverer will put you under contract and take most of your salary—when you get a salary—as his reward for aiding you. But you can't have everything.

If you are a young and charming girl—I should suggest that you arrange to be discovered by an elderly and pretty chubby gentleman. If you are a handsome young man—then you will probably find it easiest to be discovered by some plain, middle-aged successful woman—of the maternal type. But don't kid yourself into thinking that just because she is so sweet and motherly and so interested in young artists, she won't take

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marry anybody you can catch who seems to be getting on pretty well. you'll get something out of it—if it's only alimony or your name and picture in the papers



wm. e. thomas

peter-panic

with such a high heart,
how can marilyn morgan be in any
kind of panic? the secret is that, though she is
smiling, her heart is in ribbons on
st. valentine day

. . . you see it was this way

hollywood is slowly perfecting the waterproof alibi

by cedric belfrage

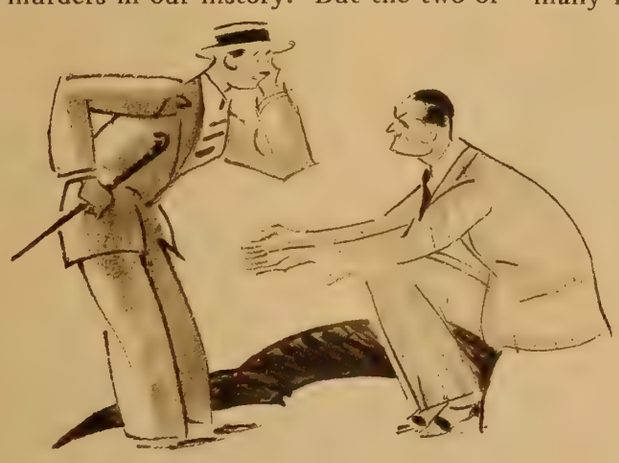


The standard alibi of small boys who steal apples or do other naughty things is, "Please, Judge, I saw it in the movies."

But the way to commit crime artistically isn't the only thing the movies teach us. When it comes to the matter of alibis, a week's stay in Hollywood will teach you more than a year around Chicago's criminal courts. The members of the motion picture colony are probably the most alibi-conscious people on earth.

There isn't a thing on which you can floor them. Let either slight suspicion or practical proof of some heinous thing be fastened on them, it makes no difference. They can always wriggle out. Their faces, trained to a point where they are under absolute control of the wearers, never show a sign of anything but blank, uncompromising innocence. If alibi-ing is a fine art—as, indeed, it needs to be in these sinful days—then the Hollywood film colony has brought it to its finest flower of perfection. To hear our dear movie stars talk, you would think each separate one of them was a poor, innocent, entirely well-meaning creature planted by Fate in the midst of a bunch of rough, scoundrelly knaves.

We are only a small town, so of course we haven't a great number of murders in our history. But the two or three that we can boast were certainly not committed by anybody. That was sufficiently obvious to anyone taking the trouble to study the shocked and pained denials of those who—by mistake, of course—were supposed to have been in the vicinity at the moment of the crimes. Murders, after all, will happen in the very best-regulated communities.



everybody blameless

A much more common kind of murder in Hollywood is that of perfectly innocent celluloid. Productions on which millions have been spent and which have taken many months to make seem to be as apt as the veriest quickies to turn out badly. But it is altogether remarkable how, just as soon as the news of a dud leaks out, you find that nobody had anything to do with it. The supervisor told the director he wouldn't get good results unless so-and-so, but that guy just wouldn't take advice. The director, on the other hand, would have got a marvelous picture if that gosh-darned supervisor hadn't kept butting in all the time with his ridiculous suggestions. As for the players, what good was it for them to sweat their very guts out on the set if the cameraman insisted on flooding all expression from their faces with sun-arcs? And so on down to the property man, whose girl-friend was the one who really ought to have played the lead. Everybody connected with the

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dog





all photos by russell ball

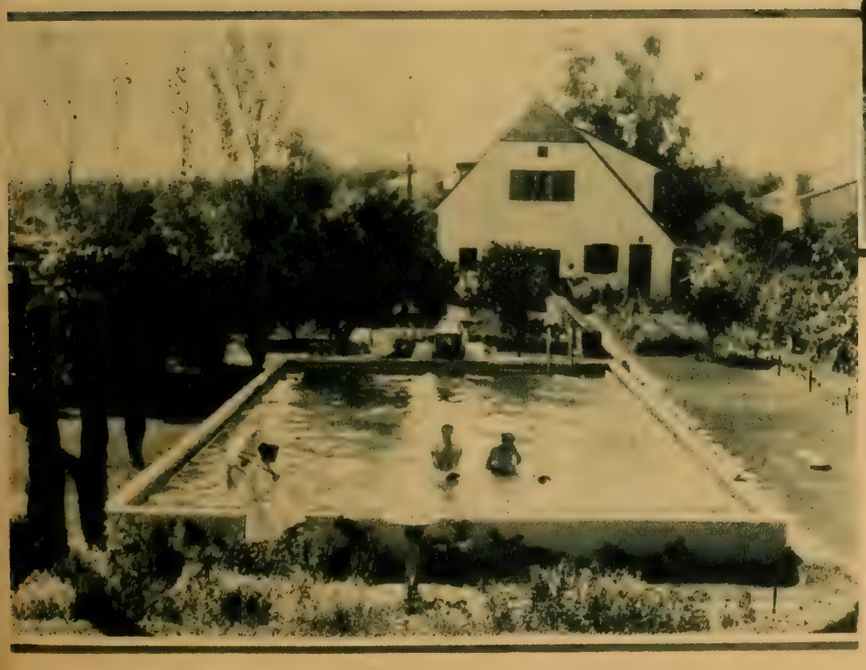
at the upper right, james, lucille and their son russell sing without the dogs' howling . . . at top, james gets another call from a big dog biscuit salesman, and "rags" seems disgusted . . . above, lucille retires to her room for a nap . . . at right, tea for two



haven

the gleason branch of the s. p. c. a.





at the upper left, the gleasons regretfully turn out two who abused house privileges . . . at top, lucille teaching "rags" to bark before biting, while the little dog laughs to see such sport . . . above, lest the dogs run wild outdoors, too, they are put on leashes . . . left, all in the swim



russell ball

"will you be home for dinner tonight, jack?" mrs. gilbert asks her husband as he goes off to work. "or shall we have dinner together over at my house?" she adds, nonchalantly but hopefully

Re-Vamping JACK

Not a Siren, But a Wife, Discusses Mr. Gilbert

By
DOROTHY
SPENSLEY



R. H. Louise

"IT'S no fun being a celebrity. I'd rather be one of Mr. Cobb's finny golden friends. I'd rather be one of my simian sisters at the monkey farm. I'd have more privacy.

"I see Jack oftener than before," said Ina Claire Gilbert, explaining away the two-house situation. That's one of the penalties of being the world's property. You have to explain things.

"Of course, I would have liked a house nearer his. I would have liked something of the sort that Dolores and John Barrymore have. Two separate houses on the same grounds, joined by a patio. Each has his own apartment. Each has his sitting-room. They can dine together or alone. They retain the right to be individuals."

When two dynamic forces come together, there is bound to be friction. At least until adjustments are made.

"Jack and I married for peace. He had not been without his exotic affairs. Nor I without experiences. When we first met, it was as though we had known each other forever. I felt that here was a man whom I wanted as a sweetheart . . . as a mate. We felt that after the first passion was over we should like to be companions, to find peace together.

"When we found that the very thing for which we had married was in danger; that physical discomfort was making dangerous inroads on it, we talked the situation over, frankly. We were not so modern in our decision to take an additional house, as we were sane.

Room for Only One

"JACK'S home is a bachelor's house. Its accommodations are not enough for two. He had to resign the master bedroom to me and take a little room on the floor below, partly underground. He became a snail for the sake of my comfort. I was conscious of the inconvenience. Of course, he didn't say a word, nor did he show any resentment.

"I didn't want anything to happen to our marriage. I didn't want us to be swept into that pitiful state of self-consciousness. Married people sometimes reach it. I have seen it among my friends. A sensitiveness; a futile, nervous groping to retain peace. A feeling of 'what am I going to say now?' when he enters the room. A sense of estrangement. Bound together by marriage, but as far apart, spiritually, as two worlds.

"Jack is too fine to say anything, but I knew he was troubled. The stock market affair, coming as it did, was ghastly. I knew he would be much happier, much better, if he could get back into the old scheme of things; if he could have his own bedroom again, with its desk, its chairs, its fittings, that he knew and loved. There is that about old familiar habits and things that restores normalcy.

"The solution was another house. This is not a new situation. Fannie Hurst's marriage is one of the most successful I have ever seen, and she and her husband maintain separate establishments. There are others.



C. S. Bull

Above—"the house that Jack built," several years ago, apparently in anticipation of his being a perennial bachelor; and left, John Gilbert, the bachelor husband, who has learned how to be individualistic and happy, though married

Never Stolid Comfort

"JACK and I could never settle down to a stolid domesticity. It is fine, perhaps, for those who can. We married for peace, yes, but it must never become stagnation. As individuals, we must consider ourselves. But we must consider each other. I know that neither of us could settle down to the usual routine of the married.

"Haven't you seen it happen between married couples? Their perspectives diminish. They move in a tiny, narrow world of their

(*Continued on page 103*)





ANNA CHRISTIE

DON'T MISS IT

O'Neill's play, once filmed in a silent version with **Blanche Sweet** and **William Russell,** has been remade to serve as the first voluble effort of **The Great Garbo.** Beyond a touch of self-consciousness in the opening scenes, she acquits herself nobly in the rôle of the tattered daughter of joy who finds renascence against the heaving chests of **Charles Bickford** and dat ole davil, the sea.

Garbo's hold on the feminine population of the day is one of the ever-fresh cinematic **Miracles.** She speaks with an accent, but her surprisingly deep and interesting voice promises to increase her vogue. The speaking **Garbo** is less aloof and mysterious, more human, than the silent **Garbo. George Marion** as the blasphemous father and **Marie Dressler** as the whisky sodden **Martha Olson** give her excellent support. **"Anna Christie"** is **Adult** fare, **Not** to be **Missed.**



STREET OF CHANCE

IN THE RACKET

William Powell's first starring picture is a lucky break for everyone concerned. It is a gambling story, but not the kind you think. Even the few to whom poker is still a mystery can go to this with no misgivings, because it's about **People** rather than about **Cards.** And imagine a picture in which the hero kills a man for no good reason and makes you **Like** it. We've all been waiting for this for years. Done in a quiet style, it builds up a tremendous slow suspense.

As one who knows nothing of **Rothstein's** racket, I feel this is the **Essence** of all the drama and romance and foreboding of that profession. It's about a famous gambler who risks and loses everything to save his brother from the slavery of a gambler's life. **Kay Francis,** rescued from the necessity of vamping, plays a sympathetic part beautifully. And **William Powell** gives a perfect performance.



HELL'S HEROES

OH DADDY, DADDY!

Against a background of tremendous distances this story of the three thieves who find themselves amazingly the godfathers of a new-born baby is told with great simplicity and real power. There have been other desert pictures with **Thirst** as the villain, but one always had the feeling somehow that there was a faucet just out of camera range. In this picture the **Illusion** of thirst is so strong that the spectator will leave the theater with **Parched** tongue.

Fred Kohler, Raymond Hatton and **Charles Bickford** are three as grimy and graceless scoundrels as you could imagine and manage to make the delicate transition into heroes without mawkishness or sentimentality. The desert backgrounds are starkly beautiful. It is only when the plot takes you into the frontier town that it becomes **Movie.**



THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN

VAN AND SCHENCK

A vaudeville act expanded into two hours introduces the famous team of **Van and Schenck** to movie fans. As the pitcher and catcher of the **Blue Sox,** they sing their way **Engagingly** through a hackneyed story of two pals who love the same gal.

However, with the help of the always reliable **Bessie Love,** who does the best acting of her career in the scene where she breaks her engagement, **Van and Schenck** both manage to make the burly ball players human and touching. They look like real **Screen** personalities after they shed a little of their vaudeville technique. An entirely disconnected colored chorus number called **"Harlem Madness"** gives the tumultuous **Nina Mae McKinney** a chance to show practically everything. The songs are new, a trifle vulgar and sentimental.

Parade



THE WOMAN RACKET

BROADWAY AFTER DARK

Phillip Dunning's play of the tawdry side of night-club life, **"The Woman Racket,"** has been expanded and considerably embellished to act as a return-trip vehicle for **Blanche Sweet** and **Tom Moore.** In the attempt to create equally fat rôles for the (as ever) square cop and the wife who forsakes dishes for dirges, most of the drama's **Vitality** has disappeared.

Both **Moore** and **Miss Sweet** give adequate performances, but neither has the charm of the juvenile leads, **Bobby Agnew** and **Sally Starr.** Perhaps that is because it takes youth to survive the cheap glitter of the after-dark palaces, even in the movies. In his direction, **Robert Ober** indicates that he has been in a night-club. Which is more than can be said for the megaphone wielders on most operas with a similar locale.



OFFICER O'BRIEN

NIFTY MELODRAMA

What with a situation from here and a gag from there, **"Officer O'Brien"** manages to evolve into one of the most entertaining crook pictures we've seen since **Bancroft** started the ball rolling with **"Underworld." Bill Boyd,** looking far better than in his previous releases, gives a smooth portrayal as the cop with a stick-fingered father.

Acting honors, however, go in a walk to the father, that grand old trouper, **Ernest Torrence.** He is somewhat pressed by a newcomer named **Rolfe Harold,** who gives a gorgeously overacted performance as the king of the bootleggers and gardenia sniffer deluxe. **"Officer O'Brien"** is a sincere attempt to heroize the flat-footed gentry whose siren-horns punctuate the dark hours of any big city. But as usual, the crooks seem considerably smarter than the cops. Which might be termed **Realism.**



PARTY GIRL

SEX APPEAL

A new pitfall of modern life is revealed in what is press agented as a sensational exposé of modern business methods. Perhaps you didn't know that **Offices** are now just places where the **Papers** are **Filed,** and that practically all big business is carried on by sex-mad buyers at their illicit revels. And until you've seen a sex-mad buyer you ain't seen nuthin'. In spite of the beautiful **Spirit** of **Christmas** that pervades it, this picture is not for the children.

Specifically, the story is about an innocent college boy who gets snagged by a playgirl who is out collecting contracts for her firm, and **Paying** in sex appeal. If that means anything to you. Those participating in this scorching indictment are **Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Jeanette Loff, John Sainpolis,** and **Marie Prevost.**



THE LOST ZEPPELIN

SWELL EFFECTS

There are some themes which possess a never-failing appeal; and of these the one about the intrepid explorers facing **Old Dame Nature** in a wrathful mood is far from being the weakest. **"The Lost Zeppelin"** apparently is an attempt to capitalize upon the current interest created by the flights of **Commander Byrd** and **Dr. Hugo Eckener.** And as such it is thoroughly successful.

Conway Tearle and **Ricardo Cortez,** as the leaders of the ill-fated expedition, handle their rôles in the competent manner to be expected of such veteran troupers. But the **Laurel** wreath for a **Moving** performance goes to the **Zep** itself, zooming over the frozen arctic wastes of **Hollywood.** Actual shots of the **Graf Zeppelin** have been cleverly mixed with miniatures—but real or fake, the final effect is **Swell.**

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic



RED HOT RHYTHM

SWELL SONGS

This makes it one up for the song writers. The music and dialogue that help put **Red Hot Rhythm** in the class of good entertainment are about the best of the season. Against the now-popular background of **Tin Pan Alley,** runs the same old plot of the good-little-girl who gets the man she was after in time for the **Exit** march while the bad-little-girl is left with **Walter O'Keefe**—she didn't do so badly either. **Kathryn Crawford** plays the good-little-girl in a **Way** that should make even that type get over. Any gal who can sing "At Last I'm In Love" like she does can be as good as she wants to—and get away with it.

Between songs **Josephine Dunn** turns up to do her regular daily dozen between **Kathryn** and **Alan Hale** (now a leading man) but all ends well. A **Surprise** bit of excellent acting is offered by **Walter O'Keefe** who not only **Wrote** all the swell songs for the show but **Steals** the grease-paint honors as well. A hundred to one you leave the theater **Whistling.**



SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE

DIX IS *THERE*

Richard Dix is one movie star to whom the microphone has granted a new lease of life, just when the camera was beginning to be a trifle unkind to him. His **Voice** is really **Splendid** and he knows how to **Use** it, as he has need to in his new picture to compete with an over-worked wind-machine. The familiar story of the author who makes a bet that he can write a book in twenty-four hours and repairs to a deserted summer hotel on top of a wintry mountain only to find there are six other keys to the place and all of them in use that night, stands the re-telling staunchly.

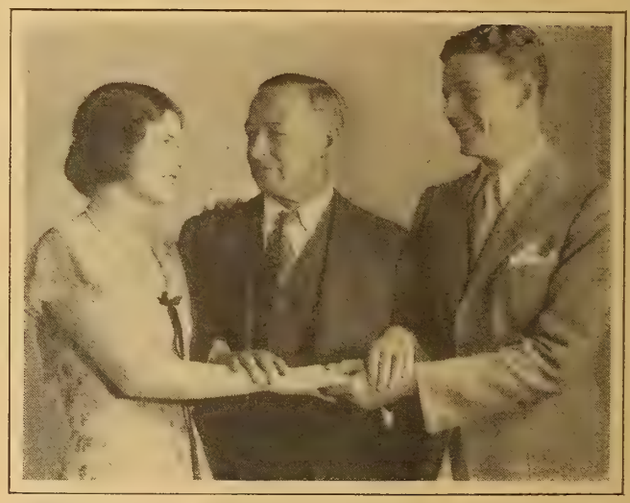
The **Illusion** of **Suspense** and **Mystery** is **Maintained** up to the final explanation of the strange events which leaves one with the feeling of having been slightly "sold." The single set, the entrance hall of the inn, becomes tiresome before the end of the picture, though how it could have been varied we do not venture to suggest. That is the director's **Business**, not ours.



HIT THE DECK

OAKIE IS OVER

Unfortunately reminiscent of "Rio Rita" in several stage settings and chorus ensembles, the transfer of this popular **New York** stage musical comedy hit to the sound screen is not entirely satisfactory in spite of the cheery personality of **Jack Oakie** who will make a great hit as the easy-going gob. Whether he is making love, singing, or chewing gum, **Jack** is delightful. His blunt, beaming countenance foretells the **Passing** of the **Conventional** screen **Sheik. Polly Walker,** a newcomer from the **New York** musical comedy stage, as the incredibly innocent little coffee house girl, is a dainty figure and has a **Charming** voice, yet the songs are not stressed sufficiently. The comedy is vague, and the story straggling. There is one striking sequence at a negro spiritualistic meeting, unforgettably photographed in strong lights and shades, yet even here the catchy song hit, **"Hallelujah**—just to chase the blues away" is not put over as it might be. Tightening and cutting in the final form will do a great deal for this picture.



HARMONY AT HOME

FINE COMEDY

Graced by the perfect line-delivery of **William Collier, Sr.,** whom **Fox** was smart enough to lure into the films, this is the best domestic comedy that has graced the screen for these many months, come **Whitsuntide.** For the most part, the trials and tribulations of family life are pretty boresome, but **Director McFadden** has not missed a trick in translating **Harry Delf's** play into celluloid.

Collier is perfect as the father of an average **American** family; but he receives superb support from **Marguerite Churchill** and **Charles Eaton** as his children. With the exception of **Rex Bell,** ex horse-opera king, the cast is wholly from the stage. **Bell** is almost as natural as the others, and the result is one of those charming pictures which indicate that movies don't necessarily have to **Depend** on sex, war, or religion for success. So it makes one of those film rarities—with a place for everything and everything in its place.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



THE PARADE OF THE WEST

THAT WILD HORSE! **Chalk up another good performance** for that veteran trouper, **Rex, King** of **Wild Horses. Rex** gets temperamental with **Ken Maynard** and just about does him to death, but he doesn't even get **Screen Credit,** which just shows you. The story of this horse opera is pretty trite and gets itself into quite a state over the question of whether or not **Ken Maynard** is "yellow." **Ken's** boy-friend nearly passes away in his anxiety over this little matter. The action takes place against the background of a medicine-show and a wild-west show.

Ken's fancy riding packs a real **Punch,** and it's too bad he couldn't have found a story of which you could say the same. The talking suddenly stops for a reel or so in the middle, which is about the most disconcerting thing we know. **Otis Harlan** is in it, and delivers his usual sterling performance of **Otis Harlan.** We can't recommend this one in a big way, but enthusiasts of stunt horse-play may find it worth while.



ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT

DENNY DESERVES BETTER **Another "almost"** for **Reginald Denny.** Say what you will, **Reg** knows the business of farce comedy as do few others, but so often something just misses. Here is a good idea with some moments of uproarious fun, but it doesn't score a touchdown. **Reg** in a lunatic asylum, surrounded by nitwits who think they're **Wellington, Robin Hood, William Tell** and other historical characters, gets into about the worst jam of his jammy career. When **William Tell** starts trying to shoot the apple off **Reg's** head, there is a real high point of comedy.

But the story is poorly developed in general, and chances for gags have been missed by the score. **Nora Lane** has little to do as the girl who pretends to be insane to keep an eye on **Reg.** There is a particularly good performance by **Fritz Feld,** as a nut who thinks he's **Paganini. Three** or **Four** more **Performers** of this **Calibre** and a better-developed story would have given **Reg** a knock-out. Too bad.



BLAZE O' GLORY

LOTS OF INTEREST **There is nothing stingy** about the producers of **"Blaze O' Glory."** Contemplating the fact that war stories have uniformly been successful—that murder trials have had their own share of popularity and the back stage stuff is on the crest of the wave—they have decided to offer their public one opus with all three themes. At a quick glance one would hardly imagine that such a **Polyglot** could be of any material worth. But it certainly is **Good** entertainment.

Eddie Dowling, with an **Irish** lilt to an entrancing voice and an **Irish** swagger in his dialogue—is excellent as the boy who leaves for the **Front** on his wedding day—who is gassed saving an enemy soldier from a similar fate—who returns to **America** and **Unemployment**—who imagines his wife unfaithful with the very soldier he had rescued—who accordingly kills the latter—and who stands trial for his life. You'll like **Betty Compson** as **Eddie's** wife—but you'll love **Frankie Darro** as **Eddie's** pal—the boy is immense.



NIGHT RIDE

SETS A GOOD PACE **Here's something new for Joe Schildkraut** fans. **Joe** steps out of his famous characterization of a **Don Juan,** and dons the rusty habiliments of a newspaper man. His adventures while in pursuance of his duty will make your hair stand on end, if you're not too exacting in your demand for absolute faithfulness to real life. At times he does some really **Fine Acting;** at others, as usual, he overacts horribly. But he gives you a pretty good show for your money. **Barbara Kent** looks sweet and puts up a good performance as **Joe's** bride, and **Lydia Yeamans Titus** as her grandmother is splendid.

Credit **John S. Robertson** with doing a **Good Job** with a pretty hackneyed newspaper yarn whose theme is simply that of **"Gentlemen of the Press."** It's not so good as was that profound and realistic talkie, but in its way it is certainly worth the price of admission. **Joe Schildkraut** ends up by having hysterics all over the coastguard station.

Home Town

Richard Dix, For "Pete" Brimmer,

As told by Richard Dix
To DOROTHY CALHOUN







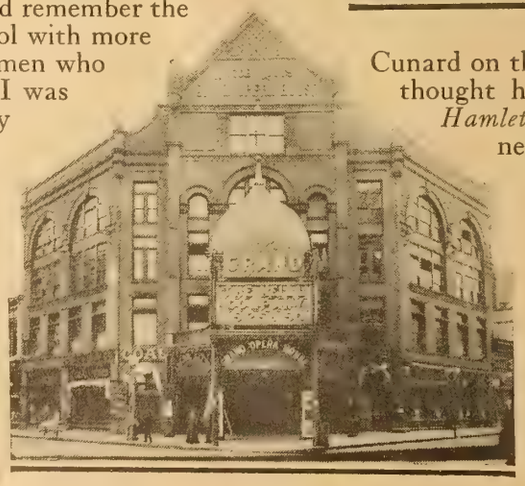
Pratt

Upper left, Richard Dix with his mother; above, looking up Robert Street in downtown St. Paul, which has doubled in size since he lived there; right, the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press, and below, the old Grand Opera House in St. Paul, where he first appeared beyond the footlights

THERE'S something about being sick—downright sick—that makes you sentimental. You begin to think of the good old days, and your innocent boyhood, and the girl with the red curls who sat across the aisle in Cicero class, until it seems that no days since have been so good, and no girls so pretty; and you know darn well that you've never since been so innocent. I was lying in Johns Hopkins Hospital, last summer, recovering from pneumonia, when I read a sentence in the "Life of Poe" that set me thinking. Poe, who, incidentally, died in a hospital, wrote of the longing of the human heart for home, and cried, "You, too,—before it is too late—go back from whence you came!"

Well, why didn't I? I lay on that hard white hospital cot and suddenly Minneapolis and St. Paul seemed nearer and more familiar to me than Hollywood, and I could remember the faces of the boys and girls I went to school with more plainly than the faces of the men and women who had played with me in my last picture. I was eighteen when I left St. Paul. . . how many years ago? My eyes smarted (I had been sick, remember). Where had the years gone? I had meant to come back often, when I set out to find a career on the stage. Where had I been all this time? What had happened to "Skunk" Marshall and "Pete" Valleau and the rest of the gang? Was Marjorie Wellington married? Who was playing at the Grand now? And what had become of one "Pete" Brimmer in all the years when he had been masquerading extensively as Richard Dix.

I made up my mind, then and there, to revisit Minneapolis, to see if I could get back the feeling of being "Pete" Brimmer, the kid who worked on a farm three summers to get muscular enough to go out for the football squad; the fellow who used to take the girls to the Lyric in St. Paul, to see Maurice Costello and Grace Cunard on the screen; the fool youngster who thought he was going to be the greatest *Hamlet* since Booth. (I told you sickness made you sentimental.)



As soon as I could navigate, I went back to Minneapolis, alighting at a new and handsome station. I didn't tell anybody I was coming for a week. I didn't want to get sidetracked into a lot of parties and personal appearances. I wanted to revisit, by myself, every spot I associated with growing up, and simply wallow

Boys and Girls

Returning To Search Finds The Twin Cities Changed



Hommel

in memories. So I took a room in a quiet hotel, under a name nobody would recognize, and for a week I did just what I had planned. I made a tour of my boyhood.

I don't know whether I would advise anyone to do the same thing or not. It stirs up a lot of heartaches. Everything reminded me of my brother, the one human being I was fondest of in the world, the one person who understood and encouraged the stage ambitions of a raw kid that other people laughed at most of the time. He died when I was eighteen, and I've never been back to the twin cities since.



Pratt

Then, of course, everything was changed, different from what I had remembered; and every plate glass window and mirror reminded me that I was changed too; and the girls I had thought I was in love with were married with kids of their own; and the open fields I used to run in were all covered with apartment houses; and they'd built a new High School in St. Paul. This city must have doubled in size since I first went away, and Minneapolis is certainly three times as large; it has developed enormously in every way.

Familiar Scenes

STILL, after a few bewildered days I began to get my bearings. I even found my old home at 1208 Raymond Avenue in St. Anthony's Park unchanged; and the nice little girl who was keeping house with her baby sister, while her mother went to market, let me come in and wander through the rooms (which I remembered as being much bigger). I even thought that I could recognize two of our old pictures on the wall.

And the Murray Grade School, where Sis and I went, is still on Commonwealth Avenue; and the First Congregationalist Church in St. Anthony's Park. Reverend Pressy was the minister in my days—but I'm sorry to confess that I don't know whether he still is or not. I didn't go to church this time. When I was a kid, though, I was a shining light in the Junior League and the midweek prayer meeting.

St. Anthony's Park hadn't changed as much as the rest of Minneapolis. The Agricultural College looked familiar, but our old swimming hole was dried up; and I couldn't locate the "Marshall Mercantile Company," which I knew as "Skunk" Marshall's father's store in the north of the Park, where we used to whangle ice cream sodas and candy after school. The North High School still stands—it was when I was a freshman there that I was first bitten by the stage bug.

Jim Neil and Edith Chapman—yes, the same you know in the movies—were running the stock company at the Grand Opera House in St. Paul, and they thought it would be a good

(*Continued on page 106*)



Pratt



Upper right, Richard Dix, who, on Poe's advice, last year went back from whence he came; in front of him, an aerial view of Minneapolis, a city three times as large as the one he knew; above, Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, on which was located the school of acting which he secretly attended; right, old Central High School in St. Paul, where he earned his football letter

How To Hold - - - - *A Hollywood Husband*

Lilyan Tashman Discloses How It Is, And Has Been, Done

As Told by Lilyan Tashman
To RUTH BIERY



Chidnoff

HOLDING a husband is not a matter of geography; it is an international proposition. Like love. In fact, it is love in its highest fulfilment. But if you can hold a man in Hollywood, you can do it anywhere. Competition here reaches its zenith. Walk down Hollywood Boulevard any hour of the day or night. Did you ever see so much feminine beauty?

Go into a restaurant. Watch the girls who wait upon you. Attend a theater, notice the dainty ankles and legs of the usherettes who seat you. There is no doubt that beauty comes in wholesale lots here, where it is merely retailed in other places, including Paris, the Riviera and Palm Beach.

We, who are women, get accustomed to such pulchritude, but men never. They cannot learn to take beautiful women for granted. And women know this. They realize that they are never a drug on the market of masculine attention, whether the latter be married or unmarried.

Therefore, a wife's problem in holding her man in Hollywood is more difficult in that the women are more beautiful and come in larger numbers.

It is strange that you should come to me on this day to discuss this problem. It is my fourth wedding anniversary. I smile when I remember. We were dashing from here to San Francisco to be married in the presence of Ed's family. I was in an old tweed suit. Ed was in the same nonchalant, indiscriminate type of costume. We had driven all night to make the St. Francis Hotel where the Lowe family awaited us.

A New One for the Cop

WE were rushing through Burlingame at a terrific rate when we were arrested.

"But we're going to be married," Ed lamented.

"That's a new one. I'm used to hospitals and death-beds, but weddings aren't so common. However —"

"Come to the St. Francis Hotel at noon and we'll give you the best wedding breakfast you've ever eaten."

"I'll just take you up on that and see whether this is a gag or the straight goods. In the meantime, I'll take your number."

He let us go—straight to the court house for our license. The judge was an old friend of Ed's father. He wanted to marry us. So right then and there—with the family waiting at the hotel for the ceremony—we were married.

Ed wasn't shaven, I wasn't coiffured. But at that moment these things didn't matter. We were in love with each other.

We are still in love—but would we be if those things hadn't been made to matter in these four years which have followed?

I read of myself again and again as one of the best-dressed women in the city. Undoubtedly, people think I keep myself that way for publicity purposes. Possibly it

(*Continued on page 88*)



Don English

Coming Home With a Shine

Even though it's only on his shoes, Hal Skelly, like many a good fellow, "late to bed, early wise," believes in standing on his own feet, bending an ear toward the stairs when arriving near dawn. If a fellow loses at "just a quiet little game," the wife need never know; also, if he wins. As the title of his latest picture has it, "Men Are Like That"

Handle *Your Own*

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG



What Conrad Nagel Says About Money:

We built our home for our future needs as well as the present ones.

I don't intend to let financial worries interfere with my business as an actor.

If money can't purchase peace of mind, it can't buy anything else so valuable.

Never take a friend's advice on business matters.

I think it very bad for a man to plan for retirement or the time when he will be through.

Photo Ruth Harriet Louise



IN no other place in the world does youth earn the fabulous salaries that are paid in Hollywood. In no other place in the world do youthful salaries rise and fall with such startling rapidity. Nor is there another spot in the universe where young wage-earners live so grandly. In Hollywood royal incomes mean royal living, even though thrones are tottering.

But Conrad Nagel is a sensible exception to the Hollywood of extravagance. Mr. Nagel's income would stack up very nicely alongside that of any prince of royal blood. And certainly his throne is not tottering. He of all the film favorites has a right to live in the grand manner. But simplicity is his rule. He is one of the few actors who are content to live well within his income.

Therefore it seems profitable as well as interesting to get a few tips on the way this young star manages his finances.

"My very first investment was a life insurance policy," says Conrad.

"I took out insurance before I could really afford it—bought it on the instalment plan as it were—quarterly payments, you know. Both my wife and I are strong believers in life insurance, especially for the actor. The policy I took out immediately relieved us of financial worry in event of my disability or death. And, best of all, it compelled us to save regularly and systematically.





Conrad Has His Joke

"FROM time to time I have increased my insurance until now I am covered on every emergency that insurance reaches, which is pretty thorough coverage. It will even take care of me if I should reach a useless old age," he added with a twinkle in his eyes.

"My second investment was a home. It was just a little bungalow in Hollywood, which I still own. My father lives in it now. We made a small down-payment

Top, left: Conrad Nagel, one of the few thrifty stars of spendthrift Hollywood; above, his yacht *Tiberon* which he calls his "second home"; left, above, before the fireplace in his simple "early American study"; left, he may sign fan photos but never pay-checks for a business manager

Money

Conrad Nagel Doesn't Let George or Anyone Else Do It For Him



and obligated ourselves to pay a certain sum of money each month, with a mortgage to be met at a later date. We used to have big celebrations when payments were made, and there was great rejoicing when the mortgage was cleared.

"My home is my life," said Mr. Nagel seriously. "Everything centers around it. So my wife and I built for our future needs as well as the present ones, a house that we would not tire of or outgrow. We chose the location carefully for its future value, and the land has trebled in value, as I found out when I bought the adjacent lot the other day."

Mr. Nagel's house is a stately Southern mansion on a quiet shady street in Beverly Hills. The new lot joins his at the rear so that his property now extends through from street to street. "We are putting in a slick tennis court and swimming pool," he explained enthusiastically. "It will make a fine playground for my small daughter Ruth and be a great place for me to keep myself fit as well."

23 Pictures in 18 Months

MR. NAGEL'S yacht is their second home. They like nothing better than a few days' cruising around the California shore. The fact that Conrad has worked in twenty-three pictures during the past eighteen months has left little time for cruising.

"But the fact that I work so steadily is my own fault," he continued. "You know acting is a business with me. As soon as I have finished with a picture, I look around to find another to get into. Many a time I have gone to the officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and said: 'Why not let me do this part?' and I would suggest a rôle in a picture about to be made. 'You have to pay me whether I work or not. Why pay some one else, when you can have me for nothing extra?' That usually gets me the part.

"The other day, a director friend of mine said, 'Conrad, I certainly was surprised to see you in "The Thirteenth Chair"! 'Oh! Did you really see me in it,' I answered. He was amazed to think that I would play an unimportant part, while in reality I asked to do it. I want the chance to act every sort of rôle. And I don't want long waits between pictures.

"To get back to investments: when I came to the point where I had money to invest for investment's sake, I turned to gilt-edge bonds and a bit of real estate. To my way of thinking, it is impossible to go wrong in buying property in Southern California, especially if the buyer can afford to hang on to it for a while. However, I will never burden myself with a lot of speculative real estate, for that would take up my time and might cause me worry. I don't intend to let financial worries or anything else interfere with my business as an actor, and so I find that bonds offer the best investment for me. I was fortunate in

(*Continued on page 121*)



Top, a relief from the usual Spanish type of home in Beverly Hills is the stately Southern mansion of Conrad Nagel; center, he believes in arbors rather than patios (and in bonds rather than stocks); right, one corner of his extensive library, an investment which he feels has yielded big returns

Giving Their

Do You Douglas Fairbanks Nicholas Ullman? Windsor,

By MARQUIS











What's in a name? From top to bottom, the three men once were, respectively, Rasmus Karl Thekelson Gottlieb, Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonzo, and Richard Van Mattamore; at the bottom, the former Guadalupe Villa Lobos looks up toward the erstwhile Chotsie Noonan

SHAKESPEARE reading clubs may just butter themselves with rage, but the illustrious bard from the Avon was talking through his plumed hat when he said a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Maybe it would in some places. But not in Hollywood.

That jolly old wise-cracker who shouted whenever the doorbell rang, "Don't give your right names," would feel right at home in Hollywood. Very few of the stars do give their right names. Some of them would be hard put to remember their real names, so many changes have there been in the John Henries.

Now the fact that Nicholas Ullman, his wife Gladys Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. John Blythe attended a première would create about as much excitement as last year's revolution in Mexico. But the item would stir the rocking-chair brigade to activity by saying that Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore were among those present. In the strict interest of veracity the first names mentioned are correct. Doug and Mary and John merely followed the time-honored custom of actor-folk of changing names.

Nyiregyhazi

OUTSIDE of the land of the footlights and kleig lights the average mortal is content to go through life bearing the name that was foisted upon him at birth—even if it be Herman Toothacher or Sophie Glutz. Grandpa's mustard plaster sold quite as profitably as if it had been called Clara Vere de Vere's Perfumed Package. Nyiregyhazi is a famous pianist, even if his name is guaranteed to break jaws. A few figures of the literary world have chosen noms de plume, chiefly to escape the white heat of unwelcome notoriety. Michael Arlen had to do it. His real name sounded like something on a foreign menu. The British royal house changed its name to Windsor during the war,

Wrong Names

Know That Is Really And Claire Ola Kronk?

BUSBY





A change in name meant a change in fortune, when they entered motion pictures: from top to bottom the girls were, originally, Dorothy Heermance, Billie La Hiff, Augusta Appel, and Gladys Smith. The lone male was enrolled in college as Robert Clinton Cakes



when German monikers ceased to be fashionable in Allied circles.

The movie stars have made a grand business of the changing of names. These people, basking in the limelight of the world, for reasons of euphony or alimony or what have you, seldom retain their real names. They are married and divorced under another name. Their children take the new name, and usually so do the sisters, the cousins and the aunts. The adopted name is dragged through the mire of newspaper scandal or carried to the lofty peaks of glory as the case may be.

Sometimes the difference between the real and the assumed name causes all sorts of difficulty for the reporters. John Barrymore was divorced from his former wife, Michael Strange (also a new name), under the name of Blythe. Hollywood, not finding any record of a Barrymore divorce, wondered how John could marry Dolores Costello. Ramon Novarro escapes the curious in New York by registering at a hotel under his real name of Samaneigos. Clara Bow, and that's a real name, hides away by adopting a blonde wig and the name of some screen character she has portrayed. Recently she registered in New York as *Stella Ames*, the heroine of "The Wild Party."

One of the Smith Sisters

MARY PICKFORD, for instance, did not believe that Gladys Smith was a good name for the stage and screen. A flowery name like Gladys did not harmonize, so to speak, with good, old-fashioned Smith. She took the name of her grandmother. There are a lot of Smiths in the directories of every city, but it is an extinct family so far as picture people are concerned.

When Mary changed her name, it seemed the simplest thing for her mother, Lottie and Jack all to adopt the new one. Marilyn Miller became Mrs. Jack Pickford, not Mrs. John Smith. Pickford is a magic name in

(*Continued on page 96*)



Elmer Fryer

The ZERO *Hour*

Fighting the battle of the bunkers in the mists of early morning is none other than that recent young bridegroom, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., all alone. A man of the hour, like a minute man, apparently leaves his women-folk at home when likely to run into hazards. Or, though her handsome-profiled husband doesn't seem to mind, perhaps Joan doesn't enjoy being "shot" before sunrise

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."



"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils... the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten

BERLIN



Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin... one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.



"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe... located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,000 famous experts agree

In this shop... in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals... the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives... no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of these oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation ... keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10c



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

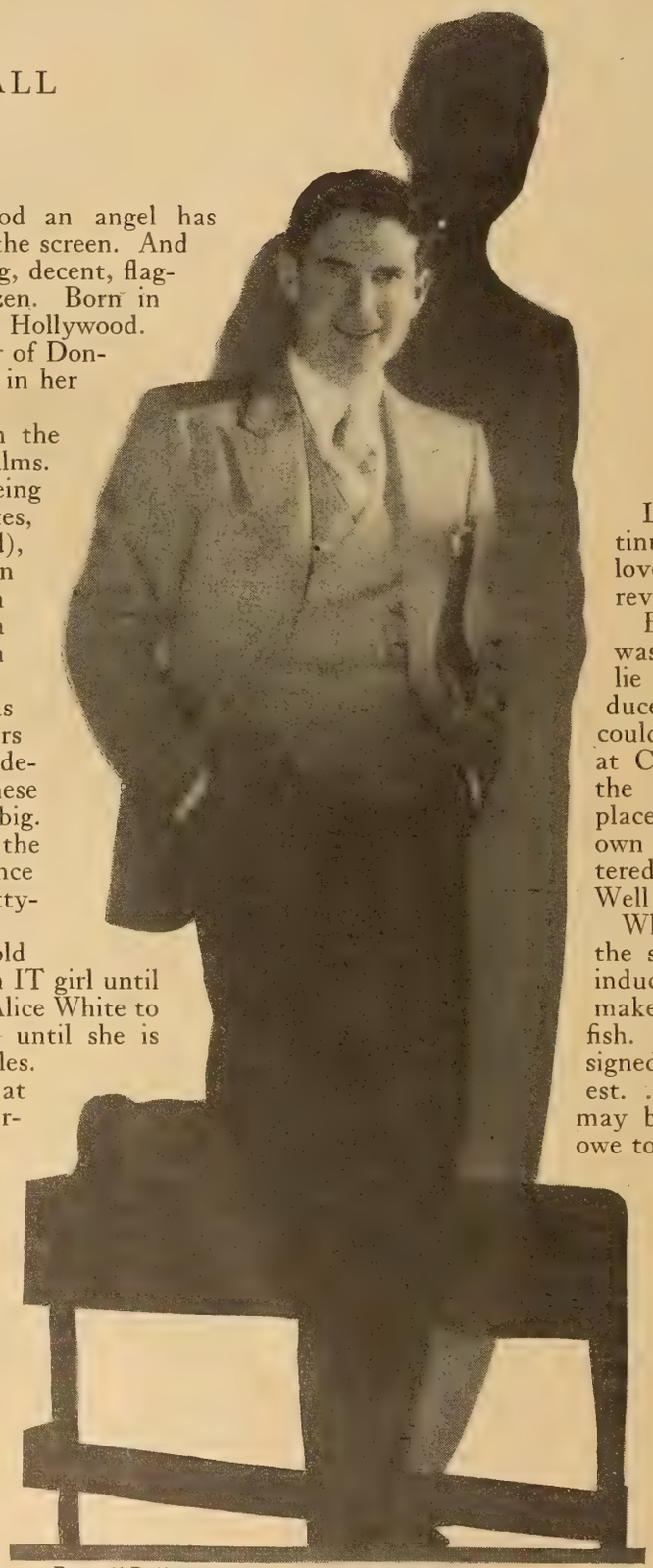
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He's Tired of Being Kissed

BY

GLADYS HALL

Lloyd Hughes Rebels At Last Against Being An Emotional Hatrack



Russell Ball

RIGHT here in Hollywood an angel has revolted. An angel on the screen. And in real life a law-abiding, decent, flag-saluting American citizen. Born in Arizona, raised to manhood in Hollywood. Married to Gloria Hope. Father of Donald. Playing with Bebe Daniels in her newest. Name, Lloyd Hughes.

Lloyd Hughes, who has been the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* of the films. And who is, actually, a human being who likes his cognac and cigarettes, pretty women (not in celluloid), leg shows, a spicy story, his own hearthstone, a chance to be a doer and not a decoration—a man, in person. An angel, in pictures.

The pretty-pretty boy who has never been allowed by producers to smoke, drink or swear has declared that he is going in for all these things. And going in for them big.

It is the same sad saga of the sheep-like grain of Hollywood. Once a pretty-pretty boy, always a pretty-pretty boy. Say they.

The same jelled, set-in-the-mold bias that will keep Clara Bow an IT girl until she has a beard, that will doom Alice White to goo-goo eyes and black teddies until she is ready for red flannels and spectacles.

The narrow, limited route that has caused tragedies and near-tragedies to individuals and to the public.

Constance Talmadge, who began as a comédienne and couldn't stop being funny, though she went down on her bended knees and wept Dusean tears to prove that she could wear the cypress as well as the cap and bells.

Once a Type, Always

BEBE DANIELS, who was almost missed as a potential *Rio Rita* because she had been a sprightly athlete and did not hail from Broadway.

Once a type always a type. Say they. Lon Chaney will continue to don false teeth and take off arms and legs. John Gilbert will swashbuckle and show his bicuspids until he has to buy new ones. Corinne Griffith will be the divine lady, in riches or in rags. And so on.

Lloyd Hughes would have continued to be an emotion-rack for lovely ladies if he had not up and revolted.

Back in the older days when he was playing the small-town, Charlie Ray type of thing, nary a producer would believe that Lloyd could wear clothes. They saw him at Cocoanut Grove, the Biltmore, the polo fields and other swank places and they didn't believe their own eyes. He had played the tattered, small-town boy, hadn't he? Well?

When, finally, he did break into the soup-and-fish, no one could be induced to believe that he could make a fan without the soup and fish. Until Henry Hobart of R.K.O. signed him for Bebe Daniels's latest. . . . Whatever Lloyd Hughes may be tomorrow, he says, he will owe to Henry Hobart.

Lloyd Hughes has done what, assuredly, no other man in Hollywood has ever done.

He has done what no other man in the world would want to do.

He refused point-blank to play with Colleen Moore.

He refused, absolutely refused, to be a kiss-target for Billie Dove.

He put thumbs-down on playing a prop for Corinne Griffith.

He said ta-ta to Doris Kenyon.

Cold to Their Warmth

HE has delivered the ultimatum that if the lovely ladies of the screen wish a convenient lover, they must look elsewhere. From this time forth to be loved by

(*Continued on page 93*)



If rainbows were black and white

Suppose that, since the world began, rainbows had been black and white! And flowers; and trees; Alpine sunsets; the Grand Canyon and the Bay of Naples; the eyes and lips and hair of pretty girls!

Then suppose that, one day, a new kind of rainbow arched the sky with all the colors of the spectrum—that a hitherto undreamt-of sunset spread a mantle of rich gold over the hills.



In "Song of the West," Warner Brothers present all the magnificent beauty of nature, in Technicolor.

Literally, that is what happened to the motion picture screen. Technicolor has painted for the millions of motion picture "fans" a new world — the world as it really is, in all its natural color.

Yesterday is an old story in the annals of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And...yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings—in natural color — in Technicolor.



DOLORES COSTELLO, lovely Warner Brothers star, is even more charming than ever, in Technicolor.

Technicolor *is* natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING the AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallee in revue (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier, Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); PARAMOUNT on PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); The ROGUE'S SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett, Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON of the GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG of the FLAME, with Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray (First National); SONG of the WEST, with John Boles, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); The VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE of the REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy, Armida (Warner Bros.).



SPECIALLY PAINTED BY MARLAND STONE

Richard Barthelmess

»»A VALUABLE FACT TO KNOW:

If pyorrhea ever begins

it will start at The Danger Line

GUARD THE DANGER LINE



MANY WOMEN look with dread upon pyorrhea as a danger that lurks ahead. It is well to know that pyorrhea always starts at The Danger Line. And so . . . as long as this vital line keeps healthy, you can be sure it has *not* begun.

That delicate margin of gum tissue, where the gums join your teeth, is well named The Danger Line. It can allow painful decay or combat it. It can safeguard your teeth and gums or start them towards a diseased condition which may end in rheumatism, nervous and kidney disorders, even heart trouble.

Neglect will injure The Danger Line. At its edge is a tiny wedge-shaped crevice, which your tooth-brush can't penetrate—especially between the teeth. So food particles collect there, ferment and generate acids which irritate the gums and attack the teeth. Notice how often decay occurs at the gum margin. And once the gums become infected and recede, pyorrhea *can* start.

Squibb's Dental Cream will help you safeguard The Danger Line. It contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia — a wonderful antacid. Whenever you use Squibb's, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia are carried into crevices and render acids harmless.

Squibb's cleans thoroughly — at the same time, it is entirely safe. It contains no grit. This is important—for, often, bleeding of gums is no indication of disease, but simply the result of too stiff a tooth-brush or a *gritty, abrasive* dentifrice. Squibb's soothes tender tissue.

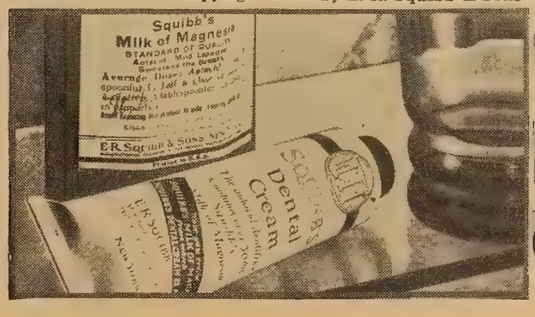
Begin using it regularly. 40c a large tube at any drug store. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

»»»
THE DANGER LINE is the thin margin of tissue where gums meet teeth. Its greatest enemy is acids caused by fermenting food particles that lodge between the gum margin and the teeth. Protect it with Squibb's Dental Cream.



»»»
SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.



Squibb's Dental Cream

Both at Home and in 9 *out of* 10 *Screen Stars use*



Photo by Fred R. Archer

BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star. At home, as in her studio dressing room, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Flawlessly smooth skin is so important to a star. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

You will find that it keeps your

"LOVELY SKIN is absolutely essential for that attractiveness which touches hearts." This is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors from their long experience with picking girls who will be most likely to win and hold the hearts of millions.

"Certainly no girl ever rises to stardom on the screen unless her skin shows flawless in a close-up," these directors all emphatically declare.

Small wonder, then, that of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—not only



Photo by Clarence Hewitt

Above—LOIS MORAN, vivacious blonde Fox star, cares for her skin the same way all of 511 important Hollywood actresses do . . . by using Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Even the finest French Soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does. It's delightful."

Photo by C. S. Bull



Left—ANITA PAGE, young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has the softest, smoothest skin imaginable! And of course she has no qualms about appearing under the intense glaring lights used for the talkies! She says: "I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap! It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢

their Studio Dressing Rooms Lux Toilet Soap . . .

skin at its loveliest, too . . .

at home, in their own luxurious bathrooms, but in their dressing rooms on location.

All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap official for dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl have the very smoothest skin!

The Broadway stage stars, too, have long been using Lux Toilet Soap. And now the continental screen stars—in France, in Russia, in England—have adopted it.

You will love the generous, caressing lather of this fragrant white soap. And the delicate care it gives *your* skin! Order several cakes—today.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

LEATRICE JOY, First National's lovely brunette star, says: "The deliciously smooth skin we mean by 'studio skin' is a great asset to a star. After using Lux Toilet Soap my skin is like satin."



Photo by Bachrach

Above—BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious bathroom especially designed and built in Hollywood for her. Like 9 out of 10 other screen stars, she is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Right—OLIVE BORDEN, tiny Radio Pictures' star, is another of the 511 Hollywood actresses who are enthusiastic about daintily fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the special velvety smoothness we mean by 'studio skin.' I am certainly delighted with it."

and $1.00 *the cake* . . . NOW 10¢



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and Addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

SOUTHERNER.—**Gary Cooper** was born in **Helena, Montana.** He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds and has reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. Not married. You may write the **Gary Cooper Fan Club, 1213 Pennsylvania Ave., North, Pittsburgh, Pa. John Boles Fan Club, Therall E. Fourt, Box 162, Springdale, Wash. Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll, Hugh Allen, Stanley Smith** and **Buddy Rogers, William V. Gage, Jr., 123 Hawthorne, Hot Springs, Ark. William Bakewell** and **Mary Duncan, Blanche Inscho, 214 Clinton St., Findlay, Ohio.**

THE PHANTOM FLYER.—A **Kibitzer** is the passenger who talks back to the motor-cycle cop when you're the one to get the ticket. **Anita Page** was born in **Murray Hill, L.I., Aug. 10, 1910.** She is five feet two, weighs about 120 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Real name is **Pomares.** Playing in **"On the Set," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.**

RALPH S.—**Jack Mulhall** is five feet eleven, **Ralph Graves,** six feet one and **Richard Dix** is one inch shorter than **Ralph. Al Jolson** is about forty years old. **Nancy Carroll** was born **Nov. 9, 1906. Gilda Gray** is not appearing on the stage or screen right now.

JUAN DE LA CRUZ.—I'm standing by. Let's go. **Marceline Day** was born in **Colorado Springs, Colo.,** in **1909.** She is five feet three and has brown hair and eyes. She has been playing in pictures since 1923. **John Barrymore, Feb. 15, 1882.** He's five feet ten inches tall, has brown hair and light eyes. **Joan Bennett, New York City,** about eighteen years ago, five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. **Barbara Kent, Dec. 16, 1909,** five feet one, weighs 105 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is **Cloutman.**

JEAN ARTHUR FAN.—**Jeanne Eagels** died **Oct. 3, 1929. Miss Eagels** was born in **Kansas City** in **1894** and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of seven as **Puck** in **"A Midsummer Night's Dream."** Also played in **"The Mind-the-Paint Girl," "The Crinoline Girl," "Disraeli," "Daddies," "In the Night Watch."** But her best-known rôle was as **Sadie Thompson** in **"Rain." Jean Arthur** is about eighteen years old. **Betty Bronson** was born in **Trenton, N.J., Nov. 17, 1906.**

LIDDO OF MIAMI.—You bet I remember **Florence Lawrence** back in the old **Biograph** days. But don't recall just what happened to her. I have three poses of **John Boles** in stock. It's just too bad that you don't like some of the new finds. You will be seeing plenty of them, now that the talkies are in vogue. **Phyllis Haver** hasn't made up her mind about returning to the screen. Drop in again.

NANCY COSTELLO.—You neglected to give your street address. **John Boles** was born in **Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898.** He's six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes. Married and has two kiddies. He receives his fan mail at the **Universal Studios. Laura La Plante, Nov. 1, 1904.** That is her real name. **Carlotta King** does not tell her age.



Freulich

"La Marseillaise" will be welcomed by all those who saw "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita," because they will again hear John Boles, who owns "the golden voice of the screen." Laura La Plante co-stars with him

TIGARD, OREGON.—**Gary Cooper's** picture **"Medals"** was changed to **"Seven Days Leave."** **Gary** is twenty-nine years old and is still a bachelor. **Mary Brian, Feb. 17, 1908,** five feet two, weighs 105 pounds. Playing in **"Burning Up."** Did you know that **Janet Gaynor** was a stenographer, **Victor McLaglen** was a soldier, **John Barrymore** a poster artist and **Richard Arlen** a reporter, before entering pictures?

BILL OF PATTERSON.—Did you see many football games this season? I'll bet you did. The drawing of **"Old Florida"** you sent was just great, keep up the good work. You'll win the prize, I'm sure. **Alice White** is appearing in **"Show Girl in Hollywood." Corinne Griffith** in **"Back Pay."** Your Dad will be glad to hear that, seeing she is the favorite.

AN IRISH COLLEEN.—From Canada, too. You bet **Morton Downey** is Irish and did the singing in **"Lucky in Love." Winnie Lightner's** next will be **"She Couldn't Say No." Clive Brook** in **"Slightly Scarlet." Sally O'Neil, "The Fire Walker." Warner Baxter** and **Catherine Dale Owen** had the leads in **"Such Men Are Dangerous."**

BRIGHT EYES.—Here again and take it from me, no bother. **Lloyd Hughes** played opposite **Colleen Moore** in **"Ella Cinders." Jack Mulhall, "Orchids and Ermine." George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe** and **Dione Ellis, "Is Zat So."** For the complete casts, kindly send a self-addressed envelope. **Buddy Rogers** is twenty-six years old and has never been married.

NANCY LILLY. — **William Haines** was born in **Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1901.** Six feet tall, weighs 179 pounds, black hair and gray eyes. Appearing in **"Fresh From College." Leila Hyams** plays opposite.

WALTER BYRON FAN.—**Walter** hails from **Leicester, England.** His family have been actors for over two hundred years in continuous succession from his great-great-grandfather. His father is **George Butler,** the comedian, now **Matheson Lang,** in London. His mother, **Dulcie Lawrence,** was a prominent leading woman, until her retirement from the stage a few years ago. Entered the World War and came out a sergeant-major. Played on the stage and screen in England before coming to this country. Was born in 1902.

FLORENCE.—**Eleanor Griffith** was the girl in **"Alibi." Kay Francis, Regis Toomey** and **Stanley Smith** can be reached at the **Paramount Studios. James Murray, Universal Studios.**

(*Continued on page 97*)

Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

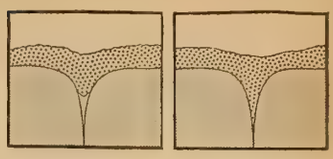


Diagram showing tiny space between two teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleansing them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



ECONOMICAL—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



Half-clean teeth invite decay. Why not have the extra protection of Colgate's, whose penetrating foam enters and cleanses the tiny pits and fissures where decay may start?

Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny pits and fissures of the teeth and gums, softening the impurities which become lodged in these hard-to-reach places and *washing* them away in a surging, antiseptic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans . . . giving your teeth double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best.

Superiority and economy have made Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot possibly cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth, firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean.* Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-619, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.
Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

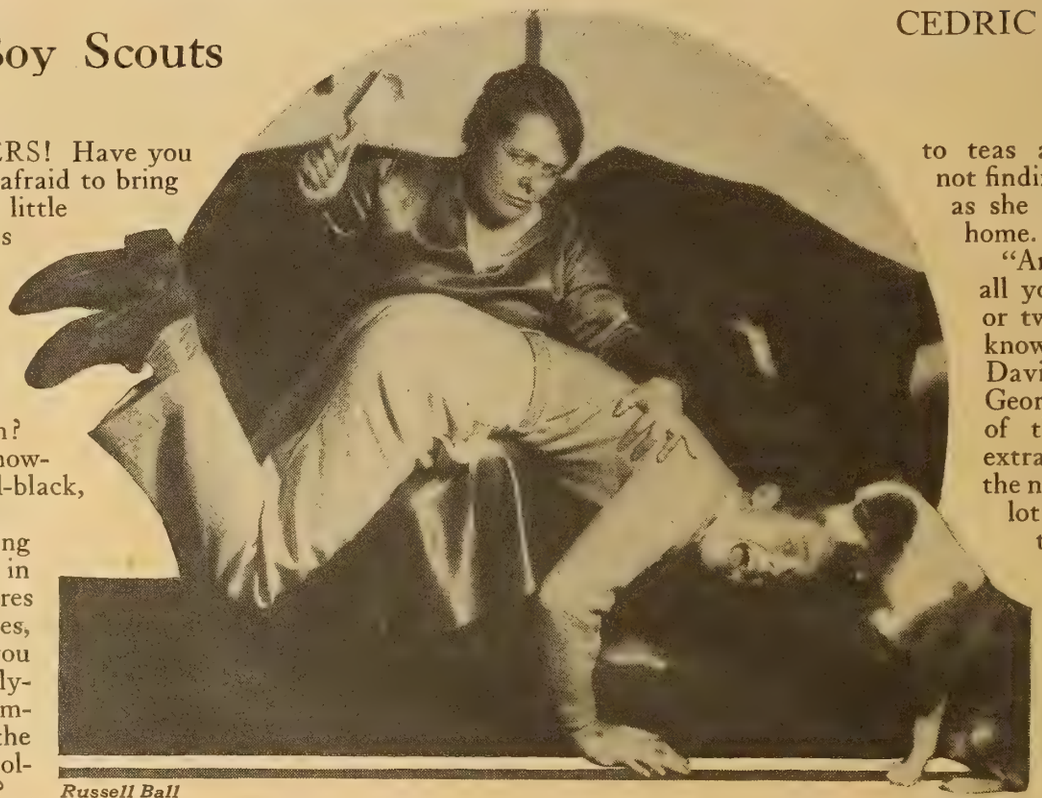
Name .....

Address .....

Must Mama Spank?

Not In Healthy Hollywood Where Actors, Like Arthur Lake, Grow Up To Be Boy Scouts

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Russell Ball

MOTHERS! Have you been afraid to bring your little sons to Hollywood—your so talented and gifted little sons—because of the moral pitfalls that await them? Mammies, snow-white and coal-black, have you?

Are you letting genius starve in the barren pastures of the open spaces, just because you fear that in Hollywood, the Promised Land, the fields of lush dollars are tainted?

In brief, are you scared stiff that little Edgar will go to the devil if you try to cash in at the movie studios on the boy's thespian leanings?

Listen, then, to the sage and miraculous words of One Who Knows. Listen to the experience of one who has done it. Introducing—Mrs. Lake, mother of Arthur Lake, Hollywood's boy wonder.

Why Arthur is Hollywood's boy wonder—apart altogether from his rating as an actor—I leave it to you mammies to see for yourselves.

"He is just twenty-one. The contract he's just signed with R-K-O was the first that I haven't had to sign also. He never drinks and never smokes. The boy uses profanity occasionally—it's only natural, and I don't say anything. If I ever do, he always says: 'Mother—don't be so much of a mother!' He'd rather I was just like a friend."

Thus Arthur Lake's mother on Arthur Lake, after six years of the steady "onward and upward" struggle to movie fame and fortune.

"My girl, Florence, said 'Hell' once, though. And I washed her mouth out with brown soap.

"I very strongly resent anything against Hollywood and against the profession. I was a trouper myself, and so was my husband, and the children have been brought up in the atmosphere of the theater as far back as they can remember. Hollywood is no worse than any other place, so far as I can see. I had a friend here recently from Chicago, and she was surprised to find everything as quiet and decent as it is. She said it was so funny going to teas and things, and not finding a lot of booze, as she always did back home.

"Arthur's friends are all young people, one or two of them well known in pictures like David Rollins and George Lewis, most of them still doing extra work. They're the nicest and cleanest lot of boys and girls that you could find any place. Once when Arthur was at Universal, they called him on the carpet for running around with extras. Arthur just told them: 'They're my friends.' He has never been one to get upstage because of what success he's had. 'Never forget you're a trouper,' I've always taught him. We can forgive anything in our family except that. And Arthur has a motto: 'If you like everybody, everybody will like you.'

"Arthur hasn't a girl and has never had what you'd call a steady girl-friend. He loves 'em all. I always taught him there was safety in numbers. He'll make some girl a mighty good husband, though. I want him to get married, but he hasn't found the right one yet. He has such an awfully sweet and adorable way, when he meets a girl, of comparing her with his sister.

"Why do people go around knocking Hollywood and the picture business all the time? We think there's no place like it. We've always been so happy and contented here. You can't help being happy and contented in this beautiful place. And there are so many nice people in this business. I wouldn't ask any better atmosphere in which to bring up my boy.

"Don't think we haven't had to fight every step of the way to make good here. Arthur hasn't had any influence and nothing has come to him that he didn't have to work for. When he was sixteen, he took some little technical job on the United Artists lot; said he didn't want to be an actor. But his sister got him a part. Then he was given a contract at Universal, and for months on end they'd never give him a thing to do. He used to take extra work, although he was under long-term contract, just to keep doing something.

(*Continued on page 114*)

inconspicuous



MODESS— PREFERRED BY THOSE TO WHOM THE NICETIES ARE IMPORTANT

GRACIOUS softness, a yielding pliancy, rounded sides which cannot irritate, greater absorbency—these refinements are so convincing as to justify this offer: Buy one box of Modess. Unless you are convinced that it is far superior to the kind you have been using, we will refund the price you paid.

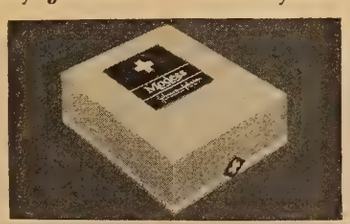
That surprising offer has been read by millions of women. Two have asked us to return their money. And one of the two returned our check, explaining that she had changed her mind and that she was now convinced that Modess was better.

Trained nurses in our employ have interviewed thousands of women. Practically without exception, women who have used Modess tell these nurses that they prefer it because of its greater comfort and efficiency.

We have discovered that the saleswomen in the stores carrying it almost invariably prefer Modess for their own use. This fact alone has influenced many customers to try Modess.

Modess superiority is due to three basic improvements. The filler is made of a substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. It is fluffy like cotton, highly absorbent, disposable, and vastly more comfortable. The sides are smoothly shaped and rounded—no edges to irritate. A specially softened gauze is used, which is meshed with a film of downy cotton. The ends are rounded to conform.

These few simple proofs that every woman who tries Modess is impressed by its fineness will, we hope, encourage you to test it yourself. And then, if you are not convinced that Modess is softer and finer in every way, tear off front of the box, write on it your name, address and the price paid, and mail to us. We will return your money.



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N.J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

modess



Elmer Fryer

Chic's *Chic* Sister

Being none other than Virginia Sale, who, like her brother Charles, specializes in impersonations, but unlike him has not yet attained literary fame by writing of a specialist. At the left she would have you believe she is a Little Lost Studio Child; while at the right, she pulls the end of the charcoal moustache of a Turk who has ambitions to be a sheik

Look for this SIGN

People are learning that there's a difference in SOUND QUALITY



THEATRES equipped with the Western Electric sound reproducer are featuring that fact in lobby, programs, and newspaper advertising. Exhibitors display the name because the Western Electric sound system assures reproduction in the same clear and life-like tones which went into the making of the picture.

The satisfaction you have enjoyed in listening to your favorite actors and productions on the stage can now be duplicated by hearing their voices reproduced with absolute fidelity in the sound picture. But there is a vast difference in the quality of sound. People are learning to discriminate in selecting theatres for their sound equipment as well as for stars and pictures shown.

Western Electric made your telephone. Its experience in voice-transmission apparatus was indispensable in this similar problem — the Sound Picture. That is why the Western Electric sign in a theatre is your assurance of quality.

Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

THE VOICE OF ACTION

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE



R. H. Louise

A P*lace in the* Sun

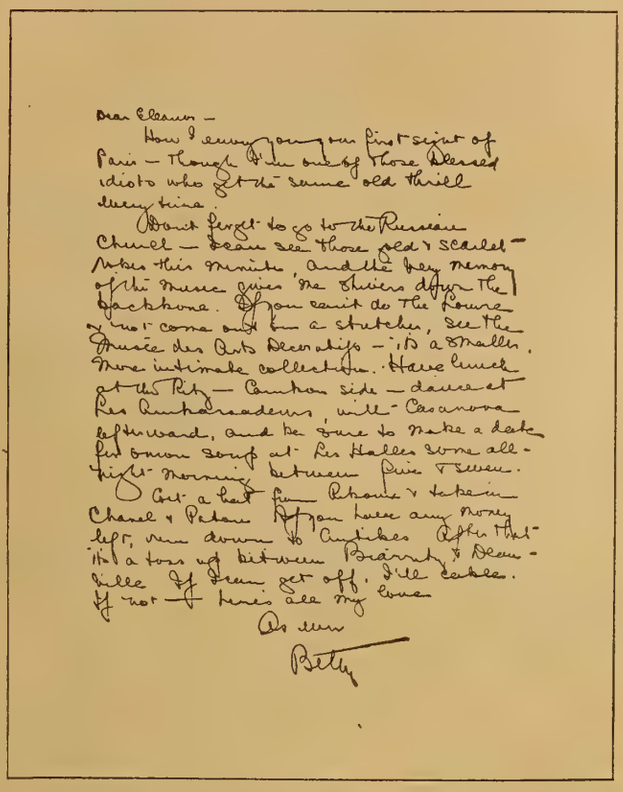
Referring not only to the bright spot where Charles Bickford is outglaring the sun, but to the position he has already attained in the cinema constellations, though only recently borrowed from Broadway. Back to a Broadway play does he go for his next appearance —opposite Greta Garbo in O'Neill's "Anna Christie"

WIN $1000.00 WITH YOUR PEN

Enter this $2850.00 prize letter-writing contest . . . 355 awards; Cash prizes range from $1000.00 to $10.00



When a friend removes to a near-by city . . . or starts on a trip around the world . . . or leaves for her vacation, your hearty wishes for new happiness go with her. But what a glow it will bring to her heart to find that you have taken the trouble to write her a note about it. So small a thing to do, but how much it means! And if you haven't such a friend, you will have some day, so write the letter now, for practice. Besides, the Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.—which probably made the stationery that is on your desk this very minute—will award $700 in prizes for the eighteen best farewell letters, and *one hundred additional prizes* of Eaton stationery. Breezy, informal, yet informative is the bon voyage letter above, which Miss Betty Thornley, the fashion magazine writer, sent recently to another young voyageuse. It may serve as an interesting example to you. Read how simple it is. Then get out your writing paper. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.



Dear Eleanor —

How I envy you your first sight of Paris — Though I'm one of those blessed idiots who get the same old thrill every time.

Don't forget to go to the Russian Church — Beam see those gold & scarlet — Mass this minute, and the key memory of the music goes the Riviera after the Jackstone. If you can't do the Louvre now come out on a stretcher, see the Musée des Arts Décoratifs — it's smaller, more intimate collection. Have lunch at the Ritz — Counter side — dance at Les Ambassadeurs, with Casanova afterward, and be sure to make a date for onion soup at Les Halles some all-night morning between 5 and 7 a.m.

Get a hat from Rhoda & take in Chanel & Patou. If you have any money left, run down to Cannes. After that it's a toss up between Brainerd & Beam-Wille. If Beam get off, I'll cable. If not — I have all my love

As ever

Betty

Miss Betty Thornley (in private life, Mrs. Edward Gordon Stuart) lives in New York. Her recipe for enjoying it to the full—judging by her numerous travel articles—is to leave it as often as possible.



TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

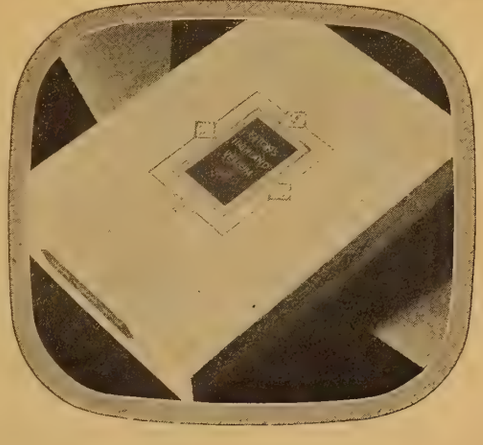
IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.



In Eaton's Highland Vellum, Eaton, Crane & Pike have introduced a writing paper so unusually fine that it can scarcely fail to win your approval. The surface is velvety. The colors are in exquisite taste: blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory and white. The decorative motives are distinctive, and for gift purposes, it may be had in richly decorated boxes. Briefly, it is such a paper as you would expect the makers of Eaton's Highland Linen to offer you. Smart and modern, it is quite reasonable in price. 50 cents to $3.50, wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

EATON'S *HIGHLAND VELLUM*
HIGHLAND LINEN

How to Hold a Hollywood Husband

(*Continued from page 66*)

does help in that line, but my underlying purpose is Mr. Eddie Lowe in person. No matter how many svelte women he may see in the studio or on the street, in restaurants or theaters, if he comes home to find his wife more svelte, the comparison cannot help but be in my favor. If we go to an opening and others remark on my gown, his pride is as natural as love is at its inception.

Keep Your Feathers

A MAN may fall in love with a woman who pays little attention to her external appearances. There may be other attractions. But will he stay in love with her—will his pride allow his devotion? Many women reverse this procedure. They dress daintily and smartly before marriage, realizing that male birds often study the feathers. Then, when they have caught their partner, they forget that the feathers have been a contributing attraction. That is dangerous. If you dressed well before marriage, you should dress twice as well after it. I may not be as beautiful as many women in this city. But a woman does not need to be beautiful to be attractive. And the part that clothes play in a woman's allure simply cannot be overestimated. I might have to go without every other luxury, but I would never go without the clothes which would definitely place me as the equal of other women whom my husband is seeing.

These are not new and startling facts which I am giving. They are old bromides — but bromides to which are paid too little attention. My four years of marriage have proved that they are laws which no woman can afford to break in holding a man close to her.

"Make yourself so completely indispensable to a man that he cannot get along without you." Not new, but true. True to the very last letter.

No matter how busy a woman is, she always has more time than a man. I don't know why. It is just the difference between the masculine and the feminine. And the things which he never has time for are the things which I do for him.

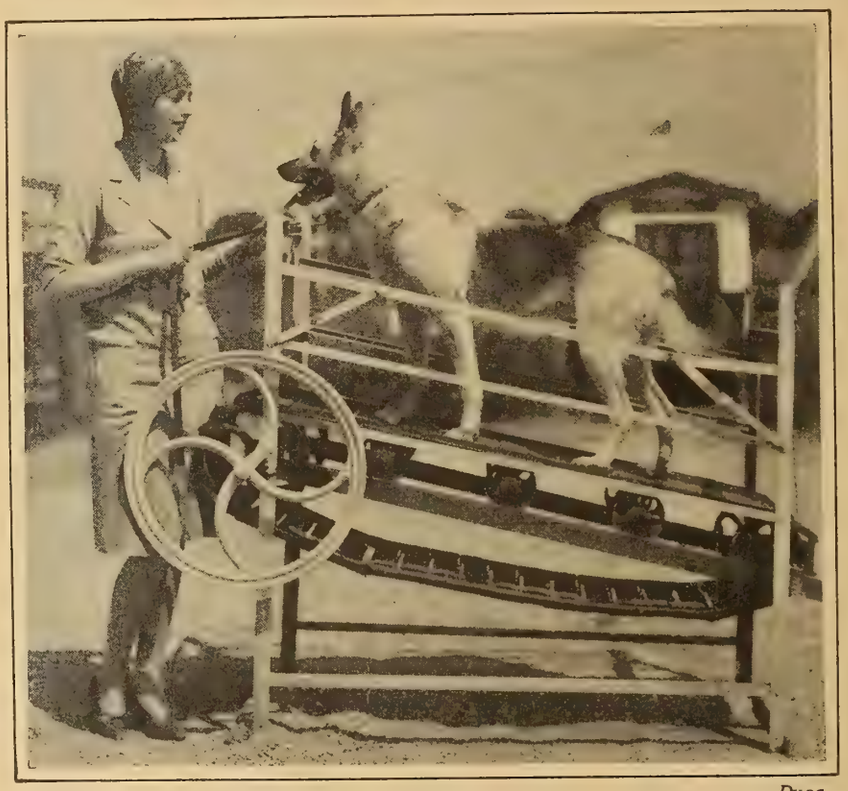
Take the simple matter of payments coming due. He'd forget them nine times out of ten. I always remember. Now, he doesn't have to remember.

Clothes. He managed to buy his own before he met me, but now he thinks he must have me along with him.

Her Judgment a Necessity

EVERYONE must have someone from whom to seek advice on both pertinent and tiny matters. Ed never decides on a story unless he seeks my judgment. That is natural. I am the person closest to him. But if I had just once said, "I am too busy with my own picture," would he have still come to me? I never give him the opportunity to find out that I'm not essential.

Oh, there are a lot of little things that come under this category. My in-laws are extremely fond of me. When a woman cannot get along with her husband's family, it is her own fault. It chances that I was naturally fond of Ed's people, but if I hadn't been, I would have seemed fond of them and taken care to make them like me. That blood is thicker than water is no platitude, either. A family has had a man for many years before a wife gets him. They are blood-relations. Women so often feel that marriage gives them a blood-relationship, a claim greater than a man's family. That is ridiculous. If his family adores his wife, his adoration is proportionately greater. And his respect for her cleverness knows no limitations.



Dyar

Putting him through his paces: Kay Francis exercises the canine without exercising herself. This treadmill, the desideratum of all apartment house dog-owners, is part of the equipment of a dog-training school near Hollywood

Just one more way, really, of making herself indispensable to him, this your-family-likes-me hold upon him.

If you sit down to analyze it closely, probably a man could get along just as well without a woman. But he doesn't think he could. And it's what he thinks that is the crux of the situation.

Separations? I don't believe in long separations, for the very simple reason that a man can get just as unused to a woman as he can get used to her. I have just advocated that a woman should make herself indispensable to a husband. If she goes away for too long or sends him away, might he not find she is not indispensable?

Three or four days, certainly. Or a week even. That is just long enough for him to get thoroughly annoyed that she is not there to do the things she usually does for him; to cuss because he has no one to whom he can tell his day-by-day experiences.

The Peril of Separation

BUT longer? It is human nature that he must talk to someone. And what man will turn to another man when he can find a sympathetic woman? This is no reflection upon any specific man. It is simply man nature. It isn't that he wouldn't prefer his own wife. Most men would. But it's because his own wife isn't there. He has no preference in the matter.

I know many marriages which would have been perpetual until "death did them part" had it not been for long absences from one another when they just naturally became as unused to each other as they had become used while they were constantly together.

There can be intimacy without over-familiarity between any couple. This goes for cottage or mansion. We sleep in the same room. I believe that it helps to a more complete understanding. It is less easy to hold a grudge. And no grudge should be held overnight between any couple. Settle the matter and then forget it. It's against the rules of human nature to sleep in the same room with a person and hold a feeling of hatred. With a wall between you — yes. But with the face that you know that you love—well, it would make me lose sleep and I cannot afford that in my profession, nor can any woman in any profession who has respect for her appearance as it will be the next morning.

My husband supports me. I am a professional woman, but I believe all women's problems are psychologically alike whether they are professional or unprofessional. A man likes to have that protecting feeling. I don't mean by this that a woman shouldn't co-operate when it is necessary. I buy luxuries frequently which I do not believe that I should ask Ed to provide for me. But Ed's money keeps the house, pays the servants, provides the cars and clothes me. He likes to feel that I am his wife and that he cares for me, no matter how much money I may be earning.

The Man Comes First

MY work comes second to his. No, this is honest. I gave up an excellent opportunity on the stage to come here and marry Ed. I had no idea whether I could make a go in pictures or not. I knew nothing about them. I have given up numerous picture engagements because they would take me away from him for too long a period. If he is in a picture and has worked hard all day, I would never dream of dragging him to a party in the evening.

I have never held a husband elsewhere but in Hollywood, but I feel certain that I could do it anywhere in the world after four years of Hollywood training.

What type of girl is "glorified" today?

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage



JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ON THE STREET, out for a stroll—the most stylish and chic women are the pictures of health. There is confidence in their carriage, grace in their movements. Yes, there is the suggestion of slimness about them, but one would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimness"—that describes them. They set the fashions.

Today it is fashionable to be healthy. Never was there a more sensible fashion. For with health comes true beauty and true happiness.

Nothing is more important to health than wise eating. The gay parties with their soft, sweet foods; the numerous days of "dieting to reduce"; the quickly eaten meals of today—are nearly all lacking in roughage—one important element that means so much.

Without adequate bulk or roughage in the diet, improper elimination usually occurs. It, more than any other one thing, is responsible for lack of health, for premature aging, for the backaches, listlessness and other common ills that take away the joy of living.

Yet this trouble is so easy to relieve—and prevent. One delightful food product is guaranteed. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

You can eat it in many delicious ways. As a cereal, eat it with milk, with fruits or honey. In orange or other fruit juices. Sprinkled over salads—in soups—or cooked in bread, muffins, etc.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains an abundance of iron, the blood builder. It gives color to the complexion, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. It is a health essential!

Isn't this much better than taking pills or drugs that may undermine the health? Avoid habit-forming cathartics that do not provide permanent relief!

Make Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your daily diet. It is the safest and best way to be sure of getting the correct amount of roughage to keep healthy. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a vital addition to any reducing diet. Thousands of physicians know its benefit and recommend it to their patients for diet and health. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Glory Comes High

(*Continued from page 33*)

would help her to the fame which usually comes to maturity, when she was yet a child—would devise a short-cut to it. She did not know men. She would not have been expected to know them at that age if she had been in any other city or business.

Barbara La Marr died. "Too beautiful to live," a judge told her. Ah, the pity of it! Perhaps, if she had returned to the small town where she originated, there would have been men, too. Beauty is always a magnet. But these men could only have offered her love and money. They could not have dangled before her eyes the allure of fame, that undefinable power whose craving is greater than morphine or liquor. In another city, she might have lived to fulfil the promise of the unusual face which God gave her.

Mabel Normand, in her sunny living-room, watches the familiar roads of Beverly Hills on which live the famous and near-famous. I wonder, often, what her thoughts are. Does she hate or does she pity the others who walk so fearfully upon them?

Fear! The predominating emotion of the youth who overcrowd this profession.

A child knows fear concretely. The dark dogs that bite, fathers who use old-fashioned flogging methods. Specific fears which are momentary. When the ogre has passed, it is forgotten.

Middle-age knows it. Bills, waning love, a thwarting of some cherished desire. Less definite than the child's but still tangible somethings which explicitly threaten.

But youth should not know it. Youth which rides roller-coasters and drives automobiles with reckless abandon, which seeks love so that it may enjoy the heartaches as well as the ecstasies it brings them. Fear should not be in its vernacular.

In Hollywood it is the very basis of their language. Mary Miles Minter watching bad publicity and trouble push her slowly but surely to a hidden retreat in Paris. Anita Page, Sue Carol, Clara Bow, watching the pounds with eyes which cloud with worry if one extra ounce has crept upon them.

Scanning Their Beauty

THERE is not a bathroom in Hollywood which does not have weighing scales. Should youth have to worry about one pound one way or another?

There is not a house in Hollywood which has not the best in mirrors. The furniture may, if pocket-book demand it, remain old stuff but the mirrors must be the latest. One wrinkle, one shadow beneath the eye—and fear brings both to even those who have not reached twenty.

Oftentimes when they are at the age when they should be completing The Little Colonel or Horatio Alger series, these young folk are rushing to the corner drug store to buy the magazines and newspaper which may have words about the movies in them. They thumb the pages anxiously. Are their names mentioned? Have their pictures reached the front pages? Has anything unkind been said about them? Fear. Fear that the public may not hear anything or that it may hear one sentence which is not to their glory.

Romance is an inheritance of youth. One to be cherished and cultivated. And the culmination of romance is marriage; the culmination of marriage is children.

In Hollywood youth has its romance just as a department store has its display in a window. When Carl Laemmle, Junior, took over the helm at Universal, he forfeited going out with girls because he thought it



Dyar

Keeping his wife in the shade: now that Richard Arlen is a star, people may very likely begin to think of her, not as Jobyna Ralston, but as Mrs. Arlen

undignified for an executive to be heralded in love with one woman after another. What? Romance undignified for a youth but a little more than twenty?

Lupe Is Wounded

MARRIAGE. Youth has a right to try marriage. If Lupe Velez wishes to marry Gary Cooper, it is her inherited youth privilege. The fact that she comes from one country and he from another is their business. But Gary's admirers pen long letters storming against the union. Just before Lupe left for Florida she begged me never to mention their names together. "It has hurt us both," she told me.

It took Joan and Doug, Jr. two years to train the world to the idea of their union. Then they risked fame, to some extent, when they did it.

Children. Colleen Moore has built a huge house in Bel Air. She has a husband. So have Corinne Griffith, Betty Compson, Lilyan Tashman and a score of others. But where are the children who should make of Colleen's house—and the houses of the others—a home? Surely, Colleen would like to have children. She has spent years collecting furnishings for a doll house. Doesn't that tell you something? Women who collect dolls do not often spurn, by nature, children.

Colleen has sacrificed her youth to her profession. Will the fame and the millions which it heaped upon her compensate for the little life which assuredly might have been hers when the first flush of real love united her with another?

A famous picture woman told me her love-life recently. Told it in full. Revealed that she had a girl who is seven. I left that interview, elated. It was a scoop. The world did not know that this girl-woman had a baby. I would startle it with the announcement. The story was written, sent to New York City. The woman called me a week later. "Come over quickly, will you?"

"Won't you please strike out that part about the baby? I didn't realize that I can't tell it. It would ruin me. I play young romantic leads. Now, I have no husband. I thought if I told the world it would be better. The child doesn't understand why I keep her hidden. She's getting old enough to ask about it. I thought if the world knew, I could take her to places with me. I could give her what she has the right to demand—a real mother. But I can't. If I do, I may be killed on the screen and I must have money to keep her. She's there. I have to support her."

I wired New York, "Kill the baby in so-and-so's love-life."

"Kill" the baby. A newspaper term but how unwittingly I had struck on a Hollywood youth-term. Kill the baby. How many of them have been killed for the sake of the profession?

Two Heritages Denied

MY heart ached for the woman. She is in her early twenties. The baby is seven. Not only is her own heritage wrecked—the heritage to show to the world her fondest possession—but in this case the heritage of the second generation is ruined. That child has a right to claim her mother. A right to use her mother's name. But she also has the right to be clothed and fed. And she may not have the latter right if she claims the first which life owes her.

And there is still another side to this story. The pathos of youth becomes, eventually, the pathos of woman. Gloria Swanson is not very old. Yet she has had what life usually offers only to the very few during its entire duration. If Gloria should die tomorrow, she would pass away with the feeling, "I have lived. There is nothing I do not know. I have experienced every emotion. 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

(*Continued on page 95*)



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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Strange As It May Seem

(*Continued from page 35*)

there." And Marilyn Miller said flatly, "I will never make a motion picture." But of course all this was back in 1924 when Bessie Love was still a has-been.

"I guess I'm through," said Bessie Love sadly. "They don't seem to want me any more." And as for Lila Lee, you couldn't have given her contract to anybody.

It was just about this time, too, that Mary and Doug announced that they would never make a picture together. It would be bad business for both of them. They each had their separate fields. Why shouldn't they stick to them? Besides, there was no story that gave them an equal opportunity. Now they have just completed their first co-starring film, "The Taming Of The Shrew." Both Mary and Doug. And they said—but never mind!

Good-Bye and Hello

REMEMBER when Constance Bennett left the screen "for good"? She was quite a box-office bet at the time she married Phil Plant, the multi-millionaire, and for that reason the public was ready to believe her threat of retirement. But what is that before me? If it isn't an announcement from the Pathe studio that Constance Bennett has just completed "This Thing Called Love" then I'm an ingénue.

When Sue Carol arrived in town two years ago, she came as a visitor. When a society reporter stopped her at the Cocoanut Grove to inquire about her picture ambitions, she merely drew her sable wrap more closely about her. "Thanks for the idea," she smiled, "but I'm not interested."

And Lon Chaney fooled us, too. The confidence I had in Lon has been shot to bits. Right after he made "The Miracle Man," he said: "I don't want to play another crippled or grotesque rôle before the camera. I am an actor—not a contortionist. I hope I never become a type. I would refuse any starring offer made under those circumstances." Anybody who has seen Lon in possession of all his members since that statement will please write—or forever hold his peace.

One year ago, to this date, Marian Nixon told me she was through with matrimony for good. "Once is enough," is the way she put it. Imagine my embarrassment when she became engaged to an actor, a director and a millionaire almost simultaneously. At the present writing she has recently returned from touring Europe on her honeymoon with Edward Hillman, the millionaire.

Then again—what about all the publicity that went out when Ruth Taylor was chosen for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"? 'Twas Anita Loos herself who said: "Here is a girl who will be a tremendous star in pictures. She has an appeal that is entirely different. She wears clothes, she photographs, she has everything. This is starring material if I ever saw it." It must have been that Ruth was too good. Anyway, I haven't seen her about lately.

What! Short Hair?

WASN'T it Jobyna Ralston and Olive Borden who said that they would "Never cut their hair as long as they were in pictures"? Joby added: "Girls with bobbed hair all look alike." And Olive was of the impression that she wasn't the type. Now they're both running around with shorn tresses. Olive's is cut like a boy's and Joby's is a little longer—what was that stuff about "never"?

And, of course, you remember Phyllis Haver's crack: "I'll never marry a man outside the motion picture industry because I want to stay on the screen as long as I live"? You say you remember that? Well, then you probably also recall that our Phyllis did us dirt about six months ago and joined that vast army of "I've quit the screen for ever." For once, strange as it may seem, a girl kept her word and fooled us. And all of the king's horses and all of the king's men can't coax Phyllis back to the studios of Hollywood. She's a New York bride and a happy one.

A story such as this would not be complete without the glaring example of Marguerite Clark. She left the screen in the dim, dark past—at least, it was long enough ago that we may truthfully say: She left the pictures for ever and ever and she has never returned.

Or take the case of Edwin Carewe. Not many months ago his third wife divorced him and the complaint was long and hearty about the cruel things that the said Mr. Carewe had done. The divorce was granted and they went their separate ways—Mrs. Carewe was sure she would never enter the marriage relation again. Now they are married again. To each other. And strange as it may seem—Mr. Carewe has married his third wife for the second time.

Dick Arlen's Reversal

AND Dick Arlen! It isn't long ago that I was over at the studio interviewing him. At that time he was emphatic in his tone when he said: "Never as long as I live do I want to be starred in a picture. In fact, I believe that I have the only contract in the business that forbids the studio to star the party of the first part. I wouldn't ever consider a contract in which I was to be starred. It is too much of a load for a fellow to carry. If the picture is a flop, the star is blamed. And besides, there is just as much chance to be the star of a picture without the billing as there is by being known as the star." A week ago Dick signed a starring contract with the same studio for a period of five years.

Do you remember the name of the star who said: "If I ever see my popularity waning—I will quit the screen forever"? For the moment I can't recall the exact person. Or maybe it was more than one. But if you will search back, you will perhaps come to the conclusion that someone or other not only once said those very words but she is still cavorting about in pictures. And if your memory is extra good, you'll realize that it is really years after her popularity has waned to the last bit of recognition. Most of them like Tennyson's *Brook* want to go on forever.

Yes—there are literally hundreds of illustrations that one might use if space permitted. Hollywood has made a lot of rash promises and predictions that have failed to materialize. But they will go on making them as usual—and, strange as it may seem, they will be just as good as these.

They never know—and you never know—what they may do or say next. But to keep you informed about what of note they have most recently said or done, MOTION PICTURE's writers are constantly on the alert maintaining the magazine's habit of being first with the news, first in its views, and first in the hearts of its countrymen.

The Progressive Magazine of the Screen

MOTION PICTURE

The Oldest—The Newest—The Best

He's Tired of Being Kissed

(Continued from page 74)

these lovely ones will be inconvenient for Lloyd Hughes.

In fact, so embittered is Lloyd by the rôles to which it has pleased the producer-gods to call him that he can't even see that the lovely ladies are lovely.

He didn't get a kick out of kissing Billie Dove. He says, "glug, glug," when you mention the pulchritude of Corinne Griffith. He is cold to the warmth of Mae Murray and silent on the screen subject of Colleen. He learned about women from them—to his own undoing.

He knows that if these lovely ladies could possibly make love to themselves on the screen, they would do so. And thus acquire all the camera angles, all the footage and all the glory. Since this is hardly possible, they have to have a pretty-profiled leading man on whom to drape themselves. They have to have a tall, well-dressed, plausible looking clothes-rack on which to hang their high-priced emotions.

"For that," said Lloyd Hughes succinctly, "is precisely what I have been for some time past—a clothes-rack for the women stars. A prop. A sap. I'm through. If I never work again so long as I live, I'll never play parts of that type again. If you can call them parts. And if there is anything else to play.

Scrubbed Sub-Titles

"AS a matter of fact, they were not parts. There was nothing I could do about them. I was never allowed to be wicked on the screen. I was not permitted to smoke, drink or swear. In the days of the silent picture even my sub-titles were cleaned up for public consumption.

"If the lady I was playing with liked her full face better than she did her profile, she used my profile. If she liked her profile better than her full face, she used my full face. She would say, 'You look all right any way you're photographed. It doesn't matter to you.' Nothing was supposed to matter to me. I was reaching the stage where nothing did.

"Women are always clever. Screen stars are no exceptions to the rule. They never said to me in so many words that they wanted me to be nothing but a rack, a prop, a profile. They didn't intimate by so much as a gesture that I was never to try to dominate a situation or put across a definite characterization.

"No, they never said a word. But the director did. Many words. And to the point. And the point was always, 'Remember, this is the star's picture.'

"It didn't make any difference about the story. It didn't matter whether it was written for a man or for a woman. The woman star's part was emphasized.

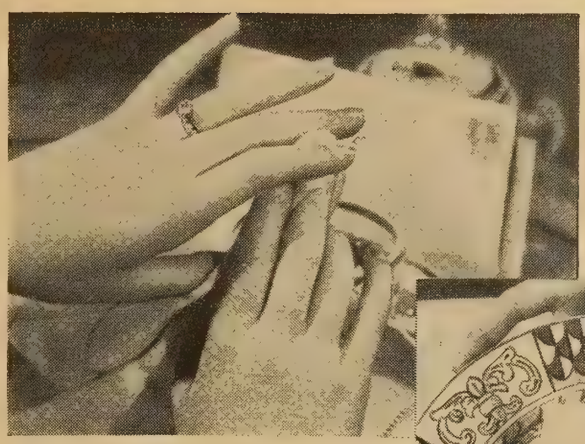
Stardom Does Matter

"IF you are co-featured with a woman, it is not quite so bad, of course. Stardom makes a great difference. Many differences. When a woman is only a leading lady, she takes direction and shares things. When she becomes starry, she tells the scenarist how to write, the director how to direct, the men in the studio how to light her, the cameraman how to photograph her.

"I will say that Colleen is the least starry of any star I have ever played with. She is an exceptionally sweet and regular person. It's just the way things are.

"And there is, besides, nothing in the world so difficult to play as a good man. There is nothing you can do about it. Not a gesture to be made. Not a bit of business to get over. And when there is—it is lost on the cutting-room floor.

"Do *Women with Maids have* Lovelier Hands?"



(Below) Actual photograph of the lovely hands of a woman who does all her own work—gives her hands the simple beauty care described below.



(Above) The hands of a woman whose 3 maids relieve her of all housework. (Actual photograph.)

We asked 305 Famous Beauty Shops . .

"Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?"

WE put this question to the experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country . . . here is the answer they gave us—

"With all our experience we *cannot* distinguish between the hands of the woman who has servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan. Lux gives real beauty care."

Right in your dishpan

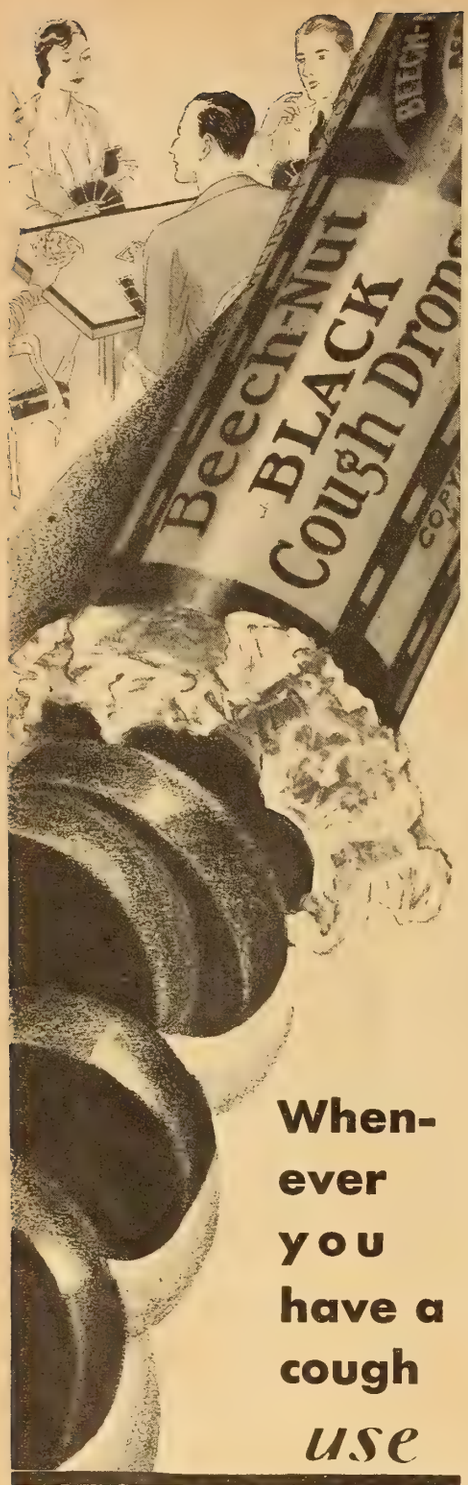
Isn't it wonderful to know that right in your dishpan you can have beauty care for your hands? . . . that Lux for all your soap and water tasks means hands as truly lovely as those of the woman of leisure and wealth?

Here is the reason—Lux suds are so very gentle and bland they protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. In spite of housework!

And remember—this beauty care costs almost nothing! Lux for your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day—Lux for dishes



Whenever you have a cough use

Beech-Nut
BLACK
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A cough drop with an agreeable flavor

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LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

You See It Was This Way

(*Continued from page 55*)

production not only had nothing to do with its failure, but had told you so from the very start. The only odd thing is, that if the picture had been a riotous success they would have been solely responsible and would also have told you so from the start. That just shows what a good alibi artist you have got to be to qualify for long life and success in the movie studios.

Hollywood's experienced alibi artists are much too good at it to be caught alibi-ing when it isn't necessary. For instance, if you happen to catch the preview of a new picture one evening, and next day run into a member of the company or staff who hasn't yet seen it, there is no use asking point-blank: "How much say did you have in the production?" His come-back will be: "How did you like it?" And when you have told him, he'll know the answer to your question.

Never Enough of Themselves

ACTORS, however well they may show up in a picture, always have an alibi to explain why they weren't even better. "They cut the whole of my best sequence, old man," they will say, regardless of how much you may compliment them on what remains. If they have been cut almost or entirely out of the picture, there is always an alibi which is supposed to make your blood boil with indignation. "Old man, the fact is, the director was sweet on the girl who played my wife, see, so of course my best close-ups had to be cut"—or something of that kind.

One young man picking up a precarious livelihood from movie acting is well known to be overly fond of the cup that cheers, but his alibis are definitely one of the seven wonders of the world. Although he is continually losing jobs, even half-way through production, because he arrives at the studio in sponge-like condition, he will always indignantly deny that he has touched a drop for the last six months. His reasons for losing out are many and varied—they have to be—but he is never at a loss. Always he emerges from these tales as a terribly abused hero. On one occasion recently he explained that they had put him to act opposite some blonde who had been put in by the director and who knew less than nothing about acting. The actor, according to his story, finally lost patience. "Either she goes or I go," he said to the director, who of course was absolutely heartbroken at the idea of losing his best player, but couldn't afford to get in wrong with the blonde who knew where a lot of bodies were buried. So the abused actor, amid general tears, left the production. At least, that was the way he told it.

Bad Team-Work

IT frequently happens that players are cast for a part, the assignment is announced in the papers, and then, either before production begins or after it has been going a few days, they are replaced by someone else. The usual high level of Hollywood alibi artistry is generally found in these cases, but unfortunately there are times when the studio and the player concerned fail to get together on what they are going to say. In nineteen such cases out of twenty, the real cause for dismissal is either genuine or imagined incompetence, so it is as much to the advantage of the studio, who wouldn't like it thought its casting was faulty, as of the artist to produce some entirely polite alibi.

The worst-bungled affair of this kind was that of John Barrymore's production, "Tempest," in which there were altogether four leading ladies. The first one, Greta Nissen, never started work, but as she left for the East she did not have to produce an alibi in Hollywood. The second was Vera Voronina, who, the studio sadly announced, caught cold after standing up to her neck in water for a scene and had to be replaced. Vera herself, sublimely unconscious of the cold story, went tripping about her business in Hollywood when according to the papers she was supposed to be in bed with a high fever. The third selection was Dorothy Sebastian. Dorothy worked for four weeks and to produce an alibi for her demise after that period was pretty tough. The best they could do was to say she was urgently needed back at Metro-Goldwyn, where she was under contract, for an important part. The Metro people bravely told the same story, but the fact remained that Dorothy didn't work in a picture on that lot for many weeks following the episode.

That Was His Story

ANOTHER case pretty hard to alibi was the dismissal of Rupert Julian from the direction of "The Green Ghost." It was considered so hard, that instead of actually dismissing him the studio hounded him and treated him in such a way that to keep an ounce of self-respect the poor man had to send in his resignation. It was then pathetically announced that Julian "had decided the time was not yet ripe for him to make a full-length talkie, and he was going to go back and learn more about the wonderful, complicated new art." This is probably the silliest alibi on record in Hollywood or anywhere else.

But even in glorious Hollywood we have rebellious spirits. All our right-thinking citizens accept the alibi situation and thank the studios warmly for thinking up beautiful excuses to cover up the real facts. Not so Pauline Starke. Pauline was shown the door after rehearsing for a week or two in the leading rôle of James Cruze's "The Great Gabbo," the actual reason, it is said, being that her memory was bad and she couldn't learn her lines. A touchingly beautiful story was concocted about an illness and Pauline was given a cash settlement for her contract and the opportunity to go home, lie in bed for a few days, and save her face before the world.

Bolshevik spirit, Pauline. Instead of accepting the cash and the illness, she went straight down to the municipal building and filed suit against Cruze for breach of contract. And one of Hollywood's best alibis, a positive gem which would have done credit to Scarface Capone, was exposed, naked, before the eyes of an awestruck and horrified populace.

Great story-tellers, these Hollywoodians! Some will say anything for publicity's sake, while some of them just naturally enjoy talking and have runaway imaginations. Getting the "inside story" in Hollywood is an art—an art perfected by

MOTION PICTURE . . . *The Progressive Screen Magazine*
THE OLDEST . . . THE NEWEST . . . THE BEST

Glory Comes High

(*Continued from page 90*)

I repeat—the pathos of it. To have come, to have seen, to have conquered at Gloria's age. To have known by then all that life can offer.

Work, strife, ambition. Gloria knew them when most girls are attending their first high school dances.

Fame, wealth, adoration, the applause given usually only to queens. She suffered and enjoyed these when the average girl is receiving her first proposal.

Husbands, children, business depression. She encountered the pain and the agony which can come with them when most women are first venturing upon marriage.

Gloria Swanson is young in years. She is centuries old in experience. So are Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge and a host of others.

People gasped when Mae Marsh and Phyllis Haver retired. "But you are retiring at the height of your fame," friends told them.

"I am going to have some happiness as well as some fame," Phyllis Haver is said to have answered.

Both Thrice Married

THE men. Are they different? John Gilbert's case is parallel to that of Gloria Swanson's. She has had three husbands, he has his third wife. I doubt if John Gilbert knows how to be happy. When you have lived all of your life in the first twenty-five or even thirty years, what is there left for you?

I look at Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper and Charlie Farrell and wonder—wonder what life really holds for them. Buddy knows there are other good-looking lads in colleges who play the saxophone and piano. He knows the fear that comes with that knowledge. He knows that his youth and charm, his mother's-boy appeal, cannot last as he grows into mature manhood, I believe he has saved his money. I hope he has. Perhaps, just perhaps, he has held his head so the fame may go and the love of life continue.

But it isn't what we have which matters, it's what we yearn for that gives us a worthwhile feeling. You buy a new car, a diamond ring, a fur coat. A week after it is purchased you have forgotten the joy of it. But during the year that you saved to get your cherished possession—ah, that is when you really enjoy it.

You struggle—you save, you sacrifice, you even cheat—for fame. It comes at a little before twenty, it goes at a little before thirty. What is there left in life for you? You can never summon back youth. Time is the one thing that you lose forever. You might have gained wealth and even glory after thirty—but the joy of spontaneous youth is gone forever.

Tragedy has stalked you to a lair from which you cannot escape, no matter how you struggle.

Was It Satiety?

RUDOLPH VALENTINO died from stomach trouble. So the papers stated. I believe he died from satiety. He did not will to live. He was one who was born to be youthful forever. His youth was snatched from him. His wife was snatched from him. His incredible longing to succeed was stolen. He was thirty-one. He had lived by then what he should have lived by sixty. His eyes which should have been filled with only expectation were brooding with retrospection. He died an old man a year older than thirty.

I talked with Clara Bow recently. I gasped as I always gasp when I see her. The most single, most dynamic, most

(*Continued on page 97*)



INSTANT IMPROVEMENT

in your skin after this marvelous beauty bath!

EVERY woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath.

Results are immediate — no discomfort — no waiting — and the cost is trifling!

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet.

Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

This is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Isn't it less embarrassing for young married women



to find out for themselves about Feminine Hygiene?

IT must seem almost like prying into the experiences of others, when the young married woman seeks the advice of friends upon this intimate personal matter. The question is so vital, so important, that it cannot be ignored. Yet it must be embarrassing to discuss.

Furthermore, nine times out of ten she is met either with evasion or with information that is out-of-date if not actually wrong and dangerous. Isn't it better to send for this free book and *read* the facts?

Avoid poisonous antiseptics

Until recently the only powerful antiseptics available for feminine hygiene were poisonous and caustic—bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names. Naturally doctors and trained nurses approved of hygienic cleanliness. But they did not approve of these poisonous germicides. Fortunately women now have Zonite, the *safe* antiseptic. Zonite never causes scar-tissue nor interferes with normal secretions. *And Zonite is powerful —far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Send for free Zonite book

Mail coupon today and get the Zonite book. Filled with authentic information about feminine hygiene, freely and frankly written. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Giving Their Wrong Names

(*Continued from page 71*)

Hollywood. A Pickford story always makes the front pages of all the newspapers, even if it is only to relate a fisticuffs battle on Lottie's front lawn.

Doug has a legitimate claim to the name of Fairbanks. It was the name of his stepfather. Douglas, Jr., naturally, uses the same family name. Joan Crawford would be the last girl in the world to raise objections because her husband travels under an alias, so to speak. Joan has had a string of different names in her day. She was born Billie Cassin of Kansas City. When she entered the Follies, she chose the high sounding handle of Lucille LeSueur. That name was discarded when some Frenchman translated it as Lucille-The-Perspiration, so it was changed to the more euphonic Joan Crawford.

Sometimes the real names of the players are not conducive to romance. A dark, exotic personality calls for a suitable name. Could you imagine Anita Dooley wrecking homes? Well, hardly. But when Anita Dooley becomes Nita Naldi, it's high time to turn in the fire alarm. Jake Krantz, from New York, became Ricardo Cortez, a Basque, a Viennese, or whatever the publicity story says. Don Alvarado, who appears as if he did nothing but strum guitars under windows of dark-eyed señoritas, came into this world as Joe Page of Albuquerque. Evelyn Brent was Betty Riggs, a good name perhaps but hardly suitable for the smouldering personality of the star. Imagine a Riggs smouldering! Theda Bara was originally Theodosia Goodman. A New York woman, specializing in names, conjured up Theda Bara, which by a little juggling, reading Chinese fashion, becomes Arab Death. By changing their names they changed nationalities.

Stuart Little Sweetheart

PITY poor Stuart Holmes! He's such a nasty villain on the screen, and his real name is Joseph Liebchen—and *Liebchen* means Little Sweetheart! Bobby Vernon, who wanted to be a comedian, should have been an adagio dancer with the name of Sylvian des Jardiens. It calls to mind wooded gardens. Debussy should compose a tune about it.

They don't make electric signs on theaters long enough for some of the actual cognomens. Imagine trying to put in the electrics the name Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonzo —darned near an alphabetical parade. It is much simpler to say Gilbert Roland. It would take a business-size envelope to write to Rasmus Karl Thekelson Gottlieb, and then the postmaster would probably consider it obscene matter. Karl Dane is the better name. Guadalupe Villa Lobos is musical, but don't you like Lupe Velez better? Lorita Asunselo, for reasons of pronunciation, has become Dolores Del Rio.

Apollonia Chalupez sounds like something served on rye bread, but try and wise-crack about Pola Negri.

There is allure in the very sound of Greta Garbo. Her own name, Greta Gustafson, has a heavy guttural sound.

The foreign actors have their difficulties in finding names which American audiences can pronounce and which will still carry a flavor of distinction. The liquid-sounding Mihaly Varkoni, which fairly flows from the tip of the tongue, becomes Victor Varconi. Enrique Venzuela called to mind a geography lesson, so it was changed to Mona Rico. Jeanne de la Fonte and Renée Adorée are one and the same.

In the studios of Hollywood there are a number of players of foreign parentage who have chosen to be considered as Americans. Nick Stuart certainly has the appearance of a lively college boy. He dropped his real name of Pratza. Barry Norton is Alfredo de Biraben. The blonde Gwen Lee did not wish to use the name of Le Pinski for her screen career. Anita Page first bore the name of Pomares. It has been changed in turn from Anita Rivers to Ann Page, and to Anita Page.

Among the stars who made minor improvements in their own names are Al Jolson, who Americanized Asa Yoelsen. Corinne Griffith, for some reason, preferred that name to Griffin. Phyllis Haver had the good Irish name of O'Haver. The Barthelmess family name is spelled Barthelmeys. Lew Cody prefers that name to the various pronunciations of Cote. Glenn Tryon deleted the Van from his last name. John Bowers found his name by chasing away the ox from Bowersox.

Mary McAvoy became May, and Frank Cooper is none other than Gary. Edward Gibson became a cowboy hero simply by adopting the handle of Hoot. Louisine Compson, an unusual and intriguing name, became the more prosaic Betty Compson.

Some names, of course, are not considered sufficiently romantic for the screen—and illusions are important in this business. Lucille Langhanke became Mary Astor, choosing a family name which has meant aristocracy for generations. Bernice Beutler was changed to the pert-sounding Sally Phipps. The late Charles Frohman chose the name of Madge Bellamy for the lovely Margaret Philpott. The dignified Virginia Valli has been able to maintain her regal poise more easily since dropping the family name of Sweeney. Lila Lee in her vaudeville days was known as Cuddles Edwards. Her real name is Augusta Appel. Mary Doran had a somewhat similar name, Frieda Applebaum.

Lovely Ola Kronk

CHARLES CHAPLIN changed the name of Ola Kronk to Claire Windsor because he thought she looked like a fragile, aristocratic English girl.

D. W. Griffith saw in Katherine Morrison the personification of the typical Irish colleen, so he named her Colleen Moore—happy thought! Griffith also changed Juanita Horton to Bessie Love, in a day when descriptive names such as Arlene Pretty, Louise Lovely, and Leatrice Joy were the rage.

Sometimes it is difficult for a family of players to agree on names. Chotsie Noonan made her debut into films as Sally O'Neill, and her sister as Molly O'Day.

The Flugrath girls also went in for name changing. Leonia appeared as Shirley Mason, and Viola, as Viola Dana. Edna, alone, kept the family name. Perhaps there is a moral to be found in name changing, for Edna never attained the success of her sisters.

The three Young sisters became Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Loretta Young.

Richard Dix found Richard Carlton Brimmer a bit too long. Richard Arlen is a name easy to remember while Richard Van Mattamore is something of a mouthful for the fans. Lane Chandler, for the same reason, forgot the Robert Clinton Oakes of Montana college days.

Bohny Billie Dove

SO it goes down through the list, Lillian Bohny, not a pretty name, became the gorgeous Billie Dove. Marion Davies was born Marion Douras; Sue Carol is the Evelyn Lederer of Chicago; Mary Brian, slightly less Irish as Louise Byrdie Dantzler;

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Glory Comes High

(*Continued from page 95*)

natively alluring girl I have ever known. She is pondering the question of Harry Richman. You can read the restless question, "Shall I or shall I not?" without her even mentioning the subject.

Would she had married Gilbert Roland! Would she had grabbed the romance to which she was entitled. Youth! Clara Bow, in her early twenties, is not young. She is ageless. Father, stepmother, engagements. Even engagements lose their lustre if they are too-often repeated.

"I want some one who will care for me, the person; not me, Clara Bow, the actress. I want a man who will pet my hair and be mother and father and pal to me."

They All Pay

HOW often have I heard her say it! Once, I heard her cry it—great tears blotching the skin which is flawless.

We could go on and on and on—take any young woman or any young man in Hollywood to illustrate the tragedy which stalks the youth among us.

Leslie Fenton turned down a contract which meant one million dollars to cruise the South Seas in a tramp steamer. He read his fate from the other young folks whom he saw around him and escaped from it. He knew he could never beckon the adventuresome spirit of youth back to him when it had once left him.

Jeanne Eagels.

Barbara La Marr.

Mabel Normand; Lucille Rickson; Rudolph Valentino.

They have paid comparatively swiftly. The others are paying more slowly but, therefore, more surely.

It is fortunate that every cloud has some silver. It is beginning, just now, to show in the Hollywood linings. The talkies demand people of more experience. They require actors of training. Youth cannot hope so instantaneously to conquer the gold-bag which dangles at the end of the rainbow of ambition. The play is becoming more important than the people in it. Photography is making mature women look younger. Perhaps, just perhaps, the pathos of youth may gradually lessen. Tragedy may eventually stalk one and all here just as it does in other cities.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

"Madonna of Avenue A" was **My Madonna. Ralph Graves** is thirty years old. **William Haines** one year younger.

CHARMAINE.—Victor McLaglen and **Fifi Dorsay** are appearing in **"Hot For Paris."** Send me a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures he has played in. The theme songs of **"Rio Rita"** are **Rio Rita, You're Always in My Arms, Sweetheart We Need Each Other, The Kinkajou, Following the Sun Around** and **If You're in Love You'll Waltz.**

J.M.B.—A green man can learn to do things—a blue man never. What is your color? **Fred Kohler** was born in **Kansas City, Mo., April 20, 1889.** Received his stage training with a stock (four years). Married to a non-professional. Hobbies are hunting, riding, fishing, golf and dogs. Most recent pictures are **"Underworld," "Dragnet," "Forgotten Faces," "Ladies Love Brutes," "The River Inn," "Hell's Heroes"** and **"Slightly Scarlet."**

QUEEN OF SHEBA.—Dennis King was born and educated in **England.** At

(*Continued on page 112*)

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes



Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . its gloss and lustre . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

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Get this Big Sample FREE



This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used at any time of day. It will not irritate the most sensitive skin or injure the most fragile fabric when the simple directions are followed. DEW stops perspiration instantly. It is colorless and unscented, in a spill-proof flask.

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"AWFUL SKIN HAD ME FRANTIC"

but almost overnight it was another story

"Blackheads, pimples and sore, red spots made my skin look terrible. At night I couldn't sleep. I itched so. Nothing helped me until I started using Rowles Mentho Sulphur. A nurse told me how its Phenol removed surface infection and purified the skin while its Sulphur cleansed and cleared the skin and its Menthol soothed and healed the sore, raw tissue. Almost overnight I looked much better. And in a few days my skin was again satiny smooth and clear. I shall never be without a jar of Rowles Mentho Sulphur."

For quick relief of pimples, blackheads, dry or itching skin and eczema . . . ask your druggist for Rowles Mentho Sulphur.

Women, by the Great Lovers of the Screen

(*Continued from page 44*)

one thousand volumes only one thing was essential for a man to know—the story of humanity could be told, he said, in these words, 'We are born. We live, love and suffer—we die.'

"That is, perhaps, all that I or any other man shall ever know about humanity. Life—and love—and women.

Two Kinds of Women

"ALL women are divided, in my mind, into two groups: women and females.

"The first group is very small. The second is very numerous.

"The basis for such a division is the attitude of these two groups of women toward love.

"For a woman, love is a professional art.

"For a female, it is an artistic profession.

"In every woman there is a little of the female. And in every female there is a little of the woman.

"The institution of marriage is supposed to be the basis for the division of women into two groups—so-called moral and so-called immoral.

"I think this is not a fair division. It is certainly not an up-to-date one. We have only to consider the duration of time given to some marriages, the form of remuneration known as alimony, to understand that.

"There are no such things, for me, as good women or bad women. There are simply beautiful women or homely women. Interesting women. Or uninteresting women.

"I have found that beautiful women are, usually, not clever. The result is that they enjoy life more.

"I have found that homely women are, usually, very clever. And they are, also, dissatisfied with their lives.

"Beautiful women do not, as a rule, think much about the morality of their behavior. They know that their beauty will make the world forgive and forget much.

Their Only Beauty Virtue

"THE homely women think always of moral and spiritual perfection. They understand that fate has not reserved for them any talent but to be virtuous.

"If we men could only analyze ourselves without illusion and without self-dramatization. If we would only, then, tell sincerely the results of such an analysis. Well—I will tell you: we would say that if we were allowed to choose between physical beauty and spirituality we would all choose—beauty.

"I, personally, am interested only in women. Not females. But I know that very often a female can be irresistible to a man. A man with esthetic feelings. Interesting to him as a magnificent specimen of human animal. Such a woman may even make a man happy—for a time. And is there more?

"The strongest dual combination a woman can possess is beauty and spirit. Next comes beauty and intellect. This is a very rare combination because intellect in its development usually eliminates beauty.

"To find the triple combination of beauty, intellect and spirit is almost impossible.

"To me, femininity is the most important quality for a woman to possess. Very pronounced femininity replaces easily breeding, intellect, poise, elegance, manners, clothes.

"Feminine instinct is more important for a woman to possess than the most developed intellect. For the highest intellect is lost the moment a woman falls in love. But her feminine instinct increases strongly in the state of love.

They Act Best in Love

"ALL women, I have found, possess feminine instinct to a certain degree. While masculine instinct exists only in a few men.

"In the state of love women are always more clever than men. A man in love forgets everything. He forgets all that his experience has taught him. He refuses to listen to what his mind whispers to him, warningly. He becomes again as naïve and silly as a schoolboy. It is not so with women. Born actresses, all of them, they act the more skilfully when they are in love.

"Flesh is the weakest side of a woman. If a man completely dominates a woman's flesh, he dominates her completely in all ways.

"She may despise his mind. She may hate him with her heart. She may abhor him with her soul. Nevertheless she will be his slave.

"The domination of a woman's mind and soul, on the other hand, gives a man very little advantage. She may admire his intellect, recognize his spiritual power and sense his strength—and despite all this she can still dominate such a man completely. And usually, in such cases, she despises him in her inside mind for the one power he has failed to have.

"The strongest weapon women have against men is their pseudo-weakness against our pseudo-strength.

"The easiest way for any woman to command any man is to give him the illusion that he is conquering her. Nine times out of ten it is only illusion that she is giving him. And her skill as an actress keeps the illusion alive.

"Men are poorly amateurish in the art of lying as compared with women. Men can lie only with words. Women lie with their whole beings. Their very souls seem to be involved.

Players-With-Fire

"WOMEN love danger. Certain kinds of danger. They love it more than men do. Danger has an enormous attraction for them. The well-known playing with fire is a hobby and a secret delight.

"Nothing can give a certain type of woman a greater thrill than to kiss her lover right behind the back of her husband.

"Men are more audacious than women, but women are more daring than men.

"Men can be very evil. But no man alive can be as evil as the woman who has made up her mind to punish a man.

"It is less dangerous to have ten enemies among men than to have one enemy among women.

"All women are more romantic, more sentimental than men. In the most world-weary woman the natural longing for romance persists, deeply rooted in the soul.

"The most experienced woman can be caught on the cheapest romantic hook.

"One of the best examples of this I can offer is the wakening of love in *Lorelei Lee's* heart in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.'

"If a woman is lonely and ready for love, the cheapest little hook, often offered by the cheapest little man, is the one on which she will hang her heart. From this standpoint the most dangerous ages are between twenty-one and forty.

Winning Another's Man

"ANOTHER weak spot in a woman, I have found, is her femalish vanity. A peculiar sort of thing, this vanity.

"A woman can easily fall in love with any man if she sees or knows that another woman wants him.

"To win a man from another woman, women will go to ends they would go to under no other circumstances. Women always want what is hard to get. They never want—very much—what is easy to get.

"Many of the great careers of women of all ages were built up and supported by men. Many of the great careers of men were inspired—and then ruined—by women.

"Feminine beauty is the greatest form of all beauty.

"It is my opinion that men, with very few exceptions, have no slightest idea what that much abused word, love, really means. The entire world is moving in the ugly shadow of love. Distorted and out of focus. And yet—and yet I think that the greatest misfortune that could happen to this world would be the disappearance of the word love, the inborn dream of love from human minds and souls. Better the shadow of a god than no god at all.

Woman All-Important

"I SHOULD even say that it would be not only the greatest misfortune but the final catastrophe of the world. For with the disappearance of the word love would disappear, too, all that still remains pure and beautiful on earth. The last ideals, the last impulses would go and human life would become a senseless, tiresome burden.

"And so I think that only woman—because she is love—the sweet and bitter source from which humanity is scooping all the real joys and sorrows, all the real happiness and suffering—so I think that woman is the most important being in the universe.

"I find, I have always found and I always hope to find an enormous pleasure in art, music and literature, in science and the speculation of limitless human thought—but I say, nevertheless, that I would not want to live one day more if there were no women—beautiful, feminine and lovely sphinxes of flesh and earth.

"I know that miserable and empty is the life of one who has never loved.

"For when my youth passes by and old age comes, there will shine to me from my youth the beautiful memories of love—the only thing that never dies."



Not a retiring girl: Lola Lane obviously doesn't need a beauty sleep, as do some of the Hollywood girls, and then, too, it pays to keep awake these talkie days

"Mother, what is *feminine hygiene?*"



Give her facts, not hearsay.

CAN you answer that question *correctly?*

Much needless ill health and unhappiness are caused by misunderstanding of this vital subject.

Yet no woman need be misguided. "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the unquestioned standard for this delicate use for 40 years. Don't experiment. That is foolish and often dangerous. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" today. The directions with every bottle are professional. They are simple, specific, and easy to follow.

And send the coupon below for our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It is a woman physician's frank message to women.

Lysol Disinfectant



Warning. Extravagant claims are being made for so-called modern, non-poisonous antiseptics. Your own doctor will tell you that. Some are virtually useless; others lose their potency on contact with organic matter. After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million *gallons* a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene.

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LEILA HYAMS — M-G-M STAR

How to have **LOVELY LUSTROUS** *Hair ..... always!*

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse.* It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Color of my hair _____

ARE YOU POPULAR?

THE SECRET OF CHARM



A healthy, vivacious girl with a clear skin and bright eyes is sure to win admiration and be popular.

If your complexion is bad, if you have ugly blotches and pimples, if you have a fetid breath, people will avoid you.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will help to clear your skin, brighten your eyes, sweeten your breath, and make you more "peppy."

Send ten cents for an acquaintance package of the tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. There is no charge for confidential medical advice by mail.

How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

I *know* how—for I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face, lips, arms, etc. Tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, liquids, electricity—even a razor. All failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 478, Chicago.

Men, by the Great Sirens of the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

to explain why there is no man present.

"Men are far more self-sufficient than women.

"Men never feel called upon to explain themselves in any way, about any thing.

"We women could not conceive of a manless world. It would not be so difficult for men to imagine a womanless world.

Desirable If Thoughtful

"THOUGHTFUL men—these are the important men to me. These are the men who attract me, who are irresistible.

"They need not be the great lovers of the screen. In fact, I have known only one who is so called: Jack Gilbert. And I found him charming in the thoughtful way I mention.

"The men who are thoughtful of you in the little, silly ways that mean more to a woman than any great deed of splendor, than any lavish or fabulous gift.

"The sort of man who is protective in the small, dear ways. The man who begs you not to swim or to ride horseback unless he is in the immediate vicinity to pick up the remains, if any. The sort of man who begs you not to smoke so much, who won't let you answer the telephone, who knows when you are tired or depressed and does funny little things about it. A woman may say she objects to such dominion, such solicitude—but she hates the man who doesn't show it.

"It meant more to Queen Elizabeth to have Raleigh protect her feet from the mud with his flung robe than it did for Essex to abandon an Armada.

"Every woman resents a man who is not jealous. She feels that she is missing something. She feels that he is lacking something.

"Jealousy is an ugly thing in a woman. It is a virile and an attractive thing in a man. Which is because men can dare to show what they feel. Women never can.

The Importance of S. A.

"IT is just as important for a man to be physically attractive to a woman as for a woman to be physically attractive to a man. I know that very ugly, unprepossessing men have won the loves of lovely women. I often wonder how they got past the first advances.

"For we women fall in love with men for precisely the same reason that men fall in love with us—physical attraction. Sex appeal. Or call it what you will. A man must have it just as a woman must.

"Men are more vain than women, but they do not exhibit their vanity. It is the one secretive thing about them—their male vanity. And they are vain in other ways. Chiefly they are vain about their abilities as lovers. They are more vain of that than of their professional careers, their athletic prowess, their club activities, their family trees or their acquired possessions.

"Men care less for things than women do. They care more for themselves than women do. That is because they are more complete. More one. They are never divided within themselves as women are—by maternity.

"Men are more selfish than women in the big things of life. Women are more selfish than men in the small things.

"I believe that men—real men—like, love and admire the economically independent woman. I do not believe that the independence of a woman need take away a man's egotism, his pride in himself. That depends upon the man. If he is the right sort, the woman's independence will act as a goad and a spur; increase his ambition.

"If a man and a woman start out as professional or financial equals and the woman outstrips him in the competitive race, this may cause trouble. The sense of competitive jealousy between men and women who are doing things in the world is exactly the same thing as the competitive element between man and man.

The Woman Men Want

"MEN want most the woman other men want.

"That accounts largely for the men who pursue the glamourous figure of a Garbo, who is the most glamourous woman in the world today. It is why they pursue the beauty of Corinne Griffith, the loveliness of the Mary Brians and Esther Ralstons. There may be other women as glamourous, other women as beautiful, hidden away in obscurity—but other men are not pursuing them in the same number.

"The herd instinct is stronger in men than in women. Even in their emotional lives.

"Men make better friends than women do.

"If I were in trouble and I had two friends, one a man and one a woman, I would turn, instinctively, to the man. I would know that he would tell me the truth even if that truth hurt before it healed.

"Women lie to other women. Men never lie to women, even when the sex element enters in. There may be exceptions to the rule, but that has been my experience. Men will tell women the truth, no matter what the result may be, if they think the truth will help.

"I have two women friends in the world. Real friends. One is in Europe. One is here. And I believe I can say that I have a dozen men friends. Real friends.

"Men are extremely generous to work with. They are no longer silly in the old time chivalrous sense of the word. They expect their rights and their considerations as another woman would expect them. But they are not given to petty subterfuges, to polite evasions or to circuitous routes in order to obtain their ends.

"Men have less fear than women in the economic or professional world.

Mostly Up to the Woman

"MEN are just as faithful to women as the women of today are faithful to men.

"A man can be true to one woman all of his life. He very seldom is, but he can be. It is possible. Both men and women are, naturally, polygamous. If the right man and the right woman come together under the right conditions, monogamy can result. It is seventy-five per cent. up to the woman.

"Men quarrel with women for one reason always—the money they spend on clothes.

"Women quarrel with men for one reason always—the other women they flirt with.

"If a woman is loose with money, it affects most men more than if she is loose with men. Men are like that.

"Most men like the 'slightly scarlet' woman.

"Most men, contrary to popular fiction and popular opinion, marry the 'slightly scarlet' woman—when they can.

"Men do not like women of unsavory reputations or notorious pasts but they do like the woman who has a tinge of the *risque*, who is a bit unpredictable, of whom they are never quite sure.

"It is hooey to say that they never marry this type of woman, that they play about with her, but wed the sweet girl graduate

who will make a mother for their children. Men are bored with Miss Prudes and Miss Prisms. As women are bored with the male reformers.

"Men notice clothes, too. They seldom admit that they do, but that isn't the point. They do. They may not be able to tell you today what you had on yesterday. But they will be able to tell you whether you looked a wow or looked plain rotten.

Anglo-Saxon Lovers Greatest

"MOST men say they dislike make-up. Most men, if they are very nice men and care about you, will ask you not to use it, will beg you to 'be natural.' But just try to do as they say—and see how far it gets you. The chances are that if women took men at their words, they would inhabit a manless world and no fooling.

"Men care more about what they think their attitude toward a woman should be than women care about their attitude toward a man.

"Men are more conventional in their viewpoint of a woman than a woman is of a man. Or they think they are.

"Men are honest to women. But they are not honest to themselves about women.

"A woman can wound a man more deeply by laughing at him than she can by striking him in the face.

"Men can stand the scorn of a woman. They can never stand her ridicule.

"Men are more sentimental than women. If they are nice men. Contrary again to current opinion, most nice men are more observant of little anniversaries, more tender over old songs sung together, old trysts kept, than women are. Only—a woman talks about these things. A man never does.

"Women wear their hearts on their sleeves. Men keep their hearts in their pockets.

"American men and Englishmen are the greatest lovers in the world.

"The American man is more demonstrative. The Englishman is more loyal.

"They are far greater lovers than the Latin. They may not be so easy with the gallant gesture, the kiss of the hand, the right word at the right moment, but such gestures as they do make mean more. Their passions are more profound and less pretty to the eye.

"Men wonder about women . . . poetize them . . . dream about them."



Richee

Something wrong in Denmark, or perhaps Norway: a Scandinavian brunette. Mary Brian is, presumably, waiting for her Olaf to drive up in his fjord

Will you permit me to guide you for 30 days?

"AFTER helping literally millions of women the world over, I have created the simplest of thirty day beauty treatments . . . wonderfully beneficial not only for a selected few but for EVERY WOMAN who will conscientiously adhere to it! Take this scientific care of yourself for just one month. You will be truly astonished at the results! For every day will show its own marked improvement . . . every treatment will make your skin smoother, younger, definitely finer in texture."



MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN

A NEW CREAM FOR NEW BEAUTY

Helena Rubinstein's new Pasteurized Face Cream Special, created in response to thousands of requests, is especially suited to the dry skin. Use it freely for the face and neck, arms, elbows and hands. It revitalizes the tissues and wakens the skin to new beauty. For parched chapped skin, for cracked lips—there is not another cream like it! Truly, a miniature beauty treatment in itself—and a value seldom equalled! (1.00). Of course, Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Cream for the normal or oily skin needs no introduction. (1.00).

Below—Helena Rubinstein's 30 day guidance which will open up new worlds of loveliness for you!

FOR THE NORMAL SKIN

1. Cleanse and replenish with Valaze Pasteurized Cream (1.00). 2. Clear and animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Gives your skin a soft, translucent glow (1.00). 3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion. Moderates fine lines, closes pores (1.25).

FOR THE DRY SKIN

1. Cleanse deeply with Valaze Pasteurized Cream SPECIAL (1.00). 2. Film the face with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood — the skin-clearing cream no woman can afford to be without. (1.00.) 3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion Special (1.25).

FOR THE OILY SKIN

1. In the morning, wash with Beauty Grains to banish oiliness and remove impurities (1.00). 2. Follow with Valaze Pasteurized Cream before going out (1.00). 3. Make your skin radiantly clear with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00). 4. Tone and brace with Skin Toning Lotion (1.25).

ACCENT YOUR BEAUTY

. . . with her smart powders and rouges; her indelible Cubist lipsticks at 1.00 . . . and Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener as well as Persian Eyeblack (the Mascara which stays on as long as you want it to . . . 1.00).

Helena Rubinstein

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Dear Madame Rubinstein: Please send me without charge your new booklet "Beauty in the Making." ☐

(If your dealer cannot supply you)

Please send me a jar of Pasteurized Cream for Dry Skin ☐ for Oily or Normal Skin ☐

I enclose $1.00.

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Address_____



Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. ***Don't take a chance***—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole ***once every hour for five hours.***

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form.

Working like the trained masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

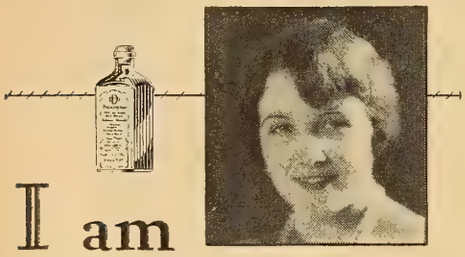
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I am Free... *from dandruff* NOW!



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Try this to stop dandruff and itching scalp: for a few days, night and morning, rub a little liquid D.D.D. thoroughly into your scalp. Note the clean, fresh odor. Itching stops instantly. And soon dandruff *stops!* D.D.D. is a healing, antiseptic wash, greaseless and stainless. Get a 60c bottle at any druggist; money back if it doesn't help you. Or write D.D.D Corp., Batavia, Illinois.

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Superfluous HAIR all GONE



Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.
Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet
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The Queen Is Not Dead

(*Continued from page 48*)

Gloria on exaggerated French heels. Gloria of the elegant spit-curls. Gloria of the swish of silks and the swank of sables. It was the beginning of her reign.

At that time she was the most baffling off-screen personality in Hollywood. There was no forgetting that she waved a powerful scepter. Certainly Gloria herself did not forget it. She was the luxurious mistress of an indulgent public. There was only a fine hair's difference between the extravagances of her screen rôles and her personal ideas. Her mode of living, working, being, was as gilded as a scenario writer's imagination. At the time she didn't know me. But I knew her. I used to run around opening doors for the triumphant procession from her dressing-room to the set. (This new Gloria laughed at that.)

As a queen in a queenly position, the lady queened it. Even the mighty of the Paramount organization were under the shadow of the former bathing girl's reign. Nor was she, with tongue in cheek, averse to testing her power. On consecrated ground she erected a bungalow dressing-room, being the first since Mary Pickford to desert the old "upstairs" rooms that quartered Wally Reid, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres and other deities of the same lot. A conspicuous gold-plated sign bearing the inscription "Miss Swanson" marked the doorway of her private domain.

In the First Reign

HERS was the first consideration from the studio hair-dressers, designers, similiar acolytes. Her merest whim was a dictate. I have vivid mental pictures of Gloria, the magnificent, sveltely gowned, elaborately jeweled and furred, making her entrances and exits at the old Vine Street lot. Believe me, they were occasions. Crowds parted. Somehow, flags seemed unfurled.

But with all her surety of power, her smooth coiffured grandness, there was an incongruous streak that manifested itself much in the same manner with which even the original Cinderella must have worn her crown at a jaunty angle, now and then, as she ran amuck in the Prince's treasure palace.

She was surrounded by a small group of intimates who flattered her into extravagances and applauded her fads. With these she was overly generous, allowing them to impose on her time, permitting herself to be led among associates she may not fully have enjoyed. It was not an unusual sight to spot Gloria's elaborate town car parked before a pink-and-gold chop-suey café on Sunset Boulevard, while the thin tinkle of the reigning Czarina's laugh might be heard from the second floor above. What of it, if she arrived on the set a little weary, a little exhausted, a little late? The queen was capricious.

It was a chorus girl's nightmare of luxury that might have been rudely burst overnight. The same thing has sent others scuttling to oblivion. But there was something in Gloria that was greater than the bounds to which she was limiting herself. The faint Sennett hangover was eclipsed by things happening. Things and people. Elinor Glyn, excellent saleswoman of gentility. De Mille, a showman not thoroughly sold on his own shows. Herbert Somborn, if not the eventual right man, at least a sophisticate, a dilettante of life.

The Happy Abdication

THERE is the fable of the De Mille pronouncement which came into her life at this time. The guardian of her destiny advised Gloria to have a baby.

Things happening. The most important of all things to a woman—a child.

Never did a woman assume motherhood with greater joy of responsibility than did Gloria Swanson. The subtle change in her fibre was marked from the day of the birth of her daughter. There was another Swanson entrance to the studio. First, the infant, on a deep soft pillow in the arms of a nurse. Then Gloria. It has been that way, since. Her child—then Gloria. Inconsequential men, women, friendships fell by the wayside.

There followed a new appreciation of Gloria. With "Manhandled," "The Humming Bird," "Madame Sans Gêne," she entered into her own as an artist. Nor was her personal life at a standstill. Herbert Somborn had been divorced, and on a triumphant burst of public enthusiasm she had returned from France, following the filming of "Madame Sans Gêne" as la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray. Almost too many things were happening. She had reached the pinnacle of her profession; she had married among the envied titles; her salary was reputed at $17,000 per week; she had adopted a baby boy to round out her family. What then? What else could possibly happen? The inevitable. When the road can go no farther, it starts back.

Inter-Regnum

WHAT was considered by many to be the first rung of the step down was her break with Paramount. But with the radical determination that was beginning to manifest itself in her make-up, she followed her own decision. From then on, the field she had formerly conquered with a spit-curl became a battle-ground for Gloria.

"The Love of Sunya" was a personal and professional flop. For two years the brilliance of the Swanson star was dimmed by mediocrity and long absence from the screen. But never in her own mind did she doubt her course.

Making Things Happen

"I WASN'T afraid," she said crisply, "ever. Even when they were saying I was through. Even with the arrival of the stage-trained people from Broadway. I have always spoken the correct 'lines' in my scenes, though they reached the screen in subtitles. I used my voice long before the microphone made it imperative. In a silent picture, if I were supposed to laugh, or cry, in a scene, I acted the part with my voice as well as my facial expression. In my own mind my greatest problem was not the new medium—but a suitable story.

"Several critics have called 'The Trespasser' a trite story. I consider it the most powerful I have ever done. It is a great story of a woman's experience with life. What could possibly be more dramatic?

"But I felt I had to be sure. I had to see for myself that the reaction would be what I felt it would. I went to New York, London, Chicago, with my picture."

The reaction should have been sufficient to remove any lingering trace of doubt in her mind. London went Swanson-crazy. In New York the crowds broke through the police lines and stormed her car, rocking it. The same for Chicago, her home town. In a way it was similiar to the triumphs of her early days. Only Gloria herself was different. She had fought for this victory—not posed for it. And the battle had not left her where it found her. At present everything else has been forced to the background in preparation for work, work, more work.

Even the amiable Hank remains in Paris, as Gloria prepares valiantly for a new siege of the public.

Re-Vamping Jack

(*Continued from page 59*)

own creation, bounded by his work and the home. They have callers who stimulate them. A couple comes in for the evening. There is sparkling conversation and laughter. They have a great time. The visitors leave. The wife sinks into her chair and says, 'Wasn't that fun?' He answers, 'Yes. Wasn't it fun?' She says, half-heartedly, apathy returning, 'We'll have to do it often, won't we?' His spirits, too, are beginning to flag. 'Yeah.' She fidgets with her handkerchief. 'I must go into the kitchen and see that the maid. . . .' They both sink again into domestic lethargy."

You must know Ina Claire to appreciate this. Blonde, slim, wise, witty, urbane. All these. Her voice, crisp and delicious as it is on the stage, nips the air as the words come skipping out. She speaks in short, staccato phrases. She is a jolt to the dull. There is nothing languid in her manner. She electrifies by merely walking into a room. She brings the air of her high society dramas with her when she walks in more mundane atmosphere. She has a vigorous intellect, and shrewd intuition. She is utterly feminine. Absurdly feminine in an ashes-of-roses crepe frock, with three strands of pearls at her throat—perfect pearls, and the upper strand slipping in and out of the square-cut neck of a gown that must have seen the rue de la Paix.

Calm Before the Storm

THIS is the woman who is the center of Hollywood's gossip. And she must know it. Calm, poised—unlike her cinema sisters, to whom she, coming from a successful stage career, is more like a half-sister—she presumes to ignore the viperous comment. And does it so successfully that she leaves the local busybodies exasperated. They would prefer, undoubtedly, hair-pulling and words.

As a result, their sympathy is wished on Jack. Poor Jack, who is not understood. Poor Jack, who is told by his wife what to say and when to say it. Poor Jack, who is cautioned to say nothing at all, on some occasions, "because we are going to be among intelligent people tonight." Their wedding trip to Europe was not above suspicion. Then the stories were that they had traveled the Continent separately; that only the insistence of friends made them board the same return boat. This, despite eyewitnesses' reports that they had been dancing and devoted all during their stay in London. Their quarrel in Paris was magnified and made the front page, with pictures. Poor Jack's words upon his return were quoted as "I'm glad to be home where I don't have to be told to do things."

I talked with Ina Claire three days after the return from their wedding trip. The scene was the Gilbert hilltop home, where they had gone immediately. The living-room was huge and masculine; typically a bachelor's home. A ship's lamp swung from a beam, and massive furniture, heavy and carved, furnished the room. Against it, the new chatelaine, in white sweater and skirt, looked strangely out of place. A white hyacinth in a humidor. There were carpenters clattering in the rear; saws buzzing, hammers pounding, the scraping of a plane. Added to this bedlam, which would have frayed the nerves of a saint, was a wind that wailed and moaned at the doors and windows, and mournfully flapped the awnings.

No Quarreling to Distraction

REPAIRS were going on, she explained. A bridge to the swimming pool—her suggestion—to relieve the necessity of walking up and down stairs for a swim. Additional apartments. About the quarrel—yes, it was true. There had been several other

You can't help but notice how much *softer* and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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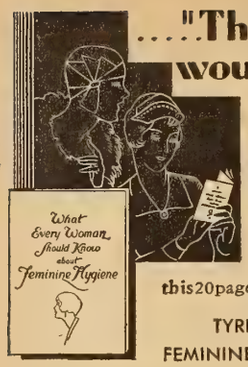
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quarrels, very minor things, as there were in all first years. But nothing to be distracted about. She did not expect complete serenity. Who would? There had been no privacy about their marriage. They couldn't expect it on their honeymoon. Even as they had taken the vows, bookies were making ten-to-one bets that the marriage wouldn't survive six months. Marriage? It was a sporting event. It placed them in the distinguished company of Clyde van Dusen, the World's Series and a big football game.

She spoke fondly, possessively, of Jack's impressions of Europe. His love of London; his disappointment in Paris. Her disappointment, too, that the Paris season was not at its height so she might take him to Auteuil for the races; show him the smart cafés. She, who had been there so many times, did not want her husband to see bourgeois Paris on his first trip. There was a warm pleasure in her voice; delight that she could take him to the little nooks and crannies that she loved.

Jack's expedition to Napoleon's Tomb, while she went to a fitting at the dressmaker's, was the experience of an adored little boy, as Ina told it, assuming a fond maternal manner. Anyone could see Jack, in dark glasses, sitting at the base of the monument, very bored, striving to appreciate the historical significance of the edifice. And then the arrival of a rubberneck bus, full of tourists, which sent him scurrying because Napoleon's last resting place meant nothing when compared to a live John Gilbert. There was also a sweet propriety as she repeated Jack's wail, after an excursion into the Riviera and to Antibes, that he wanted to go home to "dear, good, innocent Hollywood."

The "Breakaway" Far Away

ALL of this surged into my mind, as we sat in the small furnished house that she was now designating, with a movement of her voluble hands, as her "breakaway"; as she regretted that she could find no suitable house nearer the Gilbert estate. This was some three miles distant. But it was calm and peaceful. There was already an air of permanence about the living-room. Pots of tawny flowers stood everywhere. She was making plans to cover the swarthy divan with a bright-colored chintz, and her favorite prints were to be sent from the East. A secretary bustled about. A masseuse was there. Servants were energetically polishing and cleaning.

Married in April. This retreat established in November. Two addresses for two lovers. Why not? It is not as modern as it appears. It is a courageous and sane gesture to preserve, not the "holy bonds of matrimony," but the peace and happiness of two highly individualized personalities. Open-mindedly she views the situation. So does Jack. I asked how two positive egos such as theirs could possibly survive under the same rooftree. It led to the question that has been bothering Hollywood. Is Ina Claire trying to remodel John Gilbert? Is she trying to make him conform to her ideas of husband and man? Is she taking a Hollywood rough diamond and cutting him to fit a Broadway setting? Washington, D. C., Broadway, London, Paris and the Riviera have been her playgrounds. Is she setting out to mold the boy from Logan, Utah, into something else?

Frank—and Jack

SHE answered very frankly; honest with herself, and Jack. "There are one or two basic things I should like to change. But I would not think of it. It would undermine the very qualities that make his character. They are fundamentals upon which his existence is founded. I would like to help him balance his moods. He is either plunged into the depths of gloom, or he is in ecstasy. There is no medium ground, safe and comfortable. I think I could save him from strain and worry, if I could teach him to control them.

"But that is a hard question to put to me. It is hard to criticize one's husband. He, undoubtedly, has more, far more, to change about me. But let's not call this criticism. I would rather have one or two really important traits that I would like to help him with, than have a dozen little bickering things to correct. The little things are the ones that eat into matrimonial happiness. Little things like the rasping of a nail file. As a matter of fact, I shall make no attempt to modify Jack's moods, because it would be a terrible mistake. No one has the right to reconstruct and mold another's life.

"I, too, could plunge into gloom, if I wanted. In the midst of all this peace," her hands made a little inclusive gesture, "I could easily let myself become melancholy. But I won't permit it. That divan yonder is too dark. That's why I want chintz, something very gay, for it. I can't allow exterior things to create a mood. And I won't allow myself to be moody.

Not So Positive

"I MAY appear to be as positive as Jack, but I am not. When I am descending the stairs, late, we'll say, at a dinner, and everyone is admiring my colossal nerve, I am inwardly quivering with fright. My poise is a self-protective pose. But Jack's poise is not that. He is as utterly natural as a young animal. He is completely himself. He is not at all sophisticated, and admits it. That swaggering black mustache is deceiving." Ina swept her own upper lip with an illustrative finger. "He often says to me, 'This mustache fools you. I'm not as experienced as you think.'

"As I have said, he probably could find many more traits of mine that he would like to change. My trick of using my hands, for instance, when I talk. He sometimes tells me he can't concentrate on what I am saying, because my hands fly so. He is always concise and positive in what he says. 'Keep to what you are saying,' he cautions me."

Intimate, revealing, these wisps of conversation from a woman who is not afraid to be honest with herself, who is not afraid to face the foam of gossip that arose when she migrated to her "breakaway."

"I said Jack and I see more of each other now than we did before. We do. There is an excitement about coming from separate establishments to visit each other. We each have something new to offer. We assume added interest in each other's eyes. Marriage does not become usual."

FEW are the married couples who, if they lived in separate homes, could consider themselves happily married; but few are so highly individualistic as are Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert. And few are the magazines as individualistic as MOTION PICTURE—the first screen magagine, not only as regards birth-date, but prestige. It was the first magazine-screen, or otherwise—to publish news of the talkies, to anticipate a great future for them; this, two years ago, when the talkies were hardly beyond the experimental stage. And now "The Hot Spot of the Month" gives exclusively the latest possible news of Hollywood. Always up-to-date, honest, and attractive is

MOTION PICTURE . . . *The Oldest . The Newest . The Best*

How to Be a Success in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 53*)

her share of the money you make after she gets you launched.

Be Good and Loud

THERE are some minor rules for success which I should probably set down for your use, in case you should manage to get a foothold in the film industry.

You will want to be as conspicuous as possible. Draw attention to yourself upon every occasion. Dress spectacularly—even if you can't pay your room rent. Drive an expensive and much-embellished automobile—even if you haven't had breakfast. Only stars can afford to drive cheap cars.

Go to places. Go to lots of places. Go anywhere at all where you imagine you may be admitted. Go to the Montmartre, the Roosevelt and the Cocoanut Grove. Wear your best clothes, talk loudly and be friendly. Golly, how friendly! To everyone. Be polite to the elevator man and laugh at all his jokes. He may be a big director next week.

Don't do favors for people. Make them think that you are going to be able to do favors for them. No one ever got a job on the strength of a favor he had already done. That's all over and need not be considered. It's the things they think you may do for them that count.

Tell people how good you are—or rather, tell them that you are a lot better than you are. They may believe you. Hollywood is pretty gullible on these subjects. And never let anyone know that you need work. You are always between pictures or between contracts and you are just doing this little quickie down on Poverty Row because the director is a special friend of your grandfather and it's a favor to the dear old man. Something very big about which you cannot tell just yet is about to break for you. Always.

Act. I mean, act all the time. Whenever anyone looks at you. And when no one is looking at you, practise acting. Do whatever it is you want to do—be sombre, gay, funny, seductive—whatever thing you have chosen, work at it.

Do What You Can

IF you can sing—then sing—wherever you find yourself. Or dance or play a saxophone or juggle or cry or take a funny fall or recite Shakespeare, with gestures. If you can do anything, then, for Pete's sake, do it.

Take yourself seriously. Take the industry seriously. Talk about art forms and perspectives and higher emotionalism. Never mind finding out what you mean by these things. No one else will know and they certainly won't have nerve enough to ask.

Be polite to newspaper reporters, extras, waiters, electricians, delegations from women's clubs, prop men and Will Hays. Try not to have a mother—at least, try not to have her in Hollywood.

Now—if you think you can live up to all these requirements—and, if after hearing what you have to do and be in order to attain success in Hollywood, you still think you want to try it—these simple, primary rules will give you some basis for beginning.

And, after you have worked and sweated and starved and struggled in order to make yourself famous, then you may sit down and wail loudly that your public will allow you no privacy. That is your chief privilege after you get what you insist upon wanting.

But, between you and me, I should advise (and this comes from the heart) that you think this over carefully—and then compromise by selling insurance and joining the Kiwanis Club right here in Keokuk. Honest!



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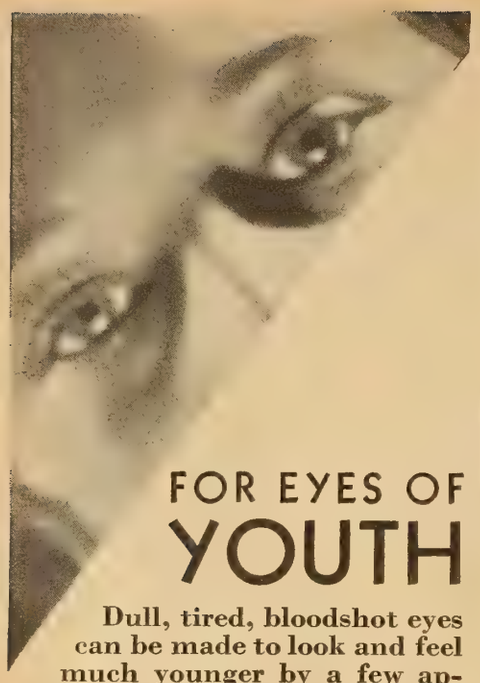
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The house at 2810 Emerson Avenue North, St. Paul, in which "Pete" Brimmer lived as a boy, before he ever thought of becoming Richard Dix. much less an actor

Home Town Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 65*)

stunt to invite the Minneapolis High School football team to act as extras for one week in a college play. So I made my first appearance beyond the footlights, and I was spoiled for life. My family had planned for me to follow my brother's footsteps as a doctor, but I knew then that I'd never go through with it, though I made a half-hearted stab at it by watching him perform several operations, and nearly fainted away at the first sight of blood.

Hearing "Pete" Again

THE first old friend I called up in Minneapolis was Dorrit Kelton, who was playing in the Schubert Stock Company on Hennepin Avenue, and after that everybody knew that "Pete" Brimmer was in town. And believe me, I was "Pete," and not a movie actor, to that gang. I don't believe I heard the name "Richard Dix" mentioned more than half a dozen times in all the time I was at home, and nobody was especially interested in Hollywood. They had too many more vital interests right in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Grant Grey and his brother Archie, who was five years older than we, had become the heads of a prosperous lumber company; "Pink" Valleau was in the furniture business; one of the boys had a flapper daughter (who was mildly interested in hearing about Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman); Bill Merrill was back on a visit from Chicago.

Everybody was married, busy, prosperous, interested in their business, and their families, and their homes. I think they rather pitied me because I didn't have any family, and had to live so far away from Minneapolis and St. Paul. After I had seen their kids and their wives and their homes I rather pitied myself.

But, all the same, they were willing to take a few days off and accompany me on my sentimental pilgrimage around Minneapolis and St. Paul. I'll never forget the last afternoon of my visit. (Maybe it's telling tales on myself, and "Pink," and Royal Marshall and Harold Clemmons and Grant—but I'll take a chance.) We'd had a few beers and were feeling pretty sentimental. When the question arose as to what we'd do for a farewell stunt, somebody—probably it was I—suggested going to Woodlawn and visiting the family graves. So we all went around to the florists, loaded ourselves down with flowers, and drove to the cemetery. The Marshalls' plot and the Greys' and ours were close together, and we covered them with wreaths—the queerest farewell party you can imagine; but perhaps it was a fitting close to a voyage like *Conrad's* quest of his youth.

Memoirs of Manual Labor

A MILE beyond St. Anthony's park was John Keller's farm, where I worked for three summers. We went out this time in a car, instead of on a bike as I used to, and maybe that was why it looked different to me. And again, maybe everything looks different to twelve-year-olds and thirty-four-year-olds. Then, there was the pole yard down by the railroad viaduct, where I loaded telephone poles one summer vacation to get up muscle for football. I have stronger back muscles than any one I've ever known—my tailors always complain bitterly at fitting coats over them—and I trace them back to that summer when I rolled enormous logs on box cars in order to win my letters at the North High and later at the Central High in St. Paul.

When I was a sophomore, the family moved the eight miles between the two schools, to 2810 Emerson Avenue in St. Paul, a duplex house still standing. It was more convenient for my father's chemical plant, the Sunshine Soap Company; but I was heartbroken at the change. I had been "going with" Dorothy Cole, whose brother Ernest was a chum in the North High, and was in the throes of my first puppy love affair. However, St. Paul soon furnished me new ways of expressing my devotion for Dorothy. With several other couples we went to the Lyric, at that time the biggest movie house managed by that same genius, Rothafel, who is now the director of the Roxy in New York, and afterward dropped in at Carling's Restaurant on the ground floor of Mannheimer's Store for salad and ices. Cliff Carling, the son, was one of my schoolmates at North Central High.

Teachers and Ideal Girls

THERE is a new high school now, in a fashionable neighborhood, but the old building still stands. I dropped in at the little corner store nearby and bought a hamburger—and more than anything else, that gave me the queer, elusive feeling of being "Pete" Brimmer (or "Ernest Brimmer" when the roll was called). I wonder if the teachers still remember the big, husky Brimmer boy as well as I remember Miss Hosmer, the popular teacher who taught that unpopular subject, algebra; Miss Crumbacker, the English teacher; Helen Austin, who taught dramatic art; Helen Long, music instructor; Mr. Berger, who had classes in wood-carving and modeling; and Mr. Fisk—"One-Fingered Fisk" we called him, from his habit of beating out the rhythm on his desk with his forefinger when we chanted "arma virumque cano."

I don't remember so many schoolmates in St. Paul, but there are two girls who stand out clearly in my memory; Marjorie Wellington and Julie Plant, the belles of the school. I didn't know them very well, but it's curious—I've always thought that if I should meet a girl like either of them I could fall in love with her. There is one St. Paul boy I have reason to remember—Paul Greer, who used to play on the Mechanic Arts High School team, our deadly rivals, and sit on my face.

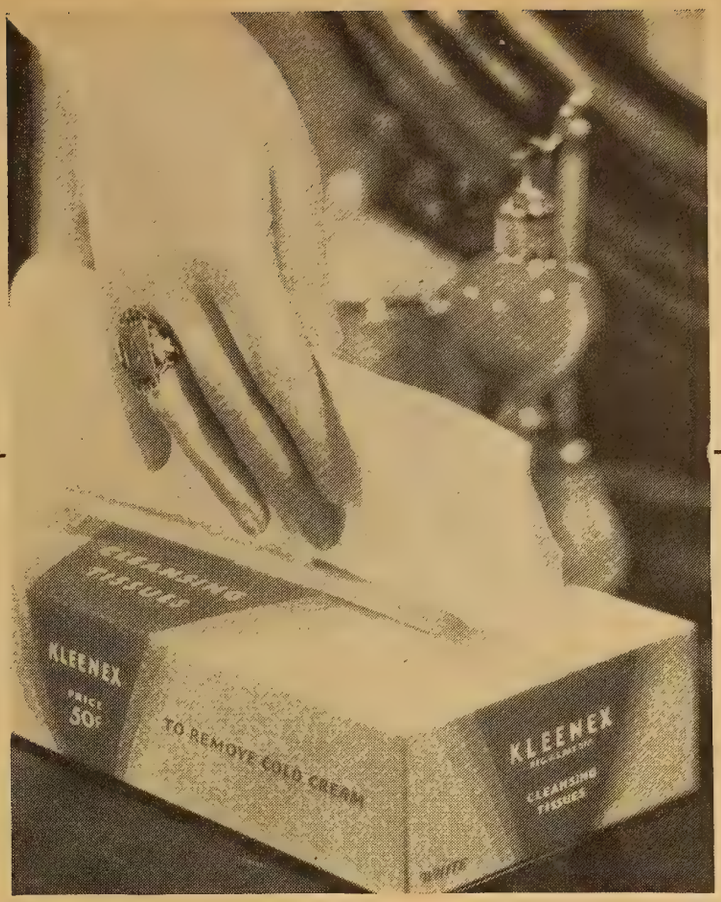
When I left high school, I became a bank messenger at the Security National Bank, Second South Avenue and Fourth Street; not because I had yearnings to be a banker, but because that was preferable to going into the Sunshine Soap Factory, or Otto Miller's meat packing plant (my brother had married Louise Miller), or the flour mills. The doctor's offices at 32nd Street and Emerson Avenue, with "Doctor A. E. Brimmer" on the door, were not for me, and my Uncle Joe McKowan's drug store on Pennsylvania Avenue held no allurement.

Where His Money Went

I SPENT my leisure hours at the Y. M. C. A., where an instructor named Barton taught me boxing, and went to as many fights as I could save the money for (which weren't many, because the theater took most of my salary envelope). Now and then I got a chance to carry a spear in a mob scene at the Schubert Theater or the Lee Baker stock company, but I had almost given up hope of a stage career when I met a girl who was studying at the Northwestern Conservatory on Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis—Louise Dwyer, now Mrs. Allen Dinehart.

The school has become a lunchroom during these years, but when I saw the building I got the old-time thrill I always felt when I ran up the wooden stairs for the night school session—a thrill compounded of love for grease paint, and the knowledge that my family would have forbidden me to come if they had guessed. My brother was my only confidant. What I have done since would have meant more to me if he could have known that his faith in me was not entirely misplaced. Without him, Minneapolis and St. Paul do not seem home to me, though my Aunt, Mrs. A. M. Curryer, still lives in St. Anthony's Park, and the Millers and the Greers and the Paces, all relatives, own half of North Minneapolis.

When you are sick—as I said in the beginning—you are sentimental. You think that it is possible to go back home and find there your youth, and your boyhood friends, and the dear remembered places unchanged. But when you are well (and I am quite recovered), you know there is no going back. Still—if I did not find "Pete" Brimmer, or all the haunts of my childhood, or the boys and girls I knew—I did find new parks, fine buildings, improvements, and men and women who welcomed me as an old friend.



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Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 39*)

Now I'll buck up and go back to work and make a living as I was meant to." Ben Lyon holds similar views. "I've always made my money so easily," confessed Ben, "that I didn't realize it could go so easily. Now that I know the importance of money through losing it, I'll take it more seriously in the future."

No, an American

"I'M JEWISH," says Benny Rubin (somewhat unnecessarily), "my wife is Irish, she went to a Methodist Hospital, the nurse was Swedish and the doctor was German. I guess it makes the baby a mongrel."

A Family Man

IT WAS THE OPENING night of "Rio Rita," starring John Boles and Bebe Daniels. The mother of a publicity woman was doing the family marketing in a neighborhood delicatessen and was hesitating over the purchase of a yard-long loaf of rye bread. "Take half and I'll take the other half," said a voice behind her. It was John Boles. The bread was divided, also a cheese; and loaded with bundles, the star turned to depart. "I thought you would be getting ready for the premiere," said the co-purchaser of the rye loaf. "Oh," said John, "it's the maid's night out and I have to help Marcellite get supper and put the babies to bed first." Say not that Hollywood sheiks are all alike.

Off Coat, Off Passenger

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER man was being taken up for his first open aeroplane ride by a stunt flier for the films. He was filled with dismal forebodings, which increased when they strapped on a parachute and instructed him about its use. The stunt man also wore a parachute, but put on a heavy leather coat over it. "How can you use the 'chute with that coat on?" chattered his friend. "Oh," said the stunt man, "I'd have plenty of time to take off the coat before we fell." They went up and traversed the upper air for several minutes, until, feeling a bit warm, the stunt man stood up and began to take off his coat. "Hot, isn't it?" he asked genially, but there was no reply. His passenger had jumped overboard.

Saving the English Language

IN ENGLAND they retitled a Laurel and Hardy comedy named "They Faw Down" to "We Slip Up." The follow-up comedy, "They Go Boom," will probably be renamed "They Detonate."

In California, Pronounced "Florida"

HERE is a gag they are going to use in a two-reel comedy, but it really happened. A motion picture celebrity was making a personal appearance in a little theater in a little town along the Foothill Boulevard. "I'm delighted to be here with you all tonight," he beamed, "in your lovely town of Pomona—" The theater owner pulled at his arm and whispered wildly into his ear. Imperturbed, the star continued, "Your beautiful town of Pomona—pronounced Azusa."

Substitutes for Adjectives

"WE'VE RUN OUT of adjectives," runs a publicity blurb, "and Webster is powerless to help us describe the piquant charm, the tender romance, the haunting melodies, the hilarious comedy, the gorgeous settings, the marvelous entertainment in 'Sunny Side Up.'" (By the way, what does "sunny side up" mean?)

Hollywood Street, Philadelphia

STILL YOU CAN'T always tell about press-agentry. When Eddie Quillan made a personal appearance in Philadelphia, his home town, he told a reporter that he was born on "Hollywood Street." The reporter, a native Philadelphian, ridiculed Eddie's press-agent story in the morning paper. Eddie dropped in at the newspaper office, invited the reporter for a ride, and pointed out Hollywood Street, two blocks long in the heart of Philadelphia. The next morning's edition carried an apology to Eddie and advice to Philadelphians to learn about their city's streets.

Having a Gland Time

IT WAS PATSY RUTH MILLER'S wedding reception. Into the midst of the formally dressed assembly burst a riotous figure in sport clothes, with flying orange hair, drawing every eye from the bride and groom. Clara Bow simply cannot help stealing the scene. Nonchalantly, she flung herself down and began in a cheerfully unmodulated tone to hold forth on the subject of her glands, which it seemed had been causing trouble. She was interrupted by the bride. "Listen," said Patsy, palely resolute, "if any glands are going to be talked about at my wedding they are going to be MY glands."

They Only Gave the Party

"I WAS INVITED to a party the other night," said the popular interviewer, "and a strange woman met me at the door. 'Come with me,' said she, 'and I'll introduce you to all these people, so you'll feel at home.' She led me into the living-room and began introducing me. And the only people I didn't know in the entire room were my host and hostess."

A Ruinous Ad Venture

WHEN THE AUDIENCES saw George Arliss in the extraordinary make-up of "Disraeli," in the trailer advertising the coming of this picture, they burst into hearty and delighted screams of laughter, evidently under the impression that George was playing a low comedy part. Warner Brothers had to withdraw the trailer.

The Reason Why

"OH, I SUPPOSE I'd better go to see 'Disraeli,'" said the high school daughter of the house dismally, "but I can't imagine getting any pleasure out of seeing a man of that age on the screen." Which is why they continue to make pictures about flappers of seventeen, in love with stalwart men of twenty.

Much Ado for Nothing

PAUL FEJOS, although his name will not appear on the screen, is unofficially the assistant of John Murray Anderson in making the Paul Whiteman picture at Universal. And Paul's contract also gives him directorial authority. On the first day, the three "directors" argued until four o'clock in the afternoon about where the camera should be placed for the first shot (so we hear from the Studio Underground); then agreed, "Oh, stick her anywhere and let's shoot," and three minutes later the film ran out.

A Slave to His Art

ONE OF THE TOUGHEST slapstick comedians of Hollywood appeared the other day with his hair bleached to a dazzling blond. "How come?" he was asked. "Well," moaned the comedian, "I've got to stay a blond because I register better.

And since the act, my girl's given me a slave bracelet."

An Idle Idol, No Doubt

JIMMIE GLEASON tells this story of Rob Wagner. It seems that the author, when he first came to Hollywood, bought a second-hand typewriter from a movie star temporarily in need of funds. When he came to use the machine, he discovered that the capital "I" was completely worn out.

Ringing in Their Eyes

TALKING PICTURES have eliminated the ringing telephone on studio sound sets. A flashing red light now shows when there is a call on the wire. No one noticed the operator's flash on the set where "Spring Is Here" was being filmed at First National, until Louise Fazenda spied the light and called urgently, "The phone is ringing. Is everybody color-blind?"

Almost Certain Last Words

AS A LOCAL COLUMNIST has it: Among the famous last words are these, "Me and Rudy Vallee both play the saxophone."

Not the Jolly Old 'Alf of It

"YOU KNOW THE WAY the English pronounce their words with half of the syllables left out?" says Lucille Gleason. "'Beauchamp' is 'Beecham' and 'Chomondeley' is 'Chumley' and so forth. The other night at our house my son Russell was talking with an English actor who has just come over and was smarting a bit under the Englishman's patronizing corrections of his English names. Finally the Britisher began to talk of America. 'I passed by your beautiful Niagara Falls on my way out here' said he. Russell beamed at him, 'No, no, not Niagara Falls,' he corrected, 'Niffles, my boy, Niffles.'"

The Ups-and-Downs of Art

AND HERE COMES a rush letter from First National with the burning news that "Grant Withers Changes Trousers Seven Times in Thirty Minutes," but we note with relief in the next sentence that it was "all in the interest of Art with a capital A."

Then and How

"THEY'RE MAKING the 'now and then' type of pictures nowadays," says De Wolf Hopper, "and I'm out here to play the 'Then'!"

A Hedda Herself

HEDDA HOPPER was crossing the Metro lot the other day when a cheery voice hailed her. "Come over and meet the present Mrs. Hopper," called De Wolf. Hedda shook hands with the seventh wife (she herself was the fifth) and was amazed to find that she was looking at what was practically a double for herself.

Seldom Impractically

"NEVER BEFORE I came to Hollywood," says Robert Ames dreamily, "have I understood the significance of the phrase, 'no, they aren't exactly married, but they're practically engaged'—"

Many Have Dyed in Vain

THROBBING STATISTICS tell us that forty-seven per cent. of the women of America have medium brown hair, and are neither blondes nor brunettes.

A New Nickname

THE NAME under which Sue Carol and Nick Stuart registered at the San Diego Hotel, and thereby gave away the secret of their marriage, was "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rafael."

MODERN ART PAYS BIG MONEY



The amazing demand for art work of all kinds is creating hundreds of big-pay opportunities every year. Trained artists are needed. This is the Age of Color . . . of Design . . . of Art in everything. Manufacturers, decorators, publishers . . . all are seeking men and women with art training.

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Send for our Free Vocational Test Chart. It's simple to fill out. Our artists judge it for you and give you a definite guide to your probable talent and earning power in art. We will also send you, without charge, "A Road To Bigger Things," giving names of the famous Federal instructors . . . showing where the big money in art is . . . what others are making. Get this Book and the Test Chart. Write now.

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These moments that live in memory . . . . how seldom they come to the victim of Sinus Trouble, Nasal Catarrh, Catarrhal Bad Breath! Yet how unnecessary it is to suffer from these annoying (sometimes even offensive) ailments! Like thousands of others, you can find easy relief in the scientific 2-in-1 treatment, Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Acts through the blood, reaching the sinuses and other closed-in areas *as no wash or spray can*. Tones up the mucous membrane. Builds up resistance. Start on the road to health—and the fuller enjoyment of life—*today*, with Hall's.

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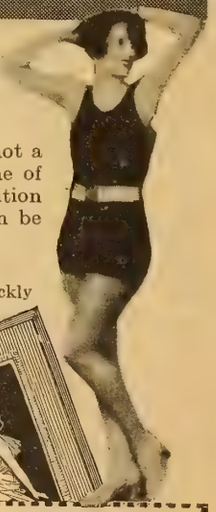
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Columbus Did Not Discover

(*Continued from page 42*)

who is now Chris Morley's leading lady in Hoboken! Oh, the envy that smote the soul of young Elliott Nugent, standing in the wings and watching Eleanor Packer, Pete Rosch and Humphrey Pearson, aided and abetted by other thespians of Ohio State University, as they rehearsed "Lady Gorringe's Necklace"!

Back in his home town of Dover, Ohio, Elliott had been something of an athlete. In fact, he had been captain of the football and track teams in the local high school. But going up to the state university, his ambitions had been other than athletic. He wanted to act. He wanted to act. He wanted to act.

His Yen for "Hamlet"

LIKE his father, J. C. Nugent, who with Elliott's mother, Grace Fertig Nugent, Elliott had for years amused the vaudeville circuits of the country. As a member of "The Nugents," he had helped in manufacturing the act's applause. But he wanted more than vaudeville. He wanted to do bigger and better things. "Hamlet." To sway them. To take it big. And to make 'em like it.

Instead, he stood in the wings and watched. He wasn't good enough as an actor even for college theatricals.

That wasn't so heartening. There wasn't much to complain about in regard to his reception in other lines at the U. He had made Phi Kappa Psi (the same fraternity which Buddy Rogers made at Kansas). He had had the usual high school star's reception on the freshman teams. He liked the people he met, and they seemed to like him. But this acting thing—gee!

Wasn't it fierce? Here he was with a spirit all flaming to express itself; but even the fact that he now was a sophomore didn't bring him more than a chance to stand around and tell the other players how good they were. It must have been at this time that Elliott sopped material for the character which he later drew, and played, to such great success in "The Poor Nut."

A Veteran Ignored

THE fact that nobody paid much attention to him was all the harder to bear because he considered himself, and rightfully, a veteran trouper. Elliott made his début in the Los Angeles Orpheum at four, and for eighteen years he was close to the stage as his parents made their migratory way through the country. But that was different. That was vaudeville. This was—well, art. And they wouldn't have him.

Something about the boy's earnestness and close attendance at rehearsals must have touched the hearts of the university troupe. They struck him almost speechless with delight by writing in a special prologue to be recited the night of the play. They undoubtedly figured that he couldn't do much harm in a prologue, and such faith as his certainly was deserving of something. So as *Chief Wet Blanket*, Elliott spoke his piece—and with elevated chin and prideful chest duly was elected into the campus dramatic society.

Despite such an inauspicious beginning, however, once in The Strollers he worked, and how! You and I and the rest of the gang might have had our theatrical yearnings satisfied (or nullified) by an appearance as *Chief Wet Blanket*. But to Elliott, with summer season after summer season behind him, the footlight world was real, the greasepaint world was earnest. In his senior year he was elected president of the society.

By this time the dramatic virus was firmly set in his blood. Eleanor Packer went

to Hollywood and became a publicity woman for M.-G.-M. Pete Rosch went into business. Humphrey Pearson went author, writing "On With the Show." But Elliott stayed with them there footlights—and with graduation went on tour with Patricia Collinge.

Lest I have caused an extremely smart young man to seem a one-sided one, let it immediately be set down that along with his acting Elliott continually was writing. Ohio State produces some excellent ink-dispensers, and does not award its literary honors casually. Thus when it transpires that Elliott was one of the editors of the campus literary periodical, *The Lantern*, as well as of the newspaper, *The Sundial*, we are given a hint of what was to follow.

He turned to the writing of plays as naturally as did George Cohan, Willard Mack, Allan Pollock, or any one of a hundred other actors capable of running a typewriter. J. C. Nugent also was interested in play-making, and together the two worked until they achieved the celebrated "Kempy."

Both men acted in "Kempy." Rather J. C. acted and Elliott played himself—a serious young man with a mild demeanor and a wild capacity for action. Actors and play took a bow as a tremendous hit.

His Unheroic Hero

SEVERAL seasons later Elliott repeated his smash in "The Poor Nut," on which he and the elder Nugent again collaborated. This unorthodox play of college life is built around one of the most wistful and appealing characters in the literature of the American theater. Elliott knew, and no one better, that most of us have qualities of heroism—though we may not look any more heroic than daisies. So he wrote his *Nut*, his charmingly unheroic hero; and played him to a fare-thee-well.

And was there a response? Ohio State called him back and made him an honorary member, with a letter and all, of the football team which he hadn't been good enough for while in school. Hammerstein called him for the title rôle of "Good Boy" opposite Helen Kane. M.-G.-M. called both him and his father to Hollywood to write and to act. To act.

In "So This Is College," and opposite Marion Davies in "Not So Dumb," and—

Gee! The places a real yen will take a guy!



The meals of the gods: they're far inferior, George Lewis maintains, than those Mrs. Lewis prepares for him. Particularly Meal 3 in the daily schedule in the Lewis household, which is afternoon tea

"How CAN you afford so many new stockings?"



"Since I learned this Secret of the Broadway Shows

My Stocking Money goes twice as far!"

"MY stockings cost me $1.45 a pair and they never seemed to last *any time at all!* One day I looked over the ruins of half a dozen pairs. I was so tired of having only one good pair to my name! How I longed to have six pairs in my stocking box *all in good condition.*

"But my stockings wore out so fast it left me poor just replacing worn-out ones.

Secret of New York Shows

"Then I happened to read how the big New York musical shows keep *their* stockings just like new *twice as long* with Lux.

"I decided to try it myself. And I've done just what these big shows do—I make my stockings wear twice as long, by washing them in Lux.

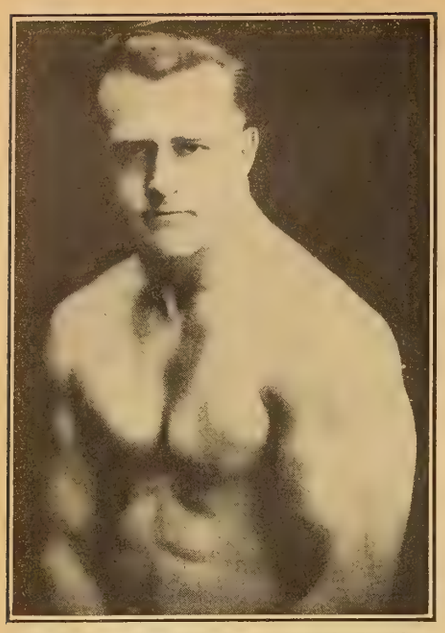
"Now my stocking money buys *extra* pairs instead of just replacing worn-outs. I've several good pairs of the latest shades *all the time*—and I don't spend a cent more!" . . .

Broadway's musical shows tried many different soaps, different washing methods to make their sheer, dancing stockings last longer. And found—just what you will find—that stocking money goes twice as far—if you *always* wash stockings in Lux!



"We would use Lux if it cost $1.00 a box," says the Shubert general manager—"Lux saves stockings!"





EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," Etc.

Muscles 5c apiece!

Wouldn't it be great if we could buy muscles by the bag—take them home and paste them on our shoulders? Then our rich friends with money to buy them, sure would be socking us all over the lots.

But they don't come that easy, fellows. If you want muscle you have to work for it. That's the reason why the lazy fellow never can hope to be strong. So if you're lazy and don't want to work—you had better quit right here. This talk was never meant for you.

I Want Live Ones

I've been making big men out of little ones for over fifteen years. I've made pretty near as many strong men as Heinz has made pickles. My system never fails. That's why I guarantee my work to do the trick. That's why they gave me the name of "The Muscle Builder." I have the surest bet that you ever heard of.

What I'm Going to Do

In just 30 days I'm going to increase your arm one full inch. Yes, and add two inches to your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. I've only started; get this—I'm going to put knobs of muscle on your shoulders like baseballs. I'm going to deepen your chest so that you will double your lung capacity. Each breath you take will flood every crevice of your pulmonary cavity with oxygen. This will load your blood with red corpuscles, shooting life and vitality throughout your entire system. I'm going to give you arms and legs like pillars. I'm going to work on every inner muscle as well, toning up your liver, your heart, etc. You'll have a snap to your step and a flash to your eye. You'll feel the real pep shooting up and down your old backbone. You'll stretch out your big brawny arms and crave for a chance to crush everything before you. You'll just bubble over with vim and animation.

Sounds pretty good, what? You can bet your old ukulele it's good. It's wonderful. And don't forget fellow—I'm not just promising all this—I **guarantee** it. Well, let's get busy, I want some action—so do you.

Send for My New 64 Page Book

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Take it and read it. It's the peppiest piece of literature you ever flashed your eyes on. And 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my numerous prize-winning pupils. This is the finest collection of strong men ever assembled into one book—Look them over—doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics and every line of trade you can think of. I swear you'll never let this book get out of your hands again. And just think—you're getting it for nothing. Don't hesitate—there's no strings attached to it. Grab it.

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Desires Under The Elms

(*Continued from page 40*)

If your children die, in the country code, it is the will of God; but if your animals sicken, it is your own fault. As long as her cows and pigs were well and her children kept out of trouble, this New England mother asked no more of life. The hundred wind-bitten acres were her matriarchy, and she ruled it with a stern hand. "My father, God rest him," admits Eddie, "liked a bit of drink once in a way, but she'd never allow him to have a drop on the place with all her boys growing up, and when he came home a bit under the weather, he wasn't allowed in the house. She'd go out, pleasant as could be, at any hour of the night to make him up a warm bed in the hay, and I never heard her reproach him. She took it for granted it was the way of a man to come home befuddled now and then—."

Just Another of Her Boys

AN easy-going, laughter-loving man, singing in a pleasant baritone over his chores, Eddie's father. Another one of the children in the tolerant eyes of Eddie's mother. When, a few years ago, she lay at the point of death in the same under-the-eaves room where her children had been born, his grief was pitiful to see. He knelt by the bed for long hours, pleading with her not to leave him, terrified at a world without her. "And when she got well," relates Eddie, chuckling, "he appeared on Thanksgiving with all of us sitting up and down the table, waving a bottle defiant-like and showing plainly he'd sampled it on the way home. 'What's that you've got there?' says my mother, very brisk. 'Something to drink to your recovery in, darlint,' says he, coaxing her. 'The boys have grown up. 'Tis time this nonsense stopped. Shall not a man be able to take a drink in his own house in peace?' says he. 'Not in my house!' says my mother, tapping on the table. 'Take that bottle out-of-doors, and be quick about it, my lad!' He tried to look her down, but she was too much for him, and up he got, hugging the bottle to him, and out the door. But on the threshold he turned, "'If I hadn't been a fool,' said he, 'I wouldn't have prayed you well again,' and out he went. And herself sat there, eyes snapping, beaming at us all, with pride that she'd had her way."

On New England farms, folk work too hard to have much time for tenderness, or for tears. When Eddie, at nine, got a job as cabin boy on a Long Island Sound steamer, and on his first trip the boat struck a reef and sank with four hundred and sixty passengers and crew, the mother heard the news silently and went on with her milking, for the chores must be done, no matter what comes. And when one of Eddie's brothers discovered him, half-frozen and out of his head with the exposure among the thirty-two survivors, she was in the midst of doing the family washing, and went on wringing out the heavy denim shirts without pause for joy, for washings won't wait, as most anybody knows.

Luckier Perhaps, No Better

"EVEN now," says Eddie, "when I've built houses for my brothers and sister on the old place, and set her up with her own automobile and she has nothing to do but ride in it like a lady, you can't get her to admit she's proud of me. 'You've got a fine son in Eddie,' you say to her, and her eyes'll snap and she'll answer, 'I've got a good many fine sons!' 'But Eddie's been grand and successful, hasn't he, Mrs. Dowling?' you ask her. 'Yes,' she'll say, 'he hasn't done bad. Not bad. He's had a bit more luck than my other boys, maybe.' 'Eddie's got a fine voice,' you say to her, and she'll nod her head and answer, 'Ah, but

(*Continued on page 113*)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 97*)

fourteen he ran away from school to take a job as call boy in **John Drinkwater's** repertory theater in **Birmingham.** Although only sixteen at the outbreak of the World War, he enlisted in the army as a private. In 1920, he came to the United States to appear in **"Monsieur Beaucaire."** Later he played the rôle of **Mercutio** in **"Romeo and Juliet"** with **Jane Cowl.** He later took singing lessons and discovered he had a great voice. He continued on the stage in **"The Lucky One," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "Rose Marie," "The Vagabond King"** and **"The Three Musketeers."**

ELIZABETH, O.—William Powell was born in **Kansas City, Mo.** Received his early education in that city and then entered the **American Academy of Dramatic Arts** in **New York.** His first stage rôle was in **"The Ne'er Do Well."** This was followed by parts in a series of dramatic productions on the **New York** stage and four years in stock companies in **Pittsburgh, Portland, Oregon, Detroit, Buffalo, Northampton** and **Boston, Mass.** He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has black hair and blue eyes. Latest picture is **"The Benson Murder Case."**

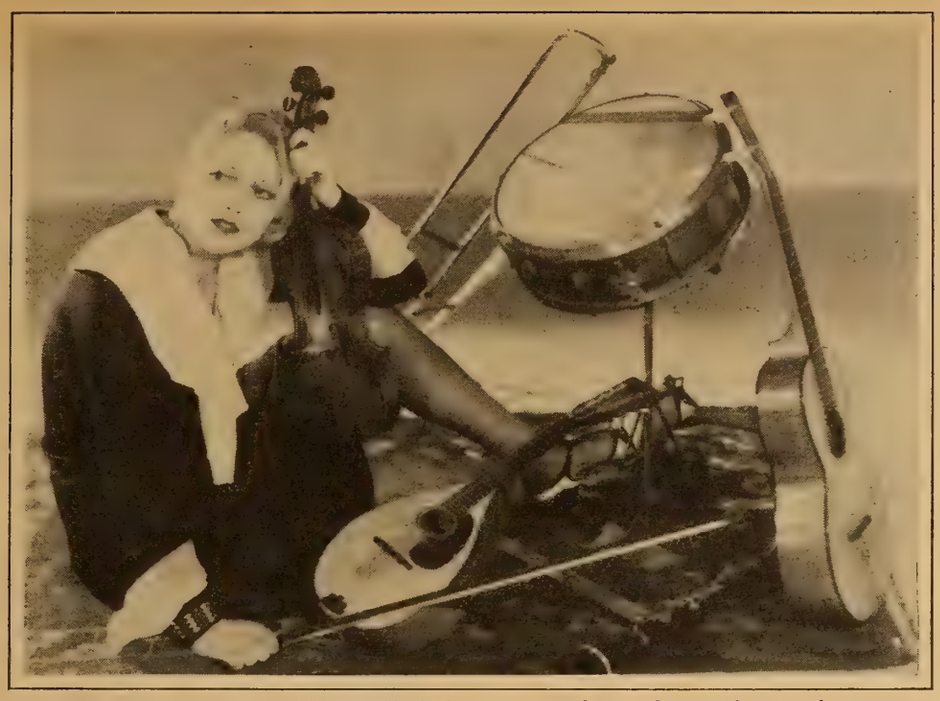
DOLLY.—Richard Dix was born in **St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1894.** Real name is **Ernest Brimmer.** Playing in **"Seven Keys to Baldpate," RKO Studios.** Where there's no smoke, there's Christmas cigars. **Stepin Fetchit** used to rub race horses. Now he's the most prominent of his race on the screen. Personality and salesmanship.

MALGARI.—Your English is most perfect. Always glad to hear from you. **Gary Cooper's** full name is **Frank J. Cooper.** No, he is not married, at least not at this writing. But one can never tell these days. For instance, take **Sue Carol** and **Nick Stuart,** they have been married secretly since last **July.** You will see **Gary** and **Nora Cecil** in **"Seven Days' Leave."** Receives his fan mail at the **Paramount Studios.**

G.S.—Elinor Fair is not appearing in pictures right now. **William Boyd** was born in **Cambridge, Ohio.** He attended High School in **Tulsa, Oklahoma.** His first job was as an orange packer in **Orange, Cal.,** the unexpected result of going west to seek his fortune. After several years spent as grocery clerk, automobile salesman and oil-driller, he got a chance to do small parts at the **DeMille Studio.** He got his first big opportunity in the title rôle of **"The Volga Boatman."** No, I've never heard **Bill** sing.

SALLY OF LA.—As for the World War—it's all over but the writing. **Buddy Rogers** and **Sharon Lynn** are not married or engaged. Ditto for **William Collier, Jr.** and **June Collyer.** You sure were lucky seeing **Sells Floto Circus** and **Tom**

(*Continued on page 122*)



A puzzling picture: since Thelma Todd is never at a loss to know what to play next, the cause of the lull bears investigation. Perhaps she is trying to answer that old riddle: What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?

you should have heard his father sing! That was a voice, sure enough!' "

When her son went to sea as cabin boy on the *Mauritania*, his mother made no protest. She could understand the sea. She had lived almost within sight and sound of it all her life. Its salt winds had bitten her cheeks and blown in her hair. All New Englanders have the sea in their blood. But when he wrote her that a passenger had heard him sing as he redded up the cabin (a good New England expression!) and had hired him to join a choir of boy singers on a world tour, she was troubled; and when this tour fired Eddie with the resolve to be an actor, she wrung those work-scarred hands. None of his people on either side had ever been a play-actor. What work was that for a man grown? Why didn't he come back to the land where he belonged? His brothers and sister were content to live decently as their ancestors had before them, and so should he be.

Impossible—a Four-Year Run

"SHE didn't see me on the stage for years," nods Eddie. "At last she agreed to go to one of my plays when it came to Boston. But I was worried. There was one scene where I had to handle a gun, and I knew my mother's notions about guns. The family tried to explain to her for days beforehand that the gun wouldn't be loaded, and was all just play-acting, but she would shake her head wisely and say, 'I've known too much grief to come of handling guns that weren't loaded.' Finally, we decided to put her in the top gallery, so she wouldn't break up the show if she started hollering. That was one time when she didn't get a chance to boss, the managing creature!"

The money that he has been able to earn means first of all to Eddie Dowling that his mother need never touch her hands to work again. To Eddie's mother it means that her boy is "good to his folks."

And she is proud of her actor son, even if she has few words to frame that pride. Some years ago an automobile filled with city folks stopped at her farm. The fashionably dressed woman who was driving knew of Eddie Dowling and praised his latest play. "And this lady," she added, pointing to the sweet-faced, little old woman in the back seat, "is another one who has a famous son. His name is Taft and he has been four years in Washington." Eddie's mother drew herself up, "Ah, but that's impossible!" she cried. "My son is as good as they make 'em, and he has never played any town more than three weeks running."

The Next Long Journey

SHE still lives on the rocky land of her forefathers, a little old lady with a glorious head of curly white hair, snapping blue eyes and a shrewd tongue. She still manages the farm, and cooks the dinner for the family on grand occasions, and bosses her eighteen grandchildren; but no manner of coaxing will make her leave the house where her mother's grandmother was born. New Englanders, in the quaint phrase of the country, "set great store by their own things." "An uncle of mine died last year," relates Eddie, "and I went back to the funeral. My aunt came to the door sobbing, and led me in to the best room to look at him in his coffin. 'Well, auntie,' said I, trying to comfort her, 'he was a good man.' 'Yes,' she answered, wiping her tears on her apron, 'he was a good man.' Then her eyes blazed with the memory of her wrongs. 'But he committed a great sin the week before he died. What do you suppose? He went and painted the highboy blue with some of the paint left over from the pump.' "

In the high-powered car he bought her, Eddie's mother sometimes rides two hundred miles to see him. And after an hour's visit, when the news of the family has been told, she is on her way back again. "I must be home tonight," she tells him. "Everything'll go wrong if I'm away." "Sometimes I think she isn't happy not working," says Eddie. "Her hands have got the habit, God rest 'em! I wanted her to come out to stay the winter with us in California, but she wrote me, 'The next long journey I'll be taking, my boy, will be to join your father.' It fair broke my heart to read that. So I'm going home for Christmas instead."

And there would be a long table loaded with turkey and mince pies and 'Brown Betty and piccalilli and other New England goodies, and sons and daughters, and talk of simple homely things such as crops and cows and taxes and babies, and a few words of affection and praise, and underneath a tremendous pride in "the family." I know! I was born in New England myself.

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Must Mama Spank?

(*Continued from page 82*)

"I've never been able to see any harm in bringing up children to work from the time when they're small. Of course, I can only speak for myself. It certainly hasn't done Arthur any harm. He's worked so hard that, with his schooling to do at the same time, he hasn't had time to do anything he shouldn't.

"Another fine thing for Arthur was his being a Boy Scout. He's been one almost all his life. He thinks if you don't get back what you do for other people in one way, you get it back in health and good luck. He has just the hardest time saying 'no' to anybody.

"Hollywood wild parties? Arthur never went near one, if indeed there are such things. I certainly never saw any myself. When we go out, it's generally to an opening—and we always go together, the Lake family. Arthur's friends come in here all the time, streams of them. We keep open house. And what do you think of this? Somebody gave me a bottle of gin—oh, weeks and weeks ago—and I've had it here ever since. It hasn't been touched. There isn't anybody here to drink it."

What did I think of that? Mammy! You've guessed. I thought it was a crying shame and there ought to be a law. Oh, but I forget. There is a law, isn't there? To be sure!

"Don't get it in your head Arthur's a girl-hater," Mrs. Lake pursued, being very firm on this point. "He loves 'em. I want him to. But the right one hasn't come along yet. He's never been on the verge, as yet.

"What do I think of Hollywood girls? I think they're just as sweet and dear as any girls ever were, even in my grandmother's days. If my boy has no worse influences on him than the girls of his set in Hollywood, I'm not worrying.

"Bringing up a boy in Hollywood, is all right. There's nothing wrong with the atmosphere of the place that I can see. At least, I can only judge from my own experience, as I said before.

"Here's what the landlady says about Arthur. She says people in the other bungalows are always asking what sort of boy he is. And all she can tell them is that every time he comes home and hits that door he hollers 'Momma!'"

So there's your bringing up a boy in Hollywood.

And at the landlady's chaste appraisal of Arthur Lake, let us, dear coal-black and snow-white mammies of the open spaces, leave the lad.

"If it sounds too silly," were Mrs. Lake's parting words to me, "don't print it, will you?"

I make profuse obeisances. I hold my peace. What is spoken, is spoken; and that which is printed is printed.

Is Love a Liability?

(*Continued from page 29*)

The Stealthy Worshiper

IN the thirty-minute matter us producers can be a little lenient. We can remember our own salad days, when young love was green and verdant. Vivian and Nils had separated in wrath. Two years had slipped by without a message passing between them. Nils had gone, quietly, to see Vivian on the stage. Vivian had gone, quietly, to see Nils on the screen. When she and her sister came to make their picture, Nils was known to steal onto the set and stand behind properties, watching. He forbade anyone telling Vivian. We didn't mind that, and furtively wiped a tear for romance from our old eyes.

Some press agent, divinely inspired, whispered to Vivian that at the moment Nils was posing for pictures in the photographic studio of Ruth Harriet Louise. It was there that Vivian went, immediately. Coming into the studio, she walked to him: "I've been two years waiting for this moment, Nils," she said, stepping into his arms. Miss Louise, noted for her tact and charm, never got the pictures. This explains the lost thirty minutes on the schedule of "It's A Great Life."

With Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., we had our minor troubles. We didn't have as much difficulty with schedules and things as we did in trying to find out what they were saying to each other in their private Esperanto. They lunched together and waited on each other's sets. But we solved that difficulty neatly by putting them in the same picture together; and even if Doug, Jr., didn't get Joan in the film, he had the privilege of driving her home every night from the studio. It wasn't like the condition at another studio where the young lady's young gentleman, who is obviously the type for film deviltries, must always, by her wishes, be cast as her clinch-mate.

Misgivings About Clara

JUST now, frankly, and we want to be frank with you, for it is the best policy, if we can't interest you in life insurance, we have been secretly worrying about Clara Bow since her left hand was weighted down with the priceless rock that Harry Richman gave her as a stop signal for the other boys to cease sending orchids. We have it from a unique source—and it's not that Japanese gardener who speaks French—that Clara has already bemoaned the use of a career, in words something like: "Who the dickens wants a career, anyway?" or maybe stronger. It is also reported that one day Clara kept the company waiting for three hours and when, finally, she did arrive, it was to shake her red hair violently and toss forth the words: "To the devil with the motion picture business!" You can see in what a wretched position it puts us producers. Every time Clara decides to fall in love we have to rush out and compose precautionary rulings to govern the situation.

We have just finished asking and answering two questions: "Must Mama Spank?" and "Is Love a Liability?" We have still another to ask—for you to answer. Rather, two questions. Could you possibly use $20.00 or $10.00 or even $5.00? And, are you an interesting letter-writer? If the answers are affirmative, you should turn to page 6 in something like a hurry. In more ways than one it pays to read

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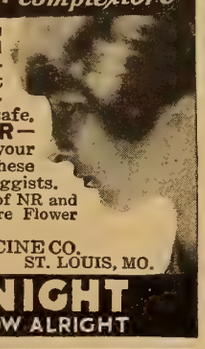
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Jack Has Lost No Time

GRETA and Jack never gave us any trouble, despite the flaming quality of their devotion. They rarely lunched together at the studio and they were always prompt in the mornings. As a matter of fact, Jack gives us small trouble. Even in his late marriage, we didn't lose a day's shooting and, according to our secret records, Ina Claire Gilbert has never stepped a foot inside Jack's studio's gates, not even to lunch with her husband.

In the matter of Grant Withers and Loretta Young we thought we would meet with a situation that needed discipline, but are surprised to note that, with the exception of an extreme amount of devotion expended by Mr. Withers in sitting on the set watching Miss Young emote, and one or two hectic chases around the lot to find her, their romance is a liability in no sense of the word. Nor was the pre- and post-marriage conduct of Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore.

It was no more than human that we should frown, slightly, on the dash Sue Carol made to Europe when Nick Stuart was chasing around the Continent on location, but inasmuch as Sue was not violating any production plans, we merely coughed in our throats and let it go at that. Nevertheless, it was not without comment among us producers that we noted the Fox Film Company's order that husbands are not to be allowed to visit wives' sets, and vice versa. As we understand it, that is going to be pretty hard on Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, particularly if they happen to be cast in the same picture together. It looks to us as though somewhere a rule will be broken if the script calls for the joint appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Lowe in a scene. But, of course, that will have to be ironed out by a special meeting of Mr. Mike Boylan and the Fox Cabinet.

As we survey the situation at the moment, we look for no emotional outbursts that will prove that love is a liability, unless some of these coloraturas and mezzo-sopranos imported to elevate the chinema go temperamental. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Merna Kennedy and James Hall are not causing us any trouble with their pounding hearts. If we can only keep Clara Bow from going berserk, us producers will have a little extra time for golf.

Giving Their Wrong Names

(*Continued from page 96*)

Nancy Carroll, Billie La Hiff; Leatrice Joy, Leatrice Zadley; Ena Gregory, Marion Douglas; Robert Castle was Frederick Solm; James Hall, James Brown; Alice Terry, Alice Taafe; June Collyer made her début as Dorothy Heermance. And of course, Miss Farina is in private life none other than Mr. Allen Clay Hoskins.

Changing names is an occupation not confined alone to the players. Walter Terry chose to be known as Mack Sennett, and Samuel Goldfish, Samuel Goldwyn.

A brand-new wrinkle in the manner of finding suitable screen names was introduced in Hollywood not long ago. Margaret Ettinger, film publicist, issued invitations to a swanky tea to meet a dark, lovely mysterious girl with only a first name, Liska. Each guest was requested to think up a suitable, simple last name. Liska's photograph was enclosed in all invitations. And then someone suggested Liska Rene.

Speaking of names, there are numerous imitations, but there is only one

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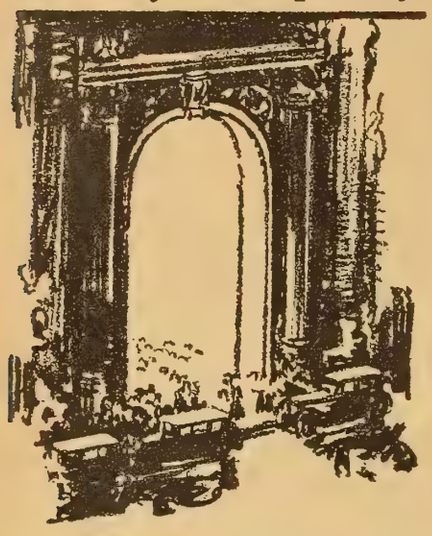


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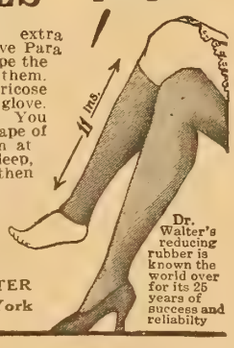
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Back To The Bustle

(*Continued from page 30*)

evening gown. You could put Pavlowa on a stage and forbid her to dance; cover St. Mark's with a sheet to show off the *Piazza San Marco;* or pour soup over the blooms in a rose garden; and you would not have anything sillier than a movie queen with her knees covered up.

The Happy Few

IN all this, of course, I speak of the average. There are exceptions. Many great ladies of the talkies—most of them late arrivals from New York and civilized points—can carry off long skirts with a real air of grace and distinction. And that has nothing whatever to do with the state of their knees. Many of them, I am officially informed (and who am I, to cast nasturtiums on official Hollywood information?), have knees which Eve herself might have been proud to display. It is all a question of bearing, of poise, of manner. For example, a tour of First National studio leaves me with the conviction that no skirt could be too long for Vivienne Segal. Nor do I mean by this that she has bow-legs and knock-knees. I mean that she can carry it off. She can look as though her skirt were meant to be that low and not that it had just slipped. You can say the same for Ina Claire, for Ann Harding, for Kay Francis—but for few others.

Of course, the very long dresses for evening wear can be worn by almost anyone, and have been for some time. Any of our sweet young things who like to look demure when they go out dancing can get away with dust-collector skirts without difficulty; Mary Philbin, say, or Marguerite Churchill, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Olive Borden or whom-have-you. But put them in below-the-knee skirts in the daytime, and the result is disastrous.

Being, If Not Dressing, Smart

MANY of the more sensible young things, conscious of their inability to get away with long skirts by day, are refraining from them except for evening wear, and if you ask their opinion, they will tell you that long skirts by day simply are not smart. Fifi Dorsay, for example, says: "I do not want to ware zi long skirt for zi strit. I sink she most bi most uncomfortable. For zi ivneeng—zat is diff'rent." Sensible girl, Fifi, what?

Alice White, who is smart enough to know where she's got it and where she hasn't, told me: "Girls who are really smart dressers don't wear long dresses around; you see only shop girls in them. Style is a matter for the individual; you've got to show off what you've got. Long skirts make the hips look big and bring out all your weak points. They're not a bit flattering to females. Of course, if you haven't good legs, that's another matter—but being a modest creature, need I say more?"

Alice needn't. She's there with the gray matter.

But she added as an afterthought, "At the same time, I don't like dresses up to your neck."

Sue Carol, in her best débutante manner, coos: "Oh, my goodness! I don't want to wear long skirts." Resolved, here and now, that Sue is awarded special absolution. She is augustly permitted to wear her skirts as short as she likes.

The large majority of the stars simply bow to fashion, as the eternal female has done since the beginning of time. Theirs, apparently, not to reason why—theirs but to wear what they're told and not argue.

Mary Duncan, for example, just remarks weakly: "If ankle-length skirts are to be worn this winter, you will find me wearing them, even though shorter skirts are more comfortable." Mary, in short, simply saw her duty and she done it.

Carol Lombard seems to me to hit the nail on the head in the most pointed manner when she says: "It is rather fun buying the new clothes."

Kay Francis thinks of skirts in terms of higher mathematics. "For the street," she says, "they should be fifteen inches from the ground. For the afternoon, a few inches longer. For evening, trailing all over the place."

"What if it goes right back to the bustle?" I asked Kay, who is one of Hollywood's very best dressers, don't you know.

"I wouldn't care," she said, "how far they went. I only hope we shan't return to corsets. But even if we do, I shall follow the fashion. The dust-collector skirts tear all the time and come very expensive, but they are so much more feminine. I love them."

Vivienne Segal has a rooted hatred for in-between lengths. Knee-high for sports clothes and full-length for the others—that's her idea. "Skirts half-way down to your ankles make you look bow-legged even if you aren't," says she.

Blanche Sweet told me she never makes bright remarks about anything, least of all about skirts. However, she would say that she likes them long. It won't go as far as bustles, opines Blanche. Where the really big changes are going to come is in men's clothes. "Men are supposed to be so sensible," she said. "But they aren't. Women are far too sensible to let bustles come back. But it's about time men woke up and put some sense into their dress styles."

Corinne Griffith, another who can really wear clothes in a big way, says all or nothing, like Vivienne Segal.

Samples of Male Viewpoint

AT this point in my investigation I decided it was time to ask a Mere Male what he thought about it. So I sidled up to Bert Roach. "How about long skirts, Bert?" I queried.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Bert. "This is for publicity, isn't it? I suppose I ought to think up something clever."

"Never mind about that," said I.

"Well," he said, "personally I don't give a Boulder Dam, if you want to know. All I know is they cost me a lot of dough, what with my wife buying a whole new wardrobe.

"Dress reform for men? I should say not. There are enough nances around already."

Finally, as a last court of appeal, I called on William ("Bill") Austin to hand down a verdict.

"Everything in its proper place, you know, what?" said Bill.

"But do you like long skirts?"

"Love 'em," said Bill.

"What about short skirts?"

"Love them too. But you know, really, I think they ought to be shortish for sports, and for evening they ought to have that long slinky feeling, you know. What?"

Absolutely.

Hollywood may be going back to the bustle, and styles may be retrogressing, but in its own outstanding fashion MOTION PICTURE will continue to attract attention, and maintain its reputation for being the best-dressed and the brightest of screen magazines.

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Revising a Fable

(*Continued from page 50*)

never did my mother any good. And he beat me several times, and then he went away and left us.

One Thing He Never Forgot

"I NEVER forgot it. For years afterwards I swore I'd give it back to him. I really believe that's the reason I'm the big man I am. I wanted to be big and strong so I could give back what he had given us.

"Years afterwards I found out where he was and went to see him. He was crying. I said to him, 'Your tears have saved you an awful beating. You've made me the big man I am, and I came here with the intention of giving you a terrible beating.'

"He said he realized what he had done. 'That was my mistake,' he said, 'and we all pay for our own mistakes. I've paid for that one, over and over again.'

"He gave me quite a talking to, and I took it and went away. And now he's back to the same fine man he used to be.

"But that's the reason I'm the way I am. It's that fear, that fear that I may become like that. I know that if I ever went over, if I ever crossed the line, I'd be a terrible man. I'd be merciless. I'd walk right in and take anything I wanted, and throw it away. I'd be like the characters I play on the screen, only without the redeeming features.

"If I ever get like that," he finished earnestly, "don't ever come near enough to me to wipe your boots on me, dear. Because I'd be a terrible thing."

No Past-Tense Man

HE drew his hand across his forehead and showed it to me, glistening.

"You don't think that's just because it's warm in here, do you? No. I'm frightened to death, because I hate to talk about myself. I'm just terrified, because of a couple of stories that have come out about me.

"I know it's my own fault. I've been warned. I'm all wet right now, talking to you like this. I should say what I think only to people who I'm sure think as I do. But I can't act. I never act, even on the screen. I have to say what's in my heart and what I believe.

"Calling me 'Big Boy Bancroft,' and things like that!" he said resentfully. "Maybe I do talk like a kid, and when I say things to people who don't understand them, I know I put myself in the boob class. But let me tell you, I'm nobody's fool at any one time. I'm just a sensitive man, that's the thing about me. I'm not a ball of mush.

"And I hope you're understanding me, dear. I've been talking to you just as if we were sweethearts and had known each other all our lives.

"I've been through every kind of hardship and trouble, but I wouldn't talk to you about that, because I'm not a past-tense man. I don't think anyone should be. That's the great trouble with women. They're past-tense people. They always think about what a man used to be, and the women he used to love. If a woman can say, 'I don't care what this man has been, or what he has done, or what women he has loved. He's everything to me now and that's all that matters,'—then you know you've got a real woman, don't you, dear?"

Then he continued irrelevantly, "Howsomever, until I came on the screen, heavies did nothing but mug. They'd look at a woman and do nothing but undress her with their eyes. I would never do such a thing. If I was attracted to a woman, even if I wanted her for a sweetheart, I'd talk to her, try to know her, and let things take their course."

George looked at me earnestly. "I can't tell you what it means to me to know you were born on November 25," he said.



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This gland weakness often came about the age of 40. There is a well-known cause. With countless men and women it is different now. Mothers look like daughters. They have new youth, new beauty. Men have new health and vigor.

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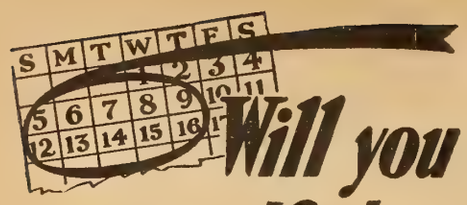
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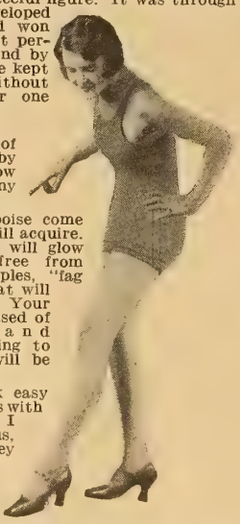
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The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

emotions of our Clara. Anyway, they patched the quarrels. But there came the day when he apparently thought, "This is once too often." He told friends it was over.

The cause of the trouble was Clara's doing something "unpardonable." She had disobeyed her future husband. (Ah, how many of us could have told Harry that one of Clara's charms is the naughty way in which she disobeys people.)

Clara wanted to go to Agua Caliente. Others were going. Harry couldn't make it. He told her she mustn't go without him. He didn't realize, perhaps, that "mustn't" is a word we should never use to wilful, intriguingly spoiled children of fortune. Clara insisted. Harry persisted.

Clara went to Agua Caliente. When she returned, Mr. Richman secured his ring and did not return it.

"I was mad. I was never so angry in my life. I admit it," Mr. Richman told me.

Clara was worried. It was a woman's privilege to accept a proposal; it was also her right to break an engagement. What was love without quarrels? Emotions which run smoothly are not in the category of our colorful Clara.

Her Frightening Decision

SHE had long suffered adhesions caused by an appendicitis operation. The doctor had advised, again and again, an operation. But Clara does not like operations. Now—brought on, perhaps, by over-excitement—she had another attack. It was serious. Again the doctor urged her to the operating-table.

This time she listened, and—decided upon the operation.

She telephoned Harry her decision. He laughed at her. He admits it. He didn't believe it. Harry Richman is no novice in the ways of woman. He was not to be won over by any trick of femininity. He hung up the receiver.

Miss DeVore (Clara's secretary) called him. He was no less stubborn. (It is the prerogative of an angry man to be stubborn.)

The secretary used new tactics. "Clara is desperate, Harry. I won't be responsible for what happens. She might do something for which you'll be sorry—"

Harry was frightened. "I admit it. I was scared to death. I thought she meant suicide. Miss DeVore said they would come to the lot. They did—"

They came in Clara's big blue limousine. Clara reposed in the back seat. The shades were drawn. A prop boy or assistant something-or-other knew that ambulances which carry picture stars are often de luxe contraptions. He said, "Clara Bow drove up in an ambulance." I have talked with many who saw the car. It was Clara's own, they tell me.

The secretary went onto the set. She repeated the warning which had persuaded Harry to see Clara.

What Was Heard, But Not Seen

CLARA did not get out of the car, but Harry joined her on the back seat and they talked it over. It went all over the world that she was in a nightgown which had blood stains on it. It was said that she had been stabbed. It was said—

I have talked with people who were near the car. None actually saw Clara. "So and so told me she was in a nightgown. She had tried to stab herself. She—"

But always, each one told by somebody else. Not one person who confessed to seeing the nightgown or Clara. In reality, Clara was dressed in a blue sweater and sports skirt.

The next night there was a picture opening. Harry took Marion Benda, a beautiful New York stage star, whom you will remember as an intimate friend of the late Rudolph Valentino. Richman had met her with Valentino. He had seen her at two recent Hollywood parties. Marion had never attended a Hollywood première. She accepted his invitation.

This was the first and last appearance she made with Richman in Hollywood. Yet, here is the quotation from the New York newspaper:

"Whatever the status of the Richman-Bow engagement may be, it is certain Harry is not pining away while Clara languishes within the confines of white hospital walls.

"He has been seen almost daily as the cavalier of brunette Marion Benda, the statuesque Broadway showgirl."

The newspaper reporter supposedly interviewed Mr. Richman while he was still a bit angry. She claims Richman told her that Clara had driven to the studio in a nightgown. Richman claims he merely quoted Miss DeVore's words of warning. She says he admitted the suicide attempt. He denies it. That is that.

The Factual Sequel

BUT when the story came out, he rushed to Clara in the hospital. And then came a "follow up" story that they were engaged all over again.

"I will marry her any day!" He was vehement when he said it.

"If she were well enough, we would be married now. You know the kind of girl Clara is; you know the kind of man I am. I wouldn't want a quiet little girl. I want one like Clarita. There is no one who can hold a candle to her."

The day she returned from the hospital, he spent the entire morning at her home decorating a Christmas tree for her.

He bought her trained nurse a gorgeous bag (I saw it and the mental vision of the price made me stutter), presumably to insure her taking extra good care of Clara.

He hired an ambulance to carry Clara onto the United Artists lot the night before his departure for New York—also trained hospital assistants to lift her—that she might see a rushed and patched cut of his picture.

He left a standing order with a Hollywood florist.

On the last evening, Clara wrote, from her bed, love messages on dozens of pictures which she gave to him. I saw them in his suite at the Roosevelt and they were indubitably and persuasively affectionate.

As Sure As Anything

AND Clara?

Her eyes twinkled with a bit of devilry as she looked from the white pillows.

"Surely marry him?" Again those daredevil twinkles. "Sure. As far as you can be certain of anything before it happens."

March tenth is the date they have now set for the wedding he tells me.

Clara has been seriously ill. There is no mistake about that. For a few moments—well, it has been whispered to me that she played hide-and-seek with the dark shadows, and only a powerful medicine to draw her out of it. Her hospital room was on the first floor. To have attempted suicide from it would have meant a drop of only six feet. Her doctor says she did not leave her bed.

Clara had a desperate time in the hospital, but all to the end that she and Harry are apparently happy together again. And the unwelcome and unfortunate publicity they received will no doubt soon be forgotten—by the principals, as well as the public.

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Joan and Constance Bennett aren't so** friendly as they look.

2—**Olive has been divorced, and George's** religion does not recognize it.

3—**Alias June Collyer.**

4—**Greta Garbo will create "Ex-Wife," the** best seller of the season, for M. G. M.

5—**Lowell Sherman is engaged to Helene** Costello, sister of Mrs. John Barrymore.

6—**Jeanette Loff wore the most expensive** outfit ever assembled for a picture in the wedding scene of "The Paul Whiteman Revue."

7—**Howard Hughes, the producer of** "Hell's Angels," has this tremendous income from his oil fields in Texas.

8—**The monogram belongs to none other** than Marian Elise Nixon.

9—**Joan and her Dodo Fairbanks believe** in comfort first—even at dinner.

10—**Evelyn Brent is Mrs. Harry Ed**wards.

11—**0-1-2-3 respectively.**

12—**Nils Asther is the boy who craves to** remain unenlightened.

13—**Mary Pickford. Lilyan Tashman.** Lon Chaney.

14—**John Gilbert and Ina Claire go call**ing on one another.

15—**Olive Borden used to help her** mother in their chocolate and fudge shop.

16—**Lon is Betty Compson's idea of** plenty of "It."

17—**Sue Carol is the lady who pulled a** fast one in the attempt to keep her marriage a secret.

18—**It may be indifference, but Ronald** Colman looks very "skirt shy" to Hollywood.

19—**The brave and bold lassie is** Nancy Carroll, but business is her explanation.

20—**Collette Merton.** You'll hear more of her.

21—**Mary Philbin is rarely seen any**where—or at all.

22—**Dorothy Mackaill absolutely slays** 'em when she steps out and around.

Has True Love Come To You?



HAVE you ever experienced the *thrill* of true love or didn't you recognize it when it came? Can you tell when a person really loves you? Is your love-life unhappy because you don't know the vital, fundamental facts about life? Are there certain questions about your sex-life you would like to ask your family physician? If you want the mysteries of sex explained clearly and frankly, clip and mail the coupon below at once.

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The Solution of the Bridge Game

(Continued from page 41)

Bidding according to contract principles, Jack opened with one Club; Kay Francis, at his left, passed; Inez Courtney, Jack's partner, bid a Diamond; and Robert O'Connor, in the East position, passed.

Jack then went to two No Trumps and Inez risked the game bid of three No Trumps, since in Contract it is necessary to bid game in order to score it.

The play, was featured by clever card reading and equally cagy checkmating by the opponents.

Kay Francis opened with her fourth best Diamond, and Bob O'Connor's jack forced Mulhall's ace. Sizing up the hands, Jack saw that to insure game, he must make at least three tricks in Diamonds. Having learned from Kay's fourth-best lead that O'Connor had no more of this suit, Jack led the deuce, planning to finesse should Kay unthinkingly play second hand low. However, Kay countered this by going up with her ten, forcing the dummy's king—but Jack came right back with the nine of Diamonds to force Kay's queen.

All the adversaries' efforts were now bent toward keeping Jack out of that dummy hand with its three set-up Diamonds. So when Kay led her four of Hearts, and the Dummy played low, Bob cannily defied the well-known principle of "third hand high" and played his ten. This move was perfectly sound because, knowing the location of the king, queen, ten and nine, he was justified in assuming that his partner had led from either the jack or the ace. If it was from the jack, then Bob's ten would be enough to force Mulhall's ace; if the lead was from the ace, then Mulhall was sure of one trick anyway, and O'Connor's play of the ten rather than the king would throw that trick to the closed hand instead of to the dangerous dummy.

With the Heart suit killed, Jack's only remaining hope of getting back to the dummy was the queen of Spades. But here he was balked again, for Bob refused to cover either the king or the jack from Mulhall's hand.

With this plan also squelched, Jack switched tactics again. He could turn his adversaries' shrewdness to his own account provided Kay held both the ace and king of Hearts and no more Spades, as the bidding and the play so far seemed to indicate. He would be delighted to present her with her two or three Heart tricks if, after that, she would have to lead to dummy's Diamonds or up to the closed hand's Clubs—(O'Connor meanwhile would be "squeezed" and would never make his Spade ace.)

It was a forlorn hope and Jack was only half right. The location of the Heart king in Bob's instead of Kay's hand spoiled everything; for when Jack led a Heart from his hand, O'Connor covered with the king, cashed his Spade, ace, and then led his last Heart to give Kay two more tricks in that suit, making a total of five, which of course set Jack and Inez by one trick.

A keen kibitzer remarked after the game that Kay and O'Connor had saved game by deliberately disregarding two fundamental rules of play that most players would never think of breaking—"second hand low" and "third hand high."



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Handle Your Own Money

(*Continued from page 69*)

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Never Deal Through Friends

"BUT right here let me say that I never go into investments or business ventures on a friend's advice. I have had my experience along that line. The only times I ever lost money was when dealing through friends. Once it was in a real estate speculation, another time on a motion picture scheme, and again on a cattle-feeding proposition. I learned my lesson. Now all my business is done purely on its merits.

"Those experiences also taught me to not mix up in any business venture outside of my own sphere of experience. It was then that I decided that acting and acting alone was my business.

"The stock broker's is a familiar haunt of many of the stars. Never for me," vowed Conrad. "Actors, of all people, are the ones to leave the stock market alone. I know their arguments. They say that their time to earn big money is limited. Therefore they must make it bring in big returns. So they plunge and usually lose. No matter how much money a man has, he can't afford to speculate."

Since Conrad Nagel said this, the entire world has learned the insecurity of the stock market. Panic has reigned in the film colony. If reports are true, many of the big officials as well as the actors have lost practically all they possessed, because they were impatient of small returns on their investments.

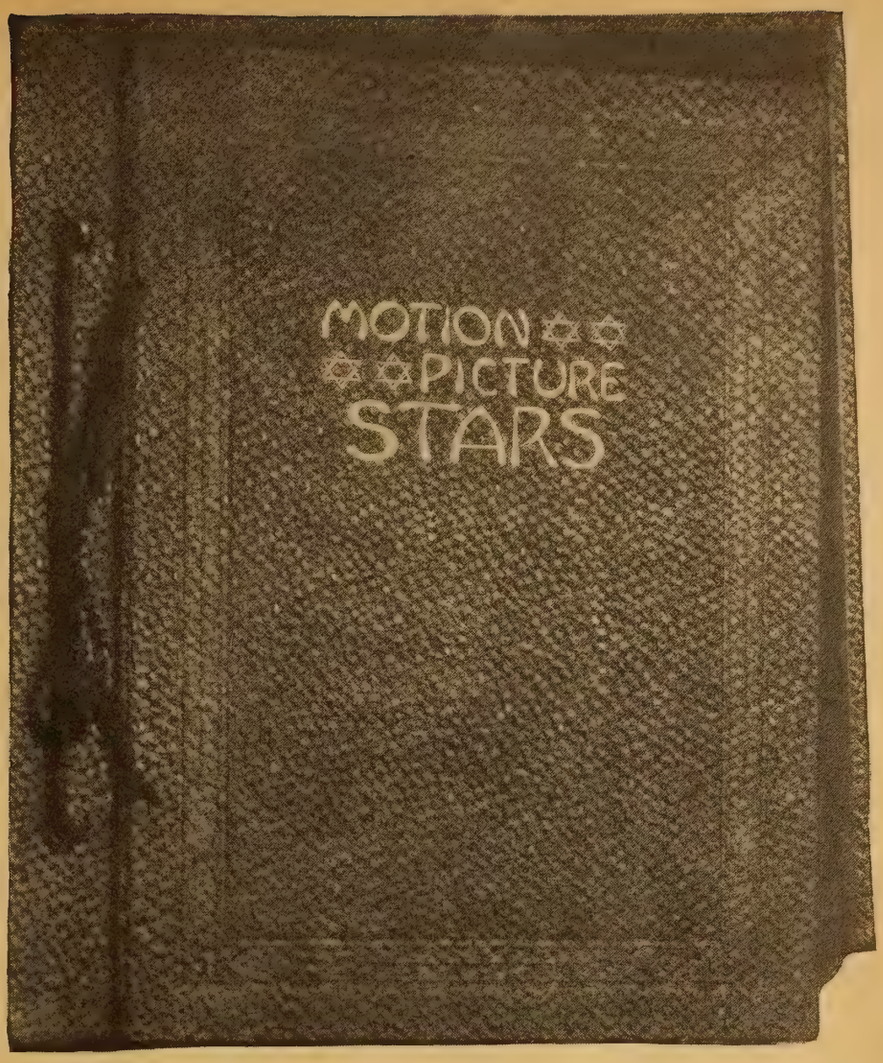
"Having a business manager is ridiculous," he went on. "I can't imagine any intelligent person handing his check over to a stranger and paying him from fifty to a hundred dollars a week for the privilege. But I know it is being done by several of my friends. Where do these business advisers come from? Who are they? What training have they had? If they make an investment in stock that is disastrous, it is just too bad. The money is gone. There is no redress.

"Right now one of our best friends, a charming young actress, is turning her checks over to her business manager, from whom she never seems to get anything in return. Wouldn't she be far better off to be making her future secure in a good life insurance policy or drawing a fair per cent. from gilt edge bonds? If a person can't bother to the extent of looking after the money he earns, he had better quit making money.

Why the Gold Rush?

"THERE is no reason why an actor should plunge in speculation, thinking that he must hurry to pile up a fortune before he is finished in pictures. He doesn't need to be through. True, he may not always retain his high earning power, but even half the salary of any successful actor is far beyond the average wage of the layman. I have been in pictures for ten years and I fully expect to continue for ten more and perhaps another ten. I can see no reason why an actor cannot adjust himself to different rôles as time goes on."

Conrad Nagel has one of the finest contracts in the film colony. It extends over a period of seven years. His weekly paycheck runs into the thousands of dollars, whether he works or not. It seems that making acting a business has paid in his case. And making a business of investing his earnings has brought him future security, a home, and freedom from financial worries.



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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

Picture, titled, "The Man and His Moment," featuring Billie Dove and Rod LaRocque. They were both wonderful and gave a splendid performance and I would have considered it one of the best pictures I have seen in a long time except for the following reason.

I read the story, which was written by Elinor Glyn, several years ago, and fell in love with it. I thought it was a marvelous story and have re-read the book several times. Then the picture by the same name and taken from Mrs. Glyn's story was billed here. I looked forward to seeing the picture, because I liked the story so well. And I went—and what a disappointment. The picture was not at all like the story, there were not many points in the story that were brought out in the picture, the entire plot was changed. There was no comparison between the two. As I have said before, the picture was entertaining and good, but it was so different from what I expected that I was disgusted.

When these pictures are taken from books that have been published before, I think that they should be made like the book so people will know what to expect. A picture like the book would have been a marvelous production. So please, directors, give us pictures like the original stories. *B. G.*

Anent the Foreign Film

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just a word through your column about the foreign films. I enjoyed the article on this subject in the February issue very much and quite agree with the writer that many of the stories have no interest for an American audience. However, there are a number of very fine foreign films now going the rounds which are well worth seeing. There is "Shiraz," produced by an Indian company with native cast telling the story of the building of the famous Taj Mahal of India, a beautiful and romantic tale which everyone will find of interest. Then there is "A Daughter of Two Fathers," produced in Japan by a native company. The exquisite scenery alone is worth seeing and the quaint story of Japanese life makes something decidedly different from the regular film fare. Another gorgeous importation is "The Loves of Casanova," produced in France and done in color. This story of one of the world's most famous lovers has enough romance, beautiful women and handsome sets to satisfy any audience. There is an old Swedish film, "The Story of Gosta Berling," taken from a famous Swedish novel in which Greta Garbo and Lars Hansen make one of their first screen appearances. If only to show the progress in the art of a great actor and actress, this film should prove interesting. The recent "Hungarian Rhapsody" was a gem scenically and otherwise, and "Discord," a Scandinavian film, had far more sex appeal than the average American film, if that's what audiences want. One must not forget, either, the joyous Russian comedy, "Three Comrades and One Invention." There of course, have been many foreign pictures dumped on this country which are simply atrocities and nothing more, but audiences can afford to be a little tolerant and give some of these productions a chance. They will prove a welcome novelty if nothing else. *A. Y. W.*

Bring on the North

BRANDON, MANITOBA, CAN.—Being a Canadian, I for one would greatly appreciate a talkie picture in which northern life is shown. For instance, a picture of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police with Gary Cooper or some other big "he-man" taking the rôle of a husky "get your man."

I myself think there are very few pictures, that is, few talking pictures, showing the beauties of our northern country. One of this sort would tend to attract or secure the patronage of the Canadian people, and would show our American friends that we up here do not live in a barren, God-forsaken country.

One American I met thought that we Canadians were actually snowed into our houses and had to emerge from the upstairs windows in order to go about our business. If such were the case, snow shoes would be in great demand.

The picture "Rose Marie" appealed greatly to me, as it was typical of the North-Western life; but as it was silent, the whole beauty was not revealed. As the talkies are now in a nearly perfect stage, a great deal of the realism of outdoors could be brought into such a movie. *George McGregor.*

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 112*)

Mix. I don't know when **Tom** will return to the screen, but hope soon, for the fans' benefit.

ME.—Gladys Hulette played opposite **Richard Barthelmess** in **"Tol'able David." Alice White** is playing in **"Show Girl in Hollywood." Greta Garbo** in **"Anna Christie." Laura La Plante** and **John Boles** in **"La Marseillaise." Jack Oakie** and **Polly Walker** in **"Hit the Deck." Nancy Carroll** and **Stanley Smith** in **"Come Out of the Kitchen."**

KEN MAYNARD FAN.—Everybody has his favorites, so why can't you be a cowboy fan. **Ken** was born in **Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895.** He is married to **Mary Leeper.** They have no children. **Ken's** latest picture is **"Kettle Creek," Universal Studios.** Send along a self-addressed envelope for the list of photos I can supply.

JUST ME.—Joan Peers, who made her screen dèbut in **"Applause"** with **Helen Morgan,** has been signed by **Paramount** to play the leading feminine rôle in **Moran and Mack's** next picture, **"Two Black Crows in the A.E.F." Miss Peers** is the daughter of **Frank C. Peers,** former opera singer and now manager of the **Adelphi Theatre** in **Chicago. Sue Carol** is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds. **Joan Crawford,** five feet four and weighs the same as Sue. **Lois Moran,** five feet two, weighs about 118 pounds. You will see her next in **"Bride 66," United Artists.**

EDNA MAE.—If a Scotchman lost any money in Wall Street, it was probably because it rolled down a grating. **Ramon Novarro's** real name is **Samaniegos.** Playing in **"House of Troy." Arthur Lake** was in to see us recently, nice chap. No, he's not married and his real name is **Silverlake.** His ambition is to do a Tarkington hero on the screen. His sister **Florence** is also playing in pictures.

NILS ASTHER FAN.—You are only one of the thousands. Why don't you keep your stationery for the 17th of March. **Nils** was born in **Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902.** Six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, dark hair and eyes.

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(speak)

bouquet.....**boo-kay**
(a bunch of flowers)

beaucoup.....**bow-koo**
(much, many)

mais oui.....**may we**
(but, yes)

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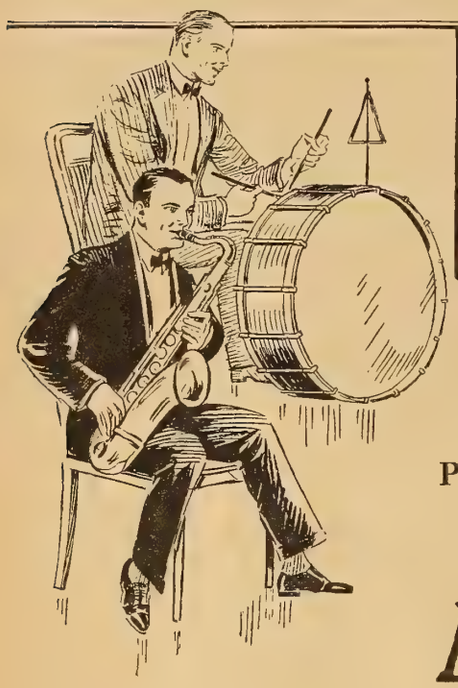
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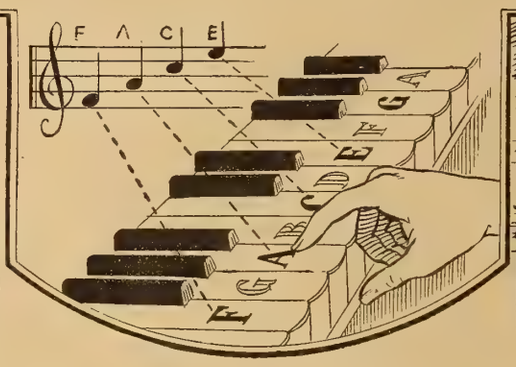
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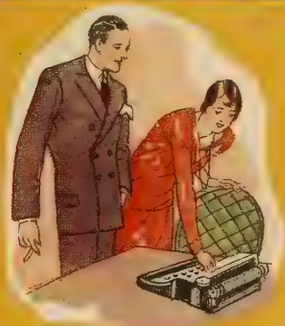
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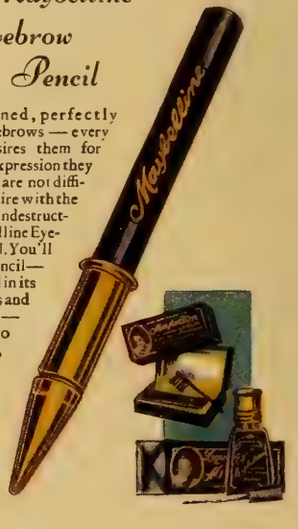
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Imagine lovely Janet Gaynor in the heart-shaking role of the girl-wife in LILIOM, the most passionately beautiful stage success of the past ten years. The most sympathetic part Janet has ever had.

And John McCormack, greatest singer of them all, in a romantic singing-talking movietone.

Jack London's mighty tale, THE SEA WOLF, ought to be the high-water mark, so to speak, in sea films. You remember this hair-raising yarn of stark, raw passions—the giant sea-captain, with the soul of a gorilla—the prisoner girl, her lover and the pitiless sea. Directed by the great John Ford!

Many other great ideas are in production—among which these deserve special mention at this time:

THE OREGON TRAIL, first important American epic of the talking screen—based on Francis Parkman's narrative—directed by Raoul Walsh.

COMMON CLAY, Harvard prize play, by Cleves Kincaid, directed by Victor Fleming.

SO THIS IS LONDON! with Will Rogers and Jillan Sandes and a cast of English artists. Staged by Hazzard Short; music by Richard Fall, Viennese composer.



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—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on *me* for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper, "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

"He'll die on his feet!" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose'!"

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced to Speak"—

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous — amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers NOW—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unfaltering—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with the telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

"Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!"

"You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I HAD been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost HURT. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere —when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any "magic" or "mystery" about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the **sheer power of convincing speech** has been the big secret of my success.

* * *

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right **thing** in the right **way** at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

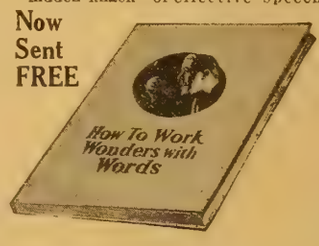
What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address board meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stagefright
- How to develop self confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to be the master of any situation

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Volume XXXIX, No. 3 April, 1930

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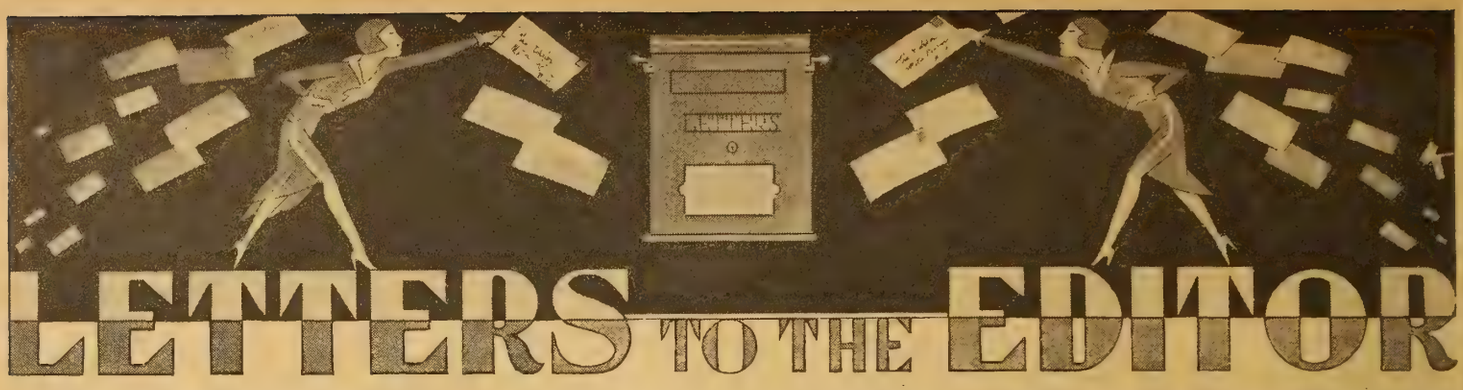
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TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

More Inspiration, Please

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—I suppose I am rather idealistic, but most of us are, in one way or another. Idealism is humanity's spark of divinity. At any rate, it is difficult for me to understand why so many of our current motion pictures show us the seamy side of life. They depict sordid, grubby spectacles, vicious characters, vile crimes. Besides these repellent films, we also have numerous abnormally "fast" pictures. Everyone realizes they are exaggerated and unnatural, and although numbers of persons may enjoy them, there must be multitudes who do not.

Instead of being overwhelmed by baseness, why, oh why, are we not elevated by a divine tide of beauty and loveliness? If exaggeration is expedient, why can it not be of heroism, unselfishness, devotion and honor?

I am convinced that by the right kind of development motion pictures could become the true and ideal incarnation of all the nobility of American manhood and womanhood. *Theoma Collins.*

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

Talkies Have Bad Habits

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—I'm here to tell the world that I'm for the talkies. I have joined the multitudes that no longer go to see a silent movie. But I do believe that the talkies have a number of minor faults that could be overcome. I hope the producers will soon get on to these little things that look like great big ones. They can be easily improved, and would make a great difference in the enjoyableness of the picture.

It isn't at all necessary for us to hear the bang and slam of a door to know that a door has been closed. If a door is closed, we can take it for granted that a small amount of noise was made by it without having to listen to a lot of clatter that sounds like half a dozen or more doors closing, as is the case in the talkies. The sound pictures evidently exaggerate a noise of this kind.

Another bad habit the talkies have is when a person has any amount of walking to do, especially through a long corridor or across a large room, they insist on our hearing the footsteps. The noise would have you believe that an army was approaching on horseback instead of a petite female walking on a pair of dainty French heels.

If all these queer noises that are magnified by the talkies can be eliminated altogether, they will never be missed by any movie audience. Also after a funny remark, there should be a pause for the laughter of the audience. *Teddy R. R.*

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

It's the Person, Not the Picture

CHERRYVILLE, N. C.—Speaking of shows, I think if a person does not enjoy a picture, he alone is to blame. The fact is, he saw a great picture in the wrong mood. He merely went to the right place looking for the wrong thing.

If one is particular about what he spends his money for, he'll study what he puts it in, and so long as a picture is one's entertainment, why not know the characters of the cast by reading the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published monthly. This way one can usually tell what to expect from a picture by the cast. For instance, if you wish to see a beautiful romance, there's Buddy Rogers or Nancy Carroll; then there's the wonderful actress, Joan Crawford, she's always after something and you should see her get it; John Boles for a lot of good singing with a good story. There are many others I cannot tell you about but the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will. So to know your stars leads you to the right theater in the right mood with always a new sensation. And there are many minds and moods to make the different pictures a great success.

Bob Boggs.

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. We will also pay one dollar for every other letter published.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

ONE DOLLAR LETTERS

Cut Out Whoopee

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Since talking pictures replaced silence on the screen, I more frequently attend the theaters. "Talkies" are more natural and impressive because one not only sees action but hears it. The motion picture industry has greatly improved.

Despite my applause for the "talkies," I would add that in some ways they are boresome, for example, such pictures as "The Hollywood Revue," After seeing it I wished that more pictures like "Show Boat," would be made:—very good indeed. If more pictures were produced like "Show Boat," "Rio Rita," and "Love-Live-and-Laugh," I believe there would be a larger audience in attendance at the theaters.

It is disgusting to sit in a movie theater and see a display of human anatomy—(pardon), in other words, half-clothed girls dancing in some night club, café or on the stage—always the same dancing, singing and "whoopee" or murder, but seldom any real life action. Everything in life does not occur in night clubs, cafés, etc. Let's have more moralizing drama conveyed into talking pictures and less parade of anatomy.

L. P.

A Constant Fan

SAVANNAH, GA.—I want to chime in the chorus and say a few words in regard to the silent pictures, the phonoplay, the baby vamps and new slim stars, the old timers and old reliables, and the stage beauties that have invaded the screen, ousting some of our loved performers that stood by us in the old days.

I have followed pictures from the nickelodeon days, on into the days when they charged ten cents to see Bill Hart shoot up Hickville and run out all the bad cowboys and when the extra nickel was charged to hear the "Colored Songs" rendered by the town's highest soprano. Later we reached a day when they charged the outrageous sum of twenty-five cents to see a picture and when war came along, it had to be advanced to thirty-five cents and even fifty in some places!

Last night I paid seventy-five cents to see Sophie Tucker in "Honky-Tonk," and there is no doubt that Sophie is a Bigger and Better Sophie, and I heard no complaints upon the price of admission because we got our money's worth!

And I'd like to see and hear Bill Hart, Ethel Clayton, Fatty Arbuckle, Francis X. Bushman, Sr., Beverly Bayne, Bill Farnum, Lew Cody and above all—Mae Marsh. Where is Mae?

I like the phonoplay pictures, it is a wonderful stride in screenland. I have seen all the baby vamps and these tiny girls who are living on lettuce and grapefruit, but I had more genuine fun in again seeing and hearing Sophie Tucker than any of them. There is something to that girl. She may not have a waistline, but she has got a voice, and I know who they meant when they invented the word—"IT."

B. Hayward.

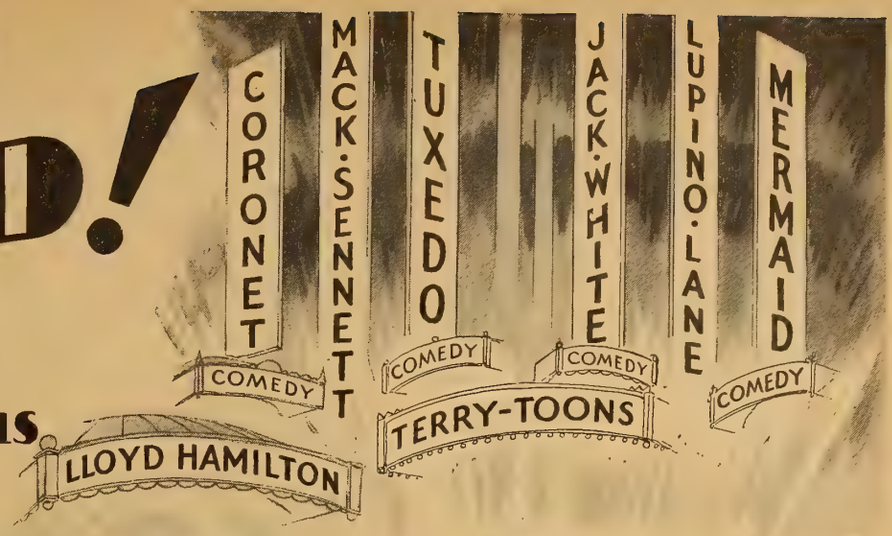
'Ray for the Movies

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA.—A young fellow who is only twenty years old is naturally made bitter when he sees, one by one, all his big dreams go "blooie." Financially unable to go to college, as he had planned, he is forced to go to work at whatever job he can find, and hope for better days to come.

(*Continued on page 121*)

GOLD! GOLD!

Laughter is more precious than gold





FROM the alchemist of old, down to the forty-niner and to the high pressure business man of today, Gold, to many, has been the only goal. But what good is a mountain of gold to a man who cannot laugh? Better a cottage filled with laughter than a mansion shrouded in gloom.

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"DAD KNOWS BEST"—Featuring Taylor Holmes in a Jack White Production that is as classy as it is fast and funny.

"CAVIAR"—Introducing Terry-Toons, a new idea in combining music with screen cartoons, by the master of them all, Paul Terry.

The Hot-Spot

OF THE MONTH

Lydell And Janet "Separated"? Yes, When Business Demanded

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"MISS GAYNOR and Peck Deny Reports of Rift" ran the newspaper head-lines on January 11, 1930—the first printed formulation of the rumors which had been circulating in Hollywood ever since Janet electrified her friends by marrying on three days' notice the tall and blond young lawyer from San Francisco.

On September 7, when, so far as anyone knew, her "romance" with Charlie Farrell was progressing smoothly, Janet announced in the newspapers that she was going to marry Lydell Peck on the 10. She actually did marry him on the 11 of September and immediately departed on a Honolulu honeymoon.

Four months later, to the day, she and her new husband were rushing into print to deny that they had separated.



Knowing smiles: Janet Gaynor asks her husband, "When are you going to leave me again?" And Mr. Peck replies, "When you get tired of Seventh Heaven."

In movie circles the denial of domestic difficulties has almost always been the first step toward a divorce. "Aha!" cried Hollywood, reading the indignant protestations of bride and bridegroom over its breakfast coffee-without-cream. "What did we tell you? They say that—buzz—buzz—buzz—"

Rumors, Stories, Reports

RUMOR was busy with Janet's romance even before the wedding ceremony. Perhaps it was the apparent suddenness of her decision to become Mrs. Peck, after repeatedly denying such intentions; perhaps it was the three days' interval between the announcement and the wedding that set the tongues of gossips wagging.

At any rate, there was the story that another suitor had applied for a wedding license; the whisper of a lovers' quarrel. The sudden departure of this other suitor from town lent color to the rumors. Movie people have an appetite for drama. They had him heart-broken, putting out to sea to forget.

At any rate, Janet's marriage started out with even more of a handicap of skepticism than most Hollywood matches. Wagers were freely made as to how long it would last. As soon as the honeymooners returned, the rumor that all was not well began to circulate.

The first proof offered by the cynics was that Janet went to Palm Springs without Lydell immediately after her return from her wedding trip.

Gossip-Food

THE second incident which set the gossips off was the undoubted fact that Janet and Charlie Farrell came up the aisle of the Chinese Theatre together at the opening of "Condemned." In other towns, the fact that two young people walked up a theater aisle side by side might not seem compromising; but it is by straws like this that Hollywood decides which way the wind blows. Let some actress enter the Brown Derby with a new escort and she is immediately engaged to him. No announcement is awaited. Let a man and a girl dance several times together at the Embassy or the Cocoanut Grove, and one of them is "contemplating a divorce" from his (or her) present, non-dancing mate.

Janet and Charlie were seen dancing at the New Year's Eve party at the Embassy Club. The cynics said, "Hmmmm—"

It was announced that they would be co-starred as screen lovers, as they had been heretofore. The sentimental murmured, "Poor dears—"

Lydell Peck went to San Francisco, and Janet was not at the station to see him off. He came back from San Francisco and Janet was not at the station to meet him. A story ran about town that she was living under an assumed name in an apartment, instead of in the Beverly Hills honeymoon home. The matter, so far as Hollywood was concerned, was settled. It was all over except the decree. And then the local newspapers confirmed everything by printing the "denials" of both Janet and Lydell.

Bringing Rumors to Earth

AFTER this final convincing proof that a separation was in prospect, it was disconcerting to Hollywood

(*Continued on page 93*)

WHEN THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1930 ARE CHOSEN





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By MARION MARTONE

Adoree, Renee—playing in *The Dancer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ames, Robert—playing in *Double Cross Roads*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Light of Western Stars*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lewis—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—recently completed *A Lady to Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Man From Blankleys*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Son of the Gods*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Arizona Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *In Love With Love*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *Sweethearts and Wives*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *His Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *The Humming Bird*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Framed*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *The Light of Western Stars*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brice, Fannie—recently completed *Be Yourself*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *The Benson Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—recently completed *Montana Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *The Unknown Beauty*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *The Devil's Sunday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Helen—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Claire, Bernice—recently completed *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *His Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Texan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Courtney, Inez—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Montana Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Dixiana*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *The Gay Nineties*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Day, Marceline—recently completed *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Hell's Belles*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *Sweethearts and Wives*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Jr., Douglas—playing in *Sin Flood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Alec B.—recently completed *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—recently completed *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gish, Lillian—recently completed *The Swan*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gleason, Russell—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gray, Alexander—recently completed *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *The Gay Nineties*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—recently completed *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *The Girl Said No*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Two Black Crows of the A. E. F.*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Devil's Sunday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Dixiana*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Abraham Lincoln*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Sweethearts and Wives*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)

Don't miss 1/2 the fun!



VITAPHONE VARIETIES ARE HALF THE FUN OF ANY EVENING AT THE THEATRE

Look for these New Headliners—

Vitaphone Varieties will introduce you to Ann Pennington, Irene Franklin, Fred Allen, Bert Lahr, Eddie Buzzell, Jack Buchanan, Miller & Lyles, and scores of others, in the "specialties" that have made them Broadway sensations.

And Clever Novelties—

Fred Keating, whose feats of comedy magic are now the talk of New York —Little Billy, the world's most celebrated midget—Bobby Gillette and his two-man banjo—and Eddie Lambert, amazing trick pianist.

The Best in Every Field—

Look forward to jazz by Horace Heidt; opera by Martinelli and Charles Hackett; comedy by vaudeville headliners; and short-story sketches with Blanche Sweet, William Boyd, etc.

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color Scenes are by the Technicolor Process.

YOU'RE entitled to two hours of entertainment at your talking picture theatre.

The feature picture is only about one-half the show . . . The rest is made up of one- and two-reel featurettes.

Unless THE WHOLE SHOW *is good, you get only* HALF THE FUN *you paid for!*

• • •

Now for the first time there is a way to insure full value for your entertainment money—make sure that the short pictures on the bill are VITAPHONE VARIETIES.

VITAPHONE VARIETIES is the group name chosen to designate an entirely new type of short screen subjects. With this vastly improved series of miniature screen masterpieces, Warner Bros. bring to short features for the first time all the class and dignity of the finest full-length productions.

In VITAPHONE VARIETIES, slapstick is superseded by renowned stars and acts in specialties that have made them outstanding attractions in famous Broadway shows...

VITAPHONE VARIETIES are the first short pictures to introduce original songs written specially for them by popular composers . . .

And VITAPHONE VARIETIES will present the first series of tabloid musical comedies ever filmed in Full Natural Color!

• • •

Don't miss half the fun . . . Don't hesitate to ask your theatre manager to show VITAPHONE VARIETIES every week . . . He will be glad to know your preference so that he can more closely accomodate your tastes.

SOMETHING NEW IN TABLOID TALKING PICTURES

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

Insure Full Value for your Entertainment Money



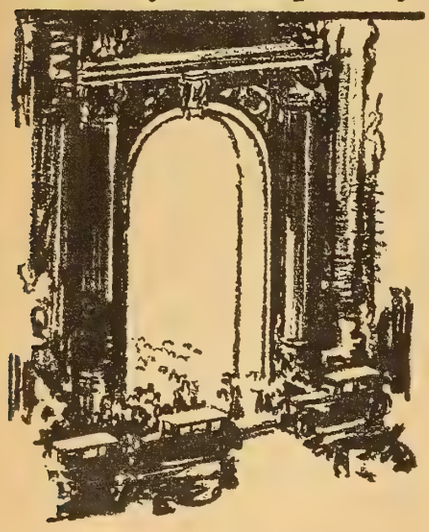
CAST OFF IN THIS BOAT, AND UNROLL A WIDE, WHITE WAKE

HERE'S a stout boat—this "Old Town." She rides the water like a sea-gull—cuts along like a shark. Never shivers or vibrates—she's built extra-rigid. The heavy, non-leak canvas has no seams to open up, and therefore won't ever need caulking. Ideal for heavy loads, but wonderfully light and well-balanced.

Free catalog shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood, outboard family boats; canvas-covered, square-stern boats with sponsons; rowboats; dinghies; speedy step-planes; and all types of canoes. Write. Old Town Canoe Co., 174 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

THE
Doorway of Hospitality



IN HOLLYWOOD, film capital of the world, the Hollywood Plaza is hotel headquarters.

Here is everything to do and see. Downtown Los Angeles is but 20 minutes away. The beaches, also, are easily accessible. Golf, recreation, night life and other entertainment surrounds the hotel.

Plan to stop here on your trip to Southern California. Reasonable rates . . . every possible comfort. Write for descriptive booklet.

THE HOLLYWOOD PLAZA HOTEL

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Jolson, Al—recently completed *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—playing in *Dangerous Nan McGrew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Keaton, Buster—recently completed *Free and Easy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *Beau Bandit*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Lane, Lupino—recently completed *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lane, Nora—playing in *The Ivory Trail*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
LaRocque, Rod—playing in *Beau Bandit*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lebedeff, Ivan—playing in *Radio Revels*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—playing in *Second Wife*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lewis, Mitchell—playing in *Beau Bandit*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Loder, John—playing in *Sweethearts and Wives*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Montague—recently completed *The Notorious Affair*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Born Reckless*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Hell's Angels*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 No. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Farrell—recently completed *Men Without Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *In Love With Love*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Maris, Mona—playing in *The Arizona Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mojica, Jose—recently completed *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *The Divorcee*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran and Mack—playing in *Two Black Crows of the A. E. F.*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *Bride 66*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morgan, Helen—recently completed *Roadhouse Nights*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Morris, Chester—playing in *The Divorcee*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *The Unknown Beauty*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—playing in *Hell's Belles*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Second Wife*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Newell, David—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Eddie—playing in *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—recently completed *Girl of the Port*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Owen, Catherine Dale—playing in *The Circle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Free and Easy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Patricola, Tom—recently completed *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—recently completed *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Benson Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Pringle, Aileen—recently completed *Puttin' On the Ritz*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—recently completed *The Notorious Affair*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Robinson, Edward—recently completed *A Lady to Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Roth, Lillian—recently completed *Honey*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—recently completed *Bride of the Regiment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *The Divorcee*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *A Very Practical Joke*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—playing in *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sterling, Ford—recently completed *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *The Circle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Queen Kelly*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Flames of the Flesh*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Framed*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Trevor, Hugh—playing in *Radio Revels*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tryon, Glenn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Blind Raferty*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walker, Polly—recently completed *Hit the Deck*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Walthall, Henry B.—recently completed *Temple Tower*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Agony Column*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Radio Revels*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Alice—recently completed *Show Girl In Hollywood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *The Unknown Beauty*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Winton, Jane—recently completed *Hell's Angels*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 No. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Withers, Grant—recently completed *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—playing in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Texan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Murder on the Second Floor*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.



The Greatest Picture of His Great Career!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "SON of the GODS"

with COLOR and Constance Bennett

Never have the Talkies told such a sensationally novel story! Never has the star of "Weary River" and "Tol'able David" been so fascinatingly brilliant! Never has a Barthelmess picture been produced on such a magnificently lavish scale as "SON OF THE GODS"! Millions from coast to coast have called it big—gripping—thrilling. See for yourself if they aren't right!

[A Frank Lloyd production. Screen version by Bradley King. Color scenes by the Technicolor process. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation]



THE GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Which beautiful, blonde actress recently played two weeks in a picture while her body was incased in a plaster cast?**

• ● •

2—**Can you name one handsome male star who has never been married or even been rumored engaged?**

• ● •

3—**Name the star who has been on a studio pay-roll two years and hasn't had a single picture released.**

• ● •

4—**Who is meant when Hollywood says: "Well, she's getting up in the world again—she has a new Cadillac"?**

• ● •

5—**Is the Ben Lyon-Bebe Daniels engagement still "on"?**

• ● •

6—**Name three famous actresses in Hollywood who have the same married name?**

• ● •

7—**What jazz-baby, once accused of imitating Clara Bow, is now "pulling a Joan Crawford," and what is the basis of comparison?**

• ● •

8—**Who is the good-looking male star who delights in gagging his off-screen romances?**

• ● •

9—**The most sophisticated woman of the screen and the least sophisticated girl in Hollywood are very good pals. Can you name them?**

• ● •

10—**The following names often appear in the social columns of Hollywood: Mrs. William Seiter, Mrs. Oliver Morosco, Mrs. Sydney Lanfield, Mrs. Edward Hillman, and Mrs. William Hawkes. What are the names under which these ladies generally play?**



Abbe

They were sisters three, were the Sisters G,
When they danced on the stages of gay Paree;
But a man came to woo, which left only two,
To dance that way in Whiteman's Revue.

11—**What actor will soon appear opposite a married actress to whom he was engaged during their last picture?**

• ● •

12—**Name the player who openly boasts that she is married to the handsomest man in town.**

• ● •

13—**What recent stage importation for the talkies was an outstanding star of the screen ten years ago?**

• ● •

14—**Why is it that Sojin is unable to play the rôles that he has always played in the past—now that the talkies are with us?**

• ● •

15—**Which beautiful star is credited with saying: "I am bored with any picture whose cast doesn't offer me a new flirtation"?**

• ● •

16—**What stunning blonde star of the talkies is reported to have sacrificed her husband to her career?**

• ● •

17—**Who is meant when Hollywood says: "He's just the flat-tire Don Juan of Broadway"?**

• ● •

18—**What former star of the Ziegfeld Follies, now a picture star, is really homely and bow-legged in real life?**

• ● •

19—**Who is the very first theme-song writer to rate a Hollywood engagement rumor?**

• ● •

20—**What do you suppose was Dame Rumor's report on Clara Bow's last trip to the hospital?**

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.

Under a Strange Light in HOLLYWOOD

Filmland's Make-Up Genius Discovered

This Magic Way to Beauty

Now You May Discover How to Actually Double Your Beauty With a New Kind of Society Make-Up... Cosmetics in Color Harmony for Every Type in Blonde, Brunette, Redhead!... the Beauty Secret of the Screen Stars!

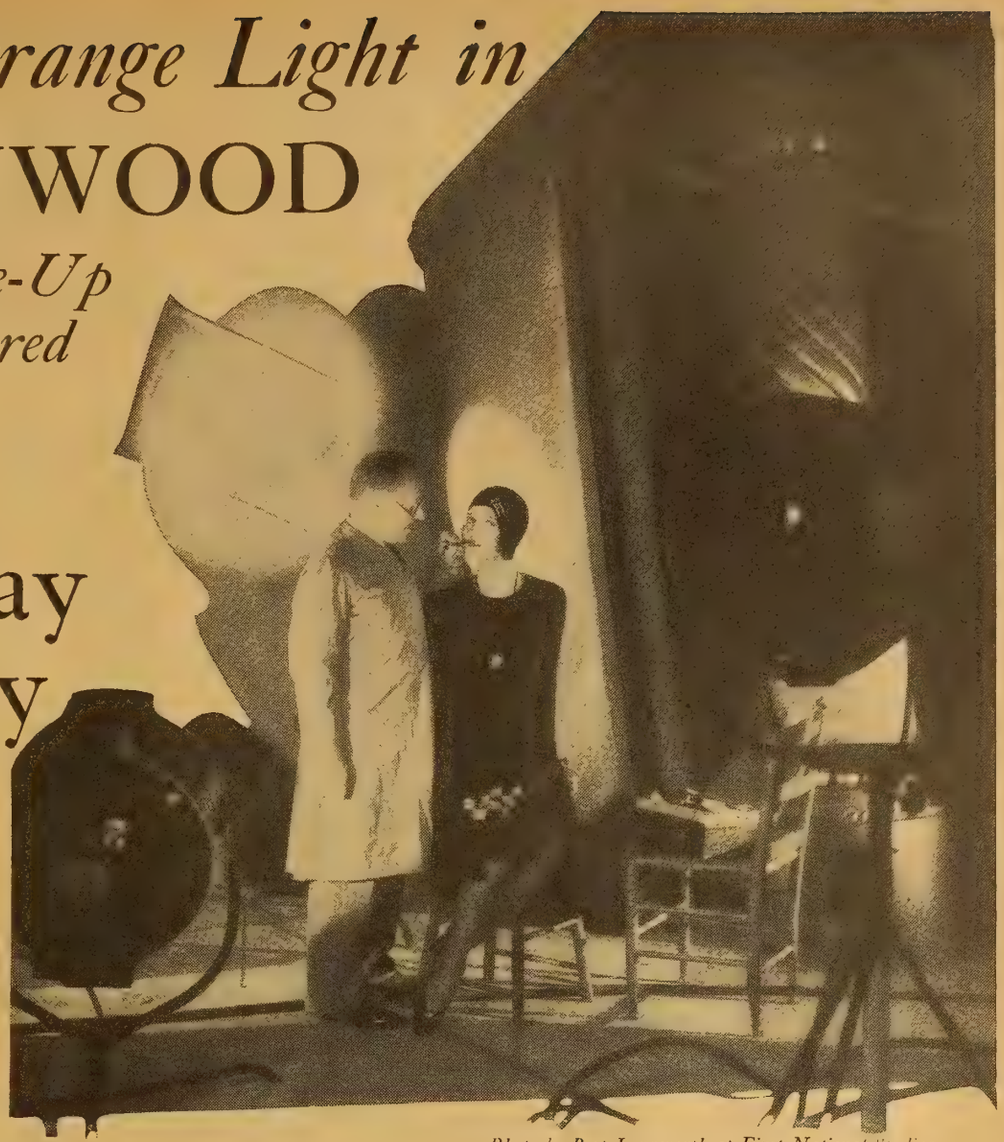


Photo by Bert Longworth at First National Studios

LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King ...Imagine make-up so faultless that in the glare of blazing lights it enhances beauty naturally. Now you may share the beauty magic of make-up in color harmony.

by FLORENCE VONDELLE

DREAM a moment . . . then fly on the wings of imagination to Hollywood . . . It is night-time at one of the big studios. . . . A Rolls-Royce silently and gracefully rolls up to the entrance . . . The star alights and hurries to her dressing room . . . At her make-up table Max Factor is interestedly working . . . There is something new tonight . . . The genius of make-up has developed another discovery . . . For the first time color pigments will be harmonized in cosmetics . . .

As the star is being made up she wonders if the experiment will be a success . . . The camera will tell, for the camera never lies . . .

On the set, under the blaze of strange motion picture lights, the director marvels at her radiant beauty . . . Max Factor enthusiastically smiles approval . . . Intuitively the star senses a success as the camera starts clicking . . .

Now, later . . . the review of the film in the projection room . . . and as the scenes flash on the screen, the rare beauty of the star appears so lovely, so natural, so alluringly fascinating that all marvel at the new magic of make-up by Max Factor!

* * *



Now you may play the part of the screen star and have your make-up for every day and evening by Max Factor, in the exact color harmony to enhance the beauty of your own natural complexion colorings, according to your own individual complexion analysis which will be made for you by Max Factor.

Based on his discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which revolutionized make-up in Hollywood, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for every woman for every day use . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up requisites in a variety of make-up color harmonies to blend with every type and every complexion, in blonde, brunette and redhead.

In every picture released from Hollywood, like Loretta Young in "Loose Ankles", you have seen with your own eyes the magic beauty of make-up by Max Factor. Now see what wonders your own color harmony in make-up, as created for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will do to double your own natural beauty, the loveliness of your charm, the fascination of your personality. A priceless gift will be sent to you from Hollywood . . . just mail the coupon.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

* "*Cosmetics of the Stars*" . . . HOLLYWOOD

**96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-4-23

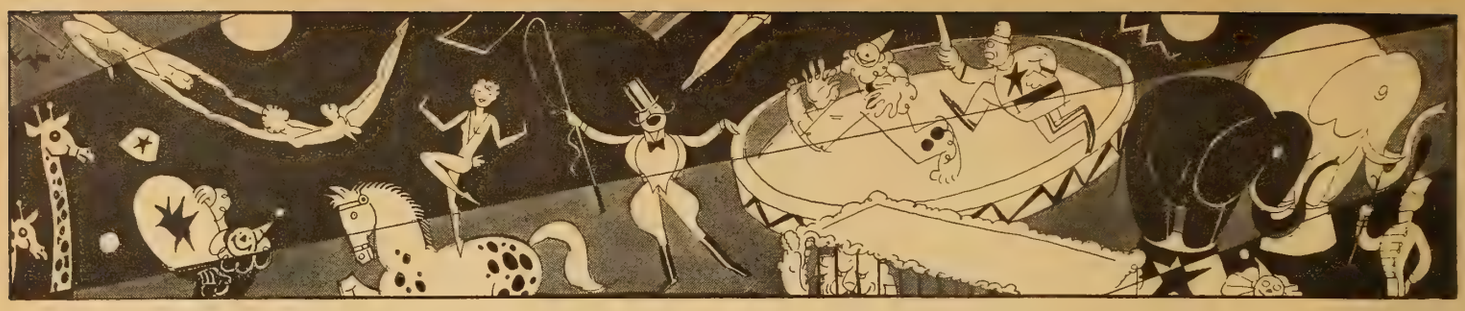
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

City _____

Address _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

Hollywood is a paradise of the *nouveauriche*. The more *nouveau* the better, for this town doesn't countenance last year's contract or yesterday's affluence. It matters not that **New York's** ex-chorus girls are on the up and up in **Beverly Hills** society. Nor does it make any difference that **Charles Ray** was once the **King Pin** of the old dumb screen—he's *out today!*

Only the *PRESENT* means anything at all to the home folks!!

For that reason **Hollywood** never asks, "Who was your **Grandfather** and your **Great Grandmother**?" But they *do* want to know, "Who are your present circle of friends?" "How long does your contract run?" "Are you going to **Susie Glutz'** dinner?" They are rarely interested in what make of car you *drive* but they are on pins and needles to find out what cars you leave in the garage. One may drive a **Ford** if one has seven **Rolls Royces** to back it up.

Not that there isn't **"Class Distinction"**—Oh my no—but it's based on *CURRENT* achievement. A glorious PAST performance is not "just as good."

And there are many subtle ways of recognizing a person's position: one of the best is watching the deference of the head-waiter in the smart dinner-and-dance places. His job in **Hollywood** is far different from what it would be in any other town in the world. He is not to bow to a last-year's luminary who has lost everything **Hollywood** has to offer including her contract and her money—he must be able to spot the ladies of the moment and the gentlemen of the hour. If you arrive late and want to see who's who—just look about you and notice who are placed at the tables near the floor. It's the key to this thing called **Local Prominence.** Watch who sits in the front row—center aisle at the stage shows. See who are gathered around the host in the drawing-room. Index those who talk over the radio at the "gala" openings—and those who are passed by. It's all very confusing at times.

You fans (who live on the memories of a star of five years ago or a favorite-before-the-talkies) would be shocked to see them walking the **Boulevard** unnoticed and unsung. It is of little consequence how big they *were* or even how big they *may* be—it's only what they are *now* that gives them the right to a **Howdy Pal** in this haven of momentary fame. Be on top of the heap *this* year is the prayer and creed of **Hollywood!**

She was just another struggling beauty in the never-ending stream of aspirants to movie fame. Then one day (quite by mistake, for she was a "good" girl) she forgot to wear her SHORTS when she went out dancing. During the evening a contest was held to determine who were the best dancers in the party. She and her partner were very adept at this thing called pivoting and were going at it with a gusto. There were many **"OH'S"** and **"AH'S"** as she whirled about the floor. Now she's under "long term" contract.



Freulich

Quiet no longer: William Bakewell as smiling *Albert Kropp*, one of the group of German schoolboys who once were "All Quiet on the Western Front"

Broken Illusion File:

The other day a certain director was using **Sojin** on a **Chinese** set in which all the actors were supposed to talk that silly jargon. After a few shots one of the **China-Boys** approached the director and explained that **Sojin** wouldn't sound right in the talkie because he wasn't talking the right language. Upon being asked why, **Sojin** offered the excuse that he was a **Filipino** and didn't know a word of **Chinese!** Ain't life funny?

Next **New Year's** day the movie celebrities will be sadly missed at the annual **Tournament Of Roses** at **Pasadena.** It's so hard to get up that particular morning anyway that the suggestion I'm about to offer will be well-taken—no end. Here it is: **Hollywood** should have her *own* celebration called: **The Tournament Of Bozos.** In place of the "floats" that are used in **Pasadena** we could use some of the *REAL floats* left over from the night before. And we wouldn't think of using red roses—no sir—we would use nothing but red tomatoes. They're just as "purty" and twice as welcome. The "peerade" will form in the lobby of the **Roosevelt** and float to the **Brown Derby. Laurel** and **Hardy** will wear the tall hats.

They Say . . . :

That **Will Rogers** is the best business man in the film capital. He proved it when **Fox** asked him to make a personal appearance in **San Francisco** at the opening of **"They Had To See Paris"**—he said he'd go if they would pay his expenses and **$500.00** to boot.

That **Edward Everett Horton** has more dough socked away in **Trust** than any other person in the racket.

That **George Bancroft** has more appeal for middle-aged ladies than **Jack Gilbert.** And probably a lot who aren't middle-aged too!

Notes on Much Noted Notables:

It seems that all visiting celebrities are entertained at **"Pickfair"** —but at banquets they are always placed next to **Marion Davies.** What do you make of that, **Watson?**

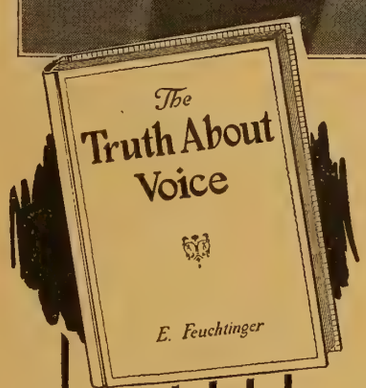
Alan Hale always leans on the ring and yells his own private instructions to the fighters at the **American Legion Stadium.**

Sue Carol takes an out-of-town friend to lunch way out at the **Rancho Golf Club** just so she can sign **"Mrs. Nick Stuart."**

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Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel



Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, has been a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes, since her recent début at the Ritz.

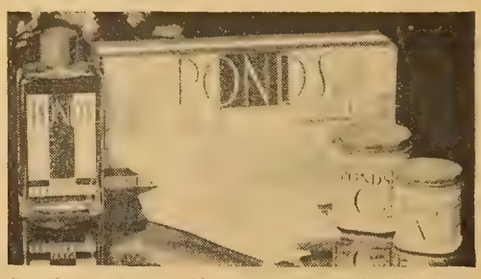
LOVELY DAUGHTER of the brilliant alliance of two famous American families! Miss Edith Drexel's recent début recalls the magnificent coming-out party at the Plaza given for her mother when she was Marjorie Gould.

This season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's charm as well as her dark, vivacious beauty, her lovely wide-set eyes and clear, pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have used Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully. Now we both delight in the soft new Cleansing Tissues and perfumed Skin Freshener. My daughter says 'Pond's is wonderful.' . . . And I agree with her!"

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Second—wipe away with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, soft and so absorbent.

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Russell Ball

Jeanette Loff may be turning a shoulder toward us, but it is not a cold shoulder, obviously. She recently turned her talents to Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz Revue," and, one good turn deserving another, Universal has just given her a long-term contract



C. S. Bull

Alabama may have sent Heflin to Washington, but to that other capital place, Hollywood, it sent Johnny Mack Brown—not only to talk, but to sing. And he is bolting a few parties to support Joan Crawford in "Montana Moon,"



Bachrach

Some girls wear veils to cover defects, and some to attract attention, but Sally Blane wears one to look older than she is. Of those who saw "The Vagabond Lover," the women envied her, and the men envied Rudy Vallée



Just another foreigner who made good—a traveling man whose business takes him from coast to coast—is Maurice Chevalier, that innocent of Paris, who, having led "The Love Parade," is now very much in the swim in "The Big Pond"



Hollywood is full of new wrinkles these days, but the newest of them all are those to be found in Kay Francis' wardrobe—with the result that she is always appearing to advantage. As she does, for instance, in "Faithful"



John Miehle

Any doubts that 1930 is a happy new year are unconditionally removed by the return to the screen, after this long while, of Norma Talmadge, whose acting—and whose voice—glorify "New York Nights," which will be followed by "Flame of the Flesh"



Edward Thayer Monroe

Though married in Hollywood while playing in "Married in Hollywood," Mrs. Jerome Wagner is still Norma Terris when she appears in public, which, incidentally, she does again in "Cameo Kirby," opposite J. Harold Murray



Freulich

Largely responsible for the revolutionary change in producers' ideas about what a leading man should be able to do, John Boles keeps on being revolutionary as *De Lisle* in "La Marseillaise," and sings his way to more fame in "King of Jazz Revue"

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

April, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Camera!

RECENTLY IT HAS become rather the thing to complain that Hollywood isn't what it used to be—to hold that while it once may have had its moments, it now is nothing more than a huge workshop for a stodgy gentry that take in the sidewalks at nine o'clock.

How that rumor started is uncertain. Perhaps by a chamber of commerce, weary of fantastic whispers; perhaps (and more probably) by visiting firemen who didn't get asked out. But whatever the reason of its inception, it remains the silliest and untruest rumor that has circulated these many days.

There is just as much color splashing about the town as there ever was. If one is to heed a tithe of the wild tales circulating as an aftermath of the stock market collapse, there is more—for never before have the movie mighty been able to fall from such superlative heights. . . . No, with New York as the obvious exception, Hollywood still remains the leading present-day "story" town of this country.

A question as to the reason but leads to another question in reply: Why is a story town? What made San Francisco? New Orleans? Montreal? Biloxi? Butte, Montana? That is a pretty collective question, but the answer is contained in a single word—Glamour.

The Movies Made It

HOLLYWOOD'S particular fashion of that bright-tipped word is defiant of analysis. It checks completely those who would inquire into its magic. Season after season, year after year, the town goes its flashing way, riotous, naïve, gaudily youthful, possessed of a personality as definite as that of either Paris or Mexico City.

Hollywood's color is, of course, generally and perhaps correctly accredited to the industry in its midst. And it is significant of the many-faceted attraction that this is so. Is Detroit, for instance, a color city because of the presence of its automobile industries—St. Louis because of its shoe manufactories?

The making of pictures that move is a business, even as those others are business. Yet to that instant impression which makes or dismisses a community as a story city, its product (though made for a definite market and shipped out in tins) seems removed from the ordinary distinctions and necessities of commerce.

Why? Well, there is the question again—why is the charm of a color city? What constitutes that precious essence that makes some towns not just town, but places of legend?

Difficult to Define

THOSE questions have baffled visitors to story cities throughout the ages. Hollywood has been no exception. Time and again its appeal has attracted literary men, with their talents for observation and analysis, like flies about a honey-pot. But invariably it has proved their nemesis. Neither Dreiser, Hergesheimer nor other members of the higher *literati* have been able to chart it upon paper.

Even local authors, people who have lived here for years, appear unable to write the history of that elusive something which every resident feels, but which none is able to describe. Nor for that reason is this personality of Hollywood's to be dismissed as "superficial." Emotionally and critically that term has been used in regard to the cinema city until it has become like an old gag used and re-used until audiences are for crying out loud.

No one could pass through those dangerous days following the advent of the talkies, or the recent financial disasters, and be content with any such designation. In those upheavals the initiate saw the operation of the ancient Hollywood law—the fact that they comes and they goes. That they are here today, gone tomorrow. Up one day and down the next. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and so it doubtless will be in the future.

No, Hollywood has not changed. It has not grown dull, nor even any less amusingly colorful. Of course, she is getting to be a big girl now—but aren't big girls quite as interesting as little ones?

Dangerous

Or, What Every Should Know

By GLADYS



Richee





MOTHERS, when you send your daughters to Hollywood; husbands, when your wives take little jaunts into the Western sunshine for the good of their health, heed these maxims: Give them *carte blanche* to go gadding about with Lew Cody; wangle letters of introduction for them to John Gilbert; locate Nils Asther's 'phone number and write it out for them in a good, legible hand; entrust their souls to the spirit of Valentino and wire the Cisco Kid that they are en route.

But keep them—as you value the sanctity of your home—keep them from Richard Dix and Richard Barthelmess, from Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper and Charlie Chaplin. Protect them from the nice, upstanding men of the screen; protect them from the deceptively "funny" men.

For these, sistern and brethren, are the dangerous men of Hollywood.

Yea, even as it is true of the women (case previously considered), so is it true of the men.

When you see a sheik advancing upon you, with a predatory glint in his eye, slickem on his hair, a rakish hat tilted at a devastating angle, flashing his snowy bicuspids and rolling his deadly orbs, you need not flee for virtue's sake. You will be as safe as you would be in mother's parlor with father playing solitaire behind the door.

Stay and see it through. You will return from whence you came, as spotless as you came. All pure and undefiled. No more. No less.

Appearances Are Deceiving

FOR the men who eat little girls, and strew the sad remains at Madam Grundy's feet, are not the men you may think they are.

They are not the Gilberts, the Asthers, the Lebedeffs, the Schildkrauts, the Cisco Kids . . . These shadows may, and very likely do, wreak havoc as shadows, but in substance they are harmless gentlemen with old-fashioned ideals of women, chivalry complexes and "lines" that *Elsie Dinsmore* could see through.

They care more for the pies that mother used to bake than the eyes that sirens make. Or something of the sort.

From the same movie primer that little boys have pored over, little girls have also read that the Bad Man is given to curling his lips back over his teeth, kissing the fair extended hand, murmuring lecherous nothings into shrinking ears, kissing with the thorough vehemence of a Gilbert or the swooning seductiveness of a Valentino.

Little girls will probably believe that the dangerous man is the perfect composite of Wally Reid, John Gilbert, Nils Asther and Ivan Lebedeff.

The kind of men, women never marry. Or shouldn't.

This is not so. As it was not so of the women, it is, equally, not true of the men.

Three dangerous men whom the girlies in Hollywood have to look out for are Gary Cooper, Richard Barthelmess and Charles Farrell

MEN

Young Woman About Hollywood

H A L L



It seems sensational, husbands and mothers, but it is also true that you could hardly place the hearts of your daughters and wives in safer keeping than in the hands of these same Asthers, Gilberts, *et al.*

Beware Hundred Percenters

THE dangerous man is not the man who is the scarlet shadow of the screen.

The dangerous man is the one hundred per cent. young American.

The dangerous man is the man your daughter dreams of marrying and your wife dreams that she might have married, if luck had been with her.

The dangerous man is the man who has power over a woman's dreams and makes these dreams seem possible of fulfilment.

The safe man is the man who is the lover of all women.

The safe man is the man who is wicked and believes in advertising.

After all, normal American girls, accustomed to freckly Johnny Smith next door, would hesitate a long while before they would commit their hearts into Nils Asther's subtle hands. Instinct would tell them that he was not for them. But many a normal American girl would look at Richard Dix or Richard Barthelmess or young Buddy Rogers, and sigh her life away, hoping that some day . . .

The safe man is the man your daughter does not dream of marrying.

The safe man is the exotic lover who thrills in episodic moments and fades into limbo when bill-paying, food-getting, dish-washing work-aday life is to be faced.

The safe man is he who appeals to the eye, and probably the ear, but never shows the bone and fibre out of which homes are builded and long lives lived.



Dyar

Three others who spell danger to feminine hearts are Richard Dix, Charles Rogers and Ben Lyon

The Least Dangerous

IT is a curious thing that the men who are the most dangerous on the screen are, actually, the least dangerous men of all.

Valentino, that never-failing symbol, that super-sheik of sheiks, the supposed de luxe home- and heart-wrecker lost both of his wives, and cared for only one woman throughout his entire career, and it is rumored that his hearthstone crashed only when he did not have the children his simple heart craved.

Nils Asther dwells alone in bookish solitude. He has his dogs and his music. And when the cosmic urge overcame him, he put a ring on the little girl's acquiescent finger.

Ivan Lebedeff dwells alone in a hotel suite, where entertaining in the supposed lurid Hollywood manner is impossible. When he takes a girl to dine or to dance, he discusses philosophy, psychology and the Russian Revolution. Girls in trouble, girls crossed in love, young wives encountering their first marital difficulties frequently take their troubles to him. He doesn't take advantage of them. He gives them the advantage of a broad and kindly wisdom.

Joseph Schildkraut is

(*Continued on page 95*)



We Point With Pride - -

Hollywood Discloses Who And What Make It A Town To Be Envied

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

IT is high time that somebody gave Hollywood a few pats on the head. People are always pointing rude fingers at her and crying, "Yah! Yah! For shame!" It's giving her complexes, that's what it's doing. She's beginning to go around hanging her head and muttering to herself.

Hollywood has her little vanities, too. Things, I mean, of which she is proud for one reason or another.

Other cities draw attention to their assets. They have chambers of commerce which publish brochures boasting of the charms of their city halls, their public libraries, their miles of paved boulevards, and so on. They ballyhoo their distinguished citizens and the magnitude of their industries.

Well—Hollywood also has her institutions and distinguished people. In fact, Hollywood is, in itself, an institution; and there is hardly anyone here who would admit being anything *but* distinguished. Her sources of pride may be a little different from those of other places. But they are her own. And it is time she stood right up and called attention to some of them.

Men or Supermen?

HER pride, I must admit, is aroused more often by people than by institutions. Of course, there is the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. I suppose she is proud of that—when she thinks of it. To be sure.

But mostly she boasts of people. Men like D. W. Griffith. Just let anyone accuse us of not being artistic (in the larger sense, you understand) and someone inevitably rises to shriek, "What about D. W. Griffith? What about *him*?" And then he settles back with that smug look which comes with the consciousness of having completely squashed the accusation.

And Chaplin. He is our particular pride—prince—darling. He is mentioned with awe and in whispers. For Chaplin was the first motion picture actor to be taken seriously by what Hollywood calls "the highbrow critics."

Hollywood can—and does—boast of: (left to right) Lon Chaney, King Vidor, D. W. Griffith and Charles Chaplin

The majority of Hollywoodians, up to the time of that astonishing development, had thought of Art as something associated with the Tragic Muse. Something which was accompanied by broad and pompous gestures and discussed in long, incomprehensible terms. Something which never made money. That it might be something human and wistful and amusing, they had never imagined. To Hollywood, Chaplin was merely an unusually successful exponent of the lowest form of expression—two-reel comedy.

Bowing to the East

LOCAL critics might have screamed their heads off about Chaplin—if they had thought of it—to no purpose. Hollywood's inferiority feeling would admit no weight to any opinion which did not emanate "from the East." But, once having emanated, that opinion was absolute. No one has ever questioned it. Chaplin is mentioned, in local circles, in the same tone as is Shakespeare—and all his little idiosyncrasies are nursed and magnified and put forth as proofs of genius. He can do no wrong.

Oh, yes! We point with pride to Charles Chaplin. We do, indeed! A slightly mystified pride, perhaps. But pride.

The pride with which we point to Doug and Mary is of a somewhat different quality. Their success is measured in terms of money and is therefore comprehensible. It is the personal legend of Doug and Mary of which we boast. Their carefully guarded domestic felicity—let anyone question that and he has all of Hollywood to fight. They are our official Happily Married Couple, and Hollywood holds them up and shakes them in the faces of those who would accuse her of instability.

Hollywood's *Élite*

WHAT is more, Doug and Mary enjoy what Hollywood is pleased to consider "social position"—and of an international scope, too. They are living proofs that screen actors may associate with the *élite* of any

(*Continued on page 117*)



As befits a first-class fighting man—even in a mythical kingdom—Walter Pidgeon knows not only how to present arms, but how to use them. As (at right) a would-be rival is about to discover; and, as (above) Vivienne Segal, "Bride of the Regiment," already has discovered, to her comfort

Photos by Fryer

The Old Army Game

"Oh, Oh, Oh, It's

Our Hollywood War All's Pleasant, If Not

By HALE HORTON

THIS story is, in our opinion, one of the cleverest ever to reach those who like to know what goes on behind the scenes—particularly war scenes. If you are an incorrigible idealist about war—either cinema or actual—you had better turn the page without reading; but if you like to feel yourself smile, we urge you to follow our correspondent on his peregrinations behind the lines at Balboa Beach.—Editor's Note.

UNIVERSAL Front, Balboa Beach (Behind the German Lines)—All in all, Hollywood war corresponding is an exhausting pursuit. Take, you scoffers, a typical day: Up bright and cheery at 11:00 A. M. to rush to Alhambra where "The Sky Hawk" was bombing London, only to turn about, skirt one sector of the "Journey's End" war and stop off on the Russian Front to see how Betty Compson was bearing up under the rigors of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" campaign. From there to the Paramount Front, where Buddy Rogers and his "Young Eagles" were looping and banking their way to fame, and so to Universal to watch the German army make final preparations for moving up to the trenches and fighting it out in the "All Quiet" engagement.

From the top of a nearby hill, Director-General Milestone was cautiously reviewing his troops—his caution being engendered, perhaps, by the fact that but a week before he had stopped a two-by-four with his nose—until, finally, by a twiddle of his thumb, the General signified that the assistant







At the top, our distinguished correspondent, dressed for the *opera* in course of production on the Western front, arrives at the scene of shooting; above, Mr. Horton comes close to "going West" in the "Journey's End" campaign; right, a German Red Cross unit in "All Quiet on the Western Front"

A Lovely War!"

Correspondent Reports Quiet, On The Western Front

directors might be turned loose on the men, *pronto!*

"Come on there, into your places! Hey, you can't all be front-rank men! . . . What's the matter? Don't y'know how to count off? Hey, Watt, they don't know how to count off!"

Men Who Count

"YEAH?" And assistant director Watt rushed up. "I thought you were regular soldiers! How d'you expect to have a war if you can't count off? All you think about is: when do we eat? 'When do we eat?' . . . that's all. Now here's the way to count off: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, ONE . . . All right, shoot!"

"Hey, Louie," another assistant director shouted gleefully to General Milestone, "they really did it! Are they good or are they just a dream?"

"There's too od-Gay am-day uch-may oise-nay around here," an uncouth private grumbled.

"Yeah?" said Watt. "Well, all you gotta worry about is *when* and *if* you get your check. Come to attention!"

Whereupon a cameraman, who had been dozing at his camera, jumped to his feet and peered efficiently through his machine. "For —— sake," he howled, "throw away them officers' helmets. They look like —— —— halos!"

"But we spent two weeks rubbin' 'em so they'd gleam in the sun," a property man protested.

"How sad! But you're in Hollywood now, buddy. Smudge 'em up!"

"And we're using twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of real dyed-in-the-wool German uniforms," I was informed on the way to the Front, "twelve German field-pieces, one range-finder, two telescopes,

(*Continued on page 115*)







At the top, our correspondent interviews two veterans of former movie wars during the noon-day armistice in the "All Quiet" conflict; above, Ben Lyon and James Hall, after a crack-up in the "Hell's Angels" air war, in which they fought two years; left, a trench scene in "Journey's End"



Light and Sad

All dressed up for a certain party—whether of the male or garden variety—is a question that gives Vilma Banky an idle interlude, a strange interlude for her. Though momentarily sad, she has her light side, as is evident not only above, but in "A Lady To Love," her latest picture

How Can I Know What My Shadow Does?

The Actor Involved Replies To The Girl Who "Wasted Her Heart On A Shadow"

As told by him

TO RUTH BIERY



IN the February issue of MOTION PICTURE, under the title: "I Have Wasted My Heart on a Shadow," there appeared one of the most remarkable human documents ever to find its way into a magazine. It was the self-told story of a woman, preferably anonymous, who for twelve years has sacrificed (to use her own words) "the normal thought and ambition and love-happiness of youth" to idealize a man who was little more than a shadow in her life. On little kindnesses that he showed her did her dreams flourish through the years, until at last she realized their futility. Her story was written that others might escape the suffering she had known.

The man, whose name she carefully concealed, is an actor of the screen—one of the best known of them all. He read her story, and recognized the "shadow" as his own. Herewith he reveals, likewise anonymously, his side of the story—perhaps no less tragic than hers. Above, he may wear a mask, but his story is open and frank, and some of you, reading between the lines, may be able to guess his identity.—Editor's Note.

I HAVE read the article by Miss Anonymous in the February MOTION PICTURE and as a well-known actor, I believe it is not only my right, but my duty to answer it. It is time that the world should understand how utterly helpless a Hollywood actor is, when women fall in love with his shadow-self, his screen personality.

I might as well admit, first of all, that I am the man of whom this girl speaks in the article. I know this from the excerpts from her letters. But I do not think there was a person in the whole world who read this story with more amazement than I did. So help me, by all the oaths which a man who tries to be honest can use, I had no suspicion in the world that this girl really loved me until I read her published declaration.

Even now, I can scarcely believe it—and certainly not comprehend it.

When a man first enters this profession, one of his delights is to read his fan mail. Every actor could tell you how he has cried out to his mother or his sweetheart or his wife over his first letter from Japan. "Think of it! They are beginning to know me in the Orient!"—and he probably hugs her, to emphasize the thrill which he gets from this recognition.

The Dull Majority

HOWEVER, there are few sincerely interesting fan letters. The majority read, "My dear Mr. So-and-So. You are my favorite actor. I enjoy your pictures so much. I would be so glad to have a likeness for my collection."

Don't misunderstand me. We appreciate those letters, and the more we receive the more popular we are considered. They are the barometer of our popularity to the producer. We would not want one of our so-called "fans" to stop sending them. But the large majority of the

(*Continued on page 92*)

A·O·D

Gossip of the

IN REFLECTING on the late lamented market crash, many of the stars who usually spend huge sums on elaborate greeting cards sent none at all in December, 1929. Ben Lyon, for instance, solved the difficulty in this wise: stopping his friends on the street, or calling them on the 'phone, and saying, "Consider that you've had a card from me, a beautiful costly card—one that cost a dollar and a quarter apiece."

Out for the Record

JACK OAKIE'S new year's resolution: "I hereby solemnly raise my hand (who wouldn't raise any hand I might hold?) and swear that in my campaign to become the wit of Hollywood (or at least half that) I'll learn at least one new joke."

Saving Their Soles

STEPIN FETCHIT (whose true name, it turns out, is Lincoln T. Perry) has always been known as intensely religious, and he recently explained that th only reason he drove such an expensive car was in order to take fellow negroes to church in it Sunday mornings. This, in spite of the oft-repeated assertion that all God's chillun got shoes—not to mention wings. But after these Saturday night parties feet done need a rest. And in Stepin's cream-colored car they are Hollywood's most prominent citizens.



DeBarron



Dyar

Checked out of Broadway: Noel Francis (at top), formerly of the "Follies," now is wearing little checks and receiving big ones in the talkies, her first screen rôle being in "The Golden Calf"

A born-not-so-long-ago actress: Little Mitzi (above), eight years old, whose mimicking has made her a vaudeville headliner and whom you'll see and hear in the movies



Ivan Lebedeff (right), seldom backward, looks as if he might be practising how to sing on horseback, which—who knows?—he might have to do one of these strenuous days

Fryer

SHOTS

Stars and Studios

Her Own Gift Season

"THIS IS the first time," bubbled little Bessie Love, "that I haven't thought about how many days it was till Christmas. All I think about now is how many days it is till December 27." What happened on December 27 besides indigestion from too much Christmas candy? Why, Bessie got married to William Hawks on December 27.

Parting Friends

SO BILLIE DOVE and her husband, Irvin Willat, have reached the climactic moment when they are busy explaining to reporters, "We are separating, but we are going to remain good friends."

Abroad-Minded

AND HERE is a foreigner's (Viennese, to be exact) idea of a compliment to an American woman. "Ah," said Joseph Schildkraut to the interviewer, "I can see that you were not born in America." "Oh, but I was," said the interviewer cheerily. "In Iowa." "Ah-h-h-h," it was a long-drawn-out sound of sympathy from the stricken Joseph, "too bad—too bad—." The lady's answer is not on record—which leads one to the conclusion that here was a pretty young thing from Dubuque, who was slow at the art of rebuke.



Alexander



Ball



Fryer

She may have just finished a talking version of Molnar's play, "The Swan," but Lillian Gish (at top) is not thinking of swan songs—but, rather, of picturizing several stage plays

Back to silks and satins does Richard Barthelmess (above) go in "Son of the Gods," in which he is Chinese for the first time since the memorable "Broken Blossoms"

Edward Robinson assures Mrs. Robinson (left) that she is more sunkissed than Banky-kissed in supporting Vilma Banky in "Sunkissed," deserting Broadway for a while

All the Newest Gossip of the



Richee

The English like their tease: as is evident (at the top) by Anthony Bushell's treatment of his wife, Zelma O'Neal. He is the shell-shocked soldier in "Journey's End," and she is about to go from stage to screen in "Follow Thru"

A girl needed protection in those days—at least, around the shoulders: Mary Brian (above), sweeping to new heights, makes her bow as a crinoline girl in "Only the Brave"

Fryer

No Joking: It's Finished

"HELL'S ANGELS" is at last finished, and Ben Lyon says that he's thinking of coming back into pictures. It took almost three years to make, and cost four million dollars. And there have been more jokes about it than about the Ford car.

The Slow Soldier

THEY WERE MAKING a scene for "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the drill sergeant, a German war veteran scowled at a soldier in the ranks. "What's the matter with you?" he barked. "You're supposed to be a soldier. You're hired to act like a soldier. Why can't you handle that rifle quicker?" The soldier did not answer. Instead, he pulled back a sleeve and exposed a shattered forearm. "Shrapnel," he said. He is still in the ranks.

An Extra Star?

THERE IS a persistent rumor abroad in Hollywood that Maude Adams is in our midst *incognita*. It has even been stated with conviction, but without confirmation, that she has played extra in one or two pictures on the Paramount lot in order to learn the movie game from the inside. Possibly her long-anticipated production of "Kim," Kipling's famous classic (to which she holds the movie rights), may be under way at last. It is known that Miss Adams has been experimenting

Ball

One lace is as good as another: Natalie Moorhead (below) shows how screen sirens can—if they want to—keep cool between pictures, especially after "Spring is Here"



with Technicolor for years and holds several improved patents.

From Reel to Real

AND SPEAKING of patents, there is a newcomer in Hollywood who has twenty patents on a device to exhibit motion pictures without the use of a screen. That is, the characters in the pictures are projected into the room and move about like flesh-and-blood people. And he has a half-reel of pictures to prove it can be done. We call the attention of our readers to a prophecy made two years ago in our pages that some day the screen would be done away with and shadows would move like people among the audiences.

They Might Try "Pediculous"

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that henceforth Western Union would refuse to transmit the word "lousy" over its wires has been received in executive circles of the movie colony with alarm. "That means that we will have to write instead of sending telegrams," one executive was heard to wail.

Just Off the Boat

DOUG AND MARY are back after circling the globe. Mary says that she bought some "darling little Buddhas" in the Orient. Doug says that the sight of the California shore line brought a lump to his throat. They both say, in chorus, that they will

(*Continued on page 106*)



Thomas

Up to scratch: such is Noah Beery's hand (at top) and such is he in the operetta "Song of the Flame," in which he sings in his well-known basso profundo, and manages to keep his singing from being villainous

"Keep one hand free for hand-shaking, and the other on your bank-roll": Charles Kaley (below), of "Lord Byron of Broadway" fame, observes a point of Hollywood etiquette



Not such a cold, cold world: as Marilyn Morgan (above) discovered after the fans saw her in "The Racketeer," and as she will discover if she wears her new coat many more days

C. S. Bull

MAN SIZE

Such Was Kenneth Hawks to Whom Danger Was Only Part Of The Day's Work

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN



Raoul Gradvoul



Autrey

MARY ASTOR, in the newness of her great grief for her director-husband, consented to tell us something of his work, because it was the last thing she could do for him. She begged that her name should not be mentioned. We have tried to follow her wishes, but it would creep in now and then, because one cannot speak of the man without speaking also of the woman who loved him.— Editor's Note.

NEW YEAR'S EVE at the Embassy Club. The old year is dying; and already the movie stars about the tables are forgetting its stock market losses and box office triumphs, and looking hopefully ahead to what the new year may bring. For some it will mean fortune, for some failure. And for a few of those sitting here, eating, laughing, loving, there will be no New Year.

But they do not guess that . . . or do they?

Midnight arrives in a delirium of noise. Famous fingers toss confetti in a mad, colored rain; famous voices cheer and sing; famous lips meet in the traditional midnight kiss. At one table Ivan Lebedeff nudges his neighbor, a producer. "See Kenneth Hawks and Mary Astor," he smiles with the Continental's appreciation of romance. "For five minutes they have embraced and they have been married nearly two years."

The other glances at the rapt gaze and clasped hands of the two at the next table, "You would think," he says, cynically, "that they were on their honeymoon—or not married at all."

"Or that they were on the verge of parting for a long, long time," murmurs the Russian.

He was to recall that remark as tragically prophetic the next day, when flaring newspaper headlines announced that Kenneth Hawks and his crew of cameramen had been killed in a collision of aeroplanes, while filming a scene in a picture.

Necessary, He Thought

HAWKS was just thirty-one years old. He had been scenario writer, supervisor, and director for a good many of these years. You might say, fairly enough, that he was typical of those whose life-work is the making of motion pictures.

One of Ours.

"Dear, promise me that you won't go up in a plane today," Mary Astor had begged him, with some strange flash of foreboding that morning when he started out to the studio. She had flown with him a hundred times. Neither of them had any fear of the air. Yet now she clung to his arm vaguely troubled and uneasy.

"I promise I won't—unless it's absolutely necessary for the picture," he answered her. And she said no more. With both of them movie trained, movie taught, there was no room for argument or hesitation. You did what you had to do for the sake of the picture. Naturally.

So Kenneth Hawks went down to the beach on location,

(*Continued on page 102*)

BRIDGE

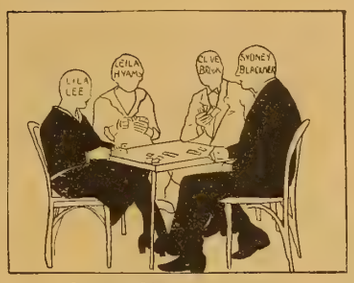
As The Stars Play It

Problem Number Four

Sidney Blackmer
and
Leila Hyams
OPPOSE
Clive Brook
and
Lila Lee

Sidney Blackmer
(North)
♠-6-3
♡-7-5
♢-A-K-8-6-5-4
♣-10-6-2

Clive Brook
(West)
♠-A-9-8-2
♡-J-10-6-3
♢-Q-9-3
♣-K-7



Lila Lee
(East)
♠-J-10-5
♡-Q-9-4-2
♢-7-2
♣-J-9-8-5

Leila Hyams
(South)
♠-K-Q-7-4
♡-A-K-8
♢-J-10
♣-A-Q-4-3

The good old Spirit of Sacrifice, celebrated in many a movie plot, paid cash dividends in this Hollywood bridge hand. Continuing at the card table in the First National Studios the more or less polite Broadway-Hollywood feud, Leila Hyams and Sidney Blackmer, recent importations from the legitimate, were pitted against Lila Lee and Clive Brook — and Hollywood came off second best! See if you could play Leila Hyams' hand at No Trump — and make game *against any defense*. Then turn to page 120 and see how she did it. We warn you there's a catch to it!





Chidnoff

· Mary, Mary, not Contrary

Miss Duncan Of Cornell Is An Orchid Bloom True To Type

By CHARLESON GRAY

WHEN I was young and collegiate, it oft was my delight to go to brawls and dances and make whoopee late at night.

Those old days of the lost sunshine are gone, as definitely and as completely as though that boy who drank too much and studied too little was a relative of the dodo bird's. That cheerful and youth-bespangled time has passed—but the melody lingers on. Chiefly, I think, because whenever I could afford it my companion was a Mary Duncan.

This Mary Duncan type of girl will for me forever be associated with American colleges. At least I have not found her out in the world at large with anything of the regularity with which she makes her presence felt inside the academic walls. You all know her, all of you who have spent much time in the deep dusk of sorority porches or the dim stairways of fraternity dances. Gay, vital, laughing, magnetic—seemingly designed to make life a hell for the young alcoholics and Lotharios of the institution by the magic forces of her freshness and her strength.

Sex-lure is born early in some women. While the majority is struggling with post-adolescent pangs, these terrifying creatures have leaped forward fully equipped for that ancient battle which has been going on pretty steadily ever since He created them.

The Vamps of Yesteryear

BUT think it over. What has happened to those spectacular co-eds whose early vitality buoyed them on to social and emotional successes? Can you recall the present whereabouts of her who gave you so much joy and grief when you were an undergrad? Somehow, one would like to think of girls like that as being ageless and grand, going forward to destinies of some vast, pre-ordained splendor. But do they?

The answer is no.

Perhaps that quick-blooming vigor which marked them from their less attractive sisters had much in common with those tropical plants that bud and bloom and die within a day. Or skyrockets that go up dazzling and come down a moment later a blackened stick. At any rate, the joyful little girls of our university days grow up into being—let's face it!—pretty dull women.

That is, they generally do. I have just encountered one who is surging on in womanhood with the same fire that characterized her splendid early years. Her banners are just as bright and there is no diminishment in the tempo of her brave music. All at once I have realized that she is the sterling of the type, a promissory note which has been kept.

So I have given the type, the *genus*, her name—Mary Duncan.

(*Continued on page 96*)



john miehle

face to face again

for the first time since she was *charmaine* and he was *sergeant quirt* in that ribald, realistic war-play called "what price glory?" Dolores del Rio and Edmund Lowe put their heads together, in making "the bad one." this time she is a temperamental dancer in a waterfront café in Marseilles, and he is a seaman looking for a mate

. women .



. by the great lovers of the screen .

the desire of all men, says Conrad Nagel, is for a girl who will give all and ask nothing

as told by Conrad Nagel
to Helen Louise Walker

"a marriage is not a permanent contract to men and women of this generation. It is merely a love affair.

"Marriage in America today is merely a legalized system of free love.

"And the trouble with modern marriage is not that women want careers.

"It is not because of women's emancipation from household drudgery.

"It is not that men are too preoccupied with business to be good lovers.

"It is not any of these extraneous, mechanical conditions which are always being trotted out as excuses for the chaotic state of marriage in America. The reason there are so many unsuccessful marriages now-a-days is that people do not care enough about making them succeed. Mostly they don't even try.

"They stubbornly refuse to admit that marriage is a job—a life job—at which both parties must work with grim, persistent determination if they are to make it go.

"They rush into it as if they were buying a new car, or going on a trip. As if they could sell it, or turn round and go back if they found they didn't care for it.

quick-change artists

"and they treat it like that. Let one little thing go awry. Let one of them achieve

(*Continued on page 94*)

Conrad Nagel says:

A woman's career is likely to be an influence against a successful marriage—mostly because of man's vanity

A man wants an intelligent wife—intelligent enough to appreciate him and give him the proper applause upon anything he may say or accomplish

If a woman is cleverer than a man, she should be clever enough not to let him suspect it

Men like to feel superior, take their inferiority complexes home and have them healed

The women who have been powers in history have not been women who were true to one man

When a man marries, he wants to place his wife on a pedestal—and, to hold him, she must remain there

When the physical side of marriage is tarnished, love is doomed

.men.

by the great sirens of the screen .

Corinne Griffith believes the male no more deadly than the female

as told by Corinne Griffith
to Gladys Hall

"Men are blamed for more things in this world than they should be.

"They are blamed for more things in life—they are blamed for more things in love—than they have any right to be.

"Men are no more erring, no more disloyal, no more predatory than the women they know.

"Men are much bigger than women in the little things of life. They are smaller than women in the tremendous things of life.

"Women, on the other hand, are bigger than men in the big things and smaller than men in the small things.

"Men are never petty. Women often are.

"Women can stand pain better than men. They can stand heartache better than men. They can stand disillusion and great losses of every kind.

"Men are never given to carping criticism, to little jealousies, to mean subterfuges.

"Men go to pieces over the big things of life more quickly, more easily than women do. But in the main routine of life they hold a steadier course.

"But you cannot generalize about men any more than you can generalize about women.

"There is no hard-and-fast rule about men. It is, to me, ridiculous to say that women are all different, and that men are all of a piece. I have not found that to be the case. It is as hard

(*Continued on page 90*)



portrait by Chidnoff

Corinne Griffith says:

Men are bigger than women in the little things of life. They are smaller than women in the tremendous things of life

Men tire of beauty—it is not enough for a man

The woman a man loves, and loves all of his life, is the woman who makes herself indispensable to him

A man may have many mistresses. He has, as a rule, only one mate

Men like women who can be fair—women who do not rely upon their sex in argument

The one essential quality in any man is—a good disposition. It is more important than good looks, money, family or social position

It is no longer necessary to a woman's vanity to have a man about. People no longer pity the manless woman and she no longer pities herself


love in
cowboy
out where the cows don't come home, a lonely fellow's fancy turns to thoughts of mating*
*consult Byron or your favorite poet

all languages.



courtship

ken maynard meets dorothy dwan 'neath a cottonwood tree and the moon spells a rancho romance

are you the type?



Richee

Bull

how to behave like Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, and company

by Dorothy Manners

Are you the same type as Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez, June Collyer, or any other of the cinema sisterhood? Then why not act like her? Why should you stop with a mere matter of copying her looks from the screen when, with a few pertinent tips, you can acquire all of her real characteristics for local consumption. It is easy to look like any given movie star, but to act like her is a trick from another deck. Why not assume the outlooks as well as the looks of your favorite queen? With the following simple lessons, absolutely free of charge, we aim to bring Hollywood conduct into the typical American family and let the chips fall where they may.—Author's Note.

are you the Lupe Velez type?

then why not scream "Sweetie, I loff you," at the top of your lungs, every time you greet the Boy Friend? This will be particularly appreciated if yelled in a foreign accent at all public functions, including graduation exercises and fraternity hops. When parting for the summer vacation, be sure to throw your valise through the train window for one last kiss and should any railroad employee become nasty you may, according to this plan, either kick him in the shins or cuss in guttural Spanish.

While driving down the main drag of your hamlet, take care to stick out your tongue at all traffic officers, and if they don't think this is "cute," there is something wrong with your execution. Perhaps the tongue is somewhat too protruding, revealing the tonsils. Try twinkling your nose at the next corner.

Your best colors will be red and green, the same as in a stop signal. Your best stories will include the one about the traveling salesman. (Bear down on the naiveté, as you do not speak much English.)

are you the Garbo type?

then you will promptly go upstairs and lock yourself in your room, refusing even light meals and mail. Should anyone be so blunt as to question your mood, you will sullenly call out, "Go away. I want to be alone." It will then be understood in the bosom of your family that you are suffering from a heartache, headache or stomachache, or similar ailments of the soul. This point should be hammered home. Refuse all invitations. Do not answer the telephone. Should you venture out for a lonely walk at midnight, be careful to get an entire street to yourself. Remember "the woman who walks alone."

Rain will be your most becoming weather; the ocean your favorite view. And don't mind if some say that you are "all wet."

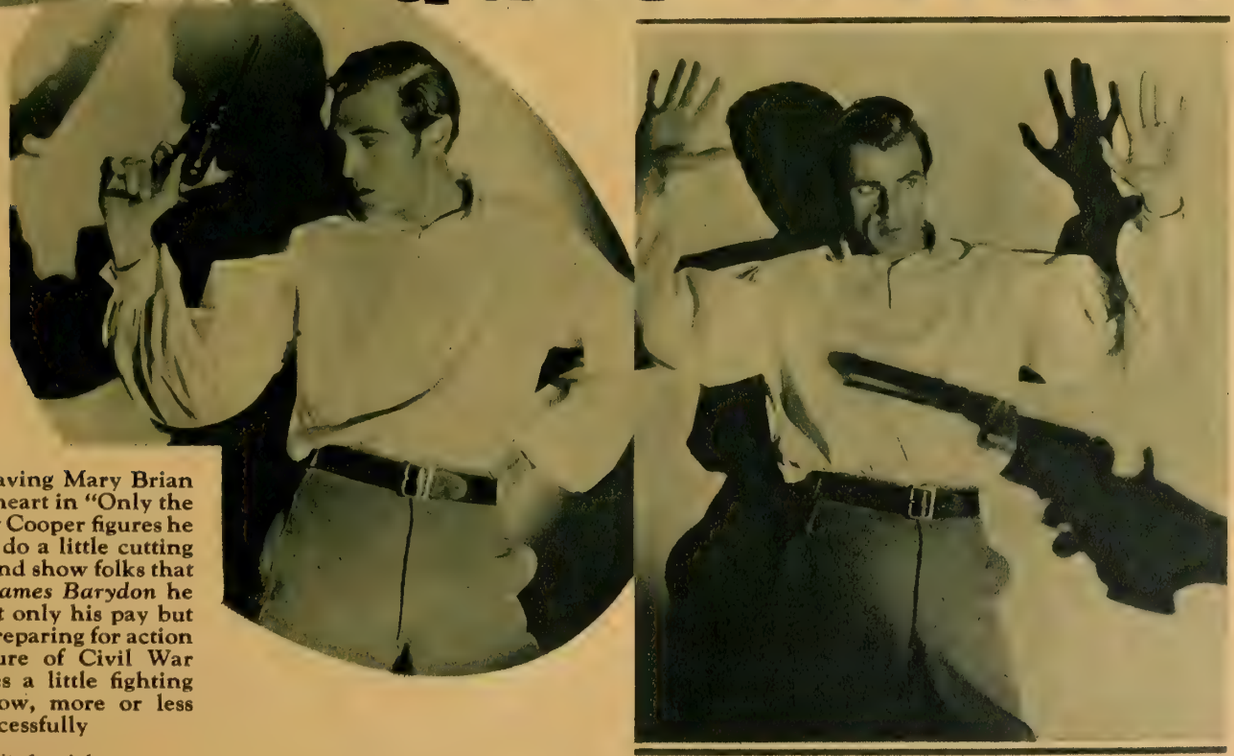
are you a Clara Bow?

you have to be red headed to meet requirements. Red, as everyone knows, is the symbol of danger—which

(*Continued on page 112*)



. his duel nature



what with having Mary Brian for his sweetheart in "Only the Brave," Gary Cooper figures he may have to do a little cutting in on rivals and show folks that as *Captain James Barydon* he can draw not only his pay but a fast gun. Preparing for action in that picture of Civil War days, he does a little fighting with a shadow, more or less successfully

portraits by richee

not for love or money

would she marry, insists Lupe Velez, lying in bed

by Cedric Belfrage



Chidnoff

"Hey, hey! What's all this stuff about Lupe Velez?"

"Dame Rumor hath it that she and her Garee have tearfully but nobly decided to part."

"Investigate!" came the thundered command.

I quailed. In a flash I was nowhere to be seen.

The low and sprawling, bright tile-roofed, immaculately white-walled Velez mansion loomed ahead of me. Quick as thought, I applied the brakes. Then I walked on the path of jagged paving-stones across the lawn, raised my finger to the bell-button, and tintinnabulated.

I stood in the hall. Down the stairs from above jogged a tall, lean young man. He held out his hand. "Cooper is my name," he said.

"A fig for Dame Rumor," thought I.

"Lupe is rather sick," he went on. "She has been eating something that didn't agree with her. She hopes you'll excuse her for receiving you in her bedroom." He then led the way upstairs.

There lay Lupe, a doll-like figure in the midst of a bed of vast size—a super-modernistic bed, its half-moon-shaped head of polished black, silver and gold rising far up the wall behind.

all round about her

everything in the room was black, silver and gold, and everything was round. There were round mirrors at each end of the room. The lights around the walls were shaded with clover-leaf formations of frosted glass. There was a black cupboard, absolutely round, like a huge wall-safe which had been dragged out of the wall. On the floor was the largest polar-bear-skin rug I have ever seen, a perfect dazzling white. It seemed to stretch out almost from wall to wall.

A setting such as Cecil DeMille himself might conceive.

"Hello there," Lupe said, holding out rather a languid arm from which dripped little wisps of her negligée. "Eet's tarrible, no? I weesh I could get up and go to a peecture show. But I must stay in bed or else I am seeck again. Please excuse! Yesterday I dreenk varry strong coffee. Then I go downtown for shopping, and oop!—I fall down flat inside my car and drive home like dead womans.

"While I am in bed, I play solitairy," she said, waving her hand toward a bedside table littered with cards. "I play the 'once in a lifetime.' I never shall do eet. Often I get mad and throw down the cards. Then I peeck them up and start over again. But now you come here, and I show you some card treecks."

silver frames among the gold

"I have to go out now for a costume fitting," broke in the strong, silentish Gary. He went over to say "good-bye." His farewells were somewhat protracted and

(*Continued on page 97*)



kenneth alexander

• pillar of the ballet

something new in floor-covering does Joan Bennett not only stand on but illustrate, in "puttin' on the ritz," in which, for variety's sake, she steps to conquer. and next she will be seen in Vincent Lawrence's play of adolescent affections, "in love with love"

. . lucky or

by

Ruth Biery



these are of strange some tragic,

The world is full of them—little mysteries which we can't explain. Little happenings which come, day in and day out, without any reason. Inconsequential in themselves, perhaps, but important to us because we can't understand what lies behind them.

It's strange, but the big mysteries of life we accept without much questioning. Birth. Death. Cyclones. Earthquakes. Electricity. Fires without matches to start them. Acts of God, which we leave to Him or the scientists to explain.

If a thunderbolt should strike Marion Davies' home, she wouldn't worry her pretty head about it. She would merely see that her secretary called the proper people to repair the damage. But when she received a huge basket of rare flowers, at the opening of "Marianne" in Los Angeles, with only the name "Boretz" on a card attached, she turned her force into an amateur detective agency to discover the identity of "Boretz." The name was unknown. The city telephone and official directory revealed no such cognomen. Her friends, questioned, denied any trickery by name-faking.

Had Marion known the man she would probably have forgotten the occasion as soon as she had thanked him. Since she couldn't locate him, he's a mystery and therefore important. If he turns up five years from now, he'll probably be remembered and invited to dinner. Meanwhile, other men will have come and gone, as is the way of men with unusually attractive women.

There's a Montana rancher who sends orchids to Greta Garbo every morning when she is working. The flowers carry no card, no address, nor any supplications for a meeting

the woman who wonders alone

Take that Montana rancher who sends orchids to Greta Garbo every morning while she is working—every morning without exception. No card; no address; no supplications for a meeting. Just a post-office stamp from a small Montana station which caters to ranchers. How does she know? She took the trouble to discover. It's difficult to imagine Greta Garbo taking trouble even to show interest in orchids. I'll wager a crooked hairpin that if the card contained a name the orchids would wilt from inattention. But now: "How does he know the days I am working?" she ponders. "How does he know I'll be at the studio? How does it happen that he never misses?"

One man who has caught her attention because she, too, is human and pays heed to the little mysteries of life and allows them to intrigue her prodigiously.

We all know that Nils Asther is in love with Vivian Duncan. But this doesn't deter him from wishing that he knew the name (and perhaps the address) of the girl who telephones him around midnight each evening. "How are you to-day? Did you have a hard day at the studio?"

Little matter-of-fact questions. Nothing personal; no attempts to become friendly. When Nils moved, and changed his unlisted telephone number



Alice White begs to announce that she doesn't care for orchestras (the boys are at the right)—even expensive ones—to be sent to play for her when she does not order them

unlucky stars

the Hollywood victims little mysteries-- some comic • • •



to another equally as secret, the calls continued regularly. He tried to trace them. But they were never placed from the same public pay-station twice in succession. Can you imagine Nils's trying to trace the telephone number of an unknown girl, if she had not made herself a tantalizingly mysterious quantity?

mystery at honeymoon house

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hired a special watchman to stop their little mystery. But even a plain-clothes man was unsuccessful. Door-bell ringing at one o'clock in the morning! Doug., Jr., roused out of bed to answer in person, in hopes of discovering who the marauder might be. Only the empty steps by the time he reached them. While a private detective lay hidden in the bushes, the calls ceased. The moment he left, they continued.

No friend would put himself out to play a practical joke, day in and day out. No one with a malicious intent would let the thing continue, month in and month out, without causing material mischief. Could someone be interested enough to take this means of getting a peep of Joan and Doug—to wait up, morning after morning, until one o'clock? Again and again, the regular night-watchman who guards several houses in the Brentwood Heights section has changed his hour for calling, but to date the mysterious caller evades him, and Joan and Doug still lie awake to listen to the ring repeated.



At every Christmas and every birthday for five years, Lon Chaney has received a box of the finest stationery with his name engraved upon it. With the original gift, there was a note explaining that the stationery was in appreciation of a letter which Lon had written to the donor—a letter which meant more than any he had ever received. No name was signed. The postal address was Chicago. Lon remembers no letter of such possible significance which he may have written. He uses the paper as his regular stationery—and wonders and wonders what he has done to deserve it. The only fan letters he answers are to prisoners. Perhaps it is one of these poor fellows —trying to show his appreciation.

the unknown artist

Ramon Novarro would really like to discover the name of his mysterious admirer. When he has completed a picture, a package arrives from New York, containing an exquisite miniature of himself as he appears in it. The first one arrived when "Ben Hur" was finished. There has been one for each succeeding characterization. Their beauty denotes a skilled hand. But no investigation of Ramon's has been successful in finding his unknown artist-friend. He does not even know whether they come from a woman or a man.

Monthly letters, written in a wisecracking, sophisticated style similar to Billy's own talking lingo, came to Billy Haines for a long time. They were postmarked from Colorado

(*Continued on page 98*)



C A. Pollock

• highly hopeful *hombre*

though Ramon Novarro says he is on the level with her, Dorothy Jordan is troubled by the possibility of his having something up his commodious sleeve, and is hesitant about divulging her opinion of his vaulting ambition—a situation in which they find themselves as *Ricardo* and *Carmina*, in "The Singer of Seville"

. only a pessimist

William Powell dispels the illusion he is a cynic or sophisticate

by Helen Louise Walker

I have never been able to see Bill Powell as a "heavy"—off the screen, I mean. As the suave sophisticate who strokes his mustache and kisses the hands of misunderstood married ladies, meaning them no good. As the slimy *Boldini* of "Beau Geste." Nor even as the great detective, *Philo Vance*.

He is too pink, somehow. And his eyes are too blue. His laugh is too ready. He is too obviously a good sort.

Yet he is known, even in Hollywood, as a cynic and a sophisticate. I once aroused an editor to disconcerting mirth when I described Bill Powell as "ingenuous."

"Bill must," chortled this disbeliever, "be a good actor—if he persuaded you that he was ingenuous!"

It's bad enough to be edited by editors, without being laughed at by them. This one, I am sure, was merely further convinced that Bill must be a devil of a fellow, who knew how to make feminine writers believe that he was ingenuous. It simply added to the legend.

"Are you a cynic?" I asked Bill once. "Really?"

hard to define

"Great guns! How do I know? What is a cynic, anyhow?"

"Well—a cynic is a person who is—who thinks—you know—who doesn't like things—who distrusts life—who—who is cynical!"

"Oh!"

"Well—are you?"

"Do you mean a cynic or a sophisticate?" (He must have known this line.) "What is a sophisticate?" (Mean revenge to take.)

We bogged down in a sea of definitions. And got nowhere. Naturally.

After a while Bill said suddenly, "I know. I'm a pessimist"; and beamed in the most delighted fashion over the discovery.

"I have been disappointed so many times," he went on, hurriedly. "I have learned not to expect much of life. I have learned that most people do not get what they want and that they have to compromise. That is quite a big thing to have found out.

"A man cannot get the woman he wants—so he marries the one he can get, and tries to make himself believe that he has what he wants; that he is happy.

compromising brides

"Remember in Mencken's 'In Defense of Women,' he says a woman always compromises when she marries. She takes about her sixteenth choice, or something

(*Continued on page 104*)



Richee



in rags and

Billie Dove be, sometime

when Billie Dove was a little girl she used to wish, along with wishing for the moon, that she was a boy. now in Hollywood, where people can become almost anything (you know Lon Chaney), she again has hopes of some day being able to act like *Tom Sawyer*—sneakin' out the back gate to go fishin', and then lettin' the pole and the worms do all the work



portraits by Elmer Fryer





in romany

would like to or other



and then, after letting her mind wander a while, she would like to do a little wandering in person—join a band of gypsies, and become a bohemian girl . . . a barefoot girl with shoulders of tan, leading an open life (as, alas, too few girls do, nowadays) . . . as wild as the flowers she sells . . . making a living holding hands—and the right cards



Three sources of attraction does a woman have: her body, her heart, and her mind. But since of these the body alone is visible, there is in every woman something of the siren, the physical temptress—a side of her nature which Norma Shearer here personifies

George E. Hurrell

Discoveries About Myself

Norma Shearer Has Learned, Among Other Things, That She Is Mother, Nun, Adventuress, All In One

As Told By Norma Shearer
To GLADYS HALL

"I NO longer want to be thought clever.

"I do not want fame.

"I do not want stardom.

"I am afraid of these things.

"I am afraid to own, to live, in a magnificent home with swimming pools and formal gardens and retinues of servants and a line of glittering cars in the driveway. Afraid—that is why I do not have them.

"I am afraid of too much money.

"I am afraid to have too many jewels, too many clothes, too much flattery, too much publicity, too much love.

"I know, now, that those in the high places are those first attacked by Fate.

"They may not be dragged down to ignominy, with their heads in the lowly dust. They may even keep their fame, their money, their pedestals. But they are, very often, broken-hearted. They are hurt in their most sensitive places, where they have least expected to be. They are crushed by strange hands in ways they least expect.

Looking for Trouble

"I AM superstitious.

"If I have done anything I know I should not have done—I am afraid. I know that I will be paid back for it, that I will be forced to atone for my error in one way or another.

"I am superstitious, too, about smaller matters.

"I wouldn't have a bungalow built for me on the studio lot for anything in the world. I would be afraid that people would think I was trying to be ritzy, to be superior, to 'put on airs.'

"I wouldn't change the dressing-room in which my luck began. I even fear to have it redecorated or refurnished.

"I have discovered that I am bitterly afraid of life—when life seems to be too kind to me.

"I ask myself: 'Well, how long will this last? When will the crash come?'

Hard Times

"WHEN I was in my teens, when I first went to New York with my mother and my sister, I had only one thought in the entire world—Self.

"What *I* thought about everything was all that mattered to me. The entire universe was colored through the prism of Self.

(*Continued on page 100*)



George E. Hurrell

A pretty face or a graceful figure may attract a man, but his love is usually won and held by a woman's heart and mind: the madonna in her nature and the innate wisdom which is every woman's as interpreted above by Norma Shearer

The Picture



HONEY

GOOD TUNES AND VOICES

At last a musical comedy has been written expressly for the screen instead of being adapted from a **Broadway** success. Following faithfully musical comedy tradition, the plot is the least of anybody's worries, including the audience's. A wealthy young man and woman impersonate servants and the guests proceed to fall in love with them, while the real servants—but you know the rest of it yourself. **"Soubrette"** may be an obsolete word but it perfectly expresses **Nancy Carroll's** far-from-obsolete attraction and **Stanley Smith's** voice reminds one pleasantly of **Vallee** and his face reminds one still more pleasantly that it is quite unlike **Rudy's.** But their singing of **"Let's be Domestic"** pales before the rendition of the same song by **Harry Green** and **Zasu Pitts,** whose voice, flattened and dreary, is quite the funniest so far "discovered" by the mike.

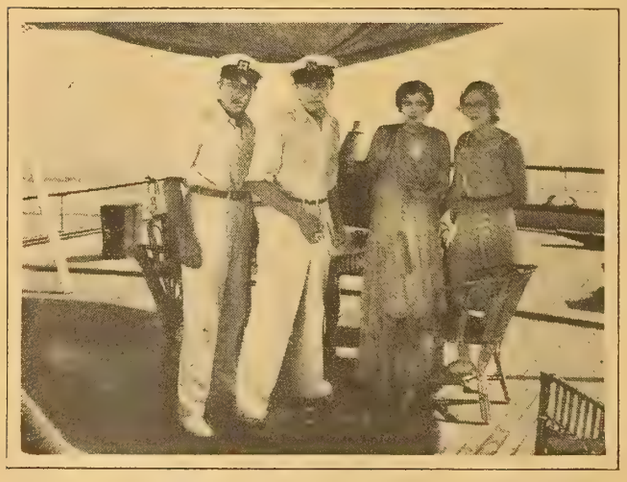


MONTANA MOON

NOT SHINING TRUE

America's dancing daughter—Joan Crawford—goes Western, but cacti and alkali dust fail to halt her in "getting her man," in this **Mal St. Clair** picture. No matter where they put her, **Joan** reverts to type, manages to get into a ballroom gown that displays the familiar form and enables her to dance merrily on. You can hardly blame **Johnny Mack Brown,** as the drawling **Southern** cowboy, for being dismayed when he finds what he has drawn.

It has long been a film custom to show the bridegrooms stepping out during the honeymoon to return gloriously illuminated. Here it is the dear little bride who barges in about **6 A. M.** gaily fortified with another man's gin. **Cliff Edwards** is great as the cowboy looking for a blonde cutie who can cook. His **Pythias—Benny Rubin**—is also very funny. The cowhands supply some **Western** ditties.

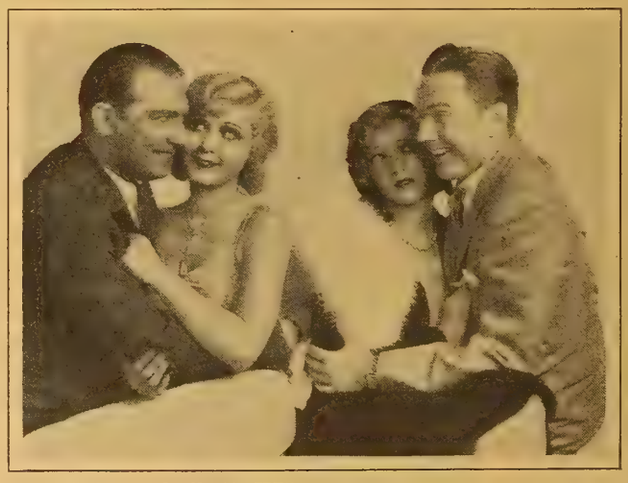


THE SHIP FROM SHANGHAI

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

This is one of those occasional pictures that one portion of the audience will like if it doesn't faint away while the other will check it out. The story, based on **Dale Collin's** novel, **"Ordeal,"** is no reason for loud ringing cheers. A yachting party finds itself, due to the inevitable story, at the mercy of a very, very hard crew: Social distinctions are leveled, and the low-lives get drunk and subject the patricians to indignities while—Yeah, I knew you'd heard that one.

But lest the lover of a good rousing yarn miss an evening's entertainment, let me hasten to say that a ticket to this **Opera** is a good investment. The storm stuff is grand, and there is an excellent performance by **Louis Wolheim. Conrad Nagel's** playboy is too heroic for words.



THE BIG PARTY

MEEK AND WILD

The heroine of this mild story loses her job in the five 'n ten not because of her singing of song hits (as seemed reasonable) but because a customer got fresh (which, since **Dixie Lee** is a pretty blonde, seemed reasonable, too). A nice boy employed as a window-dresser gets her a job in a fashionable modiste's, run by two comedy **Jews** and backed by a millionaire with a mustache. Yes, villains are wearing mustaches again! Several naughty shadow effects of ladies undressing and a risque little song, **"Good for Nothing—but Love,"** are offered in the hope of redecorating an old plot. To our amazement, **Sue Carol** played what was nothing more nor less than a "bit"—all the other faces in the picture are new, and there seems no reason to suppose that they will ever become very familiar except perhaps **Frank Albertson's.**

Parade



SLIGHTLY SCARLET

WELL DONE

Two crooks—a beautiful lady and an English gentleman—are on the trail of the same pearl necklace, when **Love** comes along, and lo, they reform each other and put the necklace back in the safe. Very sweet and romantic, but that's not the important part of the picture. Your practically ceaseless chuckles will arise from the fact that the necklace is owned by a homespun **American** family who spend their lives trying to lure a **Countess** or two into their drawing-room. The wear and tear on their millions and their nervous systems is terrific.

The charming gaucheries of these three—played beautifully by **Helen Ware** and **Virginia Bruce,** and magnificently by **Eugene Pallette**—make it a really delightful comedy. It is **Evelyn Brent's** last picture for **Paramount** and one of her best. **Clive Brook** is that suave **English** safe-cracker, and **Paul Lukas** is the menace.



LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY

JUST MISSES

Somewhere in this picture lurks an excellent theme—of a **Broadway** song-writer, a heedless boy who goes about blithely breaking the heart of every girl he meets, so he may use her tears as inspiration for a song. And it's not till his own heart is broken—well, you get the idea. Unfortunately, the **Cast** is a little too inexperienced to quite carry the thing off. Or too anemic, or something. Anyway, you don't feel racked with the proper amount of anguish and irony.

Gwen Lee as one of the victims and **Cliff Edwards** in his first straight rôle are genuinely appealing. Suggesting that in more skilled and sympathetic hands than those of **Charles Kaley** and **Marian Shilling,** the other rôles might have lived up to the possibilities of the story. The picture is freely interspersed with songs.



BURNING UP

OBVIOUS BUT OKAY

A pleasant little Program Picture which leaves a good taste in your mouth. Nothing new; nothing spectacular as to plot, but one which is **Saved** from **Mediocrity** by an automobile race which makes you cling to the edge of your seat as though you were aeroplane nose-diving. You know the old gag. One crook enters a town to prepare the natives to bet their piles on his racing. He wins and wins and wins.

Then comes the day, the big day, when he's supposed to throw the race to an outsider and make away with the money he's lost for the home towners. Only he meets **Mary Brian** first. And **Mary's** father has twenty-five thousand on him. Now, just how could any man meet **Mary** and then make away with her dad's money? **Dick Arlen** is the man. You'll like him. In fact, you'll like the whole cast, which includes **Sam Hardy, Tully Marshall** and **Francis MacDonald.**



MAID TO ORDER

ELTINGE'S BOW

Julian Eltinge, the female impersonator, makes his bow in talkies. Taking it all in all and one way and another, they haven't done so badly by **Mr. Eltinge.** A very obviously made-to-order story has been provided, dealing with diamond smugglers. Fortunately the producers themselves haven't taken the plot very seriously (it's just so much hooey) and they've sacrificed it generously to provide good and long-drawn-out gags for **Eltinge. Eltinge** neither looks nor talks very like a woman, but his mannerisms are funny and you've only got to think of the **Orpheum** to get plenty of laughs.

The supporting cast is pretty good, and the production much above the usual level for independently made pictures. Go and see it anyway, if only to experience the oddity of a picture in which both hero and heroine are dressed in skirts.

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic



THE VAGABOND KING

FINE IN EVERY WAY

Easily the most effectively staged and directed operetta yet produced for the talking screen, **"The Vagabond King"** is a gorgeous color spectacle of song, romance and intrigue. **Dennis King** and **Jeanette MacDonald** share honors: he for his splendid voice combined with a dramatic ability that will surely make him one of the foremost singing stars. **Jeanette MacDonald** has a glorious voice and her beauty, luckily, meets all requirements.

For special artistry in character portrayal, **O. P. Heggie,** the capable **English** actor, is ace high with his scheming *King Louis*. **Warner Oland** is again a sinister figure as the war minister of the tottering **French** régime. **Settings of** rare beauty are used throughout the picture and it has some of the finest **Technicolor** photography I have ever seen. **Ludwig Berger,** the director, has shown great appreciation of the requirements of **Romance** in his deft handling of the production. It has rhythm, fire and romantic action.



A LADY TO LOVE

LIFE MADE SWEET AND NOISY

This is Sidney Howard's prize play, **"They Knew What They Wanted,"** only with the baby and other improper items painlessly extracted from it. Though there is no theme song, it is one of the noisiest operas that has issued from the talking screen. What with **Edward Robinson** imitating four **Italians,** and two others of that race hired for the sole purpose of contributing to the din, the plot is almost drowned out. Yet above the babel **Vilma Banky,** in a perfectly intelligible **Hungarian** accent, gives one of her most sympathetic performances.

You remember the tired waitress who accepts an offer of marriage from an unknown man because she falls in love with his picture, and arrives on the farm to find it was all a dirty trick and her husband is not what he seemed. **Edward Robinson** is always a good actor, but since sweetness and *naivete* are not his *forte*, he seems miscast as the irrepressible *Tony*. **Robert Ames** is the rather sinister sex appeal.



THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

ELEMENTS OF GREATNESS

If this were a foreign film, we would call it **Art.** Audiences fed on movie formula will be bewildered by the way the characters meet the different situations in the story, and possibly indignant at finding that they are asked to think. There is, cinematically speaking, no plot though many happenings which seem as casual and unpremeditated as those of **Life** itself. *Sergeant Grischa*, a tiny, unimportant human atom caught in the machinery of **War** for a moment, threatens to stop the machinery itself. Nations are involved in the question of the justice of his fate, armies hesitate and—but the ending is as different as the rest.

In this jagged scrap torn from life **Chester Morris** gives a rather terribly poignant study as the bewildered, childlike **Grischa** and **Betty Compson** is beautiful as the peasant girl who loves him and unwittingly sends him to his fate. **Jean Hersholt,** sobbing uncouthly in his **German** uniform, leaves an unforgettable impression of human futility.



THE ROGUE SONG

TIBBETT IS GREAT

Lawrence Tibbett's voice is recorded magnificently in the picture with which **Metro-Goldwyn** hopes to change movie history. The general effect is sumptuous and rousing, and your senses may lull your critical faculties into calling it a marvelous picture. But a careful analysis reveals that the story is twaddle. It's about a singing bandit who abducts a princess—played by **Catherine Dale Owen.**

The entire picture is in **Technicolor.** Some of the shots, richly colored and beautiful, will inevitably be compared to those old **Italian** masters. But what's an old masterpiece when features are a reddish blur? **Technicolor** hasn't yet conquered its greatest fault, and the worst sufferers from it in this case are **Laurel** and **Hardy,** who don't belong in serious drammer anyway. But why complain of trifles, when the only thing that matters is **Lawrence Tibbett,** who not only has a glorious voice and a considerable dramatic gift, but **It.** You owe it to yourself to take a look at this new heart-throb.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



MEN WITHOUT WOMEN

EFFECTIVE AND MOVING

Now is your chance to find out just how it feels to be in a sinking submarine. You may study the reactions of a group of men imprisoned at the bottom of the sea, with very little oxygen and even less chance for escape, but plenty of nonchalance. This is a pretty grave situation, and it is handled in a way so effective and so moving that the anxiety of the audience breaks out in shrieks now and then.

All the **Detail** of the **Picture,** the **Dialogue,** the **Comedy,** and **Acting** are **Excellent.** Only when the **Plot** enters in does it lose its feeling of authenticity. The **Plot** is more or less segregated in the person of a verbose **English** officer who every so often steps up and tells all he knows. He is permitted to intrude himself too often, but not often enough to spoil a very thrilling picture. **Kenneth McKenna** looks very handsome as the doomed hero. And you will find your favorite **Stuart Erwin** in the wireless room.



THE GIRL OF THE PORT

JUST ANOTHER MELO

Fun is fun, we feel, but when it comes to melodrama so hectic and preposterous as this, we beg to draw the line. It's just a lot of time wasted on a story of the **"East Lynne"** school. Take one clean-limbed **Englishman** who's gone to the demnition bow-wows on a **South Sea** island; one pure-souled heroine who occupies herself with his regeneration; and one leering half-cast heavy described by the hero as **"You Hound!"** and mix any way you like, you'll always get that **ol' dabbil** salad.

In spite of the twist whereby the hero gets "that way" because of his fear of fire, a legacy of the war, this story remains just that. Also in spite of the heroic and almost successful efforts of **Sally O'Neil** to make the girl a living figure. All the other characters are completely stagy, especially that of the hero, played by a new **English** importation, **Reginald Sharland. Melodrama** fiends may be able to swallow this with comparative relish, but not the more mentally advanced.



DAMES AHOY

NOT SO FUNNY

Universal's efforts at a "Cock-Eyed World" of the navy is one of the more doleful exhibits of recent months. Compared to the rip-roaring adventures of *Quirt* and *Flagg*, by which this entrant was undoubtedly inspired, the gags seem so old they creak. If anyone can raise a chuckle at the expense of **Glenn Tryon, Otis Harlan** and **Eddie Gribbon** in this picture, they're better men that we are and we doff our hat. **Gertrude Astor** gives her well-known rendition of a tough blonde and there is a newcomer in the sweet-patootie rôle, by the name of **Helen Wright. Helen** is all **Wright** (that's about as good as the gags in the picture) except for the fact that she gives every indication of having **St. Vitus's Dance.**

Until **Carl Laemmle, Jr.,** discovers some comedy writers who know how to inject the laughs in their dialogue, we suggest that **Universal's** comedians take up some hobby such as basket-weaving. Even if the players had been good, they couldn't have made this stuff funny.



THE GIRL SAID NO

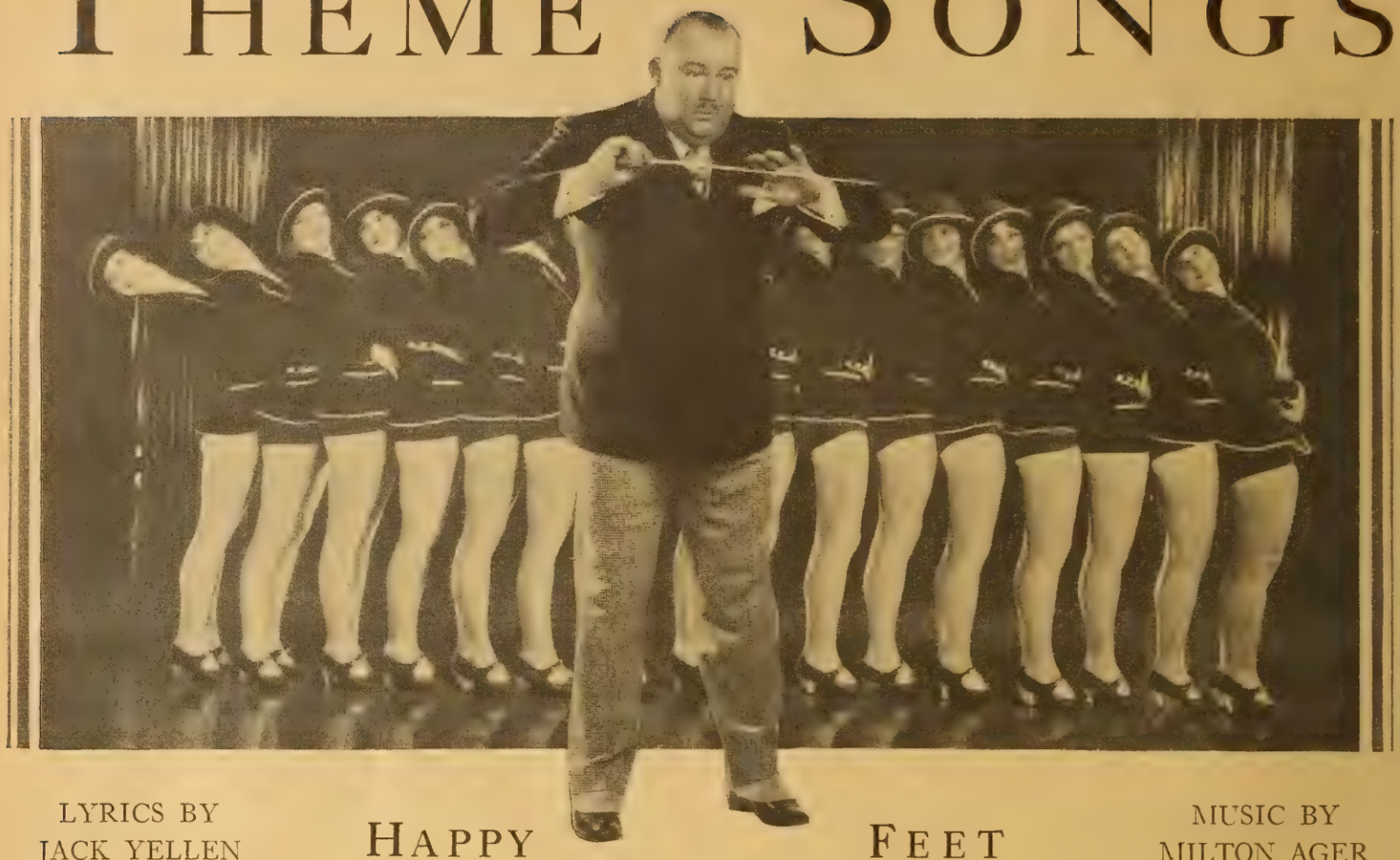
GOOD COMEDY

All of William Haines's special talents seem to have been recorded in this one picture directed by **Sam Wood** for posterity's sake. It has enough gags and situations to make a couple of first-class comedies, which is probably the first time anyone has crabbed at getting too much entertainment.

Not only is the **Comedy** so funny that you can hardly get your breath, but **Haines** puts over the **Pathos** with a bang. That boy can act when he isn't too busy clowning. He has a gift for handling words as glibly as he cuts his silent capers.

Opening according to the usual **Haines** formula, the picture veers to the serious about a third of the way along. Once again he is the smart-aleck youth demonstrating his ability with the girls, but he has responsibilities, too, with his big family to look after. **Leila Hyams** is better than usual as the girl he makes his big effort for. It is where **Haines** and **Dressler** are paired that the picture could be cut to provide ideas for another hilarious comedy. You'll like **Haines** in this.
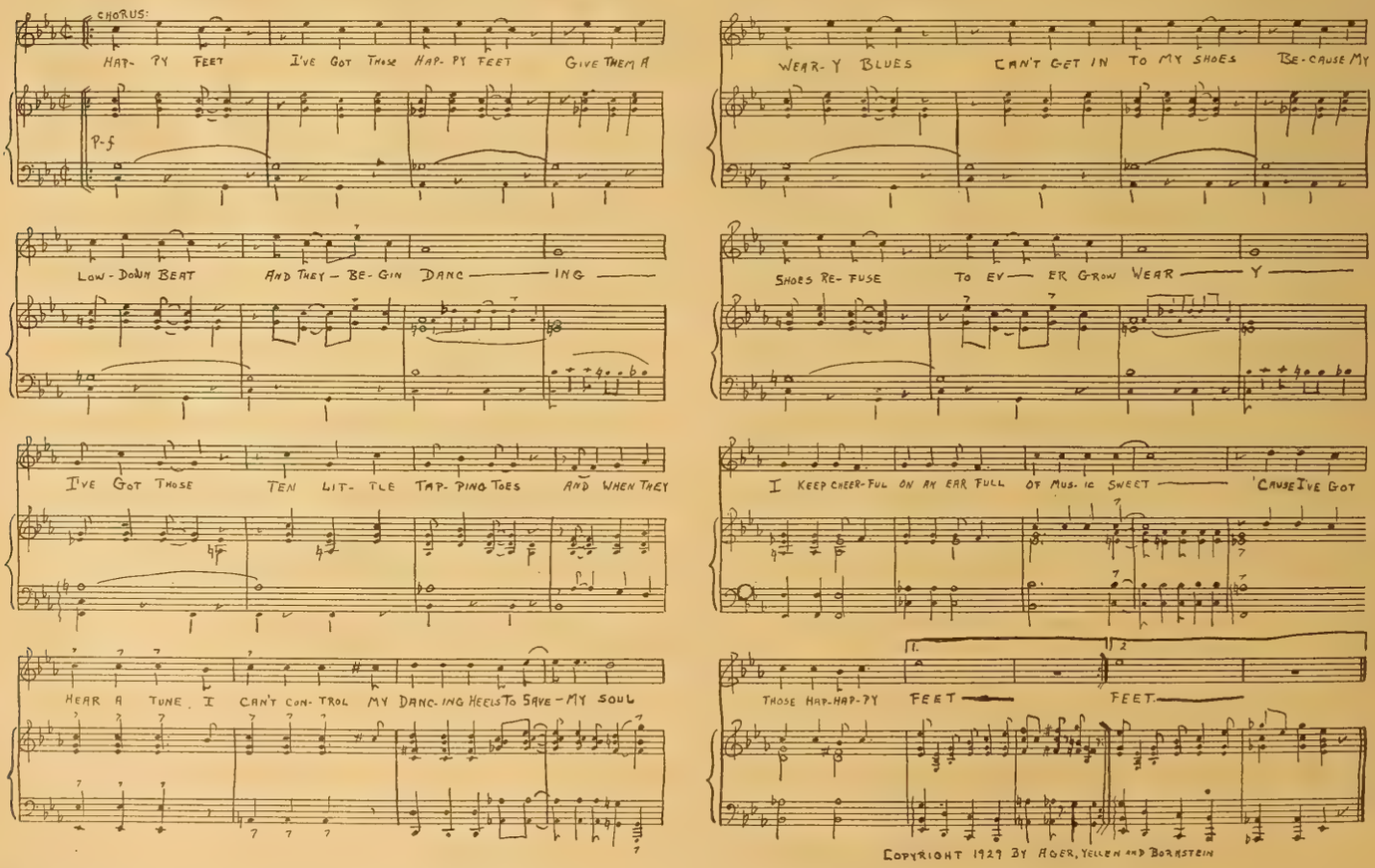
THEME SONGS



LYRICS BY
JACK YELLEN

HAPPY FEET

MUSIC BY
MILTON AGER

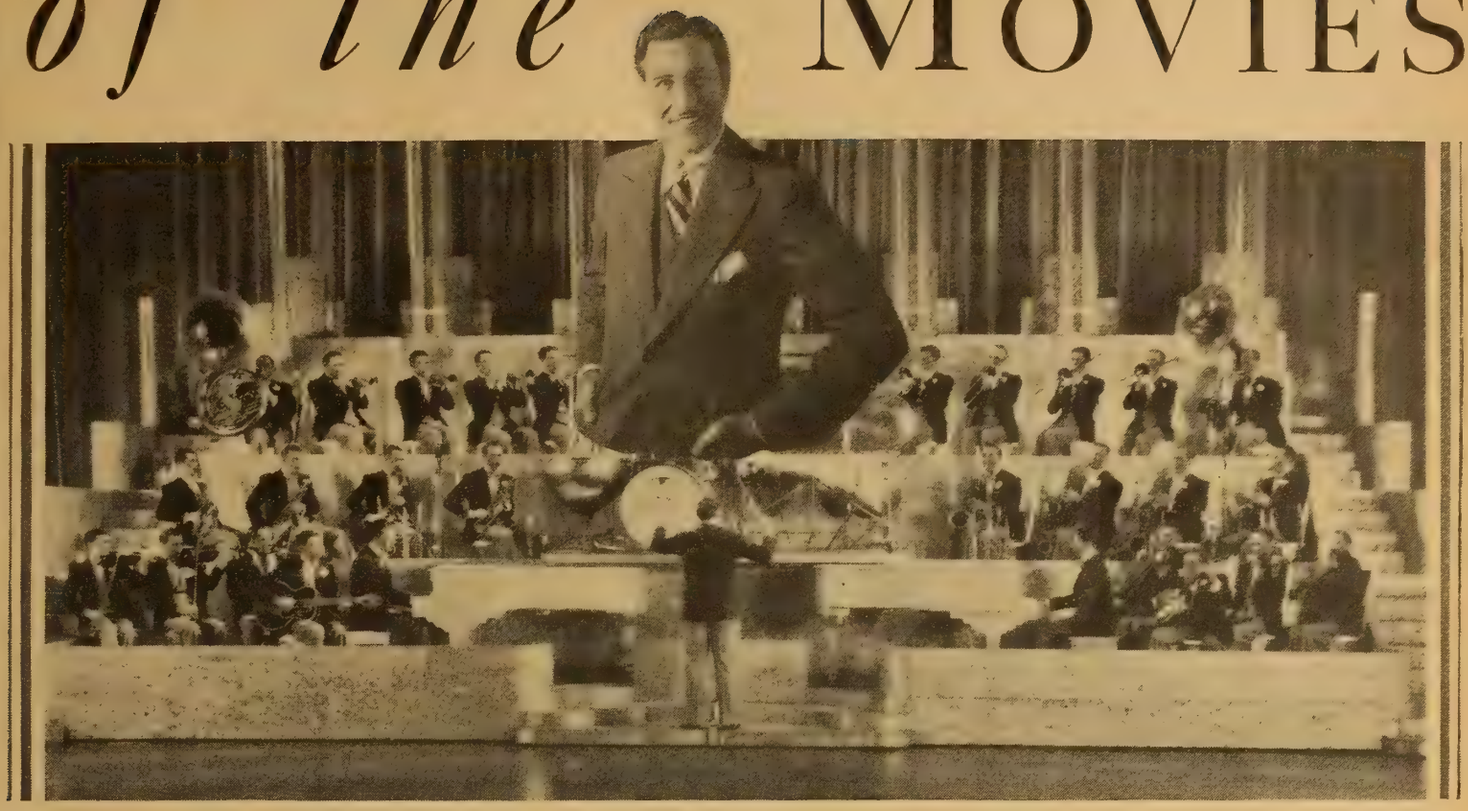


PREPARE to hum. And strum. And sing. And whistle. And dance. For "The King of Jazz" is coming, with Paul Whiteman, John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Grace Hayes, William Kent, a symphonic jazz orchestra, and a host of contagious songs to excite your musical risibilities. Above, you have two samples of the songs.

At the top, Paul Whiteman—appropriately enough "King of Jazz" in the picture of that name—and the Markert Girls, all ready for the torrid dancing number, "Happy Feet," which you might try on your piano

"The King of Jazz" is more often musical than not. There are revue numbers, designed for group dancing by the Russell

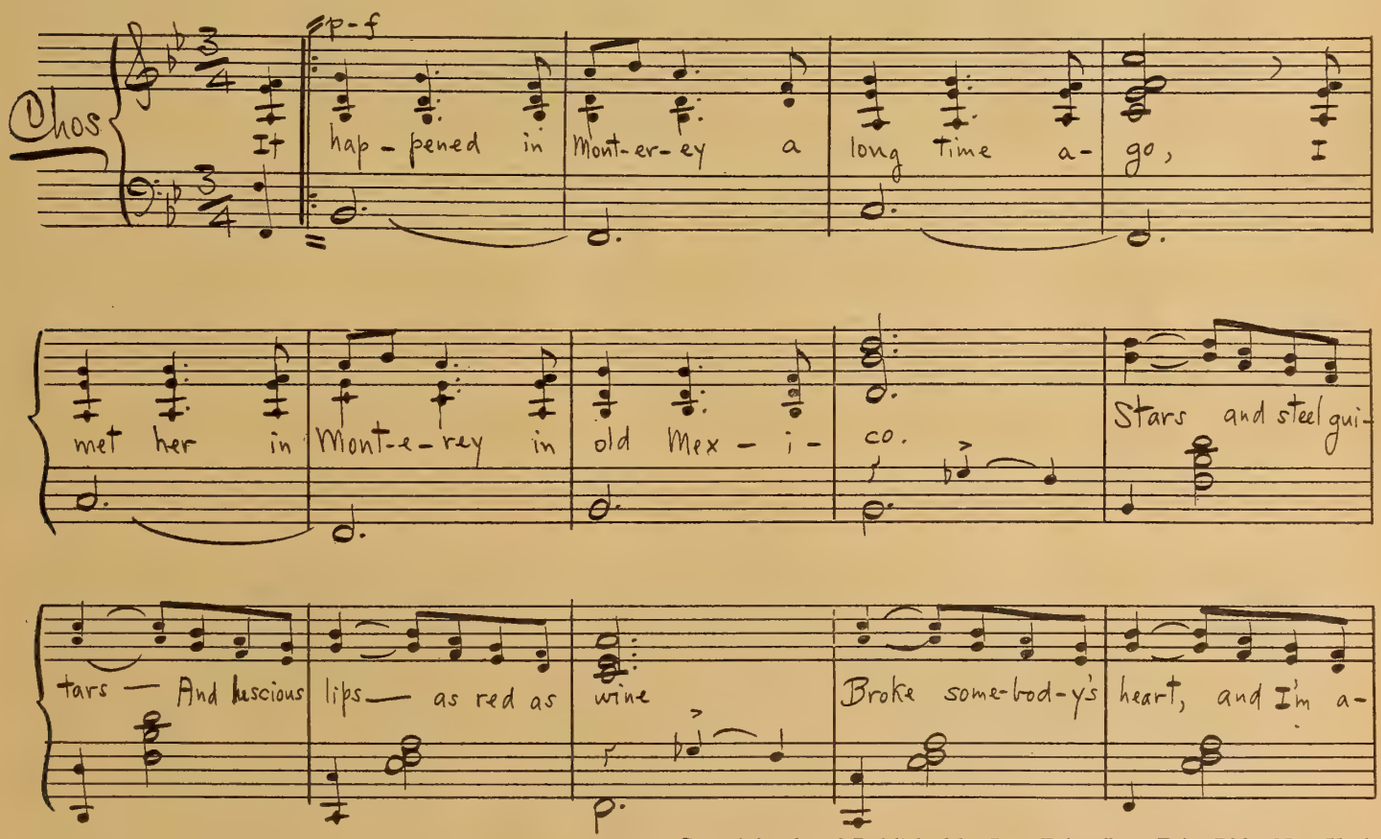
of the MOVIES



LYRICS BY
BILLY ROSE

IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY

MUSIC BY
MABEL WAYNE



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Markert Girls; there are specialty and novelty songs; and there are solo vocal numbers for John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Grace Hayes and William Kent. And, as you might expect in a revue starring Paul Whiteman, there is Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," always featured by the band. The assignment of composing the music for such a production was no light one, and four of Broadway's best were wooed by Universal for the task—

(*Continued on page 123*)

At the top, John Boles, superimposed on the Whiteman orchestra, smiles in anticipation of superimposing his voice on their rendition of "It Happened in Monterey," a few bars of which tempt you above

The *Doo-Doos'* Delight

Edwina Booth Reveals The Hardships Of Being A *White Goddess* In Darkest Africa

By

ELISABETH

GOLDBECK



R. H. Louise

Above, Edwina Booth, who, as *Nina T.* in "Trader Horn," had experiences in Africa that few white women have known; lower left, two members of the Kavirondo tribe, who made Harry Carey a blood-brother after watching him as *Trader Horn;* lower right, the *White Goddess* in her jungle temple

INTO the jungle, with bathtubs! No doubt you've always longed to appease your jungle repressions by a trip into darkest Africa—and were deterred by a certain reluctance to leave the refinements of hot water, clean clothes, and regular meals.

It takes a movie company to achieve a sanitary *safari.*

Nine months ago Edwina Booth left home to win fame as the *White Goddess* of "Trader Horn"—Edwina, who had never slept away from home before. Through flood and blazing sun she traveled thirty thousand miles to the Dark Continent and back, and never once missed her daily tub.

She hobnobbed with crocodiles, elephants, and Pygmies. A family of monkeys and a huge turtle were her pets. She could look out the window, or rather the tent-flap, and see zebras grazing on the veldt—as she changed for dinner.

But against the perils of Africa one must be armed with more than soap and water. Edwina left home in radiant health. She returned in a state of exhaustion, unable to stand up without keeling over.

All the way over she received injections to protect her from African diseases. All the way home she received injections to restore her from the ravages of these diseases.

Malaria, fever, dysentery, sunstroke. Everything Africa had to offer, she was afflicted with. And as a crowning affront, a large assortment of bugs made a *safari* from all parts of the country to bite the white skin of Edwina—a morsel not to be ignored by insects who must be rather starved for blondes.

The Horrors and the Beauty

THE *Goddess* lay back against pillows not much whiter than her face. She feels fairly well now, so long as she remains in a supine position.

(*Continued on page 114*)





Fryer

Dates in the *Desert*

Not only the edible, but the sociable kind, do Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire have, week-ending simultaneously at Palm Springs, California, and getting sand in their eyes in a big way—attracted thither by the fact that on Broadway they once played a sand man and girl in "The Desert Song," and wanted to see what a real desert was like

Picking *Their*

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



R. H. Louise

OF course, there's been no small amount of agitation among the other members of the younger set. And rightly. The toddlers have their emotions, too. And those in arms. Well, I just wish you'd snoop around the nurseries, as I've been doing recently, to get the real facts about this case. Learning to coo and dimple my little fists. I'll tell you, it's not so easy a task as you'd think to take your work so seriously.

I don't blame the other members of the cradle class. Imagine the feelings of Miss Jane Bannister, aged eleven months, whose mama is Ann Harding. How must she feel when she meets Master Raymond Hackett, Jr., born June 28, 1929, and finds him simply hedged with illustrious motion picture godparents like Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore? Is she going to be superbly unmindful of it, or is it going to wreck her young life and implant an inferiority complex right then and there? I'll tell you, it's something to fret about.

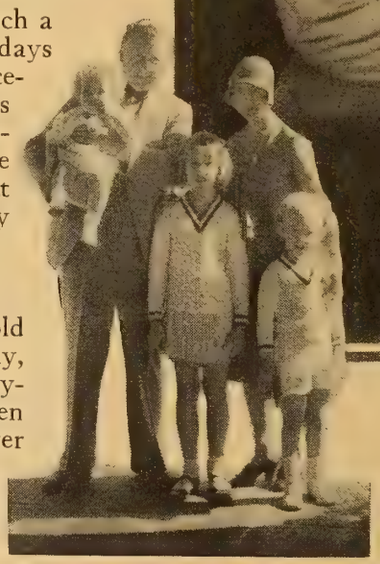
Reports from Babylandia say there hasn't been such a demand to be born in one place in years; not since the days when fairy godmothers were in style and little princelings were endowed with Beauty, Wealth, Happiness and Valor, while royal bouncers kept wicked fairy godmothers from cursing them with dyspepsia. All the babies want to be born in Hollywood, save a few infant warriors who prefer Chicago, where it is rumored they wean them on machine-gun bullets.

Gifts for Harriet

NOT that I wonder. I should say not. The old adage has been changed. Nowadays they say, "It's a wise child who chooses to be born in Hollywood." Imagine the conversation in Babylandia when they hear that Greta Garbo gave the new babe a silver bowl, cup and spoon. For instance: "Say, remember that little brunette who went down to earth on July 9, 1929? No, the one with the brown eyes. She had a Southern accent and used to drop her *r*'s. The place was cluttered with them after she left. She went down to the Johnnie Mack Browns'. Jane Harriet is what they called her. What a time she is going to have with that double *r* when she fools them into believing she is learning to talk. Ah me. Well, anyway, she rated some nifty gifts. Imagine meeting Mary Pickford right away. Mary gave her one of those pearl necklaces that you add to, all hung on a platinum chain. George Fawcett—he's acting as official godfather until the christening and after, too—gave her an enameled wicker wardrobe, hand painted. Billie







Russell Ball

(From top to bottom) Jane Harriet, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown; his three children and H. B. Warner; and the infant prodigy of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris; and (left) Fred and Enid Bennett Niblo with their children

Keystone

PARENTS

It's A Wise Child Who Chooses To Be Born In Hollywood



Bakewell sent her a hand-painted bed, and Walter Hyers a hand-embroidered robe. Greta Garbo gave her a silver bowl, cup and spoon. Can you feature that? Did you see her last picture? Boy, oh boy! I wonder if Jane calls her "Auntie Greta?"

So you can see the way things are in Babylandia. Registers full; infants crowding about beseeching, begging—yes, even crying—to be dispatched immediately to Hollywood.



They have heard of the imported English perambulator that Godmother Norma Shearer sent Master Raymond Hackett, Jr., and of the sterling silver bowl, cup and spoon, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), in which his meals will soon be set before him. And of Master Raymond's blue and silver enameled toilet set that Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert sent, forthwith. Jealously, they have listened with wide eyes of the silver cup that Ruth Chatterton gave.



They chose Hollywood: (from top to bottom above) Sheila, with her parents, George and Diana Kane Fitzmaurice; J. Charles, Helen and Lila, with their dad, Charles King; and Jane, the young hopeful of Harry and Ann Harding Bannister; and (right) baby Barbara and Annabel Lee, children of Elliott and Norma Lee Nugent

More Glorious Godparents

AND imagine having Bebe Daniels and John Considine, Jr., as godparents, and Diana Kane and George Fitzmaurice as mother and father. That was the delicious fate held out to Sheila Fitzmaurice, who elected to become their permanent house guest on March 10, 1929. Pearl necklace and carriage robe, with jacket to match, from Godmother Bebe. A real lace christening dress, with minute silk embroidery, imported from France, was what Mr. and Mrs. Richard Semler Barthelmess sent. Lois Wilson (Mrs. Fitzmaurice's sister), with auntly foresight, bought a coat and bonnet to be worn at the mature age of two, and filled in the intervening years with pillow slips on which were embroidered her niece's name. The Watterson Rothackers thought a gold mug appropriate and Rosabelle Laemmle compromised on a napkin ring, a teething ring and a bowl and spoon, while Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn sent her card with a sterling silver set consisting of a knife, fork, spoon and napkin ring.

Colleen Moore thought every Sheila should have pearls and sent a dainty strand. A lace carriage robe and pillow came from Olive Tell. Rubye de Remer sent a tiny robe of pink flannel with Mis-

(*Continued on page 108*)

Could Heaven



Russell Ball

Ruth Roland believes that Life is what we make it—and what she has made of her own is revealed in her saying, "Life is marvelous. I hope that Heaven will be just like this"

Be Better?

Ruth Roland Doubts It, Finding Nothing The Matter With Anything In Hollywood

By GLADYS HALL

THERE is a voice crying in the wilderness.

It says, in Hollywood parlance, "De Mille's in his studio, all's well with the world."

Ruth Roland's is the voice crying in the wilderness.

A cry of hope. A hosanna of happiness. A canto of content with things-as-they-are. A pæan of peace. A gauntlet flung in the faces of the murky pessimists who insist that everything is foul; the younger generation going to the doggies; marriage going on the rocks; love a snare and a delusion; the corruptible body the beginning and the end; Hollywood a new Nineveh; actors and actresses new Sodomites and Gomorrahites; life a ghastly jest perpetrated on crawling, complex-ridden man by a sneering ironic god, if any.

You say to Ruth Roland, "What's the matter with life?"

And Ruth Roland answers, "Nothing. Nothing is the matter with life. It is marvelous. It isn't perfection; but who would want perfection, the cessation of all endeavour, all valiant struggle?

"I hope that Heaven will be just like this. I ho pethat I will be a movie actress in the next world. I hope that I may live in a Heaven-Hollywood. Life is all right."

Among the murky cynics, the deliberate destructionists, there may be those who will say, "Why shouldn't Ruth Roland think life is all right? Why shouldn't she hope Heaven will be just like this? What has she got to complain about, anyway? Money, scads of it. Position. Home. Marriage. Everything."



Ruth Roland, before she left the screen to become one of America's wealthiest women, used to risk life and limb in serial thrillers. She is returning to the screen in "Reno"

Russell Ball

Life What We Make It

IT harks back to the old truisms —that life is what we make it, after all; that the Kingdom of Heaven is within ourselves.

For Ruth Roland struggled up out of very dark places. Out of a tragic and a bereft childhood. Out of poverty, out of despair. Out of hard work, which began at other children's playtime.

She has taken her life in her two capable hands, and out of the faith in her heart, the belief in her soul, she has wrought a sound and happy thing.

There is a saying in Hollywood that when other actors and actresses were drinking gin, Ruth Roland was buying real estate.

I asked her to what she attributed her financial position and she answered, "Faith in Los Angeles."

She might better have answered "Faith in life." For that is what she has. That is what makes her different. That is, in all probability, what makes her successful, personally, professionally, financially.

For you will admit that this is a different slant. Optimism. A joyous view-point in an age where it is "the thing" to mock and deride the simple joy of living, the fundamental virtues, the old belief that "God's in his Heaven, all's well with the world." We went on from there . . .

"What's the matter with marriage?"

"There's nothing the matter with marriage," Ruth Roland said, "except that people do not take it seriously enough. They seldom ask themselves the proper questions beforehand. Such as 'Could I possibly get along without this person? Will I love him just as well in the sometimes unalluring proximity of the home as I do when he comes to call, dressed-to-kill, saying sweet things, putting his best foot forward?' And vice versa.

"People fail to realize that marriage is not a matter of charming frocks and perfume and dressed hair and moonlight and dancing to the strains of Paul Whiteman's music.

"They fail to realize that marriage is being seen not always at your best, a matter of bills to pay, of disappointments and certain disillusions. Of sharing everything—not only beauty.

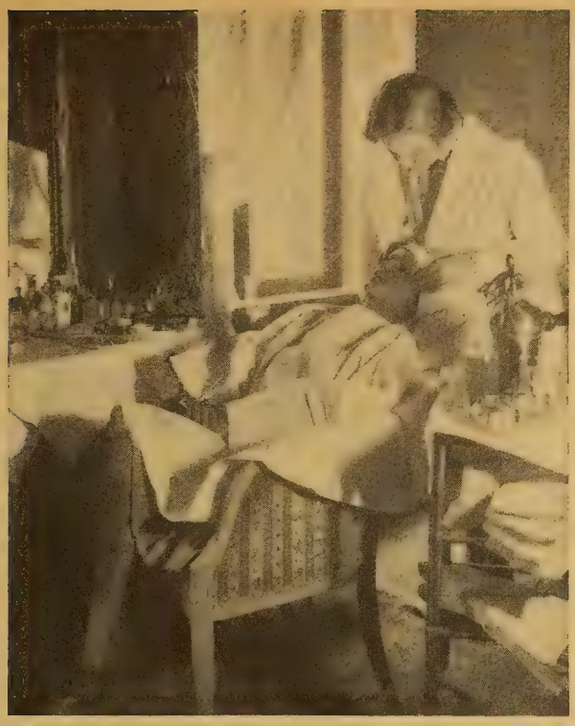
"It seems to me that it has taken a great many years

(*Continued on page 113*)



Ready For A Dive

She may look susceptible to suggestions of high bridges and pierheads, but what really is making Dorothy Mackaill tear her hair is the thought of the dive on the African coast in which she has to be sweet and low. However, she will take steps—dancing everything from the hula to the tango—to change her fortune, and eventually land on Broadway, so the picture can be entitled "Bright Lights"



The woman of today values expert beauty care

Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman is now enabled to make the most of her natural loveliness.

Modern beauty culture has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will



undoubtedly seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

Throughout the world

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 19,813 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining nature's finest cosmetic oils — palm and olive—for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not — nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 19,813 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

5250

How the Stars Handle their Money



Ray Jones

By Minding Her Own Business Laura La Plante Has Become, And Plans To Stay, Wealthy

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

"I SUPPOSE it is natural for people to wonder how a motion picture actress handles her finances—or how any woman, for that matter, manages her money affairs," said Laura La Plante, as we settled ourselves to enjoy one of the famous Thursday buffet-luncheons in the "Blossom Room" of the Hotel Roosevelt in Hollywood. "I realize that few girls of my age, outside the film industry, earn and control the large amounts of money some of us receive.

"My discovery that a dollar was something you had to earn, instead of something to spend, dates from my fourteenth birthday, when I started in pictures. My mother had supported my sister Violet and me since I was nine—ever since she and my father had separated. We opened a joint bank-account with my first pay-check. Later, when Violet was old enough to know the value of money, her name was added and it has always remained that way."

"Not after you were married?" I asked incredulously.

"It has never been changed," answered this amazing young girl.

I immediately had visions of mother, sister and Laura all making drastic inroads on this account at the same time, but I suppose a star's checking account can stand almost anything. Yet, what generosity! I doubt if any husband, no matter what his wealth, would follow such a plan; certainly, few sisters would be so open handed.

"Ever since I can remember, I have longed for a home of my own. My childhood is filled with memories of forever moving from this place to that, always with that hopeless feeling of really never belonging anywhere.

Working Toward a Goal

"I BELIEVE everyone should have a goal for money-saving. My first was to own my own home. To get it took years of denial, modest living and careful planning, for which my mother deserves all of the credit. At times it was very hard not to dress and live as my friends at the studio did."

(*Continued on page 101*)

Helpful Hints by Laura La Plante

I believe everyone should have a goal for money-saving.

I believe that any girl who is drawing a salary equal to that of her husband's should pay her own expenses.

If a girl can be financially independent of her husband, there will be fewer domestic disagreements.

I buy bonds and a few conservative stocks. I wasn't touched in the recent crash of the market.

I can go out and spend a hundred dollars on extravagant trifles and feel that I have got my money's worth, because I have something to show for it. But I won't take a chance on a horse-race.

I never make loans to anyone.

William Seiter and his wife, Laura La Plante, can now afford to take life easy whenever they wish in one of three homes she can now call her own

You don't know the half of it

until you've seen her in Technicolor

Oh, of course, the shadowy grays of the old "black-and-white" didn't treat her so badly!

But you don't know the half of it until you've seen how Technicolor brings her to life. The color in her cheeks . . . and in her eyes. The flash of golden brown in her hair as it is caught by a playful beam of sunshine.

Yes! The magic Technicolor camera sees all these things. It observes life in its manifold glory of natural color. Then relives it for you on the screen . . . transports you into the very picture yourself. You become a delighted participant in the happenings of a screenland made real through the enchantment of color!

Yesterday is an old story in the annals of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And . . . yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings—in Technicolor.



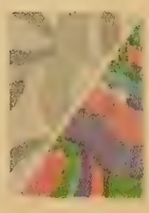
DOROTHY MACKAILL is more charming than ever in Technicolor. "Bright Lights" is her latest First National picture.

★Technicolor *is natural color*

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS



BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **CHASING RAINBOWS,** with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio); **HELL'S ANGELS** (Caddo Productions); **HOLD EVERYTHING,** with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); **NO, NO, NANETTE,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount); **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** with Harry Richman (United Artists); **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).





SPECIALLY PAINTED BY MARLAND STONE

JOHN GILBERT



CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

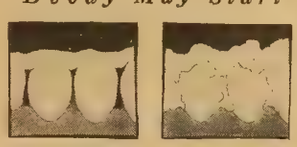


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish tooth paste fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



What makes a Girl

As told to Katherine Albert

by CLARA BOW



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW, in the luxurious bathroom created especially for her in Hollywood. Here, as in her studio dressing room, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin! . . . And beautifully smooth skin means even more to a screen star than to other women. Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's *lovely skin.*

"And any girl can *have* lovely skin if she takes good care of it!

"Motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up. The incandescent lights reveal the tiniest flaw in the skin!

"That's why we motion picture actresses have to keep our skin at its very best every minute.

"Several years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. And now nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad that we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures have!

"When I get letters from girls all over



"ALLURING"?

the country, I long to tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do —by using Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap—both at home and in their dressing rooms—and have enthusiastic things to say about it. All the great film studios, for their convenience, have made it their *official* soap.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are using this fragrant white soap—made by the same method as are the finest toilet soaps of France—do try it. It lathers generously, even in the very hardest water! And keeps your skin charmingly fresh and smooth.



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

EVELYN BRENT, lovely Paramount star, in the beautifully appointed bathroom designed and built for her in Hollywood. She says: "A star just *must* have a smooth skin. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It is so pleasing and so soothing to the skin."



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, Beautiful star, is devoted to this fragrant soap. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."



NANCY CARROLL, charming red-haired Paramount star, says: "Keeping one's skin flawless for the all-seeing eye of the camera means constant care. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin always in perfect condition."

LUX TOILET SOAP

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake... now **10¢**



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and Addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

MARY SMITH—Two **Paramount** cameramen are members of **Commander Byrd's Antarctic** exploration party. **Ralph Graves** was the hero in **"The Glad Rag Doll." Norma Shearer, Lowell Sherman, Gwen Lee and John Mack Brown** appeared in **"The Lady of Chance." Leatrice Joy** was **John Gilbert's** second wife. **Neil Hamilton** played opposite **Laura La Plante** in **"The Love Trap."** Yes, about **Lilyan Tashman. Grant Withers** and **Loretta Young** are decidedly that way about each other. They are appearing in **"The Agony Column."**

JUST ROXIE.—Your letter was just too late for the last issue. **James Hall** was born in **Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900.** Real name is **Brown.** Has been married and divorced. **Billie Dove** and **Clive Brook** are playing in **"Sweethearts and Wives." Sally Starr** and **Johnny Arthur** in **"For the Love O' Lil." Jack Holt, "Black Sheep." William Haines** and **Phyllis Crane** in **"The Girl Said No."**

F. C.—Sue Carol and **Clara Bow** are not related. **Sue's** real name is **Lederer. Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Oakie** and **Richard "Skeet" Gallagher** head the cast of **"Let's Go Native." Helen Kane** and **Stuart Erwin** in **"Dangerous Nan McGrew."** He also played the rôle of *Axel* in **"Sweetie."**

LOUIS F.—Tarifa, most southern town of **Europe,** is twenty miles south-west of **Gibraltar. Walter Pidgeon** was born in **Canada** about thirty-two years ago. He is six feet three, weighs **190** pounds, and is not married. Yes, you may write him at the **First National Studios. Conrad Nagel** and **Lila Lee** are appearing in **"Second Wife,"** this is a **Radio** picture. **Joan Crawford** and **John Mack Brown** have the leads in **"Montana Moon."**

B. W.—You sure can collect that bet from your brother-in-law. **Antonio Moreno** did not appear in **"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."** This picture has been filmed four times. **King Baggot** and **Jane Gail** played in the first release, which was about **1915. Murdock MacQuarrie** and **James Cruze** appeared in the later versions. **John Barrymore** and **Martha Mansfield** in the last version which was released in **April, 1920.**

RUTH F.—Wow! that sure is some stationery, kinda delicate pink, don't you think? **Janet Gaynor** was born in **Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. "Budapest"** is to be released as **"Playmates."** Only time will tell about **Charles** and **Virginia.** I don't know anything about fortune telling. **W. C. Fields'** real name is **William Claude Duganfield.**

WISCONSIN KID.—Glad you liked the **"Gossip Test."** Yep, we'll have more of 'em. **Doris Dawson** was born in **Goldfield, Nevada,** about twenty years ago. She is five feet one, weighs **106** pounds, chestnut hair and blue eyes. **Miss Dawson** has been in pictures about three years, half of which time was with **Christie Studios,** where she played leads in comedies. She was also with **Sennett** and worked in various features for other companies. Her initial work for **First National** was in **"Kentucky Courage,"** starring **Richard Barthelmess,** with **Molly O'Day** as leading woman.



We can't quite see the cause for Bebe's pensive mood. She sure has nothing to worry about with such successful talkies as "Rio Rita" and "Love Comes Along" to her credit. Production on her new picture, "Dixiana," has started, after which she will make "The Chatterbox"

BABBE HELEN.—You refer to **William Bakewell,** who appeared in **"The Iron Mask." William Powell** will be seen next in **"The Benson Murder Case." Harrison Ford,** last I heard of him, was appearing in "shorts" for **Warner Brothers. Catherine Dale Owen** made her début in pictures as **John Gilbert's** leading lady in **"His Glorious Night." Miss Owen** has played on the stage in **"The Love Set," "The Whole Town's Talking," "Bootleggers"** and **"White Collars."** Latest pictures are **"The Rogue Song," "Such Men Are Dangerous"** and **"The Circle."**

SKEETS. — Collapsible bridge tables will help make a party a success, but collapsible guests will spoil it. **Stanley Smith** hails from **Kansas City, Mo.** He is twenty-five years old, brown hair and grey-blue eyes and is not married, playing opposite **Nancy Carroll** in **"Honey." June Collyer,** twenty years old, real name, **Dorothea Heermance,** and is still single. **Sue Carol,** twenty-three, married to **Nick Stuart. Marceline Day** was the girl in **"The Jazz Age."**

JUST MYRTLE.—It would be quite an improvement if you could take a radio set apart and clean out all the string trios. **Dorothy Mackaill** hails from **Hull, England.** At an early age she showed talent as a dancer and persuaded her father to send her to **London** to study elocution and dancing. It was supposed to be a two years' course at the **Thorne Academy,** but after one year she decided it was time she earned some money instead of spending it. She finally went in to the **Hippodrome** chorus in **"Joybells."** She went to **Paris** and finally came to **America** and walked in and got herself a place in the chorus of the **Ziegfeld Follies.** Her first film was **"The Lotus Eater,"** starring **John Barrymore.**

LORRAINE LEADER.—I agree about **Loretta Young. Loretta** was born in **Salt Lake City, Utah.** She is seventeen years old, five feet two, weighs **98** pounds, and has dark hair and eyes. Her sisters are **Polly Ann Young** and **Sally Blane.**

BUFFALO COSTELLO.—**Rudy Vallee** is twenty-eight years old. I think you better write direct to **Rudy** about his banjo player. **Victor MacLaglen** at one time traveled with a circus troupe. His job with the circus consisted in rising each night and challenging the professional boxer to a scrap. Sporting friends finally urged him to fight **Jack Johnson** and he did, with the result of a six-round, no decision fight.

SASSY SUZY.—Don't be like that, your friends won't like you. **Betty Bronson's** most recent film released is **"The Locked Door." Conway Tearle** in **"The Lost Zeppelin." Mary Miles Minter** has not appeared in pictures for quite some time and isn't planning to return so far as we know. **Theda Bara** is taking a turn at vaudeville. **Percy Marmont,** vacationing in **Europe.** Heigh-ho.

(*Continued on page 88*)

"Sweetheart gown" by Stein & Blaine, Inc. Pendant necklace by Crichton & Co., Ltd. Complexion by Armand!





now—with skins more ravishing and styles more revealing . . .

ladies, look to your husbands!

WHO can turn their backs on the new evening fashions?

Your fair self emerging like a flower from the silk of your gown! What vision is so alluring—what charm so compelling to mankind! But Paris has made a very definite pronouncement about this feminine style trend.

With the new clothes, the new complexion!

Today your skin must be more warmly alive—more lusciously soft, more mellow and creamy in tone. The texture must be tempting—"touchable." And the one powder for this perfect finish is Armand's blend with the cold cream base!

The magic is in the consistency—and in the way you use this richer powder. No dabbing it on! You smooth the powder on a clean puff—then blend it, tone it, into the texture of the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and Armand's will reward you by looking better and staying on hours longer than any powder you've ever known!

This is your all-day and evening beauty. At night, purge and refresh the pores with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love its delicacy—the way it wipes away with no heavy film remaining. And it sends you to sleep wrapped in orange-blossom fragrance! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.

Armand Cold Cream Powder, in your choice of becoming tints, $1. *Armand Cleansing Cream,* 50c *and* $1.25.



ARMAND

CLEANSING CREAM — COLD CREAM POWDER

©1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

Permanent *Puppy-Love?*

Loretta Young, at Seventeen, 'Can't Fall In Love And Forget'

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

IN a world groggy with marketitis, poisonous parrots, *Piccolo Pete* and law enforcement commissions, we offer this story of Love At Seventeen for what it is worth. Simple little yarn that it is, all about the First Beau and the First Real Love, it may be taken or left—depending upon your taste in romance.

Soft sweetheart music runs through the background like an Irving Berlin theme-song. Not so colorful, perhaps, as Lupe's private revelations, nor so daring as Clara's, it has, I would have you know, its moments. With a comma here and there, and an exclamation point just where you'd least expect, it could be kidded as a puppy-love story. But it won't be. It's quite too important to a little girl who let her hair grow just in time to catch up with the new mode. The realities of a First National contract, a sport car and four current releases in movie theaters are relatively unimportant compared to the fact that she is freshly stepping onto the stage of experience. Seeking the experiences that other Hollywood ladies reveal so glibly in their love-lives and toss off, in later years, in paragraphs? No, it is going to be different with Loretta Young. It has to be.

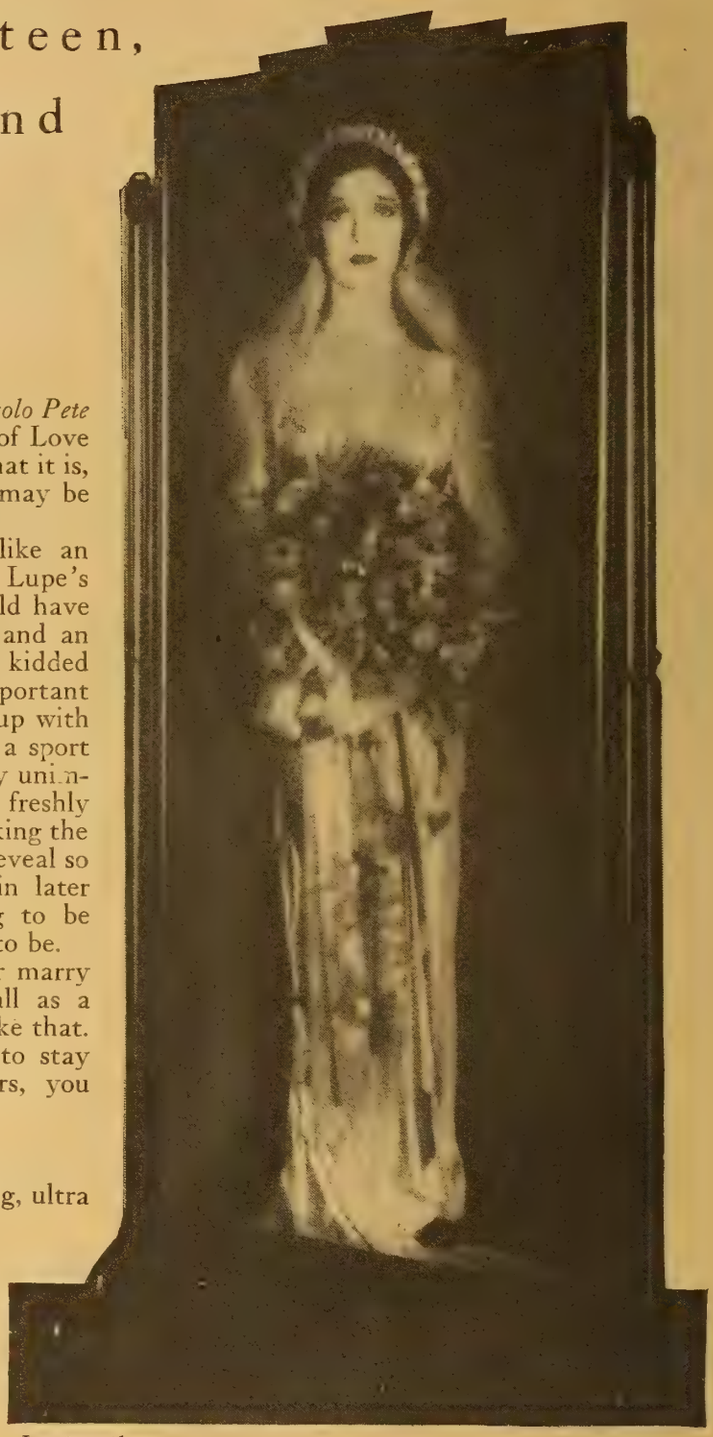
"I can't fall in love and forget; or marry and divorce, and look back on it all as a dramatic experience," she said, just like that. "When I marry Grant, we're going to stay married. We must." (Grant Withers, you know.)



Seeing herself as she wants others to see her: Loretta Young, gazing into a more or less magic mirror, finds there a happy reflection—being the bride of Grant Withers

'A Sophisticated Child'?

SHE was wearing one of those long, ultra smart dresses in brown. Her lipstick was delicate and a coating of powder almost obscured the half dozen freckles across her nose—which would have been too bad. When she sits down, she tucks her feet under. When she stands, she is as poised as Corinne Griffith. Her voice is husky, but her laugh is childish. Her mouth is full and tempting, but her teeth are somewhat prominent, like a little girl's. People have said that Loretta is "a sophisticated child." But I don't know. In stepping over the bounds of childhood into modern maidenhood, she has as yet neither shaken the one, nor fully acquired the other.



Longworth

"I guess we're really old fashioned about being in love," she said. "When we marry, we are going to settle down in our home with a radio and a big living-room, where the kids can come over on Sundays as they do here."

"Here" was her own living room in a little Burgundy house just outside Hollywood. It is the sort of room where the rugs can be pushed back. You get the idea? It looks as though it had seen a world of fudge and Sunday sandwiches in its day. Tall, cool glasses of punch might easily rest on its broad tables. Cigarettes for the more daring juveniles are about, in bright-colored boxes.

It's one of those places where the boys drop over to see

(*Continued on page 110*)

CHOOSE YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way



Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer*-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT., LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. A-1014
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

☐Name (Print)_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

One sample free; additional samples 10c each



Hurrell

Night Shift

A scene in a star chamber, in which a hard-working girl is going through the third degree of preparation for being healthy, wealthy and wise. Whether changing parts in private, or in public, Anita Page is easy on the eyes—both her own and ours



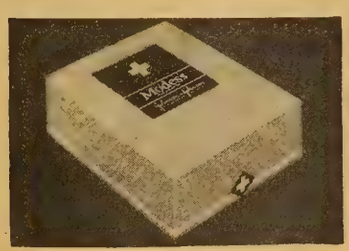
AMAZING PROOF THAT MODESS IS BETTER

For six months we have been publishing this offer to millions of women: "Try one box of Modess. If you do not decide that it is finer in every way than the kind you have been using, we will refund purchase price." During those months thousands of boxes of Modess have been purchased, but as we write this only two women have asked us to return their money.

The remarkable qualities which cause women to prefer Modess were developed by a unique method. Trained nurses were employed to interview women and learn what they really wanted.

They wanted softness. So an entirely new substance was invented for the disposable filler. It is as soft and downy as the finest cotton, yet has great absorbency and is truly disposable.

They complained of square, chafing edges and stiffness. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded, and it has a yielding pliancy which assures greater comfort and the inconspicuousness so necessary with modern gowns.



Then a fluffy film of absorbent cotton was meshed with the gauze, imparting a velvety surface. The ends of Modess are rounded to conform.

We know that you will prefer Modess to anything else you have used. This is our offer: Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the amount you paid.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



William Grimes



Learning Their Lines

At the top, Sammy Lee, dance director, asks the chorus of the M-G-M Revue of 1930 to do their part and decides that all's well that bends well; while, above, he warns them that as thigh-steppers they constitute fire hazards, for, though they do have pumps, they have no hose



"LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano...

HOW wonderful it all was! And what a surprise, too. Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town. It was like a dream!

Eileen was thrilled beyond words—yet so frightened. What dress would she wear? Would it be smart enough for such a wonderful gathering? Would she feel out of place in such exclusive society? Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look positively adorable," he told her. Eileen knew that Bill was proud of her—but how would the others feel about her?

The party was in full swing when they arrived. Everything stopped while Eileen was introduced. As she found herself face to face with the smartest social celebrities in town Eileen suddenly realized she had never felt more uneasy in all her life. But that was only the beginning. Later, as conversation lulled, Eileen felt that everyone's eyes were on her. Yes, Eileen admitted to herself, she did feel out of place. Oh, if this evening would only end!

And then it happened! It was while they were playing bridge. Eileen couldn't help but overhear.

"Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before. Bill met her some place or other. Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess," came the reply.

Eileen blushed to the roots of her hair. So that's what they thought of her! Eileen suddenly grew indignant. She'd show them. Little did she realize how soon her opportunity to "show them" would arrive. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

Pick Your Course

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Harmony and Composition

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. She'd show this smart set a thing or two. Summoning all her courage she spoke somewhat timidly:

"I think I could play a little if you're not too critical."

There was an embarrassing moment of silence. Eileen promptly became panicky — but realizing that she had to go through with it, she sat down nervously at the piano. Hesitantly she played a few chords—then broke into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound as her fingers skipped lightly over the keys. Never had she played with such inspiration—such complete confidence in herself.

As she struck the last chord there was a burst of loud applause. "More, more," everyone cried. It was almost an hour before they permitted her to rise from the piano. As Eileen stood up she found herself the center of an admiring group. A glow of pride suffused Bill's face.

"Why, Eileen I never knew you could play a note," he exclaimed.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have really only been playing a short while," she answered.

"Why, you play as if you had studied for years. Who was your teacher?" someone asked.

"I had no teacher," Eileen replied.

"Well, how in the world did you ever do it?" they asked.

"It's a secret," said Eileen. And no amount of teasing would make her disclose it.

For Eileen, this night was just the beginning of a new world of pleasures. She became one of the most admired girls in the smartest of society. And all because she found this new secret to popularity.

On the way home, Eileen finally gave in and told Bill the whole story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came I saw how easy it all was. I sent for the complete course. What pleased me so was that I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons Now I can play several classics by note and most all the popular music. And, do you know it only averaged a few cents a day."

* * * *

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that really makes reading and playing music as easy as A-B-C.

Even if you don't know one note from another, you can easily grasp each clear inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how to do it, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and hear it.

Thus you teach yourself—in your spare time—right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by *note* in almost no time and for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The book will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Forget the old fashioned idea that talent means everything. Read the list of instruments, decide what you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At an average cost of only a few cents a day!* Act now. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be mailed to you at once. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 604 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
604 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your Free Book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have you Instr?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

VONETTE.—**Madge Bellamy's** real name is **Philpotts. John Gilbert, Pringle. Alice Terry, Taafe.** Real monikers of the others. **Harry Richman** and **Joan Bennett** have the leads in **"Puttin' on the Ritz."**

ADIOS.—You put the cart before the horse. Why not say "Hola." **"Ramona"** was taken from the novel by **Helen Hunt Jackson.** I'm sure you can secure a copy of this story at your nearest book store. **Lewis Stone** was born in **1879** and is appearing in **"The Circle." Sue Carol** in **"The Golden Calf." Warner Baxter, "The Arizona Kid."**

CLUB FANS.—And still they come, I do hope they will stay in existence. **Lola Lane Club, Hendel Hallenstein, 57 Sargant St., Springfield, Mass. Clara Bow Club, Ethel Colen, 5443 Wyndale Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Mary Duncan, William Bakewell, Blanche Inscho, 214 Clinton St., Findlay, Ohio. Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Jeanne Greenhill, 1693 Vyse Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Conrad Nagel, Frances Poist, 24 E. Middle St., Hanover, Pa.**

VILLAS, JR.—**Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez, Gilbert Roland, Raquel Torres, Dolores del Rio** and **Armida,** are some of the **Mexican** players. **Mona Maris,** who appeared in **"Romance of the Rio Grande,"** was born in **Buenos Aires, Argentina.** Her real name is **Maria Rosa Amita Capdevielle,** no wonder she changed it. She chose the name of **Mona Maris** as her stage name because as a child, being mischievous, she was called **Mona,** which means little monkey. When she went into pictures she chose this name. She took the name of **Maris,** which means "sea," because of her fondness for ocean travel.

SKIP.—**Gary Cooper** once studied commercial art at **Grinnell College, Iowa.** On the walls of his dressing-room at the **Paramount** studios are many of his own drawings. And while working in pictures he amuses himself between scenes by sketching. **Robert Montgomery** was born in **Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904.** He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Has been on the stage about five years, last production, **"Possession."** Has played in the following pictures; **"So This Is College," "Untamed," "Three Live Ghosts," "Their Own Desire"** and **"On the Set."**

PINKY.—See above for information about **Robert Montgomery.** You may send me twenty-five cents for his photo. **Rudy Vallee** is not engaged. **Nancy Carroll** was born in **New York City, Nov. 9, 1906.** Married, has a daughter **Patricia** about five years old. **Robert Montgomery** replaced **John Mack Brown** in the film you mentioned.

IRIS.—Don't apologize for your letter, I think it's great. **Helen Kane** was born in **New York City,** about twenty-six years ago. Five feet two, weighs **125** pounds, brown hair and eyes. Real name is **Schroeder. "The Vagabond Lover"** was **Rudy's** first starring picture. He also played in **"Glorifying the American Girl"** and a "short" for **Warner Brothers.** He was born in **Westbrook, Maine, July 28, 1901.**

D'ARCY ADMIRER.—**Alexandre D'Arcy** is appearing in pictures in **England.** Haven't his age. **Winnie Lightner** was born in **Brooklyn, N. Y.,** five feet five, weighs **125** pounds, has red hair and gray eyes. Latest picture is **"Hold Everything." Ann Pennington, Camden, N. J.,** four feet eleven and a half, brown hair, long, and dark brown eyes. They receive their fan mail at the **Warner Brothers** studios.

LOVER OF THE MOVIES.—**Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay** and **Noah Beery** have the leads in **"Bright Lights." Buddy Rogers'** first flicker was **"Fascinating Youth."** Yes, he was the hero in **"My Best Girl"** with **Mary Pickford. Dorothy Sebastian** is playing in **"Officer O'Brien," William Boyd** plays opposite.

POCAHONTAS.—Whose life did you save? **Ruth Chatterton** is five feet two and a half inches tall. Her latest film is **"Sarah and Son."** Yes, she played on the stage before entering pictures. **Dolores del Rio,** appearing in **"The Bad One." Greta Garbo** went to **Sweden** last summer for a visit, but is in **Hollywood** at this writing. **John Boles** was born in **Greenville, Texas.** Send along a self-addressed envelope for the list of films he appeared in.

MARY GUINTA.—**Tom Tyler** and **Frankie Darro** are not related. **George O'Brien** was born in **California** in **1900.** Has black hair and brown eyes. Still single and you will see him next in **"The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted." Isaac Pitman** was an **English** educator and inventor of a system of shorthand.

RUTH H.—Then there's the bootlegger who went over **Niagara** with a barrel. **Mary Eaton** has only been married once to my knowledge. **Mary,** when sixteen, made her début on **Broadway** in **"The Royal Vagabond"** and a little more than a year later she followed **Marilyn Miller** into the **Ziegfeld Follies** as premiere danseuse. After that she played with **Eddie Cantor** in **"Kid Boots." Nancy Carroll** has red hair and blue eyes.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—You bet **Gary Cooper** played in **"Lilac Time." Buddy Rogers** was born **Aug. 13, 1904.** He is still a bachelor. **Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908.** Married to **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.** Gosh! I thought everybody knew that. **Arthur Lake Corbin, Ky., 1905. Sue Carol, Oct. 30, 1907. Charles Farrell, Aug. 9, 1905.** And he's not married. A **Fan** club is merely a group of admirers of a certain star, who get together through correspondence. Send me a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of these clubs.

PAGE ME.—No! I'm not a bell-hop. **Nancy Carroll** is married to **Jack Kirkland,** the scenario writer. **Joan Crawford** is five feet four, weighs **120** pounds. **Sue Carol** is five feet four. **Anita Page,** five feet two, real name is **Pomares. Anita** receives her fan mail at the **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.** Her latest picture is **"On the Set,"** starring **Buster Keaton.**

BILL BOYD FAN.—**William** was born in **Cambridge, Ohio,** the son of a civil engineer. He attended high school in **Tulsa, Oklahoma.** His first job was as an orange packer in **Orange, Calif.,** the unexpected result of going west to seek a fortune. After several years spent as a grocery clerk, automobile salesman and oil-driller, he got a chance to do small parts at the **De Mille** studios. His progress was rapid and finally he got his big opportunity in the title rôle of **"The Volga Boatman."** No, I've never heard him play any musical instruments. Latest picture is **"Officer O'Brien."**

INQUISITIVE.—What again? The name of the song **Lupe Velez** sang in **"The Wolf Song,"** was, **Yo Te Amo,** which means **I Love You. Gary** sang, **Honey, Fare Thee Well. Buddy Rogers** sang, **I'm all a Twitter** and **Nancy, I Want to Go Places, and Do Things,** in **"Close Harmony." Gary Cooper** was born in **Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901.** He is six feet two inches tall, weighs **180** pounds, has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Playing in **"The Texan," Paramount. Lupe Velez, Mexico, July 18, 1909.**

INQUISITIVE.—You all seem to like that name. What kind of sandwiches do you have in your town? **Barry Norton** hails from **Buenos Aires, Argentina.** His real name is **Alfredo de Biraben.** Not appearing in any new pictures at this time. **Janet Gaynor** is five feet tall. **William Haines's** hobbies are reading and music. **George Bancroft** and **Mary Astor** have the leads in **"Ladies Love Brutes."**

MINA M.—So this is your first letter, well I hope it won't be the last. Write me any time, always glad to hear from you. **Charles Eaton** has appeared in the following; **"The Ghost Talks"** and **"Harmony at Home." Greta Garbo** was born in **Stockholm, Sweden,** in **1905.** She does not tell the month and day, five feet six, weighs **125** pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Her first talkie is **"Anna Christie."** Following this she will do **"Romance." Nancy Carroll** in **"The Devil's Sunday." Charles Rogers, "Young Eagles."**

DODO.—The talkies, we hear, have come to say. **John Boles** has dark brown hair and grey-blue eyes. **Greta Garbo,** blonde hair and blue eyes. **Nils Asther,** dark hair and eyes. **Buddy Rogers** can play the following instruments, piano, the trombone, drums, saxophone, trumpet, bass and alto horns. **Rogers** started his musical education long before he dreamed of playing in pictures. He played the trombone in a jazz band at the **University of Kansas** and made a trip abroad with this organization.

BILLIE.—**Lilyan Tashman** and **Kay Francis** are considered the best-dressed women in **Hollywood.** I think you better write direct to **Mary Brian** and **Joan Crawford** about the size shoes they wear. Read the article, **"Stepping Into Their Shoes,"** in **March** MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

DOT OF BUFFALO.—I think the talkies are fine. **Danny O'Shea** is playing right along. **Glenn Tryon** was born **Sept. 14, 1899,** married to **Lillian Hall.** Playing in **"Dames Ahoy," Universal Studios. Irene Rich** is married to **David Blankehorn.** Haven't the slightest idea where she lived in your town. **William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, Johnny Walker, Mildred Harris** and **John St. Polis** have the leads in **"The Melody Man."** You sure can write me again.

WILTZ OF EGYPT.—**Jetta Goudal,** star of the **Vitaphone Variety, "China Lady,"** is said to be a **Frenchwoman** who ran away from home to act with a traveling repertoire company. She was in **Holland** when the war started and for two years devoted her time to the **Belgian** refugees.

(*Continued on page 122*)



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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

MEN, By the Great Sirens of the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

to know a man as it is to know a woman. But once you know any man, you can be sure of your knowledge. Men are not chameleons. Women often are.

The Double Hunt

"MEN are not all predatory. All men like the hunt, but so do all women. And all men do not hunt all women. There is such a thing as a man falling in love with a woman at first sight and instantly beginning the pursuit. But it is absurd to say that every man pursues every woman simply because he is male and she is female.

"That has never been my experience. In all my years of working in studios—even in the early, obscure days when, to say the least, movie actresses were novelties—I have never been insulted by any man. Perhaps there is something the matter with me. But it is a fact that the nicest men I have ever met are the men in the studios, contrary to the general opinion that they are the worst of their kind.

"Men tire of beauty. Tire easily.

"Beauty in a woman is not enough for a man. If there is nothing else to hold them, beauty is the weakest power in the world.

"The woman a man loves, and loves all of his life, is the woman who makes herself indispensable to him.

"A man may have many mistresses. He has, as a rule, only one mate.

"I know, very well, a couple here in Hollywood who are illustrative of what I mean: a director and his wife. He cannot play bridge unless she plays with him. He plays a very bad game and she plays a very good one, and he knows that she will pull him through. He disarranges every dinner table in town because he must sit next to his wife. Around the house, even in the studio, she must be available so that he may consult with her about this or that—every detail of his waking hours. Such a woman will never lose a man. She has wielded the one infallible weapon of romance—the weapon of being necessary to him.

"Against such a woman mere beauty is as thin and as futile as painted paper.

Fair Women Desirable

"MEN like women who can be fair, just. Women who do not rely upon their sex in argument.

"Men like women who can see their point of view in argument, who are not biased just because they are women, and feel they have a right to be illogical.

"And women like men who can see their point of view, who can be good comrades, who can play without the element of sex necessarily entering the relationship.

"I, personally, like a man who can walk along the beach with me and look for colored stones and funny shells and have a good time doing it.

"The American men are the best lovers in the world. They can be friends as well as lovers.

"To me, the one essential quality in any man is—a good disposition. More important than good looks, more important than money, more important than family, or social position or possessions.

"A good disposition and—unselfishness. The two usually go hand in hand. And they are the qualities a man must have to make him truly companionable.

"They are the qualities which make for thoughtfulness. Thoughtful not only to the woman he loves, which is easy, but to his mother, his creditors, his employees, his friends, the contacts of everyday life, which are far finer tests of a man's worth than his attitude toward the women with whom he is emotionally involved.

A Destructive Emotion

"A JEALOUS man is an impossible man. A jealous woman is equally impossible.

"Jealousy in either sex is an ugly emotion. And an ugly emotion is always destructive.

"If a woman must live in constant fear of her ability to hold a man, no happiness is possible.



Longworth

Do You Want to Know What I Think About Women?

"Well, it's a subject I have never wanted to discuss, but maybe I owe it to women and it may help some one who now happens to be faced with the same situations I encountered with men. I am going to tell you things that I have never said before. They are things which I have always considered my own private secrets. Make it your duty to meet me in next month's Motion Picture—May, 1930—and I'll tell you all about it."

Billy Dove

"A man who is attentive to a woman, who is watchful of her comfort, her pleasure, is quite another matter. When Mr. Morosco and I are at a dinner party, for instance, and after dinner, I am alone for a time, I want him to notice it and to come to me at once. He always does. I want him to ask me for the first dance, before anyone else can ask. He always does that, too. Not from any motive of jealousy, but because he wants to and because of the watchful attentiveness every woman loves from a man.

"As a general rule, I dislike the creative type of man. The artist. The musician. The dreamer. That is, I would dislike such a type as a husband. They are, of necessity, egotistic and they are, also of necessity, temperamental and selfish. They must think, first and foremost, of themselves—and they do. Only the vagabond type of woman should marry a man like that. The casual, devil-may-care types who never want meals served on time, who never catch trains unless at the last gasp . . . that sort of thing.

"Nor do I admire the foreigner, except in small doses and for decorative purposes. The kiss on the hand, the ready compliment, the bow from the waist, romantic gestures that make a woman feel like a queen for an instant, are not the sort of thing for a steady diet.

Staying and Straying

"MEN are as loyal to women today as women are to men.

"There, again, men are blamed for most of the things in life—and love—more than they deserve to be.

"Women are as great philanderers as men, but they are subtler and more secretive about it. It is a matter of the individual and not a matter of the sex.

"Women are more dominant than men.

"Men are more dependent on women than women are on men. They are more dependent on them for everything. The small things as well as the big.

"Women are more self-sufficient than men. They are better able to find interest in themselves and among themselves. They entertain themselves more easily than men do. Most men abhor the thought of an evening spent alone. Most women welcome it.

"This has been true for only the past ten years or so, but it is true now. It is no longer necessary to a woman's vanity to have a man about.

"People no longer pity the manless woman and so she no longer pities herself. She is quite self-sustaining.

No Love for Details

"MEN care just as much about the home as most women do. Their own hearthstone is as vital a center of interest to them as it is to their women, but they do not talk about it so much.

"Men do not care for details. They are indifferent to the important process of 'doing over' a room, of just what pattern service plates are used, of the exact shade of chintze or toile. But men always hate detail of every sort and the home is no exception.

"Men resent the economically independent woman.

"It takes a man with a very fine disposition, it takes a very unselfish man, not to begrudge a woman more money, more fame, more attention from the world than he himself receives.

"Unless the economically independent woman, the professionally famous woman is very careful, very careful indeed, she may work irreparable injury to the man she loves.

"It takes just as much finesse, just as much intuition and subtlety and tact, to deal with a man as it does for a man to deal with a woman.

"It is no longer a man's world. And this very fact places the burden of success in love and in marriage—as well as in the business world—on the woman equally with the man.

"This may be said of all the human relationships: it takes only kindling to start a fire, but good strong wood to keep it burning."



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If apt to be out when postman calls enclose $1.98 with order and save the small C.O.D. fee. Same money back guarantee as above.

How Can I Know What My Shadow Does?

(*Continued from page 35*)

letters are inanimate things, carrying no semblance of personality with them.

I should say that the letters from this girl were among the first really intelligent, personal, truly appreciative ones that I received. My secretary opened my mail for me and answered most of it without showing it to me. I merely signed the answers. But she called this one to my attention. "Isn't that a beautiful letter? You should answer it."

I am in no way trying to alibi myself. I have nothing to alibi. I am merely trying to explain a situation which all screen heroes face at one time or another.

Only Ordinary Courtesies

I DID answer. I believe I wrote her three or four letters over a period of several years. Her story is correct in saying that I met her in New York through her cousin. I also met her mother and father, and was charmed with them. They were intelligent, cultured, interesting people. In company with her cousin, I took her to tea at the Plaza. I saw her once more. Courtesies I would pay to any woman so sincerely interested in my career.

Frankly, I was not even interested, except for a possible bit of curiosity. Not long afterwards she wrote me that her mother had died. I felt genuinely sorry. I had liked her mother tremendously. I wired condolences. A little later an only brother passed on, and again I wired sympathy. When she wrote that she must have a change after her sorrow—and then later telephoned me here, in Hollywood, I took her for a ride. I was then building a new home, and, feeling that she might like to see it, I drove her there. I pointed out the house room by room, including the nursery, as I have done with every friend who has seen the place. She seemed surprised that I had provided for a nursery—which shows that she did not know me. I have always hoped to have children.

Unseen, Unbelievable

AND that ends the story. When I read her emotional tale—I repeat, I couldn't believe it. For me unwittingly to put any woman in the world through such apparent pain, such yearning, is beyond my conception.

Just what are actors to do in such a situation? It has been my pride to make clean pictures. If women fall in love with shadows, what is to be done about it?

We actors are like bits of cork floating on the waves of a huge ocean. We enter this profession, yearning for fame and for money (usually more for money), and we find ourselves, from the very beginning, carried along by the waves of fate into situations over which we have no control—none whatsoever. Our pictures, our publicity, our love-affairs are aired to the world. We have as much privacy as the proverbial goldfish. We have no choice of our pictures, our leading women, our publicity. Writers have said, "Actors are just ordinary human beings," until it has become almost a joke. They have written that we are fond of a pipe and a book like all other men—in attempts to paint us as unromantic, ordinary people. But few people believe them.

The Plague of Popularity

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, the most popular of us all, once said, "I feel like a fool saying it, but I have never asked for all this which has come to me. Adulation has become like a plague. What am I to do?" It is just one of the penalties that movie stars have to pay.



"Miracles may be unscientific and sound impossible, but they do happen. I ought to know. If you don't believe in miracles, listen to what I have to say. The doctors told me that my right arm was crippled for life and yet ten days later it was healed. How's that for a miracle? Whether you believe in Miracles or not, you'll be interested in what I have to say in next month's (the MAY issue) of MOTION PICTURE."

Neil Hamilton

And H. L. Mencken commented, "This, too, will pass."

Must we wait for death for normalcy?

We do not have even the normal man's chance at happiness. What I wouldn't have given at times during my career to be able to court a girl in the sane, old-fashioned manner!

We have, as a requisite for our work, a certain "screen personality." A few have the same charm off the screen. They are fortunate and—unfortunate. It might be well if all of us could be ugly, uninteresting horrors in person. Then, if one of our feminine admirers happened to see us, she would immediately be disillusioned.

There are, of course, many women who write all of us mushy, sentimental letters. Women who have missed the great happiness of love, who have married the wrong man, who have quarreled with the right one. Their emotions are awry. They see a picture. They think, "Oh, if I could only meet a man like that," or "If I had only married a man like that!" Crushed with their own unhappiness, they seek an antidote through writing us. They frequently send us pictures. They beg to meet us.

We do not know what to do about it. We feel sorry. We would like to help. But what can we do?

Caught Off-Guard

WE are public characters, and it is well known that any public character, whether he is an official or a politician or an actor, must guard himself against schemes to extract money from him. I have a friend who recently answered his own door-bell. A young girl stood without, in a black dress, with what he describes as a Spanish shawl over her shoulders. She was selling something—I think he said scarfs—to help her through school. She recognized him, as he, too, is an actor, and told a pitiful story. He bought her entire stock, trying to help her.

Perhaps a week later, he discovered the same girl in his yard. "How's the scarf business?" he asked her, and got into his car and drove away.

Two weeks later a suit was threatened against him for an offense against a minor girl. He was called by his attorney who warned him that the newspapers were after the story. He rushed down to see what it was all about. He honestly could not remember the girl. Her name meant absolutely nothing to him. He was frantic.

I know he was telling the truth—but how to help him? Private detectives turned the trick and proved that it was all a frame-up. But—supposing the papers had printed the story? How many people would have believed that he, a young unmarried actor, had done nothing more than buy a stock of cheap scarfs from her? Even though proved innocent, how many are there who would have believed the proof? "Oh, his money bought him off. You can't fool me. He's an actor, you know."

I tell you, we are in perilous positions.

Babes in Hollywood

ANOTHER Hollywood friend of mine is married. He and his wife determined to have a happy union. They realized that on certain days he would have many trials at the studio which would make him irritable and cross at home, and that she would have similar days in her work. They agreed upon a scheme to notify each other. He was to wear his hat cocked low over one ear as he entered the house, if he had undergone a particularly difficult day and desired unusually sweet attention. She was wont to wear aprons about the house, and she was to pin one end of her apron to the opposite shoulder if she was the one who was fretful, For several years this worked beautifully. until he came home, one night, with his hat over his left ear, to discover her apron tied to her right shoulder! They stared at each other in horror for a moment, then both burst out laughing.

"What babies we make of ourselves," she whispered from his shoulder.

We all are babies at times in this profession. Infants do not know what to do

(*Continued on page 120*)

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

to run across the young couple lunching together at Paramount Cafeteria at least three times a week, and making no secret of the fact that they were holding hands. (Paramount tablecloths are really too short.)

Hollywood so likes to be right, it gets quite sulky when people persist in being happily married in spite of all prophecies.

Right here is the chance to bring another rumor to earth. It has been said that Lydell Peck turned scenario writer just to be near Janet. But for several years he has belonged to an artistic group of young writers, musicians and painters in San Francisco, and has written several dramas, one of which, it is said, is now on the 1930 production schedule of one of the large companies. Even before he met Janet he was a familiar figure in Hollywood, and had many friends in the industry.

Separations, Not Separation

LYDELL PECK is the attorney for his father's ticket agency in San Francisco, and sometimes ticket agencies sell the wrong ticket to the right place or otherwise excite clients who seem to enjoy law-suits. At such times Lydell's father wires for him to hop on the next train and come up and straighten things out.

The first of these occasions was on his return from his honeymoon in Honolulu. Janet decided to while away the few days of his absence at Palm Springs.

The last of these occasions was the first week of January. The Stratford-on-Avon company was in town, playing two weeks of Shakespeare, and Lydell Peck had bought a through ticket to all performances for himself and Janet. He had an idea that it would help his wife in the talkies. (And right here we ask you: Isn't a girl who will take ten successive days of Shakespeare to please her husband in love with him?)

When the telegram arrived, calling him to San Francisco to straighten out a law-suit brought by a lady who complained that the agency had sold her a ticket on a boat that rolled, or some other trouble ticket agencies are heir to, Lydell and Janet were just starting out to see "Hamlet." Rather than waste the tickets, Lydell 'phoned Mrs. Gaynor to take his place. The *Padre* leaves at eight-thirty, which explains why no tearful little bride was at the station to wave him off as happy wives are supposed to do. At that moment Janet and her mother were watching *Hamlet* try to decide whether to be or not to be.

While her husband was away, Janet stayed with her mother. The early sleeper from San Francisco arrives at seven in the morning and Janet had a call to be on the set in make-up at eight o'clock, which explains why there was no blushing bride to greet Lydell at the station when he returned. A telephone call had to do till lunch-time, when they were re-united in the Fox Cafeteria. And that ended the "separation."

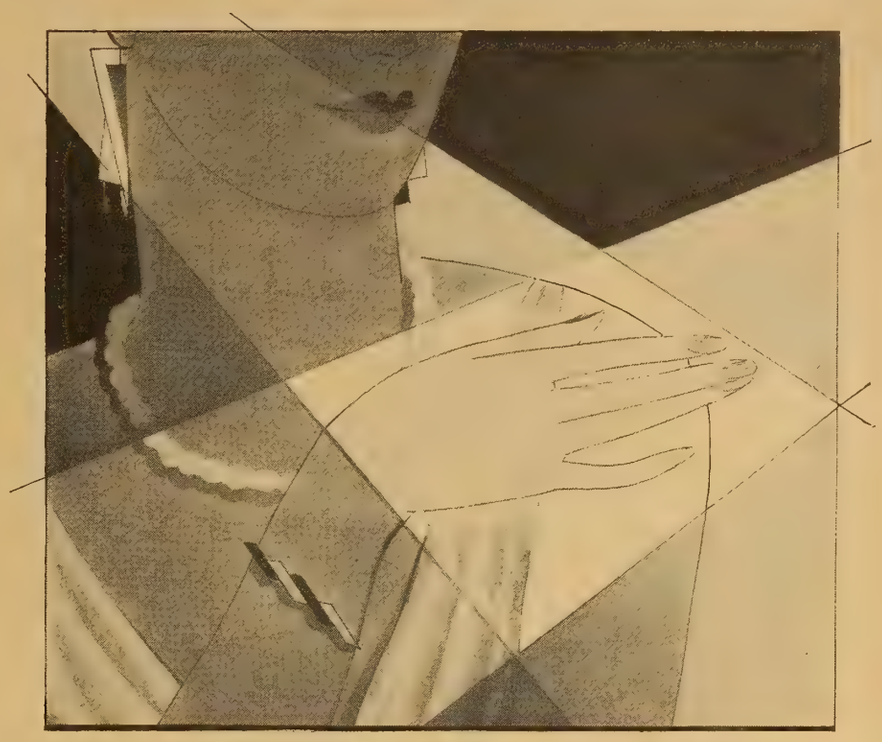
But not the rumors. For days the telephone in Janet's bungalow and the one in Lydell's office have been ringing with requests from newspaper sob-sisters for the story of their broken hearts, demanding details of their "forthcoming divorce," asking verification of rumors and reports.

Lydell Peck, unused to the quaint customs of Hollywood, is inclined to be amazed and enraged at hearing a feminine voice on the other end of the wire ask, "Mr. Peck? Are you in love with your wife? Is she going to leave you?"

But Janet smiles the crooked little smile of "Seventh Heaven" as she asks, "Why can't people let us alone? Why can't they let us be happy? I'd almost rather people would forget all about me!"

And so Hollywood will—till the next rumor comes along.

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Glazo's lovely color is constant .. never deceiving its users

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

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Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine them carefully. Glazo will have exactly the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

* * *

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

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You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

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It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

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Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Women . . . By The Great Lovers Of The Screen

(*Continued from page 44*)

a small discontent with the other and they scamper to the divorce court and in less than no time they are ready for the next big mistake. They don't try to solve their difficulties. They run from them.

"Marriage, in too many cases now, is a brief consummation of a fleeting attraction. Legalized. Admitted. Dissolved in an hour.

"The thing is an individual matter, of course. You cannot lay down hard and fast rules for making it succeed, any more than you can say definitely that this factor or that one is responsible for all the failures. But I am convinced that if two people want to be married and if they say to each other and to themselves, 'This is what I want. This is the person with whom I want to spend the rest of my life,' and go into it with that idea and then try to get along, they have a pretty fair chance of doing it.

"Certainly, a woman may have a career and a successful marriage at the same time. We all know women who are having both.

"But the woman must want to succeed in marriage as much as she does on the screen or in the office. She must work as hard at the one as she does at the other. Too often she sacrifices marriage to career.

Vanity Against Vanity

"A WOMAN'S career is likely to be an influence against a successful marriage—mostly because of man's vanity. Man, you know, considers it his privilege to be the one who can 'do things.'

"A man wants an intelligent wife—intelligent enough to appreciate him and give him the applause upon anything he may say or accomplish—but not intelligent enough to be better than he is at anything.

"As a matter of fact, he wants her to be intelligent enough to quarrel with him well. A good, healthy argument between a married pair is very bracing.

"If a woman is cleverer than a man, she should be clever enough not to show it.

"Because it is true, you know, that men like to feel superior. A man likes to feel that he can take his little inferiority complexes home and have them healed. He likes to depend upon a woman to build up his confidence and self-esteem. If she is clever, she will do this. It gives her a greater hold upon him than anything else she can do.

"It may not be reasonable or fair, but it is fact. Women have taught men to depend upon them for this. It is one of woman's greatest weapons.

Flattering Attractions

"A MAN might be attracted to such a woman. He might achieve a terrific passion for her. They might work together at political intrigues. But sooner or later he would flee to some less vigorous, more restful and more flattering woman!

"It is this same appetite for flattery in man which makes him dream at some time in his life (some men all their lives) of an *Iris March*. The woman who gives all and asks for nothing. The woman to whom no price is too great to pay for love. The woman all men desire and no man can hold.

"It is much more flattering to a certain type of man if a woman will come to him without marriage than it is if one will contract to live with him, sew on his buttons, bear his children and put up with him forever. When a man marries, however, he wants a woman he can idealize. He wants to set her upon a pedestal; and if a woman would hold her husband, she must remain upon this pedestal which he erects for her.

"Men insist upon idealizing the women they love. If they cannot do this, love becomes a pretty sordid affair—if it survives at all. A woman should remember this, if she wants to make a success of her marriage, and try not to disappoint her husband. The thing works both ways, I imagine. But somehow, men seem to demand more of women than women do of men. Women are more charitable (or perhaps less optimistic) than men in these matters.

Difficult But Possible

"IT is a difficult job, I know—this living up to someone's arbitrary ideals through a lifetime of intimacy, through the annoyances, the inevitable readjustments of married life. But—it can be done.

"I appear to be dwelling a good deal upon the problems of marriage. But I think it is a subject in which nearly everyone in the world is interested just now.

"I have been a leading man in pictures for a long while. I have played in support of most of the feminine stars at one time or another. And throughout those years I have naturally played in a great many pictures which took up various aspects of the problems of marriage.

"I find—and I know that other actors who have played in such pictures find it so, too—that the public appears to be vitally and eagerly interested in the solution of such problems. I have received hundreds—yes, thousands—of letters commenting upon the solutions offered in such stories, telling me the domestic problems of the writers, asking, sometimes pleading, for advice.

"Considering this rather formidable mass of information about present-day marriage problems, I have reached two or three conclusions which may or may not be valuable. One thing of which I am convinced is that men and women are too prone to neglect romance in their relations with each other.

Practically Incapacitated

"WE are, unfortunately, a pretty practical race. We are self-conscious about making the romantic, the charming gestures. We feel silly.

"This is too bad. It relegates sex, after the first impulsive flash of passion, to the status of a mundane, commonplace matter. People meet, feel an attraction for each other, marry hastily—and then let that first fine glamour die. The consequence is that they turn somewhere else in search of it. And the marriage is a failure.

"People—women in particular, I think—are too likely to discount the physical side of marriage. They are too likely to underrate its importance. It is the very foundation of marriage. When that is tarnished, love is doomed.

"I believe that the sex urge is something more than a mere instinct for mating for Nature's purposes. I believe that the fact that man has invented marriage and has tried to lift the thing above the animal status—has tried, through centuries, to foster loyalty, honor and a code of ethics in connection with it—is proof of a sort that he recognizes it as something more.

"Human beings are terrifically lonely. There is always a longing in the human soul for companionship, for another soul with which it can join: someone to share this mysterious experience of living, someone to relieve that spiritual solitude.

"Companionship, then, is as important as passion. In fact, I think it is more important, in marriage, for people to be good friends than it is to achieve a terrific passion for one another.

"If they can have both—then the thing is perfect."

Dangerous Men

(*Continued from page 29*)

firmly married. When he approaches a girl, his very eyes cry "'Ware the Wolf!" and it would be a moron indeed who would not know enough to escape—if it were at all necessary.

Except for an infrequent neurotic, one does not come upon women languishing away at the hands of these deadly males. Seldom does a modern maiden go into a decline or jump from a high bridge, and when one does, it usually proves to be more for publicity than for passion.

One does not come upon lurid cases of deserted women, women who have "stooped to folly to find too late," et cetera . . .

A Different Matter

THAT is a horse of another color.

And the other color: the men who pin upon the arms of women the unseen service stripes of sorrow are the Richard Dixes, the Barthelmess', the Gary Coopers, the Micky Neilans, the Buddy Rogers'. Sane, substantial-looking American men. Citizens such as might live next door to any of us.

It has been said that Richard Dix is the most dangerous man in Hollywood.

Certain it is that there are women, more than one of them, who have spent most of their youth yearning over Richard. Women who will probably never marry, never lead fulfilled lives, because they have looked upon Richard and found him incomparable. Women who are living in Hollywood this very day, far from their homes and their friends . . . living there for the sole hopeful purpose of some day meeting Richard face to face.

For Richard is the type of man a girl might hope to marry. He is the type she can dream about, without awaking to laugh at flimsy folly. He is not the philanderer type, easy to forget. He is the husband type, with whom one might plan lifelong happiness.

There is a woman in Hollywood to-day with tired eyes, and a heart more tired than her eyes, because Buddy Rogers laughed with her for a little space of time.

The Men Women Love

ONE artist of amour after another looked upon Lupe Velez and found her fair. Innumerable deft and dexterous suitors besieged that stormy heart. But it was Gary Cooper, tall and Western and silent, who captured the elusive one.

Charlie Chaplin is said to have wrought more heart havoc than was ever dreamed of by Valentino. Thousands upon thousands of tender hearts have been wrung by his loneliness, wistfulness and timid longing for love.

The late Larry Semon was known to have had more beautiful women devoted to him than any Lew Cody that ever cinned upon the cinema.

Ben Lyon has been mentioned in how many love-life stories? Some of the most gorgeous women of the screen have written his name upon their hearts with tears.

There is a woman in Hollywood who says that she will never marry because if she cannot have Charlie Farrell she wants no one.

Harold Lloyd's horn-rimmed specs have autographed themselves upon more susceptible hearts than Nils Asther's luxurious lashes ever will.

John Boles—he of the open countenance—is, judging from his fan mail, the answer to a million maidens' prayers.

It is all very confusing, but nevertheless true.

The philanderer is a safe bet.

The Nice Young Man is poison.

And so, when Every Young Girl comes to Hollywood, let her paint the town with Nils Asther or John Gilbert . . . and let her flee for her very life if Buddy Rogers passes by, smiling his nice, clean smile.



Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection . . . always

Kotex absorbent is now used in 85% of America's leading hospitals

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Kotex absorbent—Cellucotton. It is *not* cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with five times the absorbency, five times the efficiency.

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Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: You should read the little box below. Then try Kotex and test its lasting protection for yourself.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

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Regular Kotex—45c for 12
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Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



New!

WINX in CAKE FORM

in an adorable Silvery Compact

To reveal the full beauty of your eyes—to possess the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes—you really must discover Winx.

Now Winx comes in convenient *cake* form—in a new and charming silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you might have tried before—different because it is not hard—it's a *soft cake*, almost creamy. What does that mean?

Simply this: Cake Winx *never* makes your lashes brittle. It's like a drop of dark dew — always the lashes stay smooth and silky. Winx gives an enticing soft shadow to your eyes, a shadow that accents all the beauty, all the sparkle ...The effect is wholly natural—equally smart in daylight or at night.

If you prefer a liquid preparation—Liquid Winx is the *only* waterproof and tearproof eyelash beautifier. Its popularity has been supreme for years... Ross Company, 243 West 17th St., New York City.

WINX

For Lovely Lashes



Dyar

Clever, these Chinese—anticipating, several hundred years ago, what Clara Bow would like in her black, gold and cerise "den"

Mary, Mary, Not Contrary

(*Continued from page 42*)

For so complex a creature, her story is simple enough. A childhood in Luttrellville, which is 'way, 'way down in Virginia where the letter *r* is never heard, where the blue mist never quite leaves the air, and where nobody is hurried or mean or homely. Then a finishing school in Richmond, and a father who wished, suh, that his daughter have the training of a gentleman. 'Way down there that means a study of the law.

Sisters Under Their Pins

THUS Mary went up to Ithaca, N. Y., and matriculated at Cornell University in arts and sciences as a preparation for a legal career. She also promptly went Chi Omega—and thereby placed me, as a reviewer, in a rather delicate position. Chi O is the sister sorority of my fraternity, and tradition has it that no Kappa Sigma has ever spoken but in praise of one of the tong which Mary selected.

Mary stayed in college for two years. She was captain of the girl's baseball team (her wrist still bears a scar as a testimonial), acted with the school troupe, and drove the Chi O housemother nearly screwy by her capacity for seeking pleasure. Mary was the awesome combination, a playgirl with brains and beauty—and how I feel for such of the lads at Cornell as were capable of appreciating a wow!

The study of the law is an eminently worthwhile pursuit. It also is tedious. Especially for a gal who wants to act. Mary ran away from the rows of legal decisions in the Cornell library in a devout intention to face rows of theater chairs in New York City.

Under Yvette Guilbert

HER father was nigh onto a stroke, but don't you remember the Mary Duncan of your own school? This Mary (they always are wise girls, don't forget) knew that she never would get far without training. So she went straight to one of the rarest personalities that ever graced the stage, Yvette Guilbert.

Guilbert knew a spark when she saw it. She gave Mary such special attention that when the course was finished, the ex-Ithacan had won a two-year period of study under Lily Lehman, the celebrated light opera prima donna.

Mary refused the prize. She thought that she had had enough of formal schooling; that her training now should be in drama rather than in voice. Getting a break, she appeared with Leo Dietrichstein for several seasons—obtaining a schooling that was as valuable to her as was a similar period of study to another youngster, William Powell, who got his start with the gifted Teuton.

And then, like the dawn, came "The Shanghai Gesture." The emissaries of William Fox, noting the electric effect produced by the girl who played *Poppy*, beat off all rivals with clubs and signed her to a long-term contract.

A Word From Owen, Jr.

MARY brings a distinct and thrilling personality to the screen, although she has been given too many parts dressed in black satin and chest heaves.

Criticism is, of course, one man's view. Personally, I can't see how a girl with Mary's physical qualifications can be topped. But lest you think me over-impressionable, I am going to sign off and turn the microphone over to Owen Davis, Jr., who recently came to town to be juvenilish for Mr. Fox.

"Mary's a shrewd baby, no kiddin'. Nobody pulls nuthin' on her, if you get what I mean. I knew her in N'Yawk, and I know. When she was signed for da pitchers, dey was makin' silent pitchers. When da talkies came along, and da director said, 'Now you say this,' Mary says 'Nuthin' doin'. I go home.' You know, like Garbo. When dey say 'How come,' Mary says, 'Loogit my contrack—where does it say anything about speaking? Now if you are interested in my voice, we'll just tear up this and draw up a new one for the talkies. And you'll pay me just twice what you're paying me now.' And they did. How you gonna beat a gal like dat?"

Not for Love or Money

(*Continued from page 50*)

I began wondering what to do with my hands; so I leisurely toured the room, inspecting the pictures on the walls. They were framed alternately in gold, silver and black, but there was one in blue with gold spots. The chauffeur wandered in casually, nobody paying any attention. He had another picture in his hand and started nailing it on the wall. It was framed in silver.

A muffled cry came from the bed. "No no no no no," it seemed to say. "Not silver frame. Black frame. I want black frame. I want."

The chauffeur, expressionless, muttered something and wandered out again with the picture. Gary disentangled himself and followed.

"You like my moderneesteek peectures?" Lupe asked. "I get them all sent from Parees for sixty dollar. For why people buy moderneesteek peectures een Hollywood? They pay thirty-five dollar each and then they are just a lot of lines—you don't know what they mean. I get whole set from Parees. I pay only seexty dollar. And they are good—you can see what they are supposed to be."

She then showed me her card tricks. Her mind and eyes are as agile as the legs of a cat. She never makes a mistake with a card. Then I showed her one that English race-course "toughs" do in railway compartments.

Free to Choose

"WE are suppose to be doing eenterview—and we do card treecks," she remarked. "I been eenterview so much. I like better just doing treecks and talking like friends, so."

"I suppose," I contributed in a helpful spirit, "it must be very annoying to be asked by perfect strangers about your private life."

Her eyes flashed. "Eet is not their beesness. I never weell tell them anything about my private affair. All time they make up lies, lies, lies about what I am suppose to have say to them. I never say such theengs. Nobody knows my heart. How can they know? How can they say I lofe heem, or heem, or heem? It ees for me to say who I lofe."

I coughed gently—my famous cough. "One writer, who interviewed you the other day, said you told her you had broken your engagement to Mr. Cooper, because it would injure his career if you married him."

"She say that?" Lupe cried fiercely. "What ees she talking about? I never say no such theeng. I never been engage to Garee, so how can I break my engagement? I never engage to no mans. I no marry no-one, not now, not ever. Why? Because I am not crazee. I do not want to be marry. I like my freedom too much, bet your life. I lofe no mans, I never have lofe, I never will lofe. Eet is all—what you say?—bolonee.

Lunch and Be Engaged

"GAREE? You see heem here tonight, no? Well, we are friends, we have been friends for long time. Can I not have friends? In thees town, it is tarrible. You have lunch with a mans and evereebody say you are engage. Garee is my varry good friend. I flirt, yes. Who does not flirt? But lofe, no. I do not lofe.

"These Hollywood newspapermens! Tarrible ees not the word,—for some of them. I thought my seester was the beeggest liar in the world, unteel I was eenterview by—oh, I forget the name of the beeg so-and-so. Most of the writers, they treat Lupe varry nice—but these one! He ees a coward, that is all. Eef I see him again I hit heem on the

(*Continued on page 99*)



when the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—try this marvelous beauty bath

If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

If the young wife knows



(knows ALL the facts)

Only then she has no need for this booklet

ONLY the young wife who has tried to get true information knows how much *misinformation* her intimates have about feminine hygiene. How many theories they hold to be facts. How wrong some of these theories are, even dangerous.

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current speculations regarding this intimate matter. And unless the young wife is absolutely sure she knows *all* the facts, she should read the Zonite booklet. Then she can be sure.

Zonite is safe and powerful

Caustic and poisonous antiseptics! They have worried women for years! Until recently no other germicides were powerful enough for feminine hygiene! Is it any wonder that doctors and trained nurses would not advise the use of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid? But Zonite is different. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. And Zonite is safe. It can never cause scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

Send coupon for booklet

All the facts about feminine hygiene are clearly given in this honest, frank booklet. Send coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1



Both in U. S. A. and Canada

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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name .....
(*Please print name*)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Lucky or Unlucky Stars

(*Continued from page 53*)

Springs. Billy tried to trace the sender, because he was interested in sending an answer. He believed the writer had talent. Several months ago, they stopped. Billy missed them—missed them because they had been mysterious and unexpected. A few days ago he received a package of books from a Colorado sanitarium, with a letter from the superintendent. An inmate who had died had requested that these books be sent to Billy Haines without revealing the name of the sender. Billy doesn't know—but he suspects. And these books will line his library shelves long after other books have been given away or burned with the rubbage.

Comedy to Some People

NATURALLY, some of the little mysteries of life are amusing, as well as intriguing or definitely tragic.

Sharon Lynn had a pet parrot. Now she has two.

Her own pet, "Tough Luck," disappeared a short time ago. Sharon scoured the neighborhood and advertised in all the newspapers. For a week there was no answer. But on the eighth day she was awakened by a persistent squawking. When she looked out, there were two parrots upon the ledge of the window. Sharon again advertised to announce she had a parrot not belonging to her. There has been no answer. And now Sharon is trying to discover whether her little pal went wife-hunting, or whether an unknown friend made her a present. Time should answer the first question.

Marian Nixon's unexplained mystery in life cost her considerable money. While she was still with Universal and living in a bungalow court, she noticed a solitary man standing guard close to her front entrance. Night after night, until Marian became worried and called the police. Then he disappeared—only to return when the police left the vigil. A private detective was hired. As long as he was on duty, the uninvited caller stopped his visits. But when he was removed, back came the silent watcher. When Marian changed her residence, the calls ceased. Now, Marian wishes she had spoken to him. Was he an underworld character or merely a mysterious, shy admirer?

Long-Distance Mystery

TELEPHONE calls from Chicago to Hollywood are expensive. But Buddy Rogers receives them weekly. A girl's voice. A sweet voice. But an anonymous one. No persuasion on the part of Buddy can get her to reveal her identity. She says that she met him while he was making a personal appearance. She likes him and admits it. But who is she? Buddy would like to know. After all, he is still young enough not to be blasé about girls who admire him—even at long distance.

Jeanette Loff would like to have the man who has stopped writing her the wanderer-letters reveal his identity when he reads this story. He's so interesting and—so mysterious. He wrote her the first letter from Buenos Aires. It was intelligent, descriptive, intriguing. Signed "Just a Wanderer." Others were postmarked from little-known places in India, China, Manchuria. Now they have stopped altogether. She is worried, for fear he has been killed in some exploration. I wonder, if he had signed his name, if she would have been as equally worried?

Neil Hamilton wishes that the lady from Chicago would send him her name and address, so that he could send her a copy of his birth certificate. If she's a crank, it's time she tumbled to herself; if she's sincere, it's time she secured some real information about him. Every six months, as regularly as the calendar records them, she writes to inform him that he is not Neil Hamilton and was not born in Lynn, Massachusetts—and she intimates that he was kidnapped while very young. Neil's perfectly satisfied with his own name, his own business and his own family. He's a sleight of hand performer, but he doesn't relish mysteries of this order.

One Message After Another

THERE are dozens upon dozens of others. Only the other day a woman left a mysterious message at the door of the Paramount studio for Gary Cooper, announcing that it was tremendously important that he meet her—dangerous for him not to come to the trysting place which she appointed. He was curious, but his good sense did not allow his curiosity to get the better of him. A week later the husband of the woman left a note, warning Gary not to meet her. Gary's human enough to wonder who these two are, and why the conflicting invitations.

Mary Brian has an unknown admirer who constantly urges her to walk down the Biltmore Galleria on designated evenings. Just so that he can look at her. He promises not to shoot her. She doesn't go, but—well, Mary is also young enough to enjoy admiration.

Carol Lombard would like to learn the name of the unknown who knows her preferences well enough to send her long-stemmed white roses (her favorite) when she is ill. Alan Hale would like to inform the unknown stranger who left "Mickey," a terrier, on his door-step last year, with a pleading note to care for him since the owner was going to a sanitarium, that "Mickey" is fine and is a pal to his two children, as the donor desired. He would also like to know whether this stranger, who had watched Alan with the dog, has completely recovered.

No Joke to a Scotchman

EDDIE QUILLAN would give a pair of five-dollar bills (and he's Scotch) to discover who gives his private telephone number and address to book-agents and insurance salesmen. He's changed the telephone number several times, but not the address. Eddie owns his own home. Since practical jokers always slip up in Hollywood—the home of we-tell-on-one-another's—he believes it is some mysterious stranger, as he can't find a friend who's responsible. The agents, with their "I hear you are interested in—" continue.

While Evelyn Brent would double the ante to learn the name of the man who wrote the President of the United States, requesting that he order her to register at a certain hotel in a North Carolina town on a particular date or she would be killed. This foolishness had her pestered by government detectives for weeks, when she wasn't even frightened by the letters. Alice White would like to announce that she doesn't care for orchestras—even expensive ones—to be sent to play for her when she doesn't order them. And Bernice Claire is afraid to open packages which are being sent from downtown Los Angeles stores, marked "paid" and containing expensive presents. The next one might contain a bomb. Besides, she doesn't like to accept gifts if she can't thank the sender.

And so on down the list, my children. It's the little mysteries that annoy or charm or intrigue the big people. The big mysteries in Hollywood are forgotten.

Not for Love or Money

(*Continued from page 97*)

mouth. I show heem what Lupe's feest can do. He say in his storee in the paper that I am lazee.

"Lazee! How can I be lazee when I get up every morning at five and go to bed midnight? I come to Hollywood with just one dollar een my pocket. I see a hot-dog stand. I buy one hot-dog, one hamburger, one cup of coffee, and I share them with my dog. Then I have seventy-five cents left. Everytheeng I have I made myself—to start weeth I had notheeng. And he say Lupe ees lazee!

Not a Bite

"THEN he say I bite Garee on the ear. I bite no mans on no ear! I kiss heem, perhaps, and then when thees coward write eet in his paper he move my mouth up a few eenches and say I bite his ear. Eet is a lie! After that, he say I am gold-deegger, that I try to get everytheeng I like that every man has. Me, Lupe, weeth diamonds I never wear! Then he say also I am conceited because I am beautiful. *Mi Dios*, I am ugly! Don't I know eet? Doesn't evereebody know eet? I just have the good fortune. I tell you, when I see thees man I sock heem plenty on the mouth.

"And now just imagine eet! You tell me they are saying I have broke my engagement to Garee. Eet is absurd! Eet is rideeculous! I lofe Hollywood. But I lofe no mans. I am engage to no mans. I marry no mans. Garee is varry good friend of me. We are friends long time and we go on being friends."

Lupe banged her fist on the coverlet to emphasize the last remarks. She was very firm about it. She appeared ready to hit on the mouth, then and there, anybody who would contest her statement.

At this point, Gary walked into the room. Lupe let out a minor whoop and held out her arms. There was a long silence.

"He is uglee, my Garee, no?" The words, curiously muffled, came from the direction of the bed.

"Er—oh, yes, indeed," said I, absent-mindedly, not hearing very well.

There was an angry cry. Lupe sat up. "I keell you eef you say he is uglee. He is beautiful, my Garee! He ees beautiful!"



The thrill-girl of many a serial, Edith Roberts, matriculates in "big time," her first feature appearance being opposite Ken Maynard in "The Wagonmaster"

$2850.00
IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST LETTERS

355 awards; cash prizes ranging from $1000.00 *to* $10.00. . . . *Write a letter and win the* $1000.00 *award*

SOMEWHERE in every heart is the perfect love letter. The letter you would write to the one person in all the world that you love best. Fine and true and beautiful, this letter would reveal the *real you* as no spoken words could ever do. Write this letter. The names may, of course, be fictitious. But Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer prizes totaling $2850.00 in this big letter-writing contest. Read the rules on this page.

The exquisite love letters of famous men and women may be read in the world's greatest literature. But the one high quality which exalts and glorifies them forever is their passionate sincerity . . . the same sincerity which you will put into the letter you write for this contest.

Pen and paper are right on your desk. Won't you start now? These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

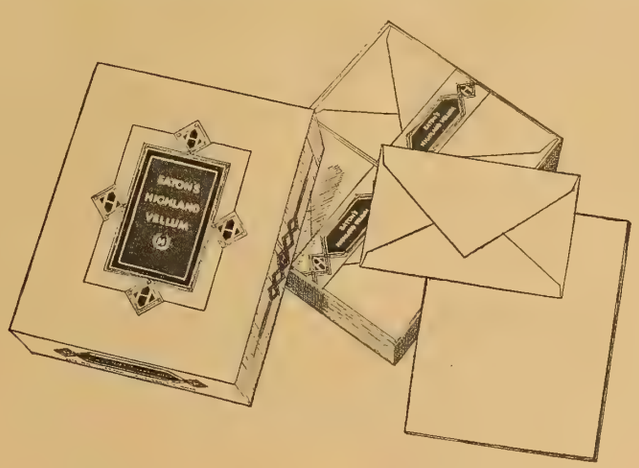
CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

Eaton's Highland Vellum is a new smooth-surface writing paper which has won rapid popularity. It comes in blue, buff, grey, silver-grey, green, ivory and white. There are plain designs, attractive decorations, and beautiful packages to suit every taste and personality. Never before has it been possible to buy a writing paper of such unquestioned smartness at so reasonable a price. In richly decorated boxes, it makes a most acceptable gift. Of the same high quality as the famous Eaton's Highland Linen, Eaton's Highland Vellum can be bought at your nearest dealer's. Prices from 50c to $3.50. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM *HIGHLAND LINEN*



"I Never Expected A Raise So Soon"

"I've Increased Your Salary Because You're Worth It"

YOU have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Six weeks ago you were only a telephone girl—I can't understand how you gained your present speed and accuracy in only 6 weeks. Why, a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months and still make many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A B C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. **Anyone** can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!"

"One boy I know, who studied Speedwriting *in his own home, took court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

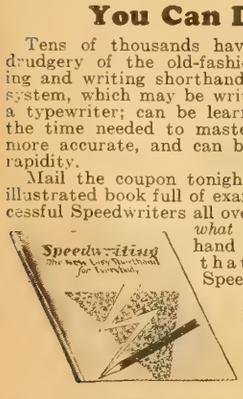
"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were *Speedwriters!*

You Can Do It Too

Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old-fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system, which may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; can be learned at home in a third the time needed to master any other system; is more accurate, and can be written with amazing rapidity.

Mail the coupon tonight. It will bring you an illustrated book full of examples and stories of successful Speedwriters all over the world. No matter *what* your need for shorthand may be—you can fill that need *better* with Speedwriting.



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Please mail me the FREE book on Speedwriting.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 59*)

"What people thought and said about *me*. My career. My clothes. My parties. The attention *I* might receive. Whether plans suited my convenience or whether they didn't.

"I was hard in those days. I was ferociously ambitious. I wouldn't have cared whom I had hurt, if to hurt them would have been to help me.

"I was perfectly encased in a shining shell of egotism, hard with the peculiar hardness of very ambitious Youth. Youth forced to go without the things it considers its just due.

"And I have discovered that I am now—not soft, I hope, but tolerant.

"I know, now, that there are other people in the world, other hopes, other pains, other ambitions than my own. I have fallen into my proper position in the world in my own eyes.

Norma Now Normal

"BACK in the days of my teens I wanted, above everything else, to be admired for being clever.

"I wanted people to say, not 'Here comes the beautiful Norma Shearer' or 'the kind Norma Shearer' or even 'the successful Norma Shearer,' but 'Here comes Norma Shearer—isn't she clever!'

"I have discovered, now, that I do not want to be clever. I do not want to be thought clever.

"Nor do I want to be thought beautiful or famous or anything but the practical person I am. I just want to be liked.

"I would rather be liked by people than have them admire me for beauty or position or ability, or any other superficial thing. Liked as a human being among other human beings.

"I find that I am a very practical person. I'm afraid I've discovered that I am normal. I've never read Freud and know very little about complexes and inhibitions and so forth. But I do know that to be normal is generally considered a highly undesirable state. But I am, nevertheless. I always get my Christmas shopping done early. I always make out lists when I am going on errands. I am always on time for appointments.

"I've discovered that I am friendlier than I used to be–because now I am myself. I am no longer trying to strike a pose, to attitudinize, to impress. And, as a consequence, people are friendlier to me.

Learning to Cry

"I'M not self-conscious any more. It's 'take me or leave me,' but I hope you'll take me. It makes it far easier for me to live with myself.

"Back in those beginning days the 'I' was topmost, even in my work.

"Often a director, in a weepy scene, would ask me to visualize my mother dying so that I might cry easily and naturally. I would try to think of mother dying, try to weep over it, and—I couldn't do it. The only way I could bring the tears was to think about something horrible happening to *me*. The only thing in the world that could affect me was something that might concern myself.

"As I grew a bit older, and a bit wiser and kinder, and as Mother and I were together in New York, struggling and meeting problems together, she became more real to me. And I found that the thought of her possible death could evoke tears. I had begun to lose a little of myself in the interest and identity of another. The hard bright shell of supreme egotism was giving way a little.

"Now, today, it is through my husband that my emotions can be reached. When I have a big emotional scene to do, I think of tragedy or ill befalling him—and the ready tears come.

Being Dominated

"I USED to feel that marriage, for me, would be an absurdity. I could see no possible romance to marriage—and less reason.

"I could not imagine myself married to any man, having to consider another person's likes and dislikes, having to defer to another person's opinions and desires.

"I used to resent a jealous man. My attitude then was: 'How dare any man be jealous of me? What right has any man over me, in any way?'

"And I have discovered that marriage has changed all of that in me.

"I like Irving to be jealous of me. I want him to be. I would feel hurt if he were not.

"I like to be dominated. It has become my pleasure. If I make an engagement to go somewhere and have not told him, my first thought is: 'Will it interfere with him? Will he have some other plan so that I must give this one up?'

"I have discovered that all a woman needs in order to know life in all of its phases is love and marriage. I know that I have learned the meaning of the maternal instinct through my tender love for my husband. I do not have to have children in order to become a mother.

All in All, All in One

"NOR is it necessary, I have discovered, for an actress to live in actuality all the experiences, all the emotions, all the rôles she is called upon to play on stage or screen.

"You do not have to be a murderer in order to commit a screen murder realistically. You do not have to have T. B. in order to give a great *Camille*. You do not have to be a courtezan to do *DuBarry*.

"Every woman is all women.

"In the heart of every woman is the good woman, and the bad woman, and the woman between the two. The mother. The wanton. The nun. The adventuress. I am all of these women; you are all of these women. Not one of us can see one of them without saying 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

"In my own case, unconscious observation has given me what knowledge of various types I have.

"I never start to play a *Mary Dugan* or a *Mrs. Cheyney* that I do not suffer agonies of inferiority, of fear of my own ability. I always begin by believing that I can never do it, that I know nothing about such a character, that portrayal is impossible to me.

Subconsciously Sufficient

"AND immediately I begin to work—rising from my subconscious at the slightest command, come feelings, gestures, emotions I never knew I had. The things we see and hear and observe sink into the subconscious and rise to the surface when the particular emotion or gesture or attitude is needed.

"I think that, most of all, I have discovered my own relative unimportance in the vast and mighty scheme of things, how little a part I play on the great canvas, how inconspicuous a part I want to play.

"I have learned to be tolerant. When there are all women, potentially, in one woman, how dare the mother scorn the mistress, the wife scorn the spinster, the nun the wanton?

"'There but for the grace of God, go I!'" Or any of us, for that matter!

How The Stars Handle Their Money

(*Continued from page 74*)

I knew Laura referred to the time when the three of them lived in a modest Hollywood apartment, from which she drove to the studio in a Ford coupé. Their last home, before moving into the charming new house in Beverly Hills, was a simple flat on Sunset Boulevard.

Like Conrad Nagel, who told in a previous issue of MOTION PICTURE how he manages his finances, Laura's first investment was a life-insurance policy.

"Being the wage-earner of the family, I felt I must make provision for my mother and sister if anything should happen to me," she explains.

"My next investment was a lot in Beverly Hills—which I bought on the monthly payment plan. I chose it as an investment, on a street with a promising future, and it has doubled in value since. Then Mother, Violet and I started looking at houses. We found one, an English type which we liked so well that I decided to buy it. But before I could make arrangements for the payments it was sold. We then planned to duplicate it on my lot.

"Universal, with whom I am still under contract, loaned me ten thousand dollars with which to start building. Half of my salary was deducted each week until the ten thousand was paid. I also made my life-insurance policy over to the corporation to protect them, in case anything should happen to me before it was paid—another advantage of carrying a substantial policy.

A New Partnership

"I LIVED in my new house only a few months before Bill and I were married. You know, to-day is my third wedding anniversary.

"It was much easier to leave Mother and Violet in our own home than it would have been if we had still been renting. My old room is always ready for me and when Bill goes away on location, I go over there.

"I believe that any girl who is drawing a salary equal to that of her husband should pay her own expenses. If I devoted all of my time to being Bill's wife, I would expect him to pay the bills.

"Bill, as the head of the house, pays the rent, groceries, servants, and other household expenses. I buy all my clothes, pay my secretary and my traveling expenses, in fact, pay for everything I buy that is not concerned with the running of our home. When Bill and I entertain outside our home, we split the bill fifty-fifty.

"When my husband gives me a piece of jewelry, I pay the insurance on it. And by the way, this insurance is so expensive that I have asked him to give me no more diamonds. I have two rings, a bracelet and a brooch—all that I want."

Laura doesn't drive a Ford coupé these days. Bill gave her a smart Cunningham town-car for a combination birthday-and-Christmas present last year. She gave Bill a platinum watch for Christmas.

"We break about even on presents, although we haven't tried to have it work out that way," she said.

Her Stock Is In Bonds

JUST two-and-a-half years ago Laura signed a new contract with Universal, which over a period of five years will have paid her a cool million.

"Polly Lewis—who is my secretary and adviser, my pal and friend—and I make all my investments. I figure that a girl who earns my salary should handle her own money. My husband and I never talk over our investments or ask each other's advice.

(*Continued on page 105*)

The women of **VIENNA** *have used* **"LYSOL"** *for 40 years*

ASK the women of Vienna how they protect that exquisiteness for which they are admired the world over. They will tell you that the *correct* practice of feminine hygiene contributes its essential share, and that they use "Lysol" Disinfectant for this delicate purpose.

Their assurance—and yours—that "Lysol" is the *right* antiseptic rests on the fact that doctors universally use it at that most critical time when thorough disinfection is imperative—at the birth of a baby.

After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has yet been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million *gallons* a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene.

Could there be better assurance? Why experiment? Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. And send the coupon for our free booklet, "The Facts about Feminine Hygiene." It contains a woman physician's professional advice and definite rules.

Sole distributors:
LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J.

IMPORTANT!

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold in bottles bearing a poison label *only* because it is a highly concentrated germicide. When diluted and used according to directions, "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans.

The special suitability of "Lysol" in feminine hygiene is proved by the fact that it is standard with doctors at the most critical time of all—childbirth—when disinfection must be thorough and without any possible risk of injury.



Lysol Disinfectant

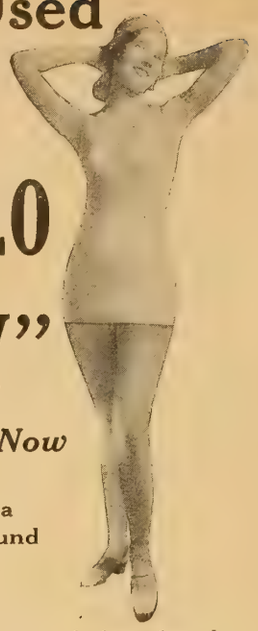
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Name..... Street.....

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They Used to Say "HELLO FATTY"



Look at Me Now

The story of a woman who found the way out

"I WEIGHED 167 pounds less than four months ago. Today I weigh only 138 pounds. Yet I always ate plenty of good, satisfying foods. I didn't roll on the floor, or wear hot, sticky rubber garments, or take drugs or pills, or give myself exhausting sweat baths.

"My figure is just what I want it to be. I can wear the latest styles now. And I'm stronger and healthier. I keep house, play, or dance without getting tired. My heart and lungs are fine. My complexion is clear. I feel just like a new woman.

"And it was all easy. I just followed Annette Kellermann's simple, sensible methods. You know that Miss Kellermann has not changed her weight by an ounce in over 16 years. Her methods of reducing are approved by physicians. I know what Miss Kellermann has done for me—my weight has gone down nearly 30 pounds. If you want to reduce safely—and to grow stronger and healthier while you reduce, simply write for Miss Kellermann's free book, 'The Body Beautiful.' She will give you advice on reducing that is worth more than you now realize."

* * * * * * * *

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, "The Body Beautiful." She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York, Suite 384.

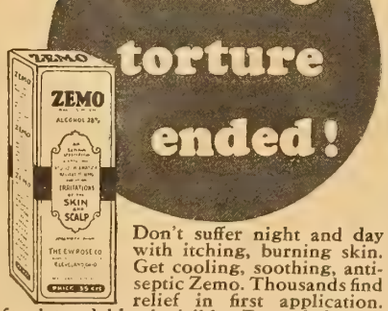
Annette Kellermann, Suite 384
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:
Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



©1929 Ray Huff

Mary Astor's marriage was one of the happiest in the movie world. Today she is heart-broken; but she is not bitter against the profession that allowed her husband to be killed

Man Size

(*Continued from page 40*)

decided that he could not adequately direct the scene of a parachute jump from the small row-boat, and went up with his assistant director and his cameramen—and the sun glared into the eyes of their pilot, who had been for years a stunt flyer in the movies, and to-day was flying straight. He drove his plane blindly into another plane, also filled with cameramen and prop-boys, and locked in a blazing embrace, both fell into the depths of the sea. Ten men were killed. Ten men whose profession was making motion pictures.

Part of the Day's Work

MARY ASTOR, from the windows of her home on the highest hill in Hollywood, can look out over the ocean and see the spot where they fell. But Mary Astor was not at home when it happened. She was playing a matinée performance in a Los Angeles theater.

"I'm nervous to-day," she told her fellow players. "I wish Ken would telephone me. He's shooting an air scene—"

Mary Astor's marriage was one of the happiest in the movie world. Those who know her say that she and her husband still were lovers after two years. At parties they drew near together—her touch was always on his arm, or they were frankly holding hands in the cynical face of Hollywood. Mary Astor is heart-broken; but she is not bitter against the profession that allowed her husband to be killed.

"The scene was the biggest one in the picture," she says simply, faintly surprised that one could suggest that the risk need not have been taken. "They had to have it. You take chances all the time in the movies. Actors, directors, cameramen, electricians—to all of them it's part of the day's work."

Part of the day's work.

The Still Flippant Public

AND still, after twenty years, an ungrateful public is inclined to speak flippantly of this business of making amusement for millions. The press refuses to take this fourth largest industry of the United States seriously, as it takes the business of making automobiles, or mining coal, or selling stocks and bonds. People are still prone to regard those who spend their lives making motion pictures as playboys, idlers earning easy money—and make them the subject of vaudeville jokes and columnists' cracks.

It is high time that this attitude should change. It is high time that the public realized that making movies is a man-sized job.

Kenneth Hawks and those who died with him in the air and under the sea were intelligent and educated men. They worked at their jobs, as other men work at building structural steel skyscrapers or running railroads. Their work called on all their resources of physical energy and mental keenness. It called, over and over again, for something which most professions do not demand from their followers: physical endurance, nerve, courage, gallant hearts.

Big business men, sitting at desks and pushing buttons for their stenographers, do not need these things.

What He Did Talk About

"KENNETH never talked about his 'Art,'" Mary tells you quietly. "But he did talk about making honest pictures—pictures that showed life truthfully. He was so proud of 'Big Time' because it was honest!"

There is the workman's pride in his product—honest building, honest furniture, honest motion pictures. Something worth thought. Something to live for—to die for, if necessary.

If a laborer falls from the steel framework of a skyscraper, he is a "martyr to industry." The movies have their martyrs, too. Hardly a war picture has been made without its deaths; hardly a big spectacle has been finished without its victims. And where men have died for their work, it gives that work dignity.

We read about the "stunt men" of the movies who risk their lives for money, making dangerous leaps from buildings, riding horses off cliffs, making crack-ups in aeroplanes. But Kenneth Hawks and his men were not stunt actors. They were earning their living by making motion pictures as well they knew how to make them. (Other men make chairs the same way, and bridges and engines.) It was part of the day's work to these men.

"People seem to think that all we do in

the movies is to put on paint and powder and draw big salaries," Mary Astor says. "But everyone who works in a studio knows it's the hardest business on earth. What Kenneth did was what all directors do every day. They follow their cameras wherever it's necessary for them to go."

In the Face of Danger

THEY stand beside their cameras in the face of cavalry charges, and in the midst of dropping bombs in war scenes. They perch beside their cameramen on scaffoldings, and crouch with them in pits while a herd of maddened cattle rushes over their heads; they are drenched for long hours in mock rainstorms; they brave rough seas to get wave effects. They go up in the air behind their cameras, in planes with the cabin doors removed for the taking of pictures . . .

Will this terrible tragedy, which has made a widow of little Mary Astor, change the movies so that such things will not happen again?

"How can it?" she shakes her head, this motion picture actress, and wife of a motion picture director. "But they have to get the scenes. I don't see how they can do that without ever running risks. But perhaps it will do one thing. Perhaps it will make people see that the movies aren't child's play. I wish it might do that. It would be what he would like, too."

Kenneth Hawks was an aviator in the World War, and crashed then in an accident that injured his head so that he always had to wear strong glasses thereafter. The air seemed, oddly enough, to be his destiny. He and Mary Astor flew on their honeymoon.

"On the bedside table in our room at this minute," says Mary with a pale smile, "there are books about flying—'Above the Blue Sky,' and five or six others. If he had to die so young, it seems like a good way to die, don't you think? So quick—and so clean, somehow. I know this: if Ken hadn't gone up with the plane, and had seen his men killed in the accident, he would never have gotten over it. He would have preferred to die with them."

"The Show Must Go On"

ANOTHER director is re-shooting the scenes that sent ten men to their death. The picture will be released on schedule time. The show must go on. Tomorrow an electrician may be crushed by a falling lamp, or a prop man may be blown to bits by the premature discharge of a bomb in a battle scene, or an actress may risk pneumonia by playing a scene for ten hours in a driving fire-hose rainstorm. Part of the day's work. Not the work of playboys or dilettantes, surely.

"It seems strange that this should have happened to *us*," Mary says clasping her hands tightly, "when there are so many couples who aren't in love any more. And we were so—so crazy about each other. But people mostly seem to lose each other in Hollywood—one way or another. Maybe this wasn't so bad as—to stop caring."

And still not a word of complaint against the industry that sent her lover to his death that the public might be amused. That is the strange, the heart-breaking part of it. That is the thrilling part.

Kenneth Hawks and his men died on the job. And Mary Astor and the other wives are proud that they died so. And this is the movies—the business the highbrow critics jeer at, and newspapers refer to slightingly. This is the Fourth Industry of the United States. This is a Man-Sized job.

Picturing every angle of Hollywood life also is a man-sized job, and standing alone as a master of the art is

MOTION PICTURE



Some wives keep romance in marriage forever— isn't one secret the trousseau habit?

"Wives . . Keep the Trousseau Habit" says

ELINOR GLYN

HOW to hold a husband's love—that is the problem put up to me constantly by innumerable wives.

Can it be done? Fortunately the answer is yes. How? By being always feminine—colorfully, daintily feminine.

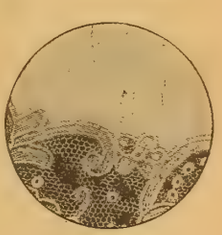
One of the surest ways for a wife to gain perfect confidence in her lovely femininity is to wear charming lingerie and negligees.

Wonderful colors, soft, shimmering materials, lace-edged underthings! They just make a woman believe in herself—feel her inherent charm as a woman.

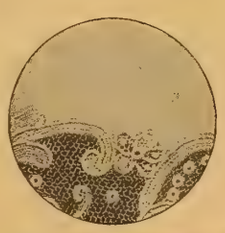
If a woman but keeps all this loveliness at its very best—as beautiful as when it came, new, from its tissued box, she is irresistible.

But, women tell me, it is so difficult to wear lovely underthings always and keep them looking as wonderful, as colorful, as when they were new. Frequent washing (and we must be dainty) takes some of the lovely color out of the garment.

This need never be so if women faithfully use that invaluable product, Lux—made especially to cleanse without disturbing the vibrant loveliness of colors!



(At right) After 12 washings with an ordinary good soap — silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged. Lustre impaired, color off.



(At left) After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color perfect. The garment retains all the charm it had when new.



***If it's safe in water, . . it's safe in* LUX**

Regrets!

"We'll call for you in Jim's new car"



... her heart leaped as she read the invitation — *but the calendar said* NO

"I would love to come but—"

She can't accept, and she can't explain. Her friends mistake it for indifference.

And those days she must be absent from the office are ruining her chances for promotion.

What a pity there are still some girls to whom the calendar is a tyrant! Girls who still meekly submit to suffering, regularly as the months come 'round.

"It's Nature," they say. But it *isn't.* The painful part is neither natural nor necessary. Not even discomfort need be endured. To women who have discovered Midol, what used to be a trying time has become an incident.

Midol is the product of specialists, quite different from the sundry tablets advertised for all sorts of aches and pains. It is not a narcotic, so it's harmless. But it is effective *because it acts directly on the organs affected.* The usual time for complete relief is five to seven minutes! All drugstores, or clip coupon:

Personal

The makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Simply mail this coupon to MIDOL, 34 Ericsson Place, New York.

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Only a Pessimist

(*Continued from page 55*)

like that. She really would prefer her favorite motion picture juvenile as a husband. Next to him, she would like—oh, Babe Ruth or somebody. Next to him, the local minister. Then the son of the richest man in town. Then the floorwalker in the biggest department store. After which she probably marries a shipping clerk. I am probably paraphrasing a good deal. But that is the gist of the thing.

"Everyone is like that about a lot more things than marriage. No one gets what he wants. He takes what he can get. And tries, pitifully, to like it.

"You may have a tremendous ambition and have to compromise on a small job.

"You may achieve a grand passion for someone who never even finds out that you are alive. Or you may long for a grand passion and never achieve it. Then you content yourself with drab domesticity or perhaps with desultory flirtations—trying to dignify them to yourself and make yourself think you are satisfied.

A Few Anæsthetics

"SOMETIMES people try to make up for their frustrated longings by succumbing to appetite. Drink. Possessions. Sham fame. Sham accomplishment. Excitement. Pleasure.

"These things aren't substitutes, really, for what people want. They are anæsthetics to prevent them from knowing that they haven't what they want. Everybody is seeking release somehow—from something. Life. His own limitations. Himself.

"Some people get it from golf. Some from drugs. Some from the theater or motion pictures. Some find it in religion.

"No one ever gets everything he wants. I doubt sometimes whether anyone gets anything he wants. Or if he does—he probably finds that he doesn't want it, after all.

"A pessimist. What did I tell you?"

He really looked pessimistic, too, contemplating all these lugubrious matters.

"Shrewd old Nature!" he was muttering, rebelliously and without much originality. "All she wants of us is that we shall mate and produce offspring, perpetuate our kind. She sends us off, looking for a wraith called happiness. Fools us. Blinds us. Makes us believe that we shall find a perfect union somewhere.

Experiment Material

"SHE gives us the instinct for self-preservation, that we may survive long enough to further her ends. When we have served her purposes, she is through with us. She destroys and discards us.

"She doesn't care whether we ever find happiness. She is not concerned with us as individuals at all. We are material for her fantastic experiment or whatever it is. That's all. We fool ourselves into thinking that what we do is important, that our jobs count for something, that what we accomplish matters.

"How Nature must laugh at us! We sweat and agonize and labor and sacrifice, trying to convince ourselves that there is some purpose in our existence beyond the mere reproduction of our kind.

"The best thing, the most sensible thing to do, of course, is to enjoy yourself as much as you can under the circumstances which surround you. Work as hard as you feel you must for your own satisfaction and to provide yourself with what pleasure and material comfort you require.

"Don't kid yourself into thinking that your work is important or significant to anyone but you, or that it means anything more than a way of getting what you want.

"Don't imagine that you are going to find happiness. You don't even know what it is. You may achieve a certain sort of contentment, if you are easy to please; or you may just go to seed and stop caring. Which is probably lucky for you."

No Intent to Depress

IT was quite a dissertation and he looked a little worn out when he finished.

"Have I answered your question?" he wanted to know.

I felt rather subdued. "It isn't a very—er—cheery point of view, is it?" I ventured. "Especially for a man who has had as successful a year as you have just had—and whose prospects are as good as yours are just now——"

He laughed and said, "I didn't mean to depress you. This year has been good. I'd be ridiculous if I weren't glad and grateful. You see, every good break means that the time is that much nearer when I can quit acting——"

"And do what?"

"Ronnie and I can go wandering, vagabonding together." (Ronnie is, of course, Ronald Colman.)

How many times has one heard actors yearn for the time when they may cease to act—and go traveling! And how few ever admit that the time has come!

"Do you know—definitely—how much you have to have, before you will stop? Have you set your goal?"

"Well," he admitted, "your ideas do grow a little with your prospects. You think, 'If I stay an extra year and things go as well as they are going now, I can live a little better, travel with more comfort—' But I shall stop. I shan't go on and on until I am forced out."

What the Public Wants

WE talked of his new prominence. I think he is a little dismayed at being re-discovered, as it were, by his public after the years of plodding along in mediocre rôles.

"I have made a surprising discovery," he said. "You spend years learning how to step into a character, how to become someone you are not and portray him convincingly upon the stage or screen. Presumably that is the thing the public pays to see you do when it enters a theater.

"And then you find that the thing they like best in the world is to see you step out of character and be yourself. A personal appearance of Clara Bow will draw a bigger house than the best picture she ever made.

"Of course, it isn't the actor they wish to see. He is a symbol to them. I am always embarrassed at any sort of personal appearance. The people who are interested in seeing me have endued me with the characteristics of the people I have played upon the screen. They expect me to be a suave villain, or a great detective, or a combination of all the people they have seen me pretending to be.

"I am, of course, none of those things. I am just Bill Powell, an ordinary enough chap who tries to act. They are bound to be disappointed."

"It probably turns them all into cynics—or maybe pessimists," I ruminated.

"Undoubtedly. It's another smashed illusion."

How The Stars Handle Their Money

(*Continued from page 101*)

If a girl can be financially independent of her husband, there will be fewer domestic disagreements.

"In the first place, Bill and I never would agree, for he likes to take a chance. By that, I mean he speculates in stock, takes business chances. Not me. I buy bonds and a few conservative stocks. I wasn't touched in the recent crash of the market, so you know what I mean.

"I can go out and spend a hundred dollars on extravagant trifles and feel that I have got my money's worth, because I have something to show for it. But I won't take a chance on a horse-race.

"When my contract is finished, two-and-a-half years from now, I should have, conservatively speaking, considerably over a half-million dollars. Bill should have as much. We will then be in a position to say 'good-bye' to the movies if we choose."

Once Bitten, Twice Shy

LIKE all the stars who make big money, Laura is continually approached for loans.

"I am seldom repaid, so now I have learned to look all borrowers coolly in the eye and say, 'I never make loans to anyone.'

"I particularly resent having men ask me—a girl—for money. I am still inclined to be mad about three hundred dollars I let a certain comedian have, over three years ago. I didn't have as much money then as I have now, and it was really hard for me to let him have it. He promised to repay me in thirty days. Although he is still in pictures and meets me occasionally, he has never even as much as mentioned that loan.

"My first goal was to get a home and now I have three. This summer, Bill and I found a house at the beach, with the ocean in the front yard, that we were both crazy about. 'I'll buy it if you will furnish it,' offered Bill. We lived there all summer and now steal down for the week-ends."



Going "Badminton": Leila Hyams indulges in the newest game taken up by Hollywood—played like tennis, but with smaller and longer handled racquets



Its color changes to blend with your complexion

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Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.

There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.

Tangee Lipstick in gunmetal case $1, in gold and black enamel $2.50. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. The new Tangee Powder $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Cosmetic for the eyelashes $1. All prices 25¢ more in Canada.



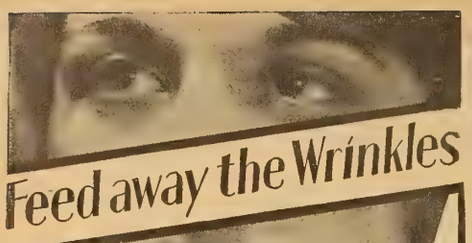
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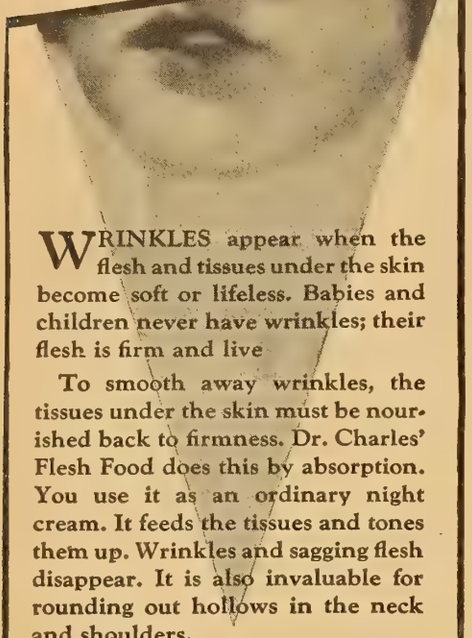
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50c the jar at any druggist's.

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220-36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Abolish ugly hollows



Miss Gonzales of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, can abolish sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No dieting or tiresome exercise is necessary. Simply apply and massage Tiffany Tissue Builder wherever you want to develop more flesh.

Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

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Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 39*)

never make another picture together again. Oh yes, and Mary "detests" the new long skirts.

Men to Fear

SHE SAT beside me in the car, reading the latest edition of the yellowest paper. Flaring headlines announced: "Three Desperate Criminals Hanged at San Quentin To-day." Turning to her neighbor, she rapped the three photographs on the front page with a severe forefinger. "They certainly look like criminals," said the lady. Just then the conductor called her street. Your correspondent picked up the newspaper the lady had thrown down and glanced at the three desperate criminals. Under the small-type heading, "Seen on the local screen this week," appeared the faces of Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton and Richard Arlen.

"Alma Mammy," Mammy!

TO JACK OAKIE goes the distinction of being the first talkie star to take a recall. When "Sweetie" was first shown at the Paramount in New York, the audience applauded Jack's singing of "Alma Mammy" so strenuously that they stopped the show. The management rewound the film, and had the song repeated, before they would allow the picture to continue.

Anent the Bridal Path

SAYS MARY BRIAN, speaking of Bessie Love's wedding, where all the traditional panoply of bridal veil, bridesmaids (most of them married or divorced), and organ-playing was observed: "I don't see why movie actresses care about formal weddings. I've been married in pictures so many times, that if I had a wedding with bridesmaids and ushers and veils and all, I'd expect the minister to say, 'That's good, but we'll try it over—a little faster this time.'"

He Got an Eye-Full

THE HANDSOME leading man had a black eye the morning after New Year's Eve. "What happened?" asked one extra of another. "Shh," whispered the second extra, "I hear that it was all an error. He mistook asthma for passion."

The Patience of Jobena

JOBENA HOWLAND, famous on Broadway, finds that Hollywood is three thousand miles from that thoroughfare. "Miss Howland," said the first person to interview her, "what sort of parts do you play?" Jobena glared, choked, and finally whispered hoarsely, "Well, young man, I've played funny women for twenty years—so I suppose that makes me a comedienne, doesn't it?"

The Halt of Fame

AND JEANETTE MacDONALD was likewise amazed by the time it takes Fame to travel West from Forty-Second Street. "You'd hardly believe it," she remarked to an interviewer, with a little laugh of pure amusement, "but when I am introduced to some people out here they simply glance at me and smile and say, 'How do you do?'"

They Meant Business

FLORENCE ELDREDGE was commenting on the way the theatrical profession was regarded by those outside it. "My husband's college friends are all in business now," she said. "He went to a class reunion recently, dead tired after fourteen hours at a stretch on a set where he had to play under a rain machine. 'Well, Freddie,' his friends greeted him, 'when are you going to quit fooling with this play-acting and come back to work?'"

Special Delivery

A WRITER, who was being carried to an interview in a studio car recently, was handed the driver's order book to sign. The line above the directions, "Call for Miss Soandso," bore this reminder: "Deliver Kangaroo." There is no lack of variety in the life of Hollywood, at any rate.

All Write

WE ARE BECOMING highbrow. Lon Chaney was chosen by the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to write the article on "Make-Up," and Doug and Mary are also among the contributors to the same institution.

Riding to Sounds

LAWRENCE TIBBETT came out of the Metro lot with a wild expression on his face. "What a business!" he muttered to a passerby. "They expect you to sing on horseback!" And with another gesture of grand operatic despair, he stepped into his limousine.

Relieving the Monotony

DOROTHY JORDAN, small blonde, is to appear opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Singer of Seville." "But she doesn't look Spanish," somebody objected. "There are blondes in Spain," said Ramon. "Think how monotonous life would be in Seville or Madrid, if all the women had black hair and black eyes."

Hungry-Looking

TWO NATIVES from Central African jungles were brought back from the "Trader Horn" location trip by Director Van Dyke. They huddle forlornly together, staring at the strange world of the movies with unbelieving eyes. "What do you think of Greta Garbo?" the interpreter asked them, pointing out the famous star passing. "Too flat stomach," was the reply. "Not get enough eat."

The Maddening Obituary

ONE PRESS-AGENT found he had shot over his mark, when he sent out what purported to be a newspaper clipping, announcing his suicide because he wasn't able to think up a new Christmas greeting card. "Everybody is mad at me for it," he confesses. "I suppose because it wasn't true. Some of my friends took it seriously. And the newspaper gang I knew back East sent me a telegram of congratulations, ending "What kept you so long?"

Looking Them Over

FRED DATIG, Paramount casting director, explains how he would cast some of the present-day celebrities who have not yet entered the movies. Herbert Hoover would make a fine character man, says Fred, and Commander Byrd is handsome enough and romantic enough for a leading man. Ramsay MacDonald could earn a good living in "business man rôles," if he ever finds that Prime Ministering doesn't pay. Jimmie Walker—if, as Will Rogers says, his "option" isn't taken up by New York at any time—would make a good second lead in pictures. Charles Schwab is a fine "heavy." Lindbergh would be a hit overnight as a juvenile of the Gary Cooper type, but Fred doesn't see any chance for Gene Tunney in pictures; he'd better stick to boxing. Though Datig admits he might play policeman rôles.

The End of Her Story

A WELL-KNOWN newspaper columnist always ends her day's story with the words, "That's all today, see you tomorrow!" Recently she was married, and a boulevard wit who was present at the ceremony insists that these were the concluding words of the bride's responses.

Unnecessary

A FEW DAYS ago, a lone pilot circled the ocean at Santa Monica and scattered over the restless waters the ashes of Kenneth Hawks, director killed in the recent air catastrophe, when two planes collided during the filming of a picture. A coroner's jury brought in the verdict that his death, and the death of the nine others with him, was "unnecessary."

Little Difference

WESLEY RUGGLES has had the same script girl on four big pictures. Therefore she was astonished and alarmed to be called one morning, during the filming of "Condemned," and told that Mr. Ruggles would not need her today. She went to the beach for the day, wondering if she had been politely fired. Great was her relief the next morning when she discovered that Ruggles had been shooting a scene in which the convicts strip for physical examination. "But it wasn't necessary for him to be so delicate about my being there," says Romayne, the script girl, "because going to the beach was just about the same thing."

He Knew Different

WHEN EDDIE QUILLAN and his dad were appearing at the RKO Theatre recently, a friend approached. "Harry Lauder is in town, did you know it?" he asked.

"He isn't due till next week," asserted "Dad" Quillan.

"Well, anyway, I saw him at the Orpheum Theatre in a box," insisted the friend.

"Get away with that stuff," cried "Dad" Quillan, who is Scotch himself. "This is Sunday, and the Orpheum stopped giving away Sunday passes long ago."

(*Continued on page 109*)



Rather than the doctor, Frances Lee of the Christie Talking Plays keeps the apple away, in the hope that someone will call her apple saucy



Now in colors

Pink, yellow, green, are exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, too, of course). The box is ingeniously arranged to have two sheets always at your finger tips.

This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to: M. P.-4

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TO REMOVE COLD CREAM



Carry confidence in your purse

One moment's privacy, and that dab of snowy cream guards against all chance of underarm offense—for hours.

Mum does the work every time—and there's always time to use it.

So, keep Mum on your dressing table *and always carry Mum with you.* Your discovery of this delightful deodorant means you need never be caught at a disadvantage. Its application is as simple as your use of cold cream or powder—and surely as important!

And Mum is just as kind to your skin as any cream is. It doesn't interfere with the action of the pores. It doesn't irritate. It does but one thing, and this it does completely: Mum neutralizes the offensive *odor* of perspiration anywhere you may apply it.

What a boon to fastidious women! A deodorant that neither tries one's patience to apply, nor punishes the skin in use. Put it on, and put your dress right over it; Mum is perfectly harmless to fabrics. A little on the sanitary napkin and you can dismiss all thought of any taint. Not a vestige of odor can penetrate that protective film. 35c jars; larger jars 60c. All toilet-goods counters.



Picking Their Parents

(*Continued from page 69*)

tress Sheila's name embroidered on the pocket. Mrs. Al Kaufman sent pink bed linen, delicately interwoven with white. A little hat box containing a chic bonnet arrived from Mrs. H. B. Warner, and Corinne Griffith's gift was a layette box with a French hand-made spread therein. Mrs. Arthur Loew sent a silver high-chair tray, and Doris Kenyon Sills, remembering what her own young son required, dispatched a moire carriage robe, lined in fur. A bonnet and jacket came from Enid Bennett Niblo.

Little Bobbie Ullman (Robert Warren it is in dignified circles), now six and entrusted with his first film rôle in "Lummox," had most distinguished godparents in the persons of Rudolph Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova. And the precious layette they brought him from Paris is laid away reverently with imperishable memories of his beloved godfather.

Bowls, Cups and Spoons

WHEN the three Niblo babies came, one at a time, and in 1921, 1925 and 1928, neither Loris, Peter nor Judith bothered about godparents, but they were plentifully remembered by doting friends who happened to be celebrities. Loris, like Jane Harriet Brown, prizes a pearl necklace from Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and Peter would never part with the sturdy silver bowl, cup and spoon that he received from the Fairbankses. Judith, who arrived July 17, 1928, has admired with coos the embroidered jacket that Norma Shearer sent, with love; the silver bowl, cup and spoon from Ruth Chatterton; the imported coat and bonnet from Corinne Griffith; the bonnet and bootees from Jascha Heifetz; the imported jacket from Florence Vidor Heifetz; the treasure box of toilet accessories from Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno and the silver bowl, cup and spoon from Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Leana Schipa, very small daughter of Tito Schipa whose home is in Hollywood, feels very much the way other mites do about being born in a town where illustrious godparents flourish everywhere. She has for godfather Ramon Novarro and for godmother Mrs. Julia D'Annunzio, cousin of Italy's patriot-poet. At the occasion of her christening (her birth was June, 1929) she received among seventy gifts, a necklace of pearls from Mrs. Alberto Valentino, a pearl cross from Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe and the conventional plate, cup and spoon of silver, without which no infant's life is complete, from Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Michael Conway, born February 22, 1928, simplified matters by arranging to have his godparents in the family, and inasmuch as mother was a Bushman before she became Mrs. Jack Conway, he has as godmother Josephine Bushman, his aunt, and as godfather, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., his uncle. Grandfather Francis X. sent an English perambulator with his blessings; Joan Crawford, a half dozen hand-embroidered dresses; Thomas Meighan considered and sent hand-embroidered sheets and pillow cases; Gertrude Olmstead Leonard, thinking of the morrow, proffered Michael sterling silver military brushes with "Mike" engraved on them; Eleanor Boardman hurriedly sent a carriage robe and Norma Shearer obliged with a dress, coat and bonnet, straight from Paris.

Buster's Babies

JOSEPH TALMADGE KEATON and his brother Robert Talmadge Keaton were pretty lucky when they came into the world along about June 2, 1922, and February 3, 1924, respectively. They picked the right parents when they chose Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton. Grandma Peg Talmadge gave them each hammered silver feeding sets, dresses, coats, bootees, bonnets, blankets and other knicknacks to the amount of five thousand dollars, and Auntie Connie spent the same amount, on each one, for everything from golden rattles to pins to a hand-decorated wardrobe. Auntie Norma gave each a hand-decorated bassinette and dainty clothes and spent five grand in doing so. But the babies thought it was fun to bounce up and down on Frances Marion's enameled baby scales and see their reflection in the sterling silver bowl that Marion Davies sent. And there was Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin's sterling silver picture frame and the Kenneth Harlan silver powder shaker.

The John Ford babies—Patrick John and Barbara Mary, eight and seven, by turn—drew Emmett Flyn as community godfather and Mrs. Henry Ford sent Patrick some sacred beads from Jerusalem. William Edwin Carewe, Jr., three and one-half, and Sally Ann Carewe, two and a half, are proud to have been born in Hollywood. And so are Barbara Ann Blue and Richard Monte Blue, very young children of Papa and Mama Monte Blue. Little Mary Hay Barthelmess, whose birthplace was New York City, must feel very disgruntled about it, on occasion, especially when she reflects that Karen Hale, five-year-old daughter of Alan and Gretchen Hartman Hale, has the distinction of being a Native Daughter and her brother Alan, Jr., that of being a Native Son. And Patricia Kirkland, four years old and the daughter of Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, herself a child of the most mild moods, must become morose thinking of the stork that left her in New York when Mildred Gloria Lloyd was basking in glorious Hollywood babyhood, with Lois Wilson and May McAvoy as godmothers.

Another favored infant was Antonia Cowan, now two and a half, whose cradle gifts included a silver porringer with knife, fork and spoon from Mr. and Mrs. Cecil DeMille, a pink coat from Elinor Faire, an organdy bonnet in box to match from Julia Faye, a serviceable knitted bonnet to wear home from the hospital, presented in bonnet box from Leatrice Joy, a pink silk coat and bonnet from Frances Marion, gold pins from Zelda Sears, a silver brush and comb from Sada Cowan, a silver porringer and plate from Mrs. Leslie Carter, a silver cup from Albert Gran, and two silver spoons from Kenneth Thompson and his mother.

One really can't blame the rascal infants for wanting to be born in Hollywood.

It's a wise child, obviously, who picks Hollywood for a birthplace and cinema celebrities for parents. If one isn't born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, one is sure to receive something of the sort soon afterward. And one learns at first hand how Hollywood gives and gives and gives.

Time was when the movie industry itself was an infant, and picked Hollywood as an abiding-place. An infant which was the fourth largest in the United States ere it talked. And the whole world has watched, is watching, and will watch its progress through

MOTION PICTURE, ***The Oldest—The Newest—The Best***

Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 107*)

Wisecracks As Usual During Alterations

THE FIRE at the Brown Derby only closed the gathering place of movie folk for one meal. Now except for a slight blackening of the ceiling and a few cracks here and there, it's as good as ever. "And the cracks are Wilson Mizner's anyhow," said one of our brightest funsters.

Batting for the Bard

ARTHUR CAESAR was sitting in the same row with your correspondent at the Stratford-on-Avon performance of "Taming of the Shrew." "Don't speak to me," he greeted us, "can't you see I'm listening to all this grand dialogue by Sam Taylor?"

Wales's Name Is Dave

COUNT STRENSCH L'Estrange de Blackmere, Duke of Shrewsbury, whose real name is Gunther Siegfried Richard August Alexander von Strensch, is engaged to marry a Denver débutante. In Hollywood the Count is known as Dick L'Estrange and is production manager for Colorart Synchrotone. A title he prefers to the above. There's more money in it.

"A Little Scar, I Pray to Keep"

MONTE BLUE was posing for a picture for our magazine. "But we wanted a straight portrait," we protested, "he's got a scar in this."

"He wears the scar in the picture and doesn't take it off even to go to bed," we were told.

Take Zat and Zat!

SOMEBODY IS always taking the joy out of the stars. Now the story is going around that Fifi Dorsay is French-Canadian instead of Paris French. They say that She Has Still To See Paris. We can't vouch for the truth of this, but she can slap with a French accent. If you don't believe us, ask the director who told her that Ann Pennington was going to do the dance in her last picture instead of Fifi!

A Gown For Each Course?

LOLA LANE appeared at the party in a blue velvet gown with a train studded with brilliants. "The last time I was invited to a buffet supper," explained Lola "I was all wrong. So I went to the best modiste in Hollywood and said 'I don't know what kind of a thing a buffet supper is but anyhow make me five different dresses for it.' And this is one of them. So I hope I'm right tonight."

But Paul Became a Big Boy

AND—our own private Believe It or Not column! Paul Whiteman weighed nineteen pounds when he was born and Buddy Rogers weighed twenty pounds at his entrance into the world.

Memories of a Courtesy

ONE OF MY brightest recollections is seeing Valentino rise from his personal chair marked with the star's name and force an old extra man to sit down in his place. "I once played extra in a picture in which you were the leading man," said Rudy gently.

Not So Dumb

AS YOU MAY or may not know, an enterprising concern is radio advertising by bringing "Voices From Filmland" to the Great Unseen Audiences. Hollywood, becoming voice-conscious, also has become air-conscious.



MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC Aches and Pains

DISTRESSING muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old Musterole. Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. But relief is surprisingly complete, natural and safe when this soothing, cooling, healing ointment is applied generously to the affected area ***once every hour for five hours.*** Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

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REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Keep Musterole handy, jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

WHAT DID MADGE DO WITH HER FAT? JUST THIS:



ALL over the country, men and women are wondering at the slender figures of today. Excess fat is rare now, compared with years ago.

These people do not starve themselves of elements they need. They employ a modern, scientific method to combat the cause of fat. The cause usually lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition.

Modern physicians, in treating obesity, do not advise starvation. They feed the gland substance which is lacking. Thus the whole world has changed, in late years, as regards the over-fat.

A famous medical laboratory embodied the method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told others about them and shown the results, in new youth and beauty, new health and vitality. Today the use of Marmola is unprecedented.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat disappears, and new health and vigor come, you know why.

Try Marmola, and watch the results for a little while. If you see the fat go and new vigor come, keep on until the trouble is corrected. Then tell your friends who need it. It is folly to suffer an abnormal condition so easily corrected. Go get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

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Is The Thief That Steals Away Youthful Charm



Now *Comb* Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY Hair adds years to your appearance. It cheats you of many of life's joys. Then why be gray? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that gently and easily brings the color without affecting the silky sheen and luster of your hair. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black.

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Get Kolor-Bak from any drug or department store today. If it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded.

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No. 950—Bracelet Watch, solid 14-K white gold, 15 Jewels. $5 Kreisler mesh bracelet included. **$25.** $2.50 Down; $2.50 a Mo.

No. 927—Elgin "Legionnaire." **$19.** $1.90 Down; $1.90 a Month.

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Permanent Puppy-Love?

(*Continued from page 82*)

the girls—Polly Ann, Sally and Loretta, Mrs. George Belzer's lovely ducklings. That's how they fell in love, Grant and Loretta. He came over one Sunday night with some other "kids."

Partners in the Blues

"IT wasn't a case of love at first sight," she went on, "because Grant was crazy about Claire Windsor, or thought he was, and I was feeling awfully blue about Arthur Lake, myself.

"I guess you might say that Arthur was my first honest-to-goodness beau in Hollywood, though I had been 'madly' in love with a little boy when I was eleven."

Even Loretta had to laugh at that bit of juvenility.

"But, anyway, Arthur and I had a little spat and he didn't call me up for several days. When I stop and think of it, Arthur and I could never have made a 'go' of it. We are fundamentally different. Arthur likes to joke and tease and cut up all the time, and I'm not that way so much. I like to be quiet, and think, and talk things over. But Arthur is a sweet boy and a lovely dancer, and at that time I thought I had to be out dancing every night. I felt awfully blue when he didn't call up, the week-end after our disagreement.

"Sunday night 'the gang' came over as usual, and Grant showed up with one of the boys. I'd met him only once before and he'd given the impression of being somewhat aloof and ritzy. But he seemed like a different person this night. He was laughing, and kidding, and being awfully friendly with everybody. It wasn't until later that I knew he was only acting this way to cover up how badly he felt about Claire Windsor's going to Agua Caliente on a week-end party.

Only Playing at First

"GRANT seemed so restless, he just couldn't sit still. Finally, he suggested that we all go down to the Plantation and dance. He asked if I didn't want to ride down with him, but he didn't say anything the whole drive. He just slumped down behind the wheel and drove like mad. For myself, I didn't care whether he talked or not. I was wondering where Arthur was, and why he hadn't called me up.

"Isn't it funny how coincidence plays such a big part in your life? When we got down to the Plantation, there was Arthur with Virginia Cherrill! My heart went pitty-pat and then—zoom. My hands were like ice. Grant told me not to show my feelings like that. He said you should never let anybody know he's hurt you. He said he would bet he could make Arthur awfully jealous.

"I guess he did, because the next morning Arthur called me on the 'phone. He wanted to take me out that evening and I said it would be nice. But, somehow, I wasn't as excited as I expected to be when he 'phoned.

"I kept thinking how nice Grant had been, the evening before, when he was only playing love with me, to make Arthur jealous. Once he had said, looking at me real hard, 'Wouldn't it be funny, if we really fell in love?' It wasn't until the next day that I realized it wouldn't be funny at all—but marvelous.

Planning to be Happy

"I THINK Grant is the most fascinating boy I've ever known. He has two natures. One is lively and peppy, and the other is reserved and serious. A girl could never tire of a man like that, because she could never fully understand him. For a couple of weeks I didn't know whether he really liked me or not. When I would tell him I was going out with Arthur, he didn't

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act as if he cared particularly. That is, he didn't show it. It wasn't until he was sure there was nothing serious between Arthur and me that he told how much he really cared. And that was the beginning of our engagement.

"I want to stay in love with Grant forever. I won't feel neglected if my love-life holds only one man. We are going to allow ourselves a year's engagement to make sure we are perfectly suited to one another. Then nothing will ever come between us.

"We are going to be a real old-fashioned married couple. None of these new-style romances for us. I don't expect to go out with any other man after marriage, and Grant won't lunch or tea with other girls. We aren't going to be cynical about ourselves—or marriage. It's going to mean something tremendous to both of us. That's why I'm sure it will last."

Love at seventeen.

Love and ideals.

Hollywood, where is thy sting?

The foregoing interview will, we feel, be of particular interest to those who read the press despatches emanating from Hollywood on January 27, 1930—telling of the aerial elopement of Loretta Young and Grant Withers to Yuma, Ariz., and their marriage the day before. But within twenty-four hours they were an unhappy bride and groom, for annulment of their marriage was being sought by the mother of seventeen-year-old Loretta. And after all romantic arguments appeared to have failed, Loretta was quoted as saying, "It's only a matter of time. We're in love and we're going to get married." Next January she will be eighteen and—permanently Mrs. Withers?—Editor's Note.



In Chicago the pictures are taken after a person "goes for a ride"; in the movie racket town, before. Joan Bennett looks as if she anticipates returning

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THINGS every good movie-goer should know

That Hollywood Boulevard is dimming the fame not only of Broadway, but of Wall Street◆◆That the movies are going in grand opera◆◆That Charles Chaplin is now the only non-talkie star◆◆That Hollywood claims, with some reason, to be the world's fashion capital—and who are Hollywood's fashion-plates◆◆That Oskar Straus, the famous Viennese composer, is writing music for the American screen◆◆That Eugene O'Neill, America's foremost playwright, has consented, now that the screen is audible, to allow some of his plays to be picturized◆◆That the chorus girl segment of Hollywood's population has more than doubled in the last six months◆◆That many and many a star has changed his (or her) mind about retiring or being retired—and who they are◆◆That comedies have taken a new lease of life◆◆That Hollywood is making talkies not only for those who understand English, but for the rest of the world◆◆That the beautiful and the talented are drawn to Hollywood as to no other city in the world—and who the more notable of these are◆◆That the standards for screen acting have changed radically in the last few months◆◆That youth is no longer necessary (though still desirable) for screen success◆◆And that the most wide-awake, brightest, and best-looking of screen magazines—the oldest—the newest—and the best—is

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She is too clever to let drab, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights — the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glint Shampoo.

**Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a fashionable "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair! 25c at your dealers'—or a FREE sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!*

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Are You the Type?

(*Continued from page 48*)

will serve to keep the other girls cautious with, if not away from, your boy friends. And the boys will know that you aren't any easy picking, which will get them all hot and bothered.

Always keep well over a hundred dogs in your vicinity, so that the boys will know that, if you should take it into your head to do so, you could go to the dogs as woman never went before.

In spite of what Paris may say, never wear dresses whose skirts trail below your knees; don't let anyone persuade you into hiding your claims to fame. Don't forget to weigh yourself at least twice a day, for the sight of an extra pound is what some of your cute little girl friends are awaiting only too patiently. Don't fail to remember that you can't eat your cake and have "it," too.

Do a disappearing act every so often; it's always good for some publicity. Keep up on the delicate writings of Elinor Glyn, and, should anyone scoff, reply that you idolize that great authoress. Perfect your smile and your pout. And in the end you may marry a rich man, whose name may be either Tom, Dick or Harry—but preferably Harry.

Are You a June Collyer?

FOR the most satisfactory results put as much distance as possible, preferably a continent, between yourself and Mums, Dad and the boys, and spend the rest of your time calling them by long distance. When not actually on the 'phone, you will be at the station (a) greeting (b) parting from Mums, Dad and the boys. You will make it clear that your best beau is Daddy and that you are his "girl."

You will attend all social functions, which you will not enjoy because of the absence of Mums, Dad and the boys. The more you go out, the clearer it becomes to many people that you are just a home girl.

In spare moments away from the telephone, you may shake hands with a visiting prince, or even a fireman. It makes for something newsy to tell Mums, Dad and the boys.

Your favorite occupation will be writing; your favorite instrument the telegraph.

A Constance Bennett?

A DIVORCE and a conducted tour to Paris and the Rock of Gibraltar is imperative to this background. At your earliest convenience you will return home with a new wardrobe, a lap dog, and a set of veiled references to the French or Bulgarian nobility.

You will make a point of your frankness, having no scruples in telling your best friend she looks "simply *gauche* in that new *chapeau*, m'dear." Keep your conversation snappy at all times. The dirty story is out, but the risqué *bon mot* will be most becoming.

Under no conditions will you countenance the conservatives; but hold out for the bohemian element of social life. Also, it is just as well if you are not too friendly with the "folks."

Never appear in public with less than six bracelets, three furs and two cigarette holders, one for each hand. Your favorite expression will be the lifted eyebrow.

Are You a Colleen Moore?

THEN you will have a baby when you get around to it. It is absolutely impossible for you to pass a baby shop without purchasing a rattle, and other people's children simply "slay" you.

At Christmas they can count you in for all benefits for orphans; and even when wearing your very best, little sticky-faced kiddies may climb onto your knee.

Making things gay for the little folks will be almost a complex with you. There is always good old-fashioned fun at your house, like Pinning The Tail On The Donkey, ice cream and cake, and Mother Goose rhymes. The only things more popular with the kiddies than your entertainments are Greta Garbo movies, *hors d'œuvres* and Van Dine novels.

Your favorite movie actors include all the young folks from Davey Lee to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Are You the Pickford Type?

IN order to back up all your club movements, marriage with the local banker is imperative. If the banker in your town is already married, move.

You will be associated with the Woodman, Spare That Tree Society, the organization for beautifying fire plugs, the ladies' branch of the Rotarians, and the Wednesday Night Community Sings. It would be nice if you could coin some pep slogan for local meets. "Let Us Mill for Millsburg" would be all right.

Your favorite occupation, between club meetings, will be canceling subscriptions to all the papers that misquoted your talk on "Dig For Dutton Avenue Street-Lights."

The Alice White Type?

DO your dangdest to become the most unpopular girl in town—with the women. Let it be known that you don't like women, anyway, and in mixed groups rally the men into a corner—especially the married men. When other women are wearing long skirts, hold out for the short ones. The less you agree with your sex the better.

Upon being fired from two stenographic jobs, you will let it be known that the respective wives were jealous of you. They didn't like you because you are pretty, peppy and snappy. If they ever did like you—they won't now.

Your favorite pastime will be smiling upon your puzzled rivals, and your favorite musical finale, "The Black Bottom." If you really put your mind to it, you can cause more trouble at home than all the other types put together.

Are You a Mary Philbin?

WHEN the door-bell rings, run behind the parlor sofa and blush. It might be a boy. It is your mamma's boast that her little girl doesn't like the young men of this jazz-ridden day, and no ingenue of your type can afford to make mamma talk out of turn.

You will cling almost tenaciously to ruffles and leghorn hats, no matter what Chanel and Worth are doing in that line. A little bit of face powder is permitted, but that's all you can say for your improvements on nature.

When asked for a "date," you will refer the bid to mamma, who will immediately investigate the candidate's character, his job, and his grandfather. If he isn't the right sort of boy, you'll know it. If he is, you'll still be in at ten o'clock.

In moments of emotional upheaval you may either gasp or faint.

And, lastly, are you the type who is 100 per cent proficient in knowledge of not only the news and the life, but the inside stories, of Hollywood? If you can answer "yes," there is no doubt about it: you are a constant reader of

MOTION PICTURE. ***The Oldest—The Newest—The Best***

Could Heaven Be Better?

(*Continued from page 71*)

for people to discover that something is the matter with marriage. There is nothing the matter with it."

After All Else Fails

"WHAT is the matter with divorce?"

"Nothing. Except, again, the point of view that people bring to it. They take it too lightly, too easily. If you went to a doctor, and he told you that you had to have your arm amputated, you would not rush to the nearest operating-room and have it off, would you? Of course not. You would consult innumerable other doctors. You would ponder and consider. You would try every method in your power to preserve so vital a thing. Only when everything known to science had failed, only when the condition became actually intolerable, would you consent to the great loss. So it should be with divorce.

"There is nothing wrong with it, if every method has been tried, every effort used to avert it. No two people should live together if life together proves, really proves, to be intolerable. But they should be sure that it is really intolerable, and then they should proceed quietly, decently and in a fair and friendly spirit. Marriage should have been founded on real love and on respect. These things do not die.

"There is nothing the matter with Reno—if it has become necessary to us. I am going there to make the scenes for my new picture, 'Reno,' and I have investigated conditions pretty thoroughly. It is a medicinal place to be used only in time of actual need."

As Homey As Oshkosh

"WHAT is the matter with Hollywood?"

"Again, nothing. Again, it is the point of view that people have about it. I am really abashed sometimes when people who are here for the first time expect me to show them what they have expected to see. Apparently, what they expect to see are the streets running with blood and people dashing in and out of houses, jabbing needles in their arms.

"Hollywood is as much a home community as Oshkosh, as Kalamazoo, as New York, as Philadelphia. More so, if anything. We play parlor games and go swimming and play contract and motor.

"There are more beautiful women congregated in Hollywood than in any other one spot in the world, that's true. And if men are of the Lothario type, this may cause minor troubles. But that is not the fault of Hollywood. It is the fault of this type of man, who would be the same in a business office, in Vienna or any other place."

Hollywood Freaks

"WHAT'S the matter with actors and actresses?"

"Nothing. People seem to consider us as a race apart. A group of people given to weird extravagances, breakfasting on sumptuous dais'd beds from glittering trays, spending our days in Rolls-Royces and our nights heaven-knows-where, squandering our bank accounts, our hearts and our morals, willy-nilly.

"Absurd. I have been an actress since my childhood. My friends are all among the profession. And this point of view is sheer tommyrot. There are a few lurid cases, people I don't need to name, who are constantly getting themselves into the limelight of bad publicity; but these cases, if you figure it out, are in the great minority. They give Hollywood and the theatrical profession its scarlet tinge, but it is an unfair gift. They are not indicative of actors and actresses. They are the freaks, the 'sports,' of which we have a few throughout all Nature.

"The girls and boys, the men and women of the screen today are saving their money, building their homes, conserving their assets, playing as straight a game as any group of people in the world.

"When they are down, they work hard and come back again. Look at Bebe Daniels, at Betty Compson. Look at girls like Alice Joyce. Steady, consistent workers, doing their jobs through the years, living their lives as finely, as sanely as it is possible to do."

Money and the Youngsters

"WHAT is the matter with money?"

"There is nothing the matter with money. It is what you allow it to do to you, if anything.

"People say that money sets you apart, makes you a prey for parasitism, takes from you the feeling of real friendship. This may be true of those people who have always had a great deal of money, and have no standard of comparison to go by. But I have. I have been poor and I had as many friends then as I have now. The same friends in many cases. I have the sure feeling that if I should be poor and struggling again, my friends would still remain the same, loyal, caring for me for what I am and not for what I have. And those few who would not remain the same would never have been my friends, anyway, and so I would not have lost anything."

"What is the matter with the much discussed Younger Generation?"

"Nothing. There is nothing the matter with the younger generation. It is simply the age they live in that makes what they do seem different. A mechanical age that has taken them out of the parlor and given them the world to range.

"The automobile is the one single factor which, more than any other, has contributed to the new freedom, the new license. But the hearts of the younger generation are in the same places as the hearts of the younger generation before them—the right places."

Disraeli said "Life is too short to be small."

Ruth Roland quoted those words to me and made them her own.

They are words to ponder: "Life is too short to be small—"

Well, isn't it?

And isn't it gratifying, isn't it different, to know that there is one woman who has been through the mill and found the grist good?

"Nothing's the matter with life," Ruth Roland says.

May it be, too, that there is nothing the matter with Ruth?

Also, to ask an easily answered question: What is it that most screen magazines lack? Originality—both as regards stories and illustrations. They follow the trend of current tastes, instead of keeping pace with them. But there is one magazine which is so up-to-the-minute and forward-looking that it has laid claim to the slogan, "The Progressive Magazine Of The Screen"

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Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.

celebrated motion picture star, whose latest production is the First National picture, "Loose Ankles," says:

"All the girls that reach the top in movieland, seem to have one quality in common—and that's sparkling, lustrous hair. Somehow, producers appear to consider it an absolute necessity."

Lustrous hair! **Men who are continually surrounded by beautiful women can tell you how important it is. And lustrous hair can be *yours*—easily, pleasantly, economically—through Hennafoam. This shampoo contains just a pinch of henna to light the fires in your hair. It *never* affects color. But what a difference it does make. Ask your druggist, or send 10c for generous sample to the Hennafoam Corporation, Department 4MP, 511 West 42nd Street, New York City.**



If ugly skin nearly drives you mad; if your complexion is marred with pimples or blackheads, blemishes or sore, red spots; if your skin is dry and itchy . . . don't experiment with relief. Just anoint the infected areas with Rowles Mentho Sulphur at night. While you sleep it clears up skin.

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To end skin troubles get a jar of Rowles Mentho Sulphur from your druggist.

The Doo-Doos' Delight

(*Continued from page 66*)

"I don't really look like this," she said pleadingly, but she got no sympathy from me. An alabaster pallor is no drawback to a girl with golden hair and pale green pajamas. She settled back and obligingly began to reminisce.

"I think of Africa as a place with two entirely different aspects.

"There are the horrors—the discomfort, the danger, the intolerable sun, and all the sickness I went through.

"And then there is the great beauty of it. The brilliant moonlight nights that were so beautiful I couldn't go to bed. The primitive dances of the natives. The smooth, broad Nile, the magnificent mountains. And the plains—miles and miles of them, uninterrupted by any hill or tree. The long grass is burned by the sun, but instead of turning a rusty brown the way it does here, it is a rich yellow. The plains stretch away like miles of yellow velvet, against the brilliant blue sky.

More Than Meets the Eye

"IT affected every one of us differently, but to me the key-note of Africa is its mystery. It is weird and menacing. On the surface, everything is smooth—smooth and serene, like the Nile. But underneath, you sense the cruelty, and death. Everything eating everything smaller. It's weird and rather terrible."

The company of thirty was headed by Director William Van Dyke and included a doctor and a store, and only three women—Edwina, Mrs. Harry Carey, and the script girl. They landed at Mombasa, on the east coast, in British East Africa. Thence they went to Nairobi, to assemble their *safari* kits.

"We got all sorts of things," Edwina said. "Portable bathtubs, and steel trunks, to keep our clothes from getting wet and rusty and to keep the ants out. We had all sorts of different boots—mosquito boots, and boots for the sharp elephant grass, and all kinds of others.

"I got the slacks and khaki shirts I wore during the whole trip. And my big wide-brimmed hat"—Edwina pointed to a worn sombrero on top of the piano—"and bedding, and a million other things. And the lingerie—!" She sat up recklessly, in horrified memory. "It would be the death of any girl's artistic dreams.

"It was made of some sort of heavy mesh, almost like window curtains, and was bright red. I felt as if I were wearing my grandfather's old red flannels—but you have to do it, because red protects you from the sun.

"The men all wore spine-pads. They are heavy pads also made of red, that are worn down the back, because the spine is very seriously affected by too much sun. But I couldn't wear one because of my scanty costumes."

All in the Day's Work

IN fact, Edwina, the delicate *White Goddess*, who should have received the ultimate in protection and coddling, was subjected to harsher treatment than the sturdiest members of the party. She was dragged through the sharp elephant grass, her bare legs cut and bleeding—all in the interests of art. What price elephant boots then?

She fell out of a tree when seized by sunstroke at an inopportune moment. Wherever they went, whatever they did, everyone would say warningly, "She can't do it. She'll die." But she did it, every time.

"I had to," she explained cheerfully.

They went to Murchison Falls, a restricted area from which human beings have been barred for many years, because it was once a hotbed of sleeping sickness. The tsetse fly still flourishes there, though having no sick people to bite has rather put an end to its horrid work of germ-carrying.

The natives warned, "You can't take her there. She'll die."

But Edwina lived happily in a tent on the edge of the smooth, deceptive Nile. At night she sat and played her flashlight on the crocodiles, which stared back, hypnotized, with mouths gaping.

The rains came, and twice they were driven back by floods. They awoke to find their bedding soaked, their trunks afloat. Edwina didn't mind that so much, because she has a natural wave in her hair.

Servants from the People

"WE really lived in grand style," she said. "We each had a tub, and we had a hot bath and clean clothes from the skin out every single day. Each of us had a native boy. They are called boys, even if they're six feet tall or ninety years old. But mine was a little thing named Jacob. They did our laundry, and took the most solicitous care of us in every way. It was really awfully sweet.

"They had an almost maternal attitude toward us. They'd scold us if they thought we weren't taking the proper care of ourselves, and they'd say, 'No, you can't have a clean shirt. You don't need one.'

"We got so that we never lifted a finger, they were so devoted to us. And yet it sort of scared you to think how primitive they really are among their own people. I'd remember how Duncan Renaldo and I used to steal out on moonlit nights and watch the wild native dances and *ingomas* (war-dances)—secretly, of course, from behind a tree. Sometimes they got so abandoned that you couldn't look. And it made me uneasy to look at Jacob and realize what he was like at heart. Some of their religious rites are terribly savage and cruel."

Edwina then confided a few intimate details which weren't just what you'd choose for your valet's private life.

"Jacob spoke a little English, so I didn't learn to rattle off the native language the way Duncan and Harry Carey did. But I knew a few words. I learned '*Mombia*,' which means, 'Go tell,' and '*Nataka*'—that means 'I want.'

"It was a very cute language—almost all the words ended in 'ie.' So I just used to say, 'Nataka bathie,' or 'Nataka cigarettie.' They always seemed to understand.

Favored by the Doo-Doos

"ONE of the worst hazards was the doo-doos. The natives don't differentiate between the thousands of different kinds of insects. They just call them all doo-doos, and let it go at that. My costume all through the picture was a short skirt of monkey fur, and all the doo-doos in Africa built their nests in it. In the middle of a love scene I'd stop and begin scratching. A lot of the people in the company swelled up terribly from insect bites, but fortunately I never did."

They shot scenes in a dozen different parts of Africa. The Rhino Camp, where they encountered every kind of animal known to zoos, and many more. An elephant farm in the Congo. Tanganyika. And Arabi, where they finally rounded up the Pygmies.

"They were adorable," Edwina said. "They aren't misshapen or out of proportion like dwarfs or midgets. They're just perfect little men, on a small scale. The only thing about them that wasn't perfect was the odor, which was worthy of bigger men. We could smell them coming, long before they were in sight."

(*Continued on page 118*)

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"Oh, Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War!"

(*Continued from page 33*)

twelve cameras, four hundred soldiers and three hundred rats." Not to mention four hundred and fifty assistant directors.

On arriving at the encampment back of the lines, further movement to the Front was abandoned because of a call to "mess"—although cream-of-chicken soup, celery, olives, French bread, roast beef, mashed potatoes, spaghetti, tomato salad, apple pie and coffee would seem to demand a more elaborate word.

One old grizzled veteran resented the "mess" in rather harsh tones: "When I was fightin' in 'The Cock-Eyed World' with Vic McLaglen and Eddie Lowe," he complained, "we had food that was food, and none of this cheap-John hand-out stuff. Why, there ain't a *caviar canapé* within ten miles of here."

"And I remember on the M-G-M Front," a soldier of fortune cut in, "when we was brawlin' through 'The Big Parade' with Jack Gilbert, they gave us mince pie à la mode—although Karl Dane says he'd rather spit a candle out than eat any of it."

After "mess," I climbed a steep hill and surveyed the mile of trenches, barbed-wire entanglements and No Man's Land; and finally joined the last rush to the Front. On the way through the communicating trench, your correspondent's morale was considerably shaken by whispered remarks to the effect that by getting in the way of the camera angle a number of men had been shot. However, I forged along to the front-line trench and, at great personal risk, entered a dug-out and confronted Louis Wolheim.

"A nice war you have here, Sergeant," I admitted agreeably.

And the Sergeant said: "Oh, is that so? Well, I'll be —— ——!"

Not At All Quiet

REFLECTING that no matter What Price Glory was I didn't want it, I stalked out of the dug-out to interview General Milestone on the big drive, arriving in the trench at the moment an assistant director bellowed, "Come on, fellows, we're goin' to charge!"

Smoke-pots were belching a cloud of grey vapor over the entire sector. Blank cartridges snapped, men rolled in the artificial mud and I scrambled up a ladder, taking a position just back of the lines. The Allies successfully repulsed the first wave, and the Germans retreated to within a few feet of your correspondent, who evidently frightened them, for they whirled about and renewed the attack with a ruthless vigor. Cameras to the right of them! Cameras to the left of them! Into the jaws of the insidious angle stumbled the four hundred—dogged by a pack of four hundred and fifty assistant directors.

Puffs of smoke from the enemies' heavy artillery were discernible in the distance, and my nervous reflections over this foolhardy procedure were interrupted by a terrific explosion.

"Mein Gott!" was somebody's amazed cry. "*A shell!* If they gotta be so blanketty blank realistic, I'm goin' to go back to Mexico!"

"You fought in Mexico?" I inquired eagerly.

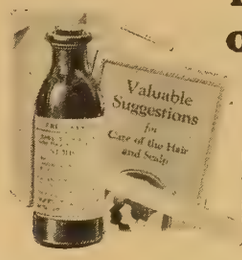
"Why not?" said a red-headed German private. "I flew for the *insurrectos*, but I had to desert because they wouldn't pay me enough."

"How do you find the financial replacement in this war?"

"Fifteen bucks a day," he admitted, glancing around at another explosion in our rear. "But I'm going to quit. Listen: I fought in Mexico, in China, and in

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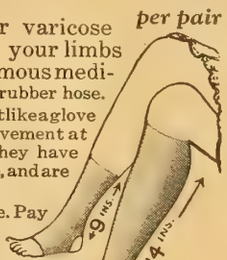
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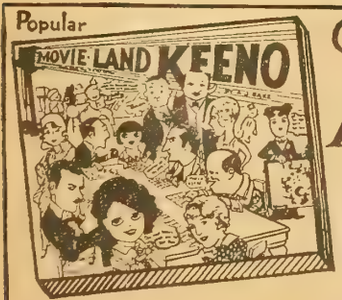
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Nicaragua against Sandino, but I never yet struck anything as dangerous as this blasted . . . Hi! There comes another one!" . . . and he dove into a dug-out, as another explosion shattered the end of the third-line trench.

Upon inquiry it was discovered that the whole area had been liberally sprinkled with mines which were touched off back of the lines by a powder expert, operating a switchboard composed of numerous buttons. It was pointed out that he punched only one button at a time, so that everything was safe, providing he was immune from palsy.

With the next explosion I joined the general retreat and achieved a position of comparative safety back of the lines, on a raised platform with General Milestone. The bombardment finally ceased, and for a few moments nothing was audible but the howling of the assistant directors.

My interview with the General was interrupted by an excited orderly who pointed toward the barbed-wire entanglement, where we discovered the red-headed veteran of the *insurrectos* racing across No Man's Land with all of the three hundred rats on his trail. "You'd think I was the Pied Piper of Hamelin!" he shouted. "I'm goin' back to Mexico . . . "

"Tsck," the General averred with a weary sigh. "The inhabitants of Balboa Beach are going to have a difficult time of it."

On giving the battlefield another sweeping survey, I discerned a huge Juggernaut approaching along a concrete road which ran at right angles to the trenches. "That's our camera crane," was the General's comment. "Watch out for the angles."

Having no desire to be shot so early in the war, I hastily re-entered the trenches and ran through the mud to a dug-out, wherein I found ten or twelve warriors lounging, smoking, talking, swearing, and composing disagreeable odes to the assistant directors.

"I tell you, Kolk," one old Englishman rumbled, "this show ain't so much. I remember fightin' under General Griffith back in '13 in 'The Birth of a Nation.' Now there was a war . . . that was a war."

"Mebbe so, but it had nothin' on the 'Intolerance' campaign a year later. In the St. Bartholomew Massacre, General Griffith sure made those Huguenots fight like fools. Was you in that, Adolphe?"

"I was on the 'Intolerance' Front, all right, but at the time I happened to be stormin' the walls of Babylon."

"Heh, heh," a black-bearded fellow scoffed, "that sounds hot, but you shoulda been on the 'Hearts of the World' Front when I saved a non-combatant from bein' attacked by Eric von Stroheim."

"Oh, was Von in that engagement?"

"I'll say he was . . . and he was workin' on a five-dollar-a-day, three-day-guarantee basis, too."

The Good Old Days

"YEAH, them were the good old days," a bald-headed veteran sighed dreamily. "Reminds me of fightin' my way through 'The Orphans of the Storm.'"

"You wasn't in that," someone asserted.

"I wasn't, huh? What's the matter, do I look like a sissy? I was in it all right, and you didn't save Gish from bein' outraged that time, either, because I happen to know it was Monte Blue."

"Who said I did? Anyhow, none of those wars can hold a candle to the 'Judith of Bethulia' campaign back in 1912."

"I suppose," an agnostic sneered, "that Gish was all but outraged again."

"Like so much glue," Adolphe retorted, quick as a flash. "Blanche Sweet was the head woman in that show. Hey, what's the racket?"

And through the trenches soared the blood-curdling cry: "Look out, they've brought up the wind and rain machines!"

On stumbling from the dug-out, we were nearly overcome by whirring noises, explosions, smoke, and a deluge of water.

"Get up and fight like a man," I shouted.

"Pipe down! I'm a dead body."

"Really?"

"Sure, I'm dead all right. I'm always dead. I even got killed while on the Crusades with Doug Fairbanks and King Richard, the Lion-Hearted."

"Oh, yeah?" another dead body inquired. "I joined up with Doug later on when he was holdin' the Robin Hood guerrilla war. You'd have thought we was a bunch of birdies the way they had us hoppin' around in the trees."

"Just take the deal Ukulele Ike got in 'Marianne,'" a third dead body mused, "Marion Davies was bossing the 'mess' kitchen and she made him eat two gallons of creamed carrots. But Ike claims that he'd have eaten a wagon-load of sawdust if Davies had fed it to him . . . and after all, who wouldn't? Even Benny Rubin says . . . "

"Was Benny Rubin in that show, too? What was it, a song fest or a war? And if those assistant directors don't stop braying, the sound technicians won't be able to record the bombardment!"

It was at that point that an Allied plane which had been hovering above the lines was inadvertently shot down. It crashed into No Man's Land, but with the aid of a parachute the pilot achieved a safe landing in the vicinity of General Milestone's platform. With my friends, the dead bodies, I ran up in time to see Sergeant Wolheim draw a gun on the poor fellow and accuse him of being a spy.

His War Is All Quiet

"I'M NO spy," he protested. "I'm Ben Lyon. And I was just flying around minding my own business and thinking how Bebe bowled them in 'Rio Rita,' when you goofs shoot me down. Where d'you think y'are . . . somewhere in France?"

"In my grandmother's mustache cup," the Sergeant scoffed. "You're spyin' for 'Hell's Angels,' that's what you are!"

"You're crazy, Sergeant! 'Hell's Angels' was finished last week." At which remark loud laughter emanated from the soldiery, and it was with some difficulty that the Sergeant finally made himself heard: "The 'Hell's Angels' campaign's been goin' for two years and it'll go on for ten more!"

"Well, anyway, it's not a measly million-dollar war like this!" (Ben Lyon was simply raging.) "We've already lavished over four millions and we'll . . . "

"I thought," Sergeant Wolheim sneered, "you said the armistice was signed?"

"It's all shot, but it's got to be distributed, hasn't it?"

"Cut the guff," said the Sergeant, indicating his gun, "and come along with me. By the way, you won't need your parachute again." . . . A remark which Mr. Lyon must have found rather discouraging.

Presently the group disappeared into a shell-hole; the bombardment suddenly died, and from the shell-hole came a gruesome POP. . . . A gloomy pall darkened the battlefield. . . . "First casualty," somebody murmured, and slunk away.

With a heavy heart, and at great personal risk, your correspondent tiptoed to the shell-hole and peered over the brink . . . only to discover that, as yet, neither Ben Lyon nor Louis Wolheim were more than half-shot, and that the aforementioned POP had engendered from an old Pol Roger cork. "Come on down here, you funny lookin' correspondent," the Sergeant commanded genially. "Come right on down!" And what could I do? . . . So I am pleased to report that while All's pleasant on the Western Front, it is, by no means, Quiet.

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We Point With Pride

(Continued from page 30)

land upon terms of equality; and Hollywood is probably prouder of that than of any artistic achievement the profession has ever produced. You can see that the Fairbankses mean a lot to us.

We are proud of Lon Chaney. Proud of his box-office success. Proud of the fact that he declined, for so long, to make a talking picture. But our chief reason for pride in him is that he cast glory upon us by being asked to write about the art of make-up in the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* That *was* something!

Then there is King Vidor. Every now and again King makes a picture which is acclaimed by the critics. And these *opera* hardly ever make any big money—which, to Hollywood, is proof that they are the quintessence of Art. And producers *let* him make unprofitable pictures! Which is the quintessence of a quintessence.

Bedimming Paris

WE boast a good deal about being "the fashion center of the world," and aver that styles in dress and other things originate right here on the lots. Maybe it's true. But if Hollywood is really responsible for the funny-looking things women are being asked to wear these days, the less said about it, the better. Let Paris get the blame!

We point with satisfaction to Lilyan Tashman as "our smartest woman." We are impressed by her hair-cut, her sophistication and her manner of wearing her clothes. We always try to exhibit her to visitors, feeling that she really belongs inside a Michael Arlen novel, and that, by knowing her, we belong inside it a little bit ourselves.

Ivan Lebedeff, too—with his superlatively Continental air, his exquisite knack of bowing from the waist and kissing a lady's hand, his conversation about the court of the Czar and his ability to wear a monocle as if he meant it. Hollywood may not understand what he is talking about. She may feel *gauche* and awkward in so suave a presence. But she treasures him, nevertheless, and is frightfully set up at harboring such elegance.

Love of Lavishness

HOLLYWOOD, you see, is proud of the things within her borders which impress her. The things which make her feel inferior and which she may still claim as her own. Any lavishness or splendor. Extravagance. Noise.

She is proud of the money spent on "super productions." In fact, the more money spent, the more "super" is the production. And if the money is wasted—so much the better. We are proud of blowing up real ships, smashing airplanes, wrecking buildings and demolishing locomotives. We were pleased with the sets in "Broadway."

Large dimensions and statistics excite us. The *number* of people in a picture. The *size* of a set. These are our measuring rods for the worth of a picture.

We are vain of the intellectual accomplishments of our citizens. Only the other day a director was heard to boast of the production chief of his company. "With all the things he has to do—he still has time to read books," he cried. "Why, the minute he heard that quotation, he knew it was out of a poem by *Skelley!* It's amazing!" And so it was.

We are proud of the famous and distinguished people who come here to look at us. It doesn't matter in the least that they view us with the amused bewilderment of children gazing at trained monkeys. They are interested in us and often will consent to be photographed with us. Which is enough to ask.

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Miss Anna Sinozich, of Braeholm, West Virginia, recent contest winner of a movie contract through taking my course.

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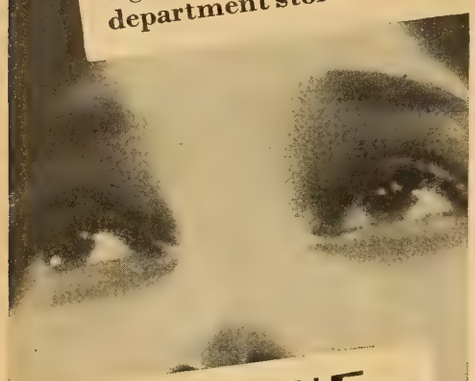
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We are pretty proud (secretly) of our reputation for being wicked. Outwardly we deplore the number of our divorces and the scandals in our midst. But deep down, we think it is all very romantic and distinguished, and we should grieve if the day should arrive when we were no longer considered naughty boys and girls.

We are frightfully smug these days over what the talkies have done for us. Stars of grand opera and of the legitimate stage—who have always looked upon us with scorn—are flocking here to try to crash our gates. Famous writers who have laughed at us in print for years are scuttling to the Coast to try for jobs in pictures. We are treated with a new respect, and we love it.

We are inordinately pleased with those stars of the erstwhile silent screen who have managed to become articulate without disaster.

These things inflate us. But we treat with the utmost casualness the fact that we have reorganized our entire industry, made it over and developed a complete new technique of making pictures, in one short year. We are not especially interested in the amazing experiments which are being made, in our midst, with sound. We do not even go to see the few inexpensive program pictures in which some of our more progressive directors are groping for a new form of drama.

Our prides may be obvious and personal. But they are our own. And, as I said, I think it is time we mentioned them.

The Doo Doos' Delight

(*Continued from page 114*)

Ultimately it was over—the discomfort, and the romance. They got back to Mombasa, and arrayed themselves once more in the garments of civilization—garments now rather rusty and most unfashionably short. But even in meal sacks they would have been social lions on the homeward journey.

They stopped in Italy for some sightseeing, as if they hadn't had enough hardships.

Blonde in a Brunette Way

THEN New York, and at length the long *safari* ended in Edwina's home in Pasadena, where she lies on the couch surrounded by her trophies and her devoted family. Edwina was always her mother's baby, but from Africa she wrote impressively, "I'm a woman now, Mother."

It was just temporary, however. Life in a tent seems to have developed in her a sort of chronic timidity, now that she's under a roof again, and a desire to have her mother near her while she's taking a bath, or eating, or even sleeping. She probably doesn't feel safe without the crocodiles.

It's odd that this gentle and affectionate creature should have won the rôle in "Trader Horn" because of her temper. Edwina was little more than an extra girl when she was called to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a test for the *Goddess*. When she got there, a dozen other potential goddesses were waiting. They were all lined up and photographed, with Director Van Dyke looking them over.

There was no test—it had all been arranged in the interests of publicity, and a publicity picture. Edwina was furious. She had given up some other work, wasted a whole day. She summoned all her indignation, demanded to be paid for her time, and generally acted like a red-head instead of a blonde.

Months later, when Van Dyke was casting in earnest for "Trader Horn," he said, "If I could only find a blonde with a sort of brunette personality—plenty of temper."

Then he remembered Edwina and her becoming rage. And that, girls and boys, is why 1929 will always be a memorable year for the doo-doos of Africa.

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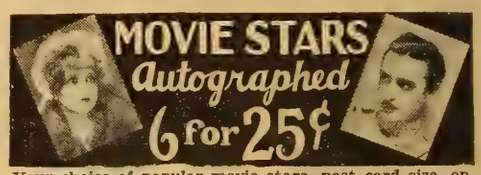
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Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Mary Nolan had a very serious congestion** in her side and back during her last picture. She should have been in the hospital—but "the show must go on."

2—**The only rumors about Ramon Novarro** are to the effect that he is just the "nicest young man in Hollywood"—which doesn't make headline material.

3—**Remember when Ben Lyon was young?** —Before "Hell's Angels" started to shoot that picture three years ago?

4—**Lila Lee drove a cute little Ford coupé** before the talkies put her back in the "big-money" again—now it's different.

5—**If the way in which Ben looks at his** Bebe is any criterion—they're a cinch to make the halter.

6—**Bessie Love Hawkes, and Athole** Shearer Hawkes are married to the brothers, William and Howard. Mary Astor Hawkes was the wife of the late Kenneth Hawkes.

7—**Alice White is now featuring her "re-**formed devotion" to Sidney Bartlett as avidly as did Joan with her "Dodo."

8—**Bill Haines dotes on his affection for** Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and the rest of the "girls."

9—**Gloria Swanson and Lois Wilson take** the cake for the most opposite team in Hollywood.

10—**The gals are also known as: Laura** La Plante, Corinne Griffith, Shirley Mason, Marian Nixon and Bessie Love.

11—**During their last picture Charlie** Farrell was engaged to Janet Gaynor, who is now Mrs. Lydell Peck.

12—**Evelyn Brent claims this much-dis-**puted honor for Harry Edwards.

13—**Dorothy Dalton has returned to old** pastures for new "flame"—don't forget the "Yukon."

14—**As a silent Chinaman he was great** but as a talkie star he'll have to return to his own nationality of Filipino. He can't talk Chinese at all!

15—**Betty Compson admits a strong pen-**chant for as much variety as possible.

16—**But Jeanette Loff denies this.**

17—**That's Hollywood jargon for that** famous radio artist, Rudy Vallée.

18—**Her name is—honest it hurts us to** fool you—Will Rogers.

19—**His name is Walter O'Keefe, and we** might tell you that he has become quite an actor of late. The lady in question being Jeanette Loff.

20—**Appendicitis—of course. What did** you have on your mind?

West Indies

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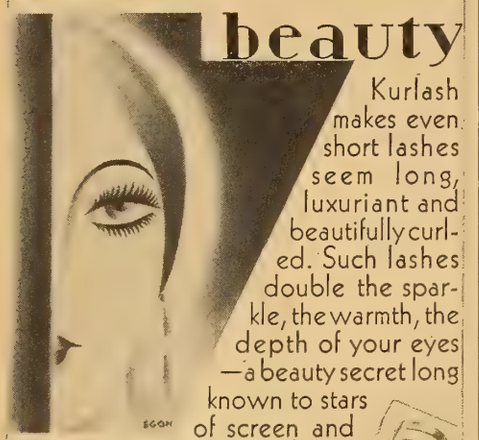
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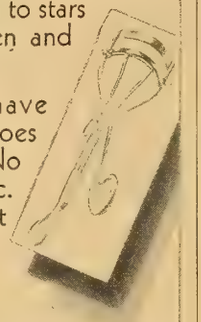
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The Solution of the Bridge Game

(Continued from page 41)

Leila Hyams' original No Trump bid was, of course, taken out by her partner with two Diamonds. But Leila, holding two entries to her partner's suit, considered game much more likely at No Trump. Her bid of two No Trump held the contract.

Clive Brook opened with his fourth best Spade and Lila Lee's ten forced Miss Hyams' queen. Leila could not see that making game depended entirely on the Diamond suit—so she led her jack, which Clive covered.

Now came the crucial play of the hand. If the Diamonds were divided normally, three and two, Leila could prevent the opponents from taking a single Diamond trick, by overtaking Clive's queen and returning a low Diamond to the ten. But by saving this one trick she would lose three, for she would cut herself off forever and ever from that beautiful string of Diamonds in dummy. Leila, therefore, deliberately made Clive a present of this first Diamond trick!

Clive's jack of Hearts now fell to Leila's king, and the latter's ten of Diamonds, overtaken by dummy's king, enabled her to run out five Diamond tricks, which, with the two remaining aces in the closed hand, added up to nine tricks and game.

You can see for yourself that any other method of play would not only have lost the game, but would have resulted in the contract being defeated by at least one trick, against proper defense.

How Can I Know What My Shadow Does?

(Continued from page 92)

with themselves. With their arms and their legs, their bodies. They tumble and fall and get bruised while learning. We continue to get bruises without learning. How can we learn about the countless thousands who see us as screen personalities?

An actor can't return the love of all of the women who claim to love him. We can't even do anything. We can only sit and ponder: why, oh, why, do they allow their pent-up emotions to go to such extremes?

What to Do?

WHAT am I to do for this Miss Anonymous? If I see her, will it help or hurt her?

She implies that I drink. I do not deny that I have touched liquor and that I enjoy an occasional drink. But would I be able to keep on, day in and day out, if I were a drunkard?—working eighteen hours a day, acting, talking stories and doing all the million-and-one things one must do in this business? Someone in Hollywood has told her those things. Possibly someone who knows her pathetic story and hopes to help her by blackening me.

I am sorry that I ever wrote her even a casual letter. I regret that I accepted the invitation and met her. She has been just one of many fans to me—a charming girl, a super-intellectual; but I must confess that I had difficulty in remembering her name when I was confronted with her story.

What can any actor do about things like this? Or say? There is no answer.

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

During these days of waiting for the "breaks," he amuses himself as best he can, and, being an intelligent sort of fellow, he is thankful for the delightful entertainment that Warner, Paramount, and the others are offering the public these days.

Although the young fellow may never write the story he longs to write, or paint any pictures, he at least cannot be denied his appreciation for what others have done, each in his own artistic way. And so the young fellow, made bitter because of his own frustrated hopes, is made a little happy by the beauty he sees flashed before him on the screen.

Such films as "Shopworn Angel," "White Shadows in the South Seas," and "Paris Bound," are godsends to a young fellow who can find no outlet to his own artistic temperament. His own feelings, and his own emotions are portrayed in these plays, and the young fellow leaves his village theater feeling a little more jubilant and a little more confident than he did when he entered it.

An altogether too meaningless world is given a little form, a little rhythm, and a little beauty by the talking shows.

Jennings Vicars

We All Know It!

RUSK, TEXAS.—It is "on my mind" concerning movies, that the play's the thing. After seeing the average run of inanities, I have just seen what a picture may be, when "The Virginian" came to town.

It has everything: drama, scenery, wit. It gave the actors a chance. It is pathetic what trash good actors have to use. I once heard a state official excuse his department for not making some improvement when funds were insufficient by saying, "They can't do nothin'. They ain't got nothin' to do nothin' with." That is too often the sad case of actors. For instance, in "Father and Son," a luxurious Jack Holt calling on a ditto friend, the womanly woman of the piece, must exclaim with childish glee over some cookies his hostess offers, and ask "Did you make them?" Coy admission. Then, "What a wonderful wife you will make for some man!" Don't you know Holt doted on those lines? "Ten thousand pictures can't be wrong," so a lady Croesus must banish her retinue of capable servants and make cookies if she takes the part of a "womanly woman!" *L. W. B.*

"Of Many Things—"

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I think that the change in the movies, brought about by color and the vitaphone, will eventually give the stage a close run. It is so much easier to use convincing scenery on the screen than it is on the stage. The prices, too, are cheaper for the movies.

However realistic the talking pictures may be, there is one actress I like to see in silent pictures.

Greta Garbo doesn't need to talk. Her eyes and actions speak many languages. She is the most ethereal person I have ever seen. Her haunting, wistful beauty deeply appeals to me.

The movies mean a great deal to me. They take me away from myself and my environment into another world. They bring me to a world of romance and adventure—things my soul craves but life cannot give to me.

I love to study the beautiful faces of the actresses, marvel at their clothes. I like to see scenes from other countries. I like to see all the human passions, love, hate, greed, envy, and the others portrayed. In short, I like to see life itself and that is what the movies do for me. *F. H.*

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 88)

Then she came to **America,** acted in New **York** in **"The Hero," "The Elton Case"** and **"Simon Called Peter."** Her first flicker was **"Timothy's Quest." Monte Blue** is six feet two inches tall. **Huntley Gordon,** two inches shorter. **Lawrence Gray,** five ten.

NORMA SHEARER FAN.—The negative is the film on which a motion picture is photographed. The positive is the film on which the picture is printed from the negative. The picture is projected on the screen from the positive print. Is that clear? **Norma** was born in **Montreal, Canada, Aug. 10, 1904,** five feet one, weighs **110** pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Have no record of a **Norma Shearer Fan** club in **New York.** Her latest picture is **"The Divorcee."** Can supply you with two poses of **Norma.**

NOSEY.—And how I remember you. **William Janney** was *Midshipman Paul Randall,* **Frank Albertson,** *Albert E. Price* and **Lee Tracy,** the radio announcer in **"Salute." Charles Morton** is about twenty-four years old. **Joseph Depew** played the rôle of the brother in **"Sweetie."**

A FRIEND.—Glad I have some. **Rin-Tin-Tin** is about ten years old. His latest pictures are **"Rough Waters"** and **"The Ivory Trail." Charles Delaney** and **Nora Lane** supporting. **Patricia Deering** and **Tom Brown** were the children in **"The Lady Lies." Tom** is playing on the stage in **California** at this writing.

MUSE.—**Tom Moore** played opposite **Gloria Swanson** in **"Manhandled."** Yes, that is the color of **Colleen Moore's** eyes. **Alexander** and **Lawrence Gray** are not related. **Lawrence** is playing in **"The Song Writer."** Receives his fan mail at the **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. H. B. Warner** is not related to the **Warner Brothers. "The Fire Walker,"** starring **Sally O'Neil,** has been released as **"Girl of the Port."**

KANE, CRAWFORD FANS.—Your questions have been answered elsewhere in this department. **Gilda Gray** is appearing in a **Paramount Short** called **"He Was Her Man." John Mack Brown, Benny Rubin** and **Cliff Edwards** head the cast in **"Montana Moon,"** starring **Joan Crawford. Baclanova** has gone to **Europe** to play in pictures. **Norma Talmadge** is planning to bring **"Du Barry"** to the screen. **Mary Pickford** may do **"Peg O' My Heart."** Don't you wish she would?

CLARA BOW FAN.—You'll have to send a self-addressed envelope for that list of **Clara's** films. She's played in too many to put in the column. **Ramon Novarro's** latest picture is **"The House of Troy." Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier, Hayden Stevenson** and **Phillips Strange** in **"Vengeance."** This story was written by **Ralph Graves.**

MIRAMAR, CUBA.—**Lars Hanson** is in **Europe. Joseph Schildkraut's** latest is **"The King of Jazz." Nils Asther** and **Lupe Velez** are not married, that is not yet. One can never tell when the players will decide to hand out a surprise. **Ivan Lebedeff** was formerly a member of the **Russian** diplomatic corps in the caviar and champagne days before the war. He has been in Hollywood about two and a half years—one of the little colony of Russian noblemen who went "movie" when they lost their fortunes.

HOW? and WHY?

Do you know the answers to these questions, as the wise ones do?

The Questions

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Theme Songs of the Movies

(Continued from page 65)

Milton Ager and Jack Yellen—and Mabel Wayne and Billy Rose.

For "The King of Jazz," Ager and Yellen have composed "Happy Feet," "My Bridal Veil," "A Bench in the Park," "Music Has Charms," "I Like To Do Things For You," "Song of the Dawn," and a humorous specialty for Grace Hayes, entitled "And They Call Dancing A Pleasure."

Sole-Stirring

AS the title implies, "Happy Feet" is a dancing number about hot heels and tapping toes which stomp to the rhythm of jazz. Atop a tremendous grand piano, extending all the way across the stage are arrayed the entire Whiteman band, the Rhythm Boys (with their diminutive upright pianos), and the troupe of Markert girls.

Bridal Visions

JEANETTE LOFF is the *Bride* in the "Bridal Veil" number. And putting on the veil, which has been worn by brides in the family for centuries, she sings:

"How many hearts you have thrilled!
What hopes you've wakened and filled—
If you were only to tell the tale!
And how I wish that I knew
What joy or sorrow, I'll soon be finding in you—
My Bridal Veil!"

In a vision there come to her the brides of other generations appearing one by one with their bridesmaids.

And then comes the groom (Stanley Smith) to wake her from her reverie, and to the pealing of the chimes, the roll of the organ, and the singing of the boys' choir, they ascend their stairway of dreams.

Makeshift Romance

"A BENCH in the Park" is one of the lighter numbers in the show. Two present-day lovers, lacking the romantic glamour of moonlight, a rose-scented garden, and a Neapolitan balcony, find the barren park bench under the dim street-lamp just as suitable to their purposes. They sing about it, of course, ending up with the perfectly reasonable query,

"And what more do we need—
You and I in the dark,
On a bench in the park?"

Music's Charms

PARAPHRASING the poet's saying that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," Yellen and Ager have written a number which opens the revue. It demonstrates that

"Music has charms that nothing else has
Music has charms, tho it's classic or jazz"

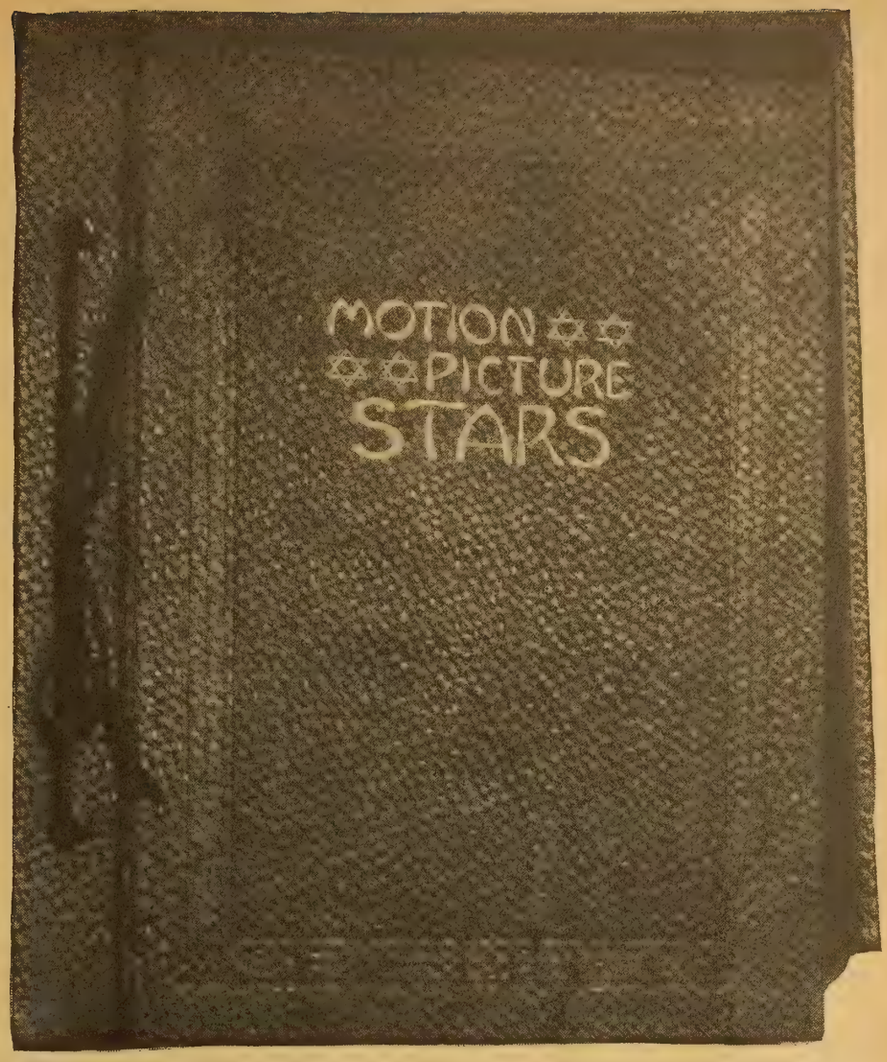
—and that "A popular band or a uke in the palms" may be as effective for certain purposes as "A symphony grand by Schubert or Brahms."

The Opening Number

IN singing "I Like To Do Things For You," Jeanette Loff explains her eagerness to do things for Paul Whiteman in a novelty ditty. Jeanette climbs all over Paul to comb his hair, remove cinders from his eye, and brush the lint off his suit.

John Boles's Songs

THERE are two numbers featuring John Boles: "It Happened in Monterey," composed by Mabel Wayne and Billy Rose and "The Song of the Dawn," by Ager and Yellen. The second of these has a spectacular presentation. In this scene Boles is at the head of five hundred cowboy horsemen, all singing in a mighty chorus.



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But I have my best reward when my neighbor drops in for a chat and a cup of fragrant tea. For I can't help noticing then (I'm only human!) that my hands look as carefree as hers!

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Motion Picture

MAY

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WOMEN
By Warner Baxter



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We've persuaded a few of America's youngest bathing beauties to pose on this page for you—without pay!

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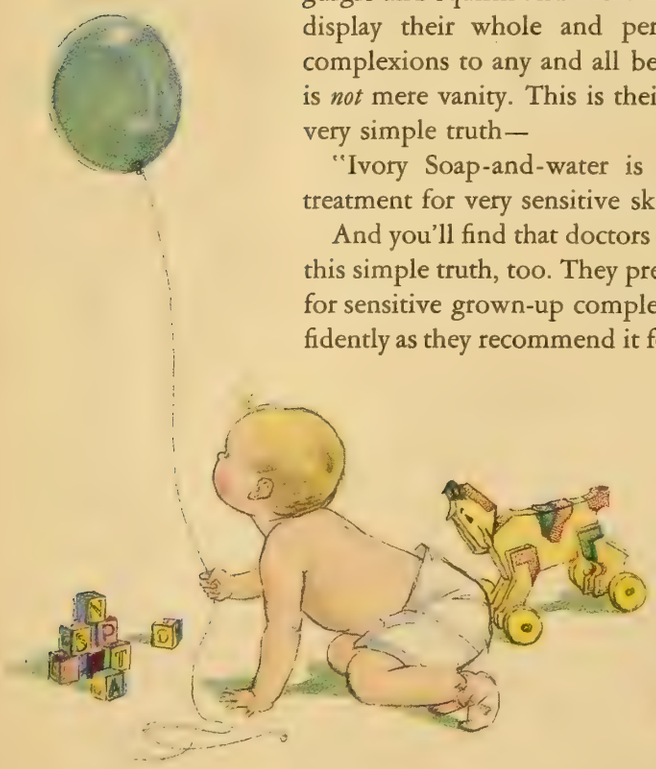
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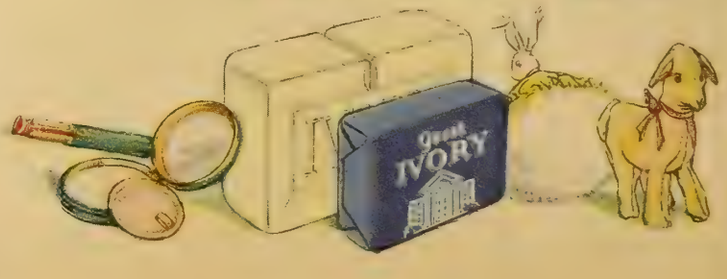


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Dances and ensembles directed by David Bennett

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Volume XXXIX, No. 4 May, 1930

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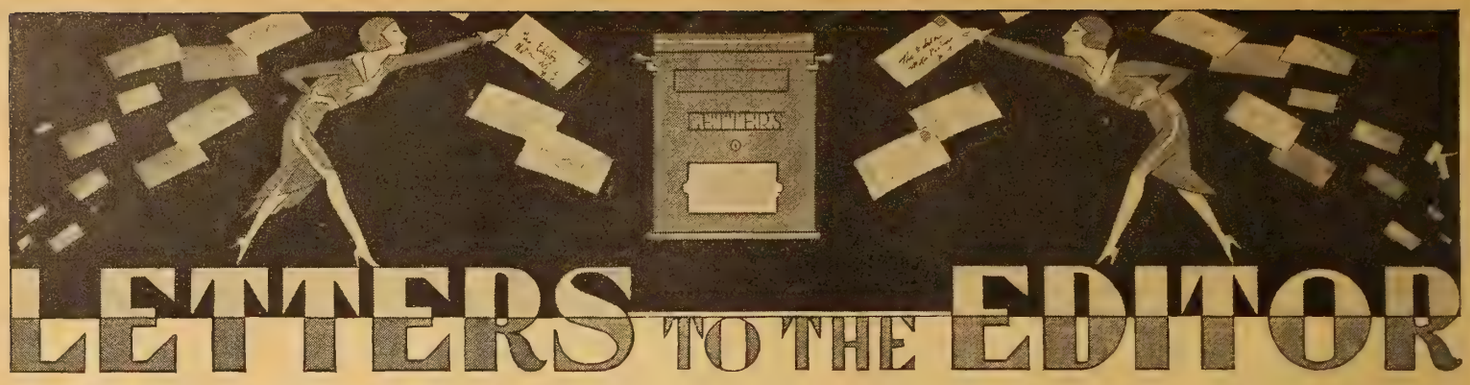
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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

The Movies, Rah, Rah!

VENTURA, CALIF.—Just a word *for* the movies—somebody's cue to jump up and say they're terrible—an insult to our intelligence; the way of showing intelligence seemingly being to tear things to pieces and find something wrong.

I'm one of five stenographers who manage between us to take in about all the pictures available, and you can bet they are expertly (?) criticized. But the fact remains we go more and more, not in the hope of finding better pictures but because we get a big kick out of the pictures we do see.

What if the plot isn't new, what if the star isn't suited to the part or if some people don't like singing; tell me why we keep on going and sit enthralled through the pictures, going through the same emotions with the actors—the emotions we can't show in our every-day lives, getting the thrills, feasting our eyes on the gorgeous colors, the costumes, the fashions, why do we do it? Because we enjoy it—this taking emotional gymnastics with the stars. Some people like "the eternal triangle," the army pictures, the musical comedies and dancing girls. We don't have these things in our own lives—we love the lavish, extreme things that presumably never happen.

So I say, let us have them. We're being royally entertained and we like it. *R. B.*

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

More Drama

SEATTLE, WASH.—Several weeks ago I began to wonder whether or not I really was a movie fan. I had always counted myself as being one of that great army of pleasure loving people, but now, can there really be any movie fans left? We are not really seeing moving pictures any more. Picture directors and producers seem to want us to forget that we are seeing a movie and try to make us believe that we are seeing a gorgeous stage production. For instance, "The Hollywood Revue of 1929," "The Show of Shows" and now heaven help the trusting public, "Paramount on Parade." The result is that we see neither a genuine movie nor a genuine stage production but a mixture of the two, a mixture that few care for. I realize, of course, that there are people who enjoy that type of show but I hope I am not wrong in saying that the majority prefer our genuine movies. *V. D.*

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

Improvement, Please

ALBANY, NEW YORK.—Being neither reformer nor blue-stocking, high brow nor high hat, but a fairly good illustrative example of what happened to most of the genuine post-war flappers who have acquired a husband and a long-term cooking contract, I rise to make a plea on behalf of the somewhat disputed intelligence of my ilk.

Why, with such a revolutionary addition to the motion picture industry, have the producers done so little to justify it. Pictures, yes, a deluge of them, but what pictures. Overdone and underdressed revues—the *modus operandi* and inevitable reform of impossible racketeers, gory who-put-the-body-in-the-bag mystery thrillers, and blight of blights, the lame, halt and feeble plots strung irrelevantly together by the vocal (?) offerings of imported musical comedy stars.

The radio has made music available in nearly every home—why not let us tune in on our own night clubs, and use the "Blue-hoo-hoo" money to give us pictures again. Songs in a picture are not out of place if they are casual, incidental and in the right place as songs—not props for a palpably secondary plot.

It is strange that so few pictures with scenes laid in other countries are made. The majority of us, whose traveling will always be vicarious, would welcome the opportunity to view the distant shores, even by proxy. *Mrs. Ogden Brown*

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. We will also pay one dollar for every other letter published.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

ONE DOLLAR LETTERS

Why Not, Producer?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—An old lady who enjoyed the movies expressed regret that the talking moving pictures were taking the place of the silent ones. Her friends asked her why she felt that way, and she replied: "I am deaf and I do not understand the talking pictures as I do the silent ones, because they have no written explanations in connection with them."

There must be a vast number of deaf people, both young and old, who are similarly deprived of the pleasures of the moving pictures. Could not this need be met by placing a sign with a written explanation to the side of the picture or in some position that would not detract from the talking picture? *Blanche C. Howlett*

Salute, Valentino!

FREDERICKSBURGH, VA.—

Son of Italy's fire and shine,
Dark-eyed lover, with rose at lips;
Do you sip age-old Phalernian wine
Or watch the burning of Helen's ships?

Does your sword flash high, by crystal spray,
In a fragrant hour of satin and lace?
Do you ride, once more, that desert way,
In swift pursuit of an houri face?

By dreaming hills in a sunswept strand
Let his carven statue find a place,
Silver Knight of a brother land,
Gallant giver of art and grace,
With wreath of laurel his story tell
And red-gold poppies he loved so well.

Grace V. Halsey

Oh, Bill!

N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA.—We the fans of Bill Hart want him back on the screen again, can't you do something to help us. Let's all get together!

He is such a fine actor that it seems a pity the public can't see and hear him. I can't think what Paramount is thinking of.

Talking pictures are just the thing; I always enjoy the programs, although they have nearly always the same setting, backstage life and theater; one gets a bit tired of it. Here are some of them: "Broadway Melody," "The Jazz Singer," "Singing Fool," "Innocents of Paris," etc.

If Bill could come back in a good out-door picture, the public would ask nothing better.

Vera Grayston

More Costume Pictures

ATLANTA, GEORGIA. — Bring back the old pictures of Revolutionary and Civil War times. I think the public would enjoy them after these various backstage and lives of chorus-girl films. "The River of Romance" went big in our city and I know people enjoyed the lovely costumes.

Elizabeth Brown

A Great Idea

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.—Could not the cast of a film be shown at the end as well as at the beginning of a picture? When a long string of names is shown at the beginning, it is impossible to remember who takes each part, and then, if you are specially struck by one of the minor players you have no idea who it is and no way of finding out.

Cannot something be done about this? I am sure other people must find it very trying. *Ermay*

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GEORGE ARLISS *in*
"THE GREEN GODDESS"

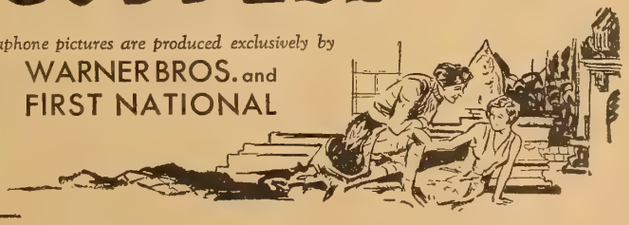


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The HOT-SPOT

OF THE MONTH

There Was Tragedy And Comedy In The Gilbert-Tully Battle

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

TO-DAY there is a naval parley going on in London that may well mean the peace of the world; a cancer cure has been discovered; the Senate is struggling with vital issues; several Great Men are on the point of death—and day after day, extra after blatant extra, the newspaper headlines shriek to the breathless world the latest developments of the recent fistic encounter between one John Gilbert, motion picture actor, and one Jim Tully, novelist. Interviews with each combatant are eagerly sought. The tabloids carry pictures of the combatants. Columnists write cracks about the fight. Editors give it their grave attention.



R. H. Louise

John Gilbert

Yet in spite of the hysterical interest of the public, the actual facts of the encounter are unknown, even in Hollywood. A New York newspaper printed the picture of an eating-house seven-and-a-half miles from the scene of the Gilbert-Tully battle, as the very spot where Jack bit the dust.

Rival restaurant keepers are manifesting green-eyed chagrin that it was not their tables which were overturned, their crockery which was broken, knowing that the fortunate Brown Derby, latest haunt of celluloid society, will benefit financially by the curiosity of the trippers, in the same way that Gettysburg has cashed in on the Civil War.

Jim's Late Discovery

THE facts which MOTION PICTURE's inquiry have unearthed reveal that this apparently trivial quarrel between a film player and a writer has the elements of a tragic comedy, which in some places touches on comic tragedy.

The story begins three years ago when Jack Gilbert was beginning to be mentioned as successor to Valentino. In those gallant days, Jack and Jim were often seen together. The "jacket" of "Jarnagan" (one of Tully's books) bore Gilbert's testimonial that his friend Tully had written "a great book." Jim was the honor guest, we are told, at a number of parties given by the dashing young movie idol, and certainly nobody was more amazed than Gilbert himself, when, one evening at the house of a mutual friend (when the hour was late and confidential and the company was mellowed to sentiment by orange juice), Tully suddenly showed signs of shedding tears on his shoulder. "Oh, Jack, can you ever forgive me?" he quavered—or words to that effect. "I've written a story about you—a terrible story. And it's too late to stop it now. It's in print! God! I never realized till to-night what a great fellow you are, and now it's too late! You'll never forgive me—"



Hommel

Jim Tully
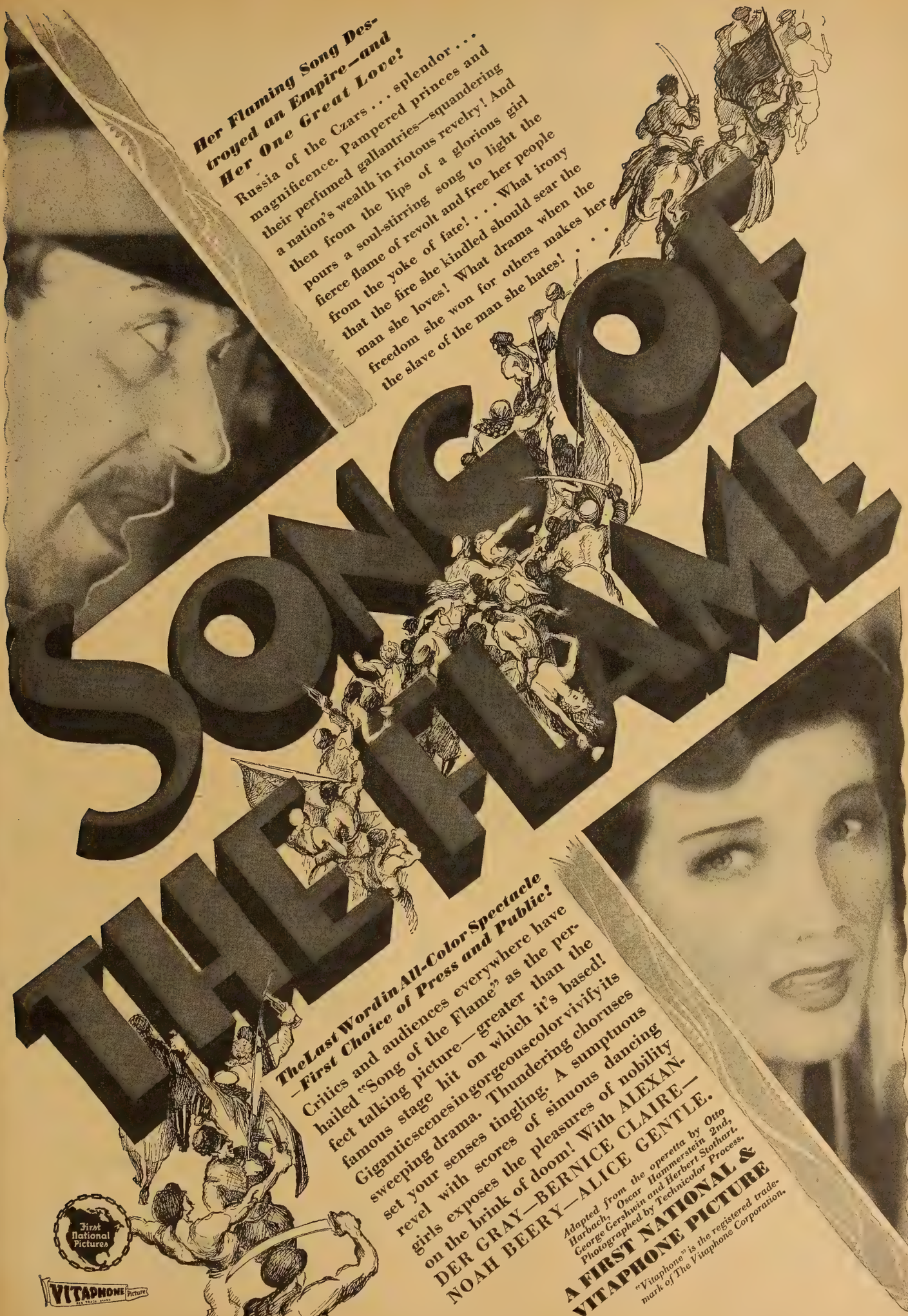
What Jack Read

JACK had not read the story—then. He assured Tully magnanimously that nothing could make any difference in his regard for him, and they parted with clasped hands, the best of friends. That was in April, 1928. They did not meet again until late on Sunday, February 2, 1930, or early Monday morning, February 3, 1930—accounts differ as to the exact hour. And then their hands met again—to the profit of the Brown Derby, and the newsboys who peddle extras.

For Jack Gilbert read the story Tully had written. It contained the author's candid opinion that Jack's "nature is not deep. His emotion is on the surface. He has no sense of humor. A man of neither education nor capacity, he is more opinionated than Elinor Glyn and less profound." In so many words it assured a shocked world that "he struts."

It stated that "he was merely a romantic prop upon which Miss Garbo hung an American reputation." It expressed Mr. Tully's conviction that "Mr. Gilbert is not a gifted actor." It suggested, among other things, that Jack was a temperamental *poseur*, and quoted a studio acquaintance as saying that he was "possessed of a conceit that through soft handling had passed all belief." It even contained a slyly insinuating anecdote which

(*Continued on page 99*)



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Ames, Robert—playing in *Double Cross Roads*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Light of Western Stars*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Dumbbells in Ermine*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—playing in *The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Cooking Her Goose*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lewis—recently completed *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—recently completed *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Ladies Love Brutes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barraud, George—playing in *At Bay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Man From Blankleys*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Arizona Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Crazy That Way*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *Under Western Skies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Moonlight Madness*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *True to the Navy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—recently completed *Framed*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *The Light of Western Stars*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brice, Fannie—recently completed *Be Yourself*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—recently completed *Slightly Scarlet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—recently completed *Montana Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Busch, Mae—playing in *Carnival Girl*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Helen—playing in *A Holy Terror*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Sarah and Son*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Too Much Luck*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Claire, Bernice—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *A Young Man of Manhattan*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Collyer, June—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *The Czar of Broadway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Texan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Courtney, Inez—recently completed *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Montana Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Smooth as Satin*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *The Gay Nineties*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Lovin' the Ladies*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Hell's Belles*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *One Night at Susie's*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Trigger Tricks*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *The Mark of Zoro*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Jr., Douglas—playing in *One Night at Susie's*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal.

Garbo, Greta—recently completed *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Trigger Tricks*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gish, Lillian—recently completed *One Romantic Night*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gleason, Russell—recently completed *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gray, Alexander—playing in *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *The Gay Nineties*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—recently completed *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *The Girl Said No*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hill, Doris—playing in *The Man From Monterey*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)



The Sensational Talking Picture TRIUMPH of the Celebrated Beauty

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By Special Arrangement With Samuel Goldwyn



Gorgeous, glorious, glamorous Vilma Banky, famous star of many notable screen successes, now brings the full flower of her beauty, the full mastery of her art—to this great talking picture written by the famous American playwright, Sidney Howard.

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Shadette—eye shadow, $1.
Tweezette—automatic hair tweezer, $1.
Kurlene—grows lashes, 50c..
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In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Cooking Her Goose*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Abraham Lincoln*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Father's Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Janney, William—playing in *Carnival Girl*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Johnson, Kay—playing in *Raffles*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Jolson, Al—recently completed *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—playing in *Dangerous Nan McGrew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Keaton, Buster—recently completed *Free and Easy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *Dumbbells in Ermine*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *The Light of Western Stars*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

La Plante, Laura—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
LaRocque, Rod—recently completed *Beau Bandit*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lebedeff, Ivan—playing in *Radio Revels*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—playing in *Under Western Skies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Loder, John—recently completed *Sweethearts and Wives*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *Moonlight Madness*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Born Reckless*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—recently completed *Young Eagles*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Smooth as Satin*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Bride 66*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *A Very Practical Joke*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *Crazy That Way*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *True to the Navy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal
Maris, Mona—playing in *The Arizona Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Maynard, Ken—playing in *The Man From Monterey*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—recently completed *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mojica, José—recently completed *One Mad Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert playing in *The Divorcée*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *A Holy Terror*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *The Divorcée*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *At Bay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—playing in *Hell's Belles*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Newell, David—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *Courage*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—playing in *Carnival Girl*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Eddie—recently completed *Bright Lights*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *A Holy Terror*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Owen, Catherine Dale—recently completed *The Circle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Caught Short*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—last release *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Benson Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—playing in *The High Road*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Safety in Numbers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Roth, Lillian—recently completed *Honey*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charles—playing in *A Young Man of Manhattan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Scott, Fred—playing in *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—playing in *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *The Divorcée*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *A Very Practical Joke*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—playing in *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *The Circle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Flame of the Flesh*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—recently completed *Framed*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Trevor, Hugh—playing in *Radio Revels*—Radio Picture Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tryon, Glenn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Blind Raferty*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Second Floor Mystery*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Radio Revels*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *Sweet Mama*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Follies of 1930*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Withers, Grant—recently completed *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—playing in *Lovin' the Ladies*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—recently completed *All Quiet on the Western Front*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—playing in *Radio Revels*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Texan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, John—playing in *The Czar of Broadway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *At Bay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Now You, Yourself, May Discover what a Beauty Miracle You Can Perform with Society Make-Up Created by Max Factor, Filmland's Genius of Make-Up. See coupon below for priceless beauty gift.

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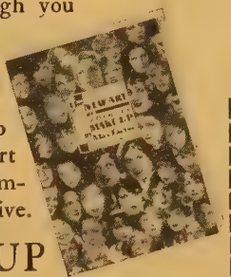
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Now you, and everywoman, may share this priceless beauty secret discovered by Max Factor and proved perfect by the host of stars in Hollywood! A Society Make-Up ensemble . . . powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, etc. . . . so perfect in color harmony, in texture, in velvety smoothness that the complete make-up blends perfectly with the skin texture enhancing natural beauty without visibly revealing make-up.

Think what this beauty discovery means to you in added charm and fascination. Think how wonderful it will be to have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up created for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, just as though you were a screen star.

Discover now what Hollywood's Make-Up secret will bring to you personally in new beauty. Just mail coupon to Max Factor for your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart and copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up" . . . a gift prized by the famous stars of filmland and perhaps the most important you may ever receive.



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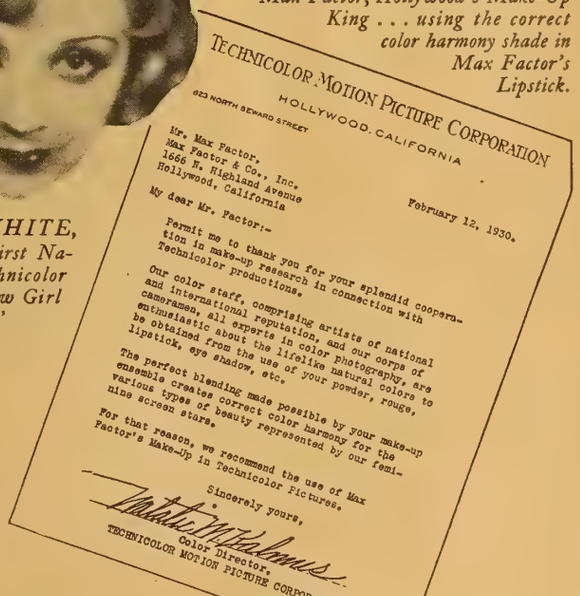
BERNICE CLAIRE, featured in First National Technicolor Pictures, "No, No, Nanette" and "Song of the Flame."

Photographed at First National Studio by Bert Longworth



ALICE WHITE, featured in First National's Technicolor Picture "Show Girl of Hollywood."

DOROTHY MACKAILL, featured in First National's Technicolor Picture "Bright Lights" and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King . . . using the correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Lipstick.



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Max Factor & Co., Inc.,
1666 N. Highland Avenue
Hollywood, California

February 12, 1930.

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Our color staff, comprising artists of national and international reputation, and our corps of cameramen, all experts in color photography, are enthusiastic about the lifelike natural colors to be obtained from the use of your powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, etc.

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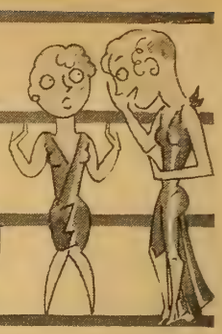
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Light				Moist	
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Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
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Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			



THE GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Name the prominent producer whose name is closely linked** with that of Billie Dove—during entertainment hours!

• ● •

2—**A real feud developed in one** of Hollywood's select night clubs the other evening—can you name the principals?

• ● •

3—**By what nickname is Con**stance Talmadge known to her immediate family and intimate friends?

• ● •

4—**Success in the talkies and the** added propinquity of Hollywood re-united what famous star of the stage and her estranged husband?

• ● •

5—**What is meant by "The** Greatest Tragedy of Motion Picture Production History"?

• ● •

6—**What is the name of the** Hollywood cutie who recently presented Harry Richman with an unusually neat and expensive wrist watch as a gift, soon after his break-up with that very popular "It" girl, Clara Bow?

• ● •

7—**Who is the comedian having a real golf-course in his front yard,** who patronizes the little miniature courses about Hollywood?

• ● •

8—**"Jobyna" is an unusual name, but there are two players in** Hollywood who answer to it. Can you name them?

• ● •

9—**Name two actors who have married women of high social** standing outside the profession?



International

The happy ending: Alma Rubens emerges victorious from a long and desperate battle for her health, to the delight of not only her husband, Ricardo Cortez, but the public, who will soon see her again

10—**The wife of what star is rumored to have waved her arms and** yelled, "I've lost him—*lost* him!" after his first première?

• ● •

11—**Which charming girl of** Hollywood refers to herself as the "perennial bachelor girl"?

• ● •

12—**Who were the principals in** a recent attempt at marriage annulment?

• ● •

13—**Can you name the singing** star of Broadway, lately imported for the talkies, who is really a native Californian?

• ● •

14—**What popular young actor** has a step father not more than seven or eight years older than himself?

• ● •

15—**Who is the Fox ingénue** who proclaimed to the world that she was "a woman at twelve"?

• ● •

16—**What Paramount player is** regarded as William Haines's greatest rival in the field of wise-cracks?

• ● •

17—**Who is the beautiful, blonde star who has almost succeeded in** living down a Broadway scandal—under a different name?

• ● •

18—**What rotund gentleman of the talkies is fraternally known as** "The Supreme Louse"?

• ● •

19—**Which flapper of the screen has been branded as the "most** unpopular girl in Hollywood"?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.*)

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Famous Italian Tenor

I urge you to try this New *Silent* Method of Voice Training no matter how hopeless your case may seem . . .

It saved — restored my voice after other methods failed" . . .

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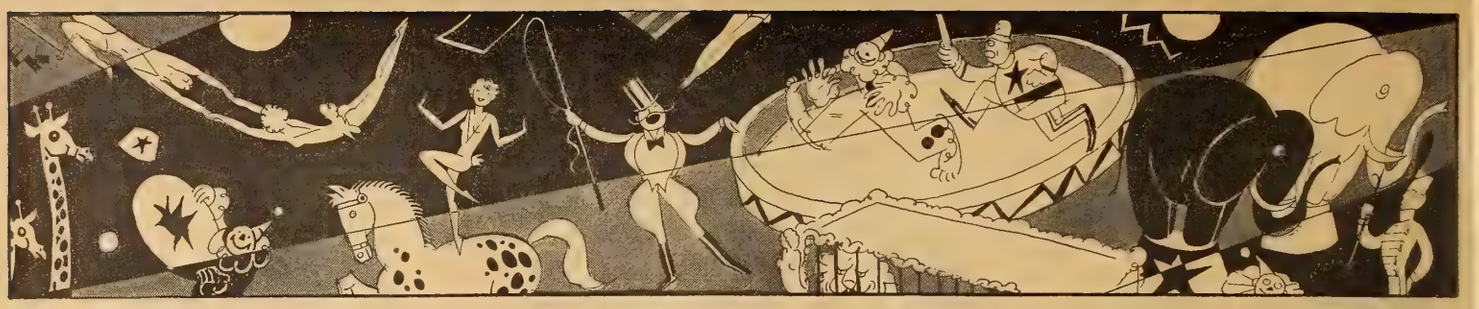
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The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

An ordinary, garden-variety of tourist to **Hollywood** most likely thinks that the celebrities are ranked by the size of their estates in **Beverly,** the number and color of their imported motors or the demeanor of the headwaiter—but the tourist is most often wrong. To the actor, the dressing-room is the important distinguishing feature. It's the badge of a player's power and place in the movie constellation. It's the criterion of box-office value.

This detail (as it would be called in **Walla Walla**) is given a great deal of space and consideration in the contract of a star. Partly because there are dressing-rooms, and partly because *there are dressing-rooms.* And then again, BIG people seem to require a lot of leg room. You see, the place in which an actor puts on his make-up (and takes it off) may vary—from a hole-in-the-wall on the third floor back, to a six or eight room bungalow on the ground. And there is not only a lot of *difference* betwixt the two modes—but a flock of DEFERENCE!

According to an authority on the subject, it is actually written in **John Gilbert's** latest contract: ". . . and that the party of the second part agrees that no one on the **M-G-M** lot shall have a more elaborate dressing-room than the said party of the first part. . ." And you should see the results of **that** little clause! A bungalow that would easily take care of my family of six kiddies—with an extra closet left over for the old man to use as "his personal den." Of course, **Gilbert's** contract was made without regard to the feelings of **Marion Davies,** whose bungalow-and-gardens are often used as a **Spanish hacienda** while filming pictures of dear old **Spain.**

If you ever get past the front gate of a studio (God bless you for trying), you can easily rank the players with the following painless method: The star will walk very haughtily into an elaborate bungalow surrounded by sunken (or sinking) gardens; the featured player will dart rapidly into a suite of rooms (two) and peer shyly out the window to see if his prestige has suffered; the 'stock player' goes proudly into a single room, of which there are many in a long row. And if you should chance to see eight or ten folks sauntering into the SAME **salle de make-up,** it's two to one you are watching a bunch of extras.

Even when a player is loaned from one studio to another, the dressing-room comes in for its share of excitement. Almost as much haggling is done over this item as is done over the salary. The **Home Studio** insists that their little slavey be quartered in the style to which he is unaccustomed . . . and the borrowing studio invariably accedes to the "impossible demands." But what may be fitting in its size may not always be fitting in its fittings. For instance:

Eddie Lowe fell heir to **Lily Damita's** quarters on the **United Artists** lot—and *them* is quarters as IS quarters. **Fox** had demanded that he be given a suite—and **Lily's** was the only one available. So if visitors had pounced in unexpectedly (and that, by the way, is one of the good reasons for the suite), they would have found **Mr. Lowe** up to the minute in floor space. But they would have died to see their virile **Eddie** ensconced in such a completely lavender setting—including taffeta ruffles on the dressing-table MY DEAR and a few perfume bottles left over from **Lily.** And mauve drapes. And orchid lace pillows on the chaise-longue. Can you **BEAR IT,** ol' trundle, or shall I politelychange the subject? Okay!



Up in the snows so high: Richard Barthelmess takes off his hat to the climate of St. Moritz in the Alps, where he and Mrs. Barthelmess, on vacation, became winter sports

Paul Whiteman, band leader par excellence, has formed a new club since his first trip to **Hollywood.** It is composed entirely of famous bandmen and is called **"The Grand Order Of The Fleas."** No one may become a member unless he is initiated by a **Flea.** It is reported that there are now almost three hundred members. **Paul** himself is the head of the outfit—or as he is affectionately called in the jargon of the club—**Supreme Louse!** *Meadows,* my new card index!

Jottings from the Chaplin Lot:

Charlie must be a gentleman—every girl on his new picture is a blonde. Or am I wrong?

It's my guess that **Chaplin** would be a wow in the talkies—he keeps the entire set in stitches all the time. Real laughs too!

It seemed sort of good to see his extras chewing gum. It isn't allowed on the sound stages of other studios.

Charlie uses a large bowl of fake fruit in his next picture—just like the one you keep on the dining-room table. But he's smarter than you are—he keeps a bunch of real grapes in amongst the fake, to nibble on.

"Hell's Angels", that flying picture you've been waiting for so long, has produced a lot of rumors and stories. The two most recent ones are these: That part of the picture has already been released as a two-reel comedy. And that **"Hell's Angels"** may come out as a serial because the actors have grown old so gracefully during its production. The action could take place over a period of five years. Swell suspense?

Notes on Much Noted Notables:

Here is a part of the introduction given for **De Wolf Hopper** at the **Masquers Revel** the other night: "He is a man who should go down in motion picture history as a real **Hollywood** trouper. **Wolffie** came out to the Coast and made his first picture in **1915.** He has just completed his second—in **1930.** Now *that's* what one might call being "BETWEEN PICTURES." But with the talkies rampant, it won't be so long now before he makes another one.

Lilyan Tashman shopping with **Greta Garbo.** No wonder our mystery woman has blossomed out with some swell duds lately. They make a neat pair.

Jack Dempsey and **Estelle Taylor** just celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary. To the tune of: **"If The Little Violets Can Do It—Why Can't YOU??"**

"Unaccustomed as I am–



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

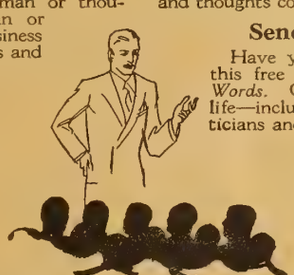
"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

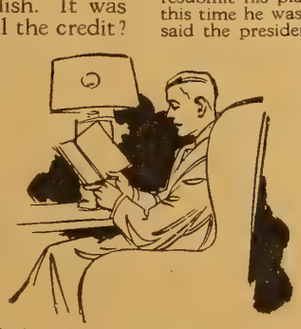
"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say





Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk."



And his newly developed talent has created other advantage for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*

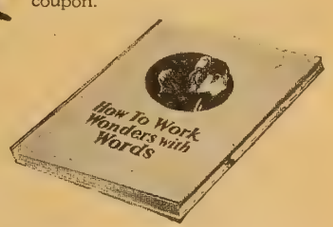
* * *

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● Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. By marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming hostess of homes in Chicago and Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, young Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and lovely skin like pink hawthorn blossom.

In a letter to an English friend she says: "My dear, American women are wonderful . . . they taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this climate.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream. . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Keep your own skin exquisite by Pond's famous Method . . . First, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . Second, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . Third, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . Last, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

MRS. ALISTER McC●RMICK ●F CHICAG●

(*Below*) Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and has a wonderful collection of tropical plants in the garden of her beautiful new home in Santa Barbara, California.

(*Right*) Pond's four preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.





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One of the brightest spots in the Hollywood skies is that where Dorothy Lee is shining—head and shoulders above many another bright little girl—with every intention of becoming a star

Bachrach



Russell Ball

Blanche Sweet's clothes, like the girl herself, were made-to-order for talking pictures. But to date she has not seen a made-to-order story, fitting her as her suit fits her, and likely to wear well



Russell Ball

No character of his ever wore a lounging robe, and it's all that William Boyd can do nowadays to find time to wear one himself. What with one picture right after another, his hair is almost white



Chidnoff

The boy grows older—but David Rollins is still young enough to make most of the Hollywood heroes feel like octogenarians, and it is still his lot to play to perfection an American boy in his teens



Spurr

Like stepping out of a Greuze painting, and looking not at all flapperish, is that little girl with the big success story, Alice White, who will next be seen in "Sweet Mama"—described as "a flapper epic"



Bachrach

In a position of ease these talkie days is Bebe Daniels, the only ex-silent star to become a prima donna. She is now working on the first original light opera written for the movies, "Dixiana"



Otto Dyar

And another girl in a position of ease—moreover, in modernistic style—is Ruth Chatterton, whose transfer from stage to screen, awakened producers to the type of actress talking pictures needed



Hurrell

The startled expression on the countenance of Lewis Stone would lead one to suspect that something is up—and there is. He is a triangle specialist—and the name of his new picture is "The Circle"

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

May, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Camera!

IN OUR OPINION, there is nothing that delights the general public more than the baiting of the censors.

Censors were foisted upon the movie industry to protect the morals of the younger generation. And in this land of sensational newspapers, clamping the lid on the movies is like trying to put out a fire by manipulating a ouija board.

Censorship, when it isn't maddening, amuses America. For America prides itself on being able to take care of itself—and its young.

And now censorship and its influences appear to be on the decline. As witness the gradual passing of pictures pointing a heavy moral, and the new emphasis on character studies. The public is tired of being preached at, and wants to see new situations, new characters—characters who can be anything, so long as they are interesting.

Note the popularity of such pictures as "What Price Glory?" "The Cock-Eyed World" and others of the same high-spirited tone—pictures obviously baiting the censors. Note the popularity of "Sadie Thompson," the thinly disguised "Rain," which had been banned from the screen. And "A Woman Of Affairs," reminiscent of "The Green Hat," a story that the moral watch-dogs said could never be filmed.

Obviously, the public is with the industry in its fight against suppression.

The Convincing Hero Comes

MANY revolutionary movements are in progress in Hollywood these days. Of these, one of the most revolutionary is the radical change in types of leading men.

Gone is the era of unbelievably handsome males, immaculately manicured, massaged, brushed, combed and dressed. Gone is the era when a leading man did not necessarily have to be an actor, if only he was good-looking.

And come is the era of actors—of men who do not have to look superlatively romantic, if they can, with voice and action, be convincing in their parts.

Clever, These Talkies

ALSO, have you noticed the steadily increasing excellence of talkie dialogue?

The importation into Hollywood of innumerable well-known writers—novelists, playwrights, star reporters and other men who know how to write not only plausible, but clever conversation—is no doubt responsible, in part.

But why were they imported?

Simply because the producers who at first were afraid of dialogue which carried much cleverness have discovered that the public likes such dialogue, when delivered by players who are trained in the art of using words.

And the more the public shows a taste for clever conversation, the more will it listen to such conversation in its talkies.

Afterthoughts

SHE was a comedienne, and tragedy was her fate.

She had the biggest heart in Hollywood, and, at the last, the loneliest.

She was an apostle of happiness, and was converted to sorrow.

She made the world laugh as no other screen comedienne has ever done, and the world quickly forgot.

She never was a scandal-monger, and was scandal's victim.

She banned no one from her generosity, and the hinterland banned her from the screen.

And now it is all over.

The ironic story has come to its unhappy ending.

She is gone.

Mabel Normand no longer smiles—except in celluloid. (Celluloid which, it is to be hoped, has been preserved.)

Life may have been cruel. But Time, one suspects, will be kind.

A New

By MOLLIE MERRICK





Russell Ball Photos

A study in vivid contrasts is Lawrence Tibbett, who, though a second *D'Artagnan*, has a home he can call his own—where (as above) he can amuse himself, and (as at right) amuse his two sons

Ten years ago the world of opera and concert acclaimed him. To-day this singing boy from the California hills becomes, almost over night, the most widely known hero of romance in motion picture history.

A few days ago, he stood before the Grauman theater in Hollywood. He had just seen, for the first time, the picture which has made cinema history. Hundreds of people pressed about him. Half-hysterical. Staring. Elbowing. Begging for autographs. They had been swept to unfamiliar emotional heights as the vast tide of that glorious tone poured out over them. They had been pricked into consciousness of a technique which the screen had never known before. They had been startled by that adventurous temperament which has sea-strength behind it. They were genius-touched and they didn't care who knew it . . .

IN the long ago a country boy once stood before a king. His woolen doublet was faded, his barret-cap with its trailing feather a thing to provoke mirth. But the boy *D'Artagnan* had the glory of his eighteen years, the pride of his shining sword and the heritage of his father's motto: "Fight on all occasions."

Like *D'Artagnan*, Lawrence Tibbett has stood before the world's court, a shabby country lad with empty pockets but with a magnificent fighting weapon—a voice which was destined to win his battles for him; and with the same heritage of that musketeer—the tradition of a fighting family. Like *D'Artagnan*, he has met life with a laugh.

His First Battle

FEW in that crowd knew that ten years ago Sid Grauman offered Lawrence Tibbett a chance to sing at his boulevard movie theater. But the twenty-two-year-old boy was told that his suit was too shabby to appear before the footlights.

It was the singing musketeer's first challenge to battle. By hook and crook he got another suit—right off the shelf; such things have never bothered him. Consciousness of the quality of his gift made him forget the length of his coat-sleeves. So he fought his first battle with the public as his father would have had him fight it.

The father, a two-gun sheriff of the West, fell in a duel of lead bullets as he hunted down a notorious bandit. His

Lover *for your* Wives

Women Love Danger, And Lawrence Tibbett Is Another *D'Artagnan*

uncle shot the desperado over the senior Tibbett's body. The singing musketeer was then a little lad, fired with the story of his people's bravery.

I once said to him, "What if your voice should ever leave you?"

"That," said Larry, "would be the greatest adventure of all. It would be terrible, since existence for me has always spelled 'Song.' But the terrible thing has grandeur to it. I should become another person from the Lawrence Tibbett who has sung. What an adventure! What agony! What possibilities for new sensation! Nothing else in the world would approach it, for one who has lived a singing life from the cradle."

Vitality Is Vital

AND again:

"Vitality in art is the big thing. I would rather give a bad performance that was vital than an artistic one that was anæmic. Lukewarm art is nauseating to me. Drink to the bottom of the glass. Eat to the last crumb. Ride until you fall. Fight until you die. But make no compromise with Fate—take no back-talk—laugh at the stupid conventionalities of the stereotyped people about you. Live! You may not get another chance . . ."





Upper right, Lawrence Tibbett and his twin sons in the doorway of his home, the only place where he is out of the public eye; and above, he listens while other Tibbetts sing

The singing musketeer is not aware of what physical danger means. He drives a car at eighty-five and ninety miles an hour while gusty song rolls out between those even white teeth. The superb co-ordination that has brought to his performance the miracle of two things done simultaneously and with perfection—singing and acting—is a gift life bestows on few. He handles a car in reverse with the same swift vigor with which the average man drives it forward. He swims with great strokes that send his body through the green sea water like a torpedo. He rides like a centaur—as he rides on the screen.

He has never been to Europe. Last year, for a holiday, he packed into the far fastnesses of those California hills where once his father hunted outlaws, and pitched camp by a forgotten mountain lake.

His campfire was a strange sight in that remote country, and topaz-eyed things of the wild stole down and listened as he sang before the roaring logs, or recounted wild tales of the bandit days to friends of his youth.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Seen In Their True Colors



Bert Longworth

Some Of The Stars Will Vanish, And Others Take A New Lease On Life, In Color-Films

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

THESE are hectic days in Hollywood. Things are all upset again. A little order had just emerged from the talkie frenzy when a chromatic monkey-wrench landed in the machinery. It was those Warner brothers again. This time they made a talking picture entirely in color. Watching the premiere of "On With The Show," picture executives felt the chill shiver of premonition run down their spines under their tuxedos.

"Gr-r-r-r-umph!" screeched the gears, cam-shafts, chain-belts and what-not of the screen industry. Technical staffs on every lot emitted deep, sepulchral groans. Hardly had they whipped the microphone madness than this tinted threat arrived to upset things all over again!

Two or three companies admitting they could produce films in color were in business in Hollywood. One had a small plant on Cole Avenue and a larger laboratory in Boston. There was a nice, conservative business with studios wanting a few scenes in color now and then, to make their pictures dressier. Color-film executives had plenty of time for a little golf of afternoons, and a little bridge of evenings. Nobody hurried. And then, without warning, every producer in Hollywood did exactly what he had done a year before.

Right-About-Face

"COLOR'S only a passing fad!" he declared loudly—for the benefit of the public. "A whim. We shall ignore it." Whereupon he hurried into his private office to 'phone the Technicolor Company that he would make all his production in color for 1929–30.

Well, that's that. By 1931 certainly seventy-five per cent. and possibly ninety-five per cent. of all first-class pictures will be in full color, if the Hollywood soothsayers are of any worth at all. Already the hybrid black and white picture with colored scenes inserted is becoming old-fashioned. The popularity of the costume picture shows no sign of waning, with plans afoot to film the Empress Josephine, Catherine the Great, Du Barry, and other ladies of colorful reputations. And with the recent pledges of color experts that, in future, action pictures in color will be as sharp as in black and white, without blurring, there is no longer an excuse

(*Continued on page 88*)



Left, a scene from "On With The Show," which started the color revolution; upper left, Edna Livingston in Technicolor make-up, perfected by Max Factor, who, in inset, is applying the contrasting and less vivid ordinary make-up



A *Chief* Attraction

This girl with an arrow outlook would seem to be making war-whoopee, but in reality she is only aiming to please. One of Mexico's chief gifts to Hollywood, she is bent on adding more feathers to those already in her cap, is Raquel Torres

KILLED IN



Three examples of near-catastrophes: (at the top) another spectacular airplane crash by Dick Grace, who gets $1,000 per crash; (center) reel war, through a poorly timed bomb, almost gets into the headlines; and (above) a realistic accident in the Richard Arlen racing picture, "Burning Up"

The Unknown Soldiers Dying For The

ON the second day of January, 1930, ten men started out from the Fox Studio for the purpose of shooting a series of scenes over the ocean in airplanes. They never returned. It was days before the sea would give up their bodies. Killed in action. Those ten men, including Kenneth Hawks, the director, went to their deaths because they were convinced that the world expected them to be honest and sincere in their efforts to make realistic pictures.

Martyrs to realism—these Unknown Soldiers of Hollywood!

Nine of the ten faces would never have appeared in the picture. Nine of the ten names are absolutely unknown to you. *One out of ten* of those men who died was to receive national credit for his work. The other nine were troupers of Hollywood. Recreating history and fiction with but a single purpose—*Truth.*

The grand jury said there had been *negligence:*

"In our opinion there was a tinge of negligence connected with this terrible disaster. The Fox Film Corporation didn't have to film the scenes that caused the accident. They were in possession of 'stock shots' of parachute jumps that would have served their purpose just as well. The filming of those scenes called for dangerous flying. We believe it was unnecessary."

Is Honesty Unnecessary?

UNNECESSARY? Listen to Mary Astor, the wife of the director who gave his life for realism. "Kenneth was a man who believed in honest pictures. In sincere pictures. He went to his death knowing that he hadn't dodged the responsibility of personally shooting the dangerous scenes. And I'm proud of him. He had to have the scenes. He *had* to have them—there's no answer to *that*, is there? I'm glad he was a brave man, a real man of the motion picture industry."

Unnecessary? Maybe to the grand jury and the outside world, but to Mary Astor and the troupers of Hollywood it was part of the game. The members of the profession are proud of those ten men who gave their lives for the better entertainment of the world. They realize that the business is filled with hazards—but they go on. They *want* to go on—it's part of the creed of Hollywood.

W. J. French, state director of industrial relations, reports that the motion picture industry is one of the least hazardous, comparatively, of all businesses. During the past four-and-a-half years, according to the report, only twenty-four fatalities have occurred. Fifty others sustained permanent injury and thirty-four hundred and forty-three were more or less permanently hurt. Hollywood has difficulty believing this, because . . .

In fact, the picture business is dangerous to the extent that its members are refused accident insurance! Insurance companies are against taking the extraor-

ACTION

By
WALTER RAMSEY

Of Hollywood Are Cause--REALISM

dinary risk. They have found, after years of experience, that insuring motion picture people against injuries doesn't pay. Every person who steps on a studio stage is in a hazardous position most of the time. Even *I* am refused accident coverage—and I merely go on the 'sets' occasionally for the purpose of interviewing a player.

The laws of the State of California, however, compel every employer to carry blanket insurance on his employees. So, to that small degree, the men who were killed in the airplane disaster were protected. But that wasn't enough protection in the estimation of their co-workers on the Fox lot. Two days after the accident, a collection was taken up to aid the families of those men who had failed to provide for their loved ones. In one day the officials, actors and other employees of the studio donated twenty-five thousand dollars to the cause. They were proud of their comrades who had given their lives in the making of a picture. The amount of the benefit shows the spirit of the motion picture trouper.

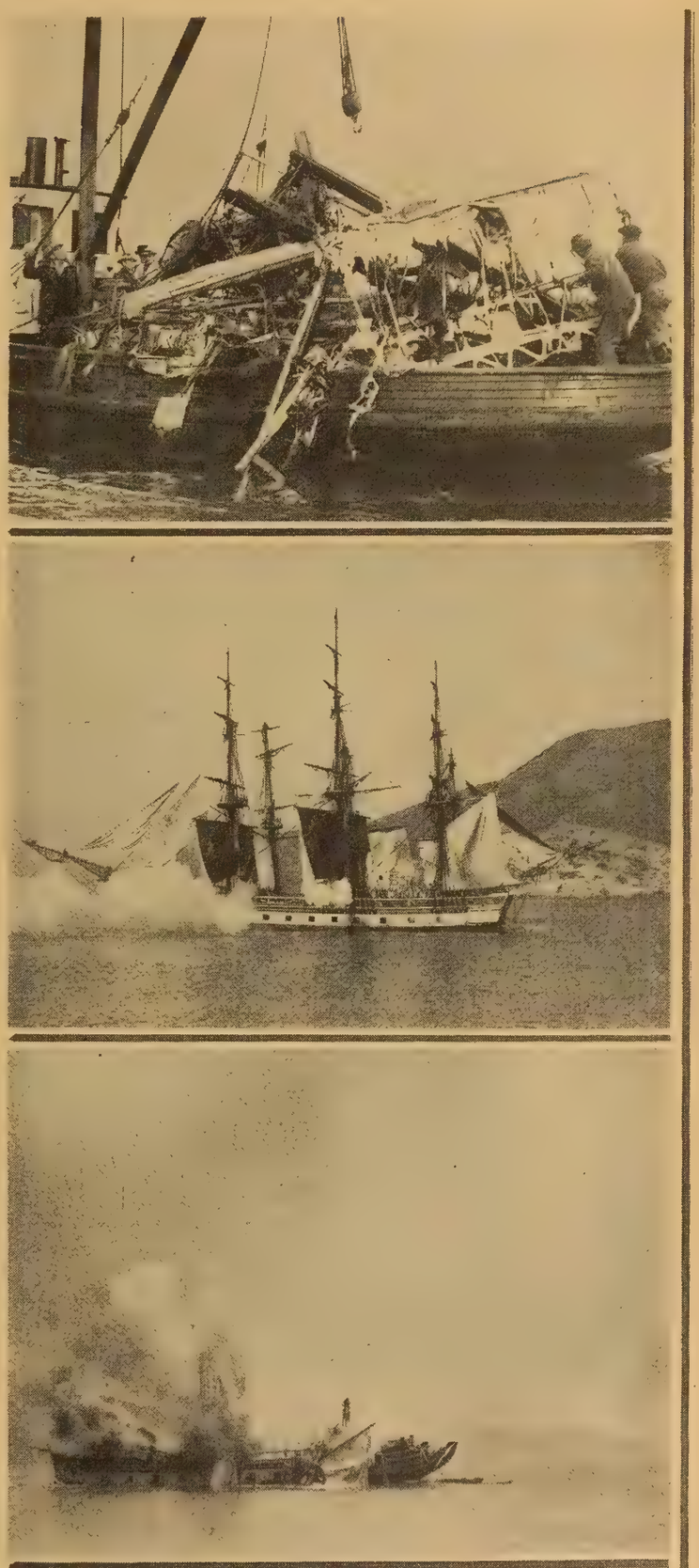
Casualties of "War"

THE airplane disaster is the latest and most terrible of all motion picture history. But there have been many others—and there will be more in the future. It is one of the stock phrases of Hollywood that there has never been a big picture without bloodshed. It will always be true of war pictures, in particular. And this is true in spite of the fact that the War Department of the United States has repeatedly offered its services for the production of the dangerous scenes. In the vaults of the War Department there are literally millions of feet of actual battle scenes, airplane fighting and crashing—and *war.* But the director of such a picture wants to film his own war scenes—and the reason is almost laughable—because *real war is slow and uninteresting.* And so it is practically impossible to point to a single war production whose records do not contain at least one death. Let us look at some of the more recent ones.

During the production of "Wings," there were two fatalities from flying and one from explosion. Those who died were not the stars of the picture; they were just three brave men whose names mean nothing to the motion picture public. If they had lived, you would never have seen their faces! The two who died flying were an aviator and a mechanic. The man who was killed by the explosion was an extra—his head was blown off. The fans can hardly realize what it takes to make such a picture as they sit calmly in a dimly lighted theater and watch the story unfold. But they do know it is *real!*

"Hell's Angels" hasn't reached the public yet, but when it does it will be because men have died in its production. The exact number I do not know. Some

(*Continued on page 105*)



Ships of death: (at the top) the wreck of one of the two airplanes which crashed above the ocean while a parachute jump was being filmed, killing ten men; (center) *Old Ironsides*, which, in the picture of that name, sank the *Castle* (above), with casualties of one dead, and three injured—one for life

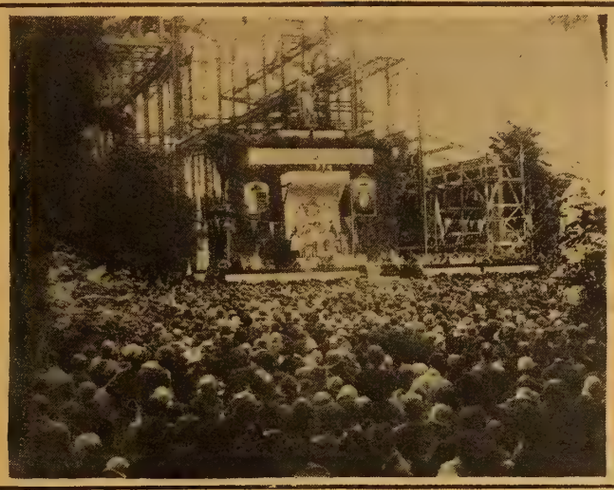


Irving Lippman

The Skipper And His Mate

The commanding gentleman in the beard is none other than that old New Bedford tar, John Barrymore, and his capable mate, all wrapped up in the work of christening their new yacht, *The Infanta,* is, of course, Dolores Costello. They will put to sea after another christening, soon to take place

The Miracle Man



P. & A.



P. & A.

Neil Hamilton, "Crippled For Life," Was Healed At Ste. Anne-de-Beaupré

By
DOROTHY CALHOUN

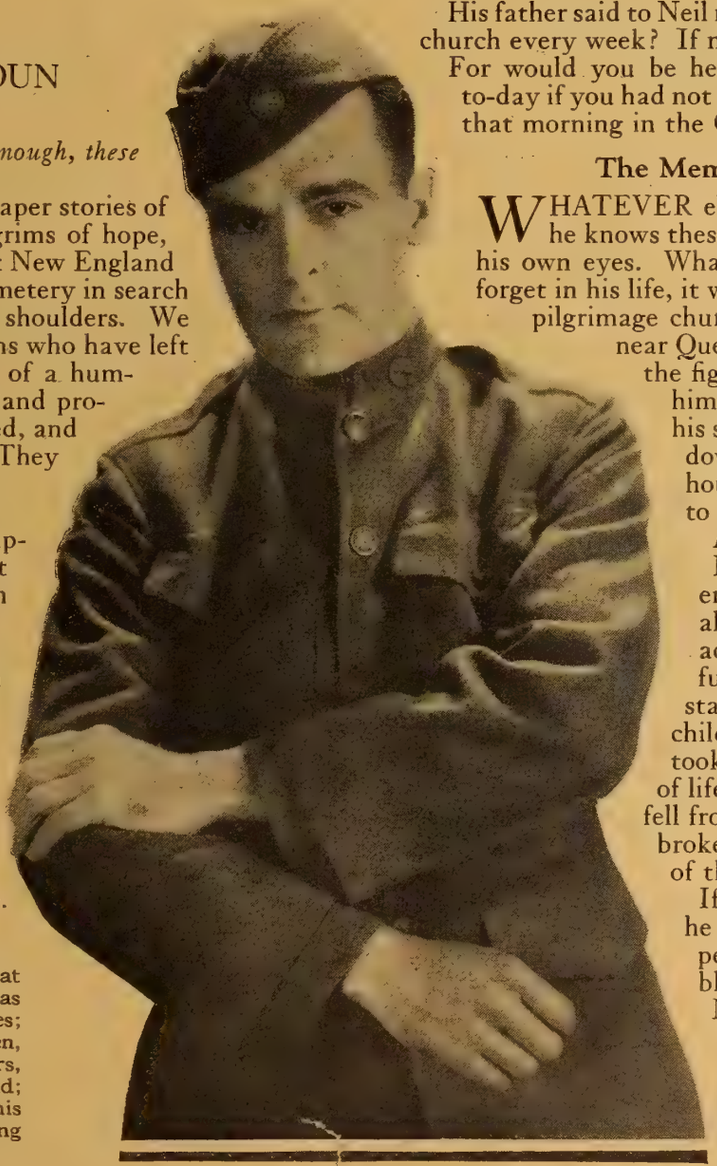
WE do not believe enough, these later days.

We read newspaper stories of thousands of pilgrims of hope, surging along the winter-wet New England roads toward the Malden cemetery in search of miracles, and shrug our shoulders. We read of a few of those pilgrims who have left their crutches by the grave of a humble priest, dead sixty years, and proclaimed that they were healed, and we murmur skeptically, "They were probably fakers."

We do not believe enough.

Because miracles do not happen in Hollywood, it does not mean they cannot happen in Malden. Because no miracle ever happened to me does not mean one may not happen to you. There are many to show us a whole foot that once was crippled, seeing eyes that were blind. There are many to testify that they themselves have beheld miracles.

Neil Hamilton, for instance.



Top, left—a view of the throng at Ste. Anne-de-Beaupré, famous as the scene of many miraculous cures; top, right—crowds at the Malden, Mass., grave of Father Powers, also a shrine of the ill and invalid; and right, Neil Hamilton feels his once crippled arm, whose healing the doctors could not explain

His father said to Neil not long ago, "Neil, do you go to church every week? If not, you are the ungrateful one! For would you be here, happy, playing in pictures to-day if you had not been healed by the grace of God that morning in the Church of Sainte Anne?"

The Memory of Memories

WHATEVER else Neil Hamilton may know, he knows these things. For he saw them with his own eyes. Whatever else Neil Hamilton may forget in his life, it will not be that day in the great pilgrimage church of Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré near Quebec when his father, staring at the figure of his wife, coming toward him from the altar rail, rose from his seat, white and shaking, and fled down the aisle to the priest's house to fall on his knees and beg to be baptized.

For he had seen a miracle.

Neil's first memory of his mother was that of a woman bent almost double from a street-car accident. When she walked painfully along the streets, people stared, but with the acceptance of childhood Neil, as he grew older, took her affliction as a natural part of life. Then, when he was eight, he fell from the porch of their home and broke his arm, a compound fracture of the elbow.

If you do not believe Neil when he tells the story of what happened, believe the matter-of-fact, blunt-speaking doctors at the Massachusetts General Hospital, who put the poor mangled arm into a steel sling. "We have never seen a worse fracture," they told Neil's

(*Continued on page 96*)



Bull

A real artist comes to Hollywood: Helen Johnson, above, who has her first screen part in "The Song Writer," both sculps and paints

ODD

Gossip of the

AND HERE'S ANOTHER about scenario writers. It happened at a story conference, where tempers grow frayed and patience wears thin. "Give me liberty or give me death," muttered a stage dramatist, recently come from New York. "I heard you!" shouted a studio executive rising excitedly in his seat. "Who said that? Tell me!" "Patrick Henry," called the dramatist. "Very well, then fire him!" shouted the executive.

A Potential Team

LUCILLE GLEASON, having just purchased an exclusive new gown, entered a bus wearing it, only to find that the woman who shared her seat was wearing an exact duplicate of her dress. As she rose to get off the bus, Lucille addressed her seatmate, sweetly. "Pardon me," said she, "but do you dance?" "Certainly," said the startled woman. "That's fine! *I* sing," said Lucille, as she swept out of the bus in the duplicate gown.

Cook-king

PAUL WHITEMAN tells this one on himself. He was crossing the Universal lot en route to his revue stage, when a harassed assistant director rushed up and grabbed an arm. "Say, feller, are you an actor?" he queried. "Kinda," said Paul, after deep thought.



Bull

Old enough to know better jokes: Joe Weber and Lew Fields, above, who have been doing funny things for two generations, have not reached their wits' end. They are in the movies now



Why girls leave home: Lotti Loder, right, became interested in pictures, and before you could say Jack Warner, she left the Viennese stage to make pictures move in Hollywood

Archer

Shots

Stars and Studios

"Yeah, I guess I am." "Well," said the assistant, "I've got a part for you. You're just the type for the camp cook in 'All Quiet on the Western Front'—Want it?" "Sure," drawled Paul, "but say"—he added as an afterthought . . . "can you wait till we finish the 'King of Jazz' revue first?"

Not Word-Work

IT WAS the opening night of "Diamond Lil," and cinema's society was filing into the boxes. Came Dolores Costello and John Barrymore and Lowell Sherman and Helene, resplendent in sables and diamonds. Helene languidly unleashed a lorgnette; Lowell, with perfect boredom, screwed the monocle into his eye. The famous profile regarded the audience with stony indifference. "Look at them," whispered the near-sighted newspaper woman, nudging her companion. "Aren't they chatty? See, they're all talking so companionably." "Talking, my hat!" responded her escort. "That isn't why their jaws are moving. They're chewing gum."

His Chief Objection

"HOW ABOUT 'The Last of the Mohicans' for a good color-picture?" asked a certain scenario writer at a recent conference. "Oh, those Jewish pictures don't



Bachrach

A Florida Gale strikes California just right: namely, Roberta Gale, fifteen-year-old Palm Beach girl, who looks good to Hollywood



English

How could he be blue? He is seeing red these days, is Stanley Smith, having played opposite Nancy Carroll in "Sweetie," and now singing to her in "Honey"



Rubber-neckers: such are the rabbits Dorothy Jordan, left, and Sally Starr, right (above), are raising, while having a good time appearing on the shadow screen



go so very good nowadays," replied the supervisor.

All Too Quiet

THEY WERE TAKING a battle scene for "All Quiet on the Western Front," and at the first rumble of shots and explosion of shells the extras began to stagger realistically and fall upon their faces. When the smoke cleared, Director Milestone surveyed the battlefield. Not a soul stood upright. The carnage was complete. "Don't *everybody* get killed!" he wailed.

Or "Mighty Lak A Rope"

SAYS THE WISE-CRACKER of the Brown Derby lunch hour, "For that scene in 'The Rogue Song' where Tibbett sang while he was being beaten, they might have had the theme-song 'Singing in the Rain'."

A Tough Break

THE FIRST TITLE of the picture in which Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are playing is "I Love You." "Gosh!" sighed Sam Coslow, song writer at Paramount, enviously, "the fellow who has to think up a theme-song for that picture has a hard job!"

Shooting At the Flag

AMONG THE five hundred soldiers in "All Quiet" are a number of ex-German army men and ex-Allied army veterans. The director has to watch them carefully, for they are continually trying to get incidents into the picture to discredit the other side. In one scene of the bombing of a town, a former German soldier ran out just before the shooting began and hung a red cross flag over a doorway. It wasn't discovered until the film was developed.

All the Gossip of the

Things She Misses

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, famous Broadway actress, thus sums up the difference between stage and screen: "In the theater rehearsals, there was no courtesy, but always plenty of chairs. In the studio, there is plenty of courtesy, but never any chairs."

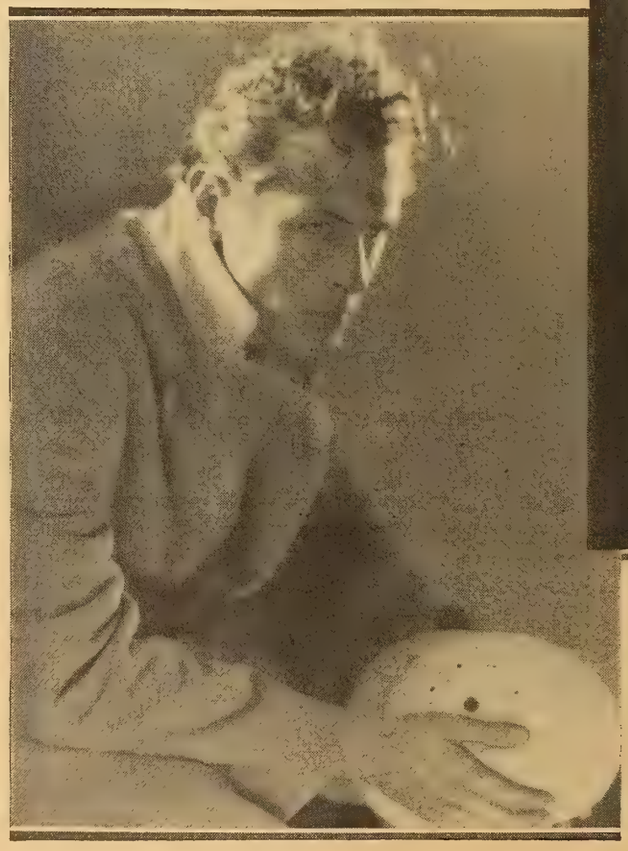
Men Without Women

"WHAT SORT OF party would you like on your birthday? Natalie Talmadge Keaton asked her eldest son, aged six. "A stag," replied young Keaton. So a stag it was—twenty-six small boys, and not a single petticoat among 'em.

Having been roped in by his winning ways, Mary Brian tells Richard Arlen, left, that she feels a choking sensation. While he enjoys their prospect of hanging together, in "The Light of Western Stars"



Being a girl who has to make several changes in costume daily, Gwen Lee, right, has gone to considerable lengths to find the ideal dress —one in which she can shine and step out of quickly



A warm young man: Robert Montgomery, left, looking not at all cool-headed, would appear to be in the mood to keep on playing and do some more scoring—whether in polo or in pictures is a question

Stars and Studios

Poor, But Honest Sports

A CERTAIN young leading man was giving a party the other night, when one of the guests called his attention to the fact that a policeman was attaching a ticket to the wheel of an auto parked in the wrong direction outside. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the young actor, rushing out. "Why, you can't give us a summons! We're poor people! We're actors!" "Yeah?" said the cop. "Poor people, are you?" "We certainly are," said the actor, "and I'll prove it to you, too. Rich people buy their gin, and poor people make theirs. If you were to taste one of our cocktails, you'd know right away we were poor people." "Hmmmn," said the cop. "Well, prove it!" An hour later when he moved waveringly away down the street there was no ticket on the car. The case had been proved.

A Rest, Not a Fest

JOSE BOHR, star of the Spanish version of "Blaze of Glory," was given a surprise party lately in the form of a *fiesta*. "Though, since it's given by Bohr, maybe it's a *siesta*," murmured the staff wisecracker.



Keeping in the shade at Palm Springs, the desert resort which has become one of the enthusiasms of Hollywoodians, is Ivan Lebedeff, left, who is not going to a fancy dress ball, but to the bridle path



Two dogs have their day: Constance Bennett acquires two fur pieces to match her black and white sports outfit. Among her other recent acquisitions are a divorce, and a reputation as an actress

The Under Dog

WHAT MAKES A DACHSHUND look like that?" queries Moran. "They raise them under dressers, that's why," opines Mack.

Hard of Hart

CHARLES MACK, of The Two Black Crows, recently went up to Newhall to visit William S. Hart. A riding party was arranged for the first morning. Mack's horse was named Napoleon, a huge steed which had an uncanny habit of walking right up to the edge of the cliff on which Bill's estate fronts and doing a sort of adagio dance. "Bill," Mack yelled finally, worried by the prospects of a 5280-foot fall. "Look at your horse! He's trying to commit suicide." "Never mind," Hart soothed him. "Don't worry. He's old and unruly, and I don't mind losing him."



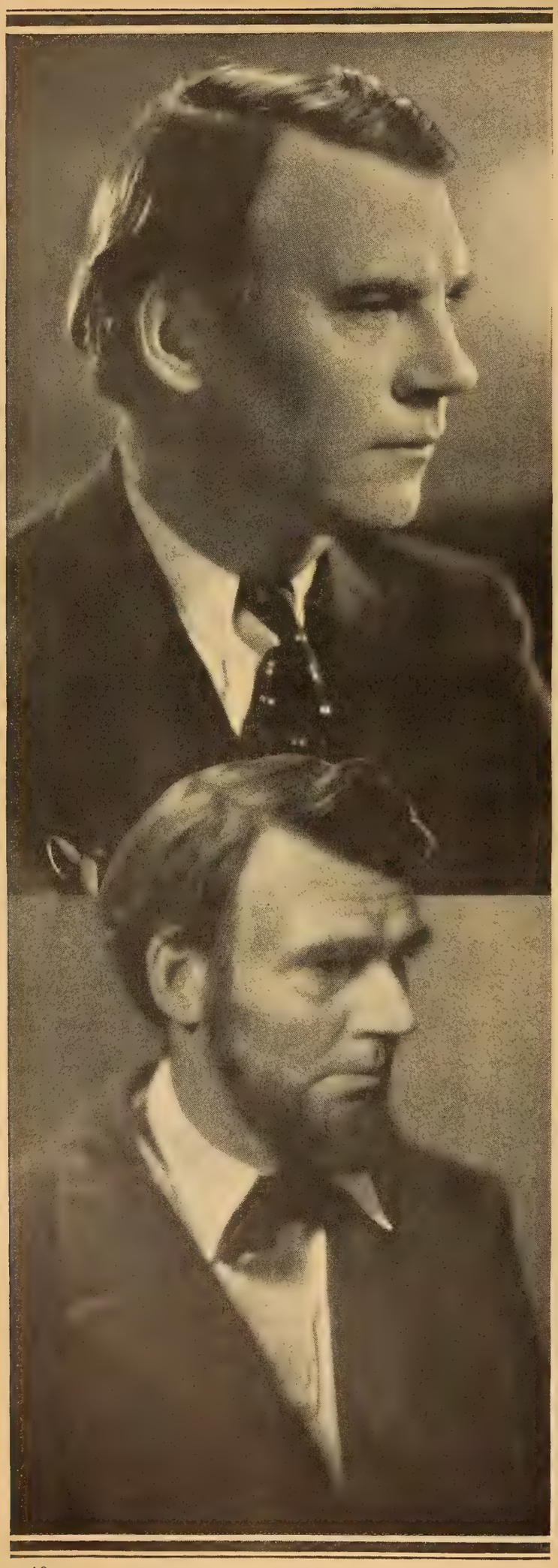
All dressed up to go horseback riding at Palm Springs, Bernice Claire, right, gets as far as the stable yard, and then finds herself up a stump. A jockey has just asked her for the key to her horse's fetlock

Scream Star

AND NOW WE READ that a German sheriff entered Pola Negri's dressing-room in Berlin, and for a debt said to be owing a film manager, seized her pearl necklace. "Pola broke into floods of tears," the cable relates affectingly, "and screamed at great length, but to no avail."

No doubt she misses Hollywood where her screaming was of considerable avail at times.

(*Continued on page 107*)



Censoring Abraham Lincoln

Not Even He Can Be Born, Or Call A Spade A Spade In The Talkies

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

GRAY hairs have been sprouting in all directions at the United Artists studio headquarters of David Wark Griffith. You may have heard that D. W. is making a talkie of the life of Abraham Lincoln. And you may have thought to yourself that here is a pretty soft task—just a matter of taking the well-known incidents of his career and photographing them as they happened. If so, you made a pretty poor guess.

Making a life-like picture about Lincoln without offending anyone is just about as hard a task as the camel had getting through the needle's eye. Perhaps a bit harder, if anything.

Everybody has his own conception of the sort of man Lincoln was. Something of each popular conception of the man has to go into the picture if it is to be universally liked. But there is one thing which nobody who knows anything about the subject is able to deny. That is the plain fact that Lincoln called a spade a spade.

It was very thoughtless of him, of course. He should have realized that one day somebody would put him in the talkies, and have had the consideration to confine his remarks to pretty nothings such as talkie censors allow. When things went wrong, he should have said: "My goodness, what a rebuff!" In moments of anger or annoyance he should have exclaimed "Dash it all!" or "Dear me!"

He Can't Be Born

BUT Lincoln was a man of the people—a blunt man. He had a highly censurable habit of saying what he thought. So he failed to exercise that caution and decorum which the more enlightened Mr. Hays of today regards as seemly. And the result is that poor D. W. is placed in a position where, apparently, he must sacrifice either verisimilitude or the censors' idea of decency.

(*Continued on page 109*)

Walter Huston, at the top, was the actor who won the coveted rôle of *Abraham Lincoln* in D. W. Griffith's production of that name; and, left, the Great Emancipator as the 1930 American public will see him

Bulloch

BRIDGE

AS THE STARS PLAY IT

Problem Number Five

Polly Ann Young

and

Rita Flynn

oppose

David Manners

and

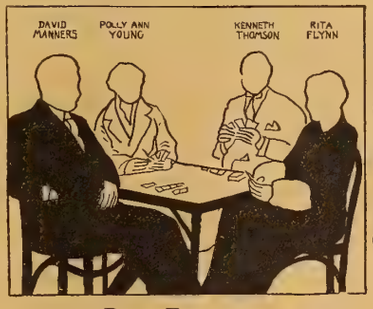
Kenneth Thomson



In this hand-of-the-month Kenneth Thomson, with David Manners as his partner, made a small slam in spades against perfect defense by Polly Ann Young and Rita Flynn. Could you do as well—*against any defense?* Get the cards and lay out the hands yourself before turning to page 120 to see how Kenneth did it.

POLLY ANN YOUNG
(NORTH)
♠-K-8
♡-10-8-7-6
♢-10-9-6-5-4
♣-10-9

DAVID MANNERS
(WEST)
♠-Q-J-10-7
♡-A-2
♢-A-J-2
♣-K-Q-6-2



KENNETH THOMSON
(EAST)
♠-A-6-5-4-3-2
♡-Q-5-4-3
♢-None
♣-J-8-7

RITA FLYNN
(SOUTH)
♠-9
♡-K-J-9
♢-K-Q-8-7-3
♣-A-5-4-3



Ball

Yea! Lowe!

As An Alumnus As Well As An Actor, Eddie Deserves Three Rousing Cheers

By CHARLESON GRAY

AROUND the great university clubs you will find him during the football season, a man in the mellower thirties and early forties, well dressed, genial, cocktails on his breath—the grad who keeps in touch.

Twenty years ago he was unknown, so quickly upon the winning of their diplomas did the members of an older generation assume the stiffening mantle of dignity. But today he thrives abundantly—youthful, amusing, given to explanations of last Saturday's feature play, references to coaches by their first names, and assurances as to how much tougher the game was in his day.

He usually is in investment securities, mercantile exploitation, or real estate. The professions seem to have an atrophying effect, and doctors and lawyers and teachers and such soon are prone to join those who never went anywhere and never go much and get their contact with the gaiety and the glamour of the big game via the radio cabinet.

There is one member of the type, however, who is a motion picture actor. And, so far as I know, he is its only representative in this business which makes young men old and old men young. I refer to Edmund Lowe, M.A.

Eddie's Education

EDDIE is a Santa Clara boy. Just as my old man was a Santa Clara boy. And Hal Chase, the best of all first-basemen. Anyone in California will tell you that being a Santa Clara boy means that by the time you are ready to depart from its honorable halls you will have an education—Christian, academic and sporting—the ability to use your fists and your head, and the conviction that the world is your oyster.

I understand that by some delicate souls Eddie Lowe is considered rather—shall we say ribald? While the man who took a master's degree in theoretical pedagogy at nineteen may consider such opinions in the nature of a laugh, the simple duties of a chronicler insist that I set down in his behalf that all Santa Clara boys are like that. Vigor is bred into them along with the idea that they must fear God and nothing else.

Watching Eddie in his rollicking gusty rôles in "What Price Glory?" "In Old Arizona," and "The Cock-eyed World" was a rare treat for some of us. Not because of his acting—but because of his reality. There was my old man, and that dead and gracious master of sporting tales, Gerald Beaumont; and Hal Chase and Pinkie Donlon and Brick Leonard—laughing, life-loving, hard-boiled sentimentalists all rolled into a composite and swaggering around. Lowe has been praised to the skies for those portrayals by critics and fans alike. He just was being characteristic of a grand old California college. Despite the uniforms of *Sergeant Quirt* and those other guys, he didn't fool any of us who have known Santa Clara boys. He was, we saw, just being himself.

Eddie was born in San Jose, California, and until he was

(*Continued on page 102*)



Alexander

The clock proclaims the time as five past five, but Kay Francis has turned time back in its flight, going to considerable lengths to illustrate how a lady in grandfather's day *might* have dressed—if she had been aware of the sleek virtues of bobbed hair, and had had a tricky fur-trimmed wrap to keep her hands occupied of an evening

. women . .

. by the great lovers of the screen .

women under twenty-five do not know love or life, Warner Baxter believes

as told by Warner Baxter to Gladys Hall



philip newberg

Warner Baxter says:

Women should remain enigmas—always.

Beauty is enough in itself. A beautiful woman is enough in herself.

I do not like a woman who is too mental. No man does.

All women are more charming after the sun has set.

Women under twenty-five do not appeal to me. They are not interesting to me. They have not learned the art of love or the art of life.

Men make better friends than women do.

Women were made for one purpose only—for love.

Women are tremendously important in a man's life. The man who says they are not is deceiving himself. Or has been deceived.

A man must have known many women to know one woman well.

Women in love are, or would like to be, spoiled children.

"I do not want to know women.

"I have never really known women, never understood them. I hope I never shall.

"Women should be mysterious.

"Women should have the touch of the sphinx.

"Women should remain enigmas—always.

"For me, the one most desirable type of woman is the subtle, evasive type.

"You do not take a beautiful rose apart. You do not tear it, petal from petal, to discover how it is made, why it exhales the fragrance it does, or what produces its frail, potent delight. Neither should men attempt to take women apart mentally, analyze them, find out why they are as they are.

"Beauty is enough in itself. A beautiful woman is enough in herself.

"There is no *why* to women.

"A woman I knew too well, a woman I understood perfectly, would be to me like this car of mine. Every morning when I get into it I swear to myself that it will be the last time, that I shall have a new car by evening. I know just what this car will do and what it will not do. I know to the last iota what it is capable of, how it reacts in certain situations, what its temperament is. I am tired of it; I want to get rid of it. This car holds no more surprises for me, no delightful possibilities. I have had from it all that it is capable of giving. I am through.

(*Continued on page 94*)

.men.

by the great sirens of the screen .

behind every man there is a woman ruling him, declares Billie Dove

as told by Billie Dove
to Gladys Hall

"This is not a man's world.

"I suppose I am one of very few women who believe that.

"Women are fond of using that aged cliché to the contrary, as a sort of alibi for themselves when they cannot have what they want or cannot do what they want. They sigh, a little wistfully, 'Oh, well, what would you expect—this is a man's world!'

"But this is not a man's world.

"This is a woman's world.

"For behind every man there is some woman ruling him.

"And the stronger the man, the more important the man, the more does the woman rule him, the greater is her influence and the more heed does he pay to it.

"Women are still the powers behind the thrones, whatever the thrones may be. Banking. Law. Commerce. The Arts.

"Men lean on women far more than women lean on men.

"Women are more important to men than men are to women.

"Women are more self-sufficient than men.

"To have a man, or men, in her life may often be a point of pride with a woman. To have a woman, or women, in his life is sheer necessity to a man.

"The quality a man must have, to appeal to me, is a sense of humor.

(*Continued on page 90*)



elmer fryer

Billie Dove says:

This is not a man's world. This is a woman's world. For behind every man there is some woman ruling him.

Men lean on women far more than women lean on men.

To have a man, or men, in her life may often be a point of pride with a woman. To have a woman, or women, in his life is sheer necessity to a man.

Men who are only lovers soon become boring.

Beauty is not enough for men. It is not the quality that makes for permanence of affection.

Men are eternal children. The woman who is deeply and actually in love does not need other maternity.

Men make better friends than women do.

Men like women who make them feel romantic.

Men like exacting women.



C. S. Bull Photos

. love in all



Anita Page and

romance at

center, their seats for "Anna Christie" aren't in the back row, unfortunately . . . top, left, he nearly tears his hat when Greta Garbo first appears, and *speaks* . . . top, right, the candy vanishes during a tense scene . . . left, there is a desperate fight, and they are on edge



languages.

Robert Montgomery

the movies

top, left, there is a love scene, much to their mutual satisfaction . . . top, right, then she spoils it all by getting excited about Charles Bickford, while Greta is nowhere in sight . . . right, they are visibly affected when *Anna* tells her sad story . . . center, the fade-out



• are you the type? •



Lansing Brown



R. H. Louise

how to behave like John Gilbert, Ronald Colman, and company

by Dorothy Manners

In our effort to bring typical Hollywood conduct into the American home, we set forth, last month, a schedule or system by which the home girl might easily pattern her personality after her favorite movie star. This month we are giving the boys a break. Even the most backward may easily follow these few simple instructions. No night study will be required. Just trace the hints and act like an actor with no expense to yourself. Anyone can be a nervous wreck. Why not you?—Editor's Note.

are you the John Gilbert type?

You may be as individual as you please and get away with it. The only thing that is ever expected of you is the unexpected. In moments of deep emotional upheaval, you are permitted to throw anything from an expletive to a grand piano.

A great deal of the time you will loathe everyone; but the rest of the time you are crazy about them.

You will adore all women, swear up and down you can't understand them—but marry one, now and then.

You may contradict yourself six times within as many sentences, as no one is going to pay any attention anyway. The only catch in this type is that in spite of your oddities you must somehow retain something of the lovable. Grasping a person's hand impulsively, with one hand, like a trusting little child, while you wave a revolver with the other—is the idea.

Those who don't copy Mr. Gilbert too closely may use "titanic" in place of "colossal" as their favorite adjective.

are you a Joseph Schildkraut?

this is a highly specialized type, and unless your mother will permit you to bring a pair of red pajamas into the house to be worn when you are feeling most characteristic, you had better not attempt this model. It really calls for pajamas for lounging, meditation and music. Any tune written since 1900 is out. In fact, the Old Masters just slay you. Bach is preferred—but De Sylva, Brown and Henderson will do.

When you aren't busy putting records on the phonograph, be kissing a lady's hand. The prettier the lady, the better, though I would not wear my pajamas for this.

Your favorite topic of conversation is "the soul." Any old soul will do, particularly your own. If you can't be awfully deep about this sort of thing, you might as well give up. You'll never be an authentic Schildkraut.

Birth in Vienna, or some other glamourous foreign city, is advised, though it is wonderful what can be built up out of New York's East Side.

a Ronald Colman?

You are the kind of a fellow who owns the best-looking roadster in town and takes your sister riding. With a charge account at all the theater ticket agencies, you are seen night after night on a "stag" party.

(*Continued on page 112*)



• a pillow case •

an exponent of the soft-cushion life for romantic ladies is Jeanette MacDonald, who, being in a position to know, is of the opinion that there is nothing like it to give one's face a rest. at any rate, whether posing or reposing, she is inclined to be a restful person

• not a broken blossom



Kenneth Alexander

- - - nor a hothouse flower - - but a hardy perennial, is Lillian Gish

by Elisabeth Goldbeck

She is a charming woman, with a great capacity for friendship and loyalty. She has never refuted the traditional public conception of herself, regarding it as a protection and preferring to let it remain unchallenged. But among those she knows and likes, she is a delightful companion—warm and amusing, very human and approachable.

not a hothouse flower

She loves gossip. She loves champagne. Her humor is quiet, but unfailing. At parties she has an excellent time and is apt to be the last one to go home.

She is not at all conventional and not at all ritzy. Her favorite dish is *bouilliabaisse*. Her idea of a good time is to get out in the woods somewhere—not chasing canaries, as you might suspect, but having a lot of rough and ready fun. She loves a good story. She has a great variety of interests, a great enthusiasm and freshness of spirit.

It's true that there is something ascetic about Lillian. No use pretending that even among her intimates she ever resembles the luscious, flagrant beauties so familiar to Hollywood. Her gowns, for instance, are not the kind that are executed. They are just made, along rather practical lines.

Her bearing is almost military in its simplicity. You have the feeling that she has never deliberately used her starry blue eyes, or her sad mouth and gold hair, to gain an advantage.

She seems altogether unspoiled.

While on the United Artists lot she occupied the Pickford bungalow. Her presence caused a mysterious change. The glory was gone. The butlers were absent. The hubbub was stilled.

Lillian's entourage consisted of an Austrian maid and

(*Continued on page 101*)

Lillian Gish is one actress about whom there seems to be complete unanimity of feeling. Men and women, whether young or old, celebrated or obscure, brilliant or dumb, agree on this—Lillian Gish is a great soul. Servants are her willing slaves. Little dogs bark their approval.

Lillian Gish is a great soul—to those who know her. To those who don't, she is a cold enigma. No matter how often people are told the contrary, they can't seem to help thinking of Lillian in her more faded aspect. She still remains that broken blossom.

Such a fragile bloom is Lillian, that when she's in California, she swims in the ocean all through the winter. She has worked steadily all her life, with no time out for breakdowns and hysterics. Her fortitude is extraordinary. She has courage to meet and overcome every sort of misfortune.

Because Lillian prefers to keep her private life distinctly private, that is no reason why she should be considered prim. Because she knows nothing of the extravagant ways of picture stars, or at least can't share in them, that is no reason why she should be considered a wan spinster.



a pipe dreamer

Russell Ball

an exponent of solid comfort, Richard Dix likes a man-sized chair and a mellow briar, both of which encourage the reveries of a bachelor and thoughts of "Lovin' the Ladies," his new picture

• hollywood is

by

Helen Louise Walker

illustrations by C. J. Mulholland



Hollywood is haunted. Stalked by ghosts. Beset with fears. Frightened. Skeletons rattle in her closets and a thousand bogeys leer at her. Hollywood shudders and trembles and shivers. Hollywood has reason to quail!

There are the ghosts of failure—age—poverty. The bogeys of censorship, newspapers, executives—the public. That awful, sinister public. It can demolish a little screen star with one fell gesture.

The other day I was in the dressing-room of one of our best known and most firmly established stars. He was looking through his mail, receiving messages, making excuses to people who wanted to see him, planning a trip to Honolulu. A valet, a press-agent, a chauffeur and a secretary came and went on various errands.

Through this casual bustle the famous actor moved, restless, harassed, worried over a thousand details.

He handed his press-agent a letter. "Look at this," he said, anxiously. "What shall I do with it?"

afraid to be polite

The press-agent glanced through it, smiled and handed it to me. It was one of those letters from a love-sick damsel in some far part of the world. A silly girl, pouring out her adolescent yearnings to a shadow. An incoherent, rather unbalanced missive.

"Write her a polite little note and forget it," advised the press-agent.

The actor gave a nervous little jerk. "You think that would be all right? You think she isn't likely to make trouble for me—come here or something?" he faltered.

"Certainly not."

The star was reassured but not convinced. "Maybe I had better not answer it at all," he suggested.

"Just as you please."

"Well—on the other hand, maybe I had better!"

"Maybe."

He considered, his famous brow wrinkled. "You never know what people are going to do!" he explained to me, seriously.

He was frightened. Frightened of some sixteen-year-old, slightly sub-normal miss who did not even live on the same continent with him! "You never know what people may do!"



blackmail bugaboo

It is one of the actor's greatest bugaboos—this fear of impetuous admirers. Blackmail lurks in it, along with the fear that some untoward incident will get into the papers. They reach the point where they are afraid to meet strangers. Men are afraid of women—and women are afraid of strange men.

"You never know what people may do!"

George Bancroft told me once that someone on the lot had said to him, only that day, "George—you're going to get into trouble if you talk to strange extra women on the set. You don't know *what* one of them may pull! Stay away from strangers."

I know another actor who is paying his estranged wife twice as much money *not* to divorce him, as he would have to pay if it were alimony. He says it is a protection from his greatest danger—strange women—if it is known that he is married.

He is afraid to be single!

the publicity monsters

Actors are afraid of the newspapers. Afraid that they may say unpleasant things of them—but much more afraid that they may not say anything at all. It's a tough spot!

Newspapers are monsters which they cannot do without, but which can ruin them in a week, they imagine.

haunted

it is a fearsome town, overrun with bogeys, bugaboos, ghosts, and lurking skeletons

Age is one of the greatest spectres of all.

A friend of mine, arriving in Hollywood from the East, met a star whom she had known in New York several years before. After a moment or two of telling each other how happy they were to meet again, he clutched her wrist, abruptly.

"Tell me something!" he begged. "Tell me the truth! Do—do you think I look any older than I did when you used to know me?"

She was startled by all this intensity.

"No! Oh, no! Of course not," she stammered. "You look exactly the same!"

He breathed a great sigh of relief. "That's nice!" he said, fervently.

men the more fearful

"It was very strange, somehow," the girl told me, afterward. "He *did* look older, of course. Not very much—but there was a heaviness coming under his chin. He was maturing. What did he expect? But—no one could have been cruel enough to tell him so.

"There he was—a man approaching middle age. A man who has reached the top—long since. Watching for signs of the end of everything—around his eyes and along the line of his chin."

Oddly enough, I think that men fear the spectre of age more than women do. The end of a career—the beginning of inactivity—means more to most men than to most women. It means that unless they have saved wisely before it comes, they will face poverty. It means the end of *doing* in their chosen fields.

Men talk vaguely about "going into the production end of pictures—when I am through acting." Shrinking from that thought of coming to a stop. Women have something else, although they seldom realize it, in fact. "When I am through," they will tell you, "I shall settle down and have children—be just a wife and mother. But not yet—"

Not yet! They never admit that the time has come.

ever-present bogeys

Poverty. What a bogey that is! Most of them have known it—and the memory haunts them.

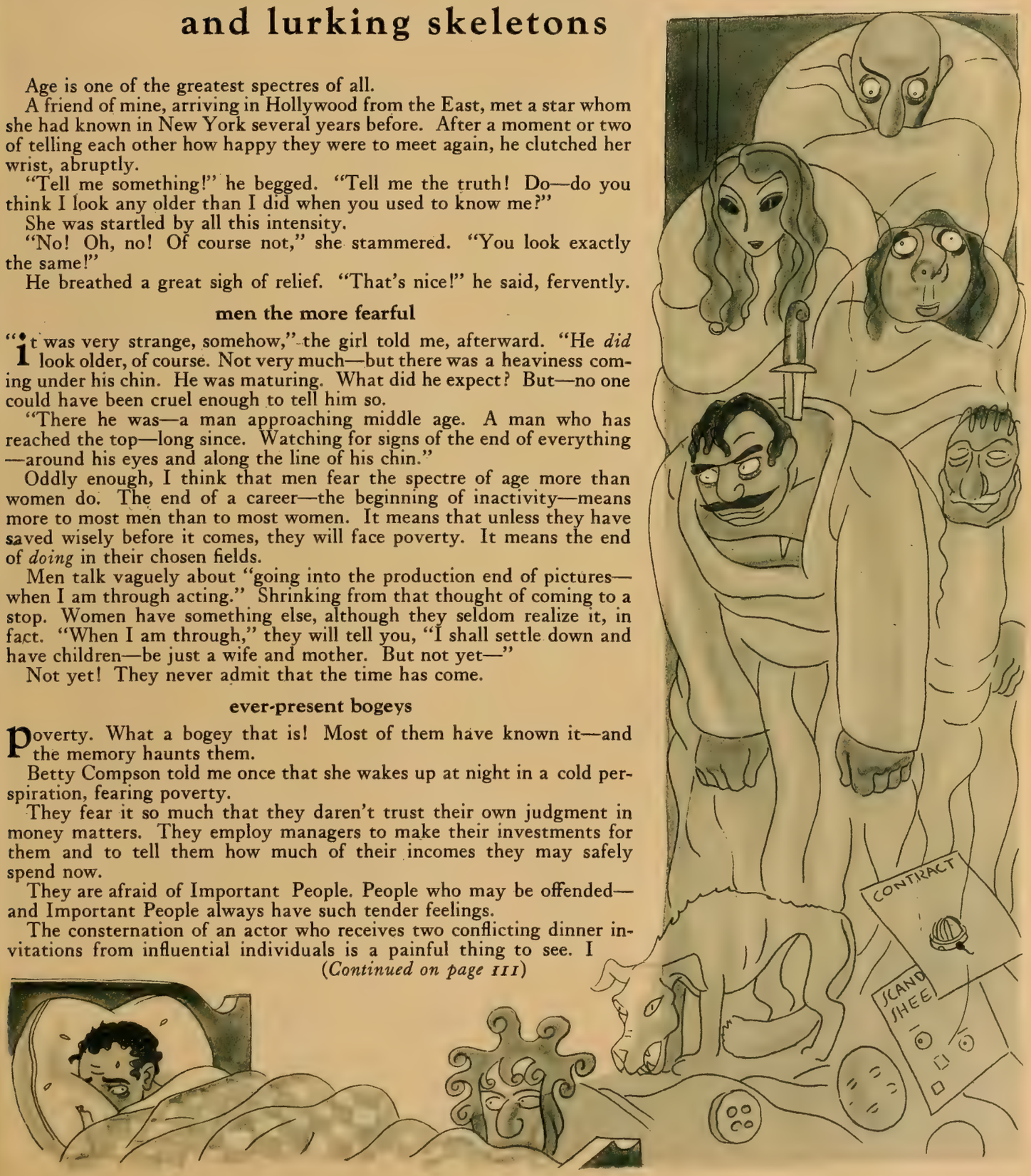
Betty Compson told me once that she wakes up at night in a cold perspiration, fearing poverty.

They fear it so much that they daren't trust their own judgment in money matters. They employ managers to make their investments for them and to tell them how much of their incomes they may safely spend now.

They are afraid of Important People. People who may be offended—and Important People always have such tender feelings.

The consternation of an actor who receives two conflicting dinner invitations from influential individuals is a painful thing to see. I

(*Continued on page 111*)





• his brighter side •

how can his face help being aglow when he is in a position of ease in a spot he can call his own? a shining light John Boles not only prefers, but is—illuminating, at present, in "The King of Jazz" and "La Marseillaise," with a bright outlook for the dim future

you wont let them stay married



the public matched Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, and then she married Lydell Peck, seen with her above. is the public accepting the new arrangement? well, hardly

• Hollywood marriages don't stand a chance, with the public against them

by
Walter Ramsey

There are only two chances in a hundred that a Hollywood marriage will be a success! Ninety-eight out of every hundred couples who walk up the church aisles of the movie capital are doomed to the divorce court before they start. Marriage is our toughest racket.

Actual court records prove that over a period of three years there were only two less divorces than marriages. Some months there are twice as many dissolutions as there are consummations. What causes this astounding percentage of failures? Why does Hollywood have such a high ratio of divorces?

The answer is the same in almost every case:

public opinion doesn't favor marriage in Hollywood

The studios and producers are invariably against it because it works against the actor's following among the opposite sex.

The fans are not in favor of it because it takes away from their illusions.

Hollywood enjoys variation too much to sanction permanent tie-ups. And the very atmosphere around the studio lots says, "Marriage is bad business for you—keep away from it." So is it any wonder that the hitchin' post is used so little (of the time)? Just for example: John and Ina.

wedding wagers

talk about your *ordinary* handicaps — this duo didn't have a Chinaman's chance. When the sewing circle was thwarted by the actual marriage (which they had predicted would never happen), they doubled their original bets that the thing wouldn't last long enough for us to get used to it. I don't think for a minute that you will believe me when I tell you that there were regular odds on the match. But it's the gospel truth. Some of the quotations were . . . "even-money it doesn't last a year" . . . "two-to-one it won't make the two-year mark" . . . and if there was a fellow so brave as to back up his opinion that "they'll be living in separate houses before the first three months are over," he has cashed in his chips and departed with the money.

(*Continued on page 108*)





• where world forgot

Loretta Young finds at the Mission



these pictures, the first ever allowed to be posed within the walls of the famous Franciscan mission, reveal Loretta, at the upper right, as a young Castilian girl, about to enter the sisterhood, on the balcony of the Patio of the Fountains; left, as a young nun, entranced by the glory of Easter music; and upper left, as a Bride of Our Lord, on Easter Day





the • is well • •

a spiritual glow Inn in Riverside



at the upper left, beside the inspirational St. Cecilia window, Loretta, as a novitiate, practises upon "the instrument of the angels"; right, the young nun's thoughts soar with the music of the organ; and, upper right, at the cross on Mt. Rubidoux, erected in memory of Fra Junipero Serra (1712-1784), founder of California missions, scene of sunrise services on Easter Sunday



Hesser

Fear is not a part of Mary Pickford's character. Age and death hold no terrors for her. Only one thing does she dread—that distant day when she will no longer be in the movies

Discoveries *about* Myself



Mary Pickford Has Learned That The Past Determines The Future

As Told By Mary Pickford
To GLADYS HALL



Hesser

"I WAS always a strange child.

"My mother has told me that the very hour I was born I stared about me, seeming to realize each object in the room, seeming to be aware of her and of the others who were about me.

"I have always had the protective complex.

"I have developed the maternal complex.

"I am not afraid of old age.

"I am not afraid of death.

"I am afraid only of being untrue to my own development.

"The thing I want most to attain to is selflessness.

"I like fame. I would miss it if I did not have it.

"I never want to retire. I would rather die than not have my finger in the movie 'pie,' in some way or other.

"I have found that what we are in the past conditions what we shall be in the future.

"I have discovered that people should not be blamed for what they are, or for what they do, unless they are acutely conscious of wrong-doing. If a thief honestly believes that it is right to steal, he cannot be condemned. We are born with differing capacities.

"I find that I am self-sufficient.

"I believe that, subconsciously, I want to die.

"I'll try to reveal the reasons for some of these thoughts and feelings.

Born Responsible

"VERY early in life I developed a sense of responsibility. I must have been born with it, or it would not have been there when the demand came. I knew, after my father's death, that I had to work. I wanted to take care of my mother and of Lottie and Jack. I wanted, terribly, to make up to my mother for what she didn't have.



Hesser

Time has changed Mary Pickford: e.g., she wore curls (as in center picture) when fame first came, and now her hair is bobbed (as in top picture). Another change is anticipated fifty years hence (as at right)

"I have always had a severe defense mechanism for my own people. I still have.

"When I was small, eight or ten or so, I was conceited. Most youngsters are. They have to be. They are proving to their little worlds that they are human beings, with rights. My mother knocked that conceit out of me. She was a very straight-seeing person, my mother. She loved us profoundly and tenderly but very wisely, always. She was not the legendary, the typical stage-mother, who is a

(*Continued on page 98*)





SARAH AND SON

SOB STORY

Here's stern stuff. If you sniffle easily, take along your mop and tuck a couple of sponges in your vest pocket or purse besides, for this is another of those **mother-and-son** epics, contrived for the sole purpose of breaking our hearts (and melting 'em in the last two feet of film). **Ruth Chatterton** and **Fredric March** are the **principals,** and very good they are, too. **Ruth** lets go with a flock of chords that'll startle you. The gal can sing. I mean the gal can **sing!** What's more, she does her whole performance in **German** dialect; a terrific task, if at times a little trying on the audience. Good work was also turned in by **Fuller Melish,** last seen in **"Applause."** The one laugh, really just a **snicker,** is supplied by a certain **Johnny Gough,** who does a-walk-in-walk-out. They should have let him stick around a little longer. This will do splendidly if what you're craving is a great big cry.



BEAU BANDIT

A GOOD YARN

Rod La Rocque may have poor taste in interviewers, but he knows a good story when he sees one. This is one of those delightful **Wallace Smith** yarns, with equally delightful dialogue from the same pen. It's a pleasure to sit through this picture, if only to hear **intelligently written** lines coming from the mouths of talkie actors. And **Rod** will please his fans mightily in this rôle of a **bold, bad** bandit who, however, has the **heart** of **gold** necessary to get him by the **Hays** office. The picture is **unusual** in that it is made consistently with the assistance of a **sense** of **humor.** It's an **"In Old Arizona"** type of story, but cleverer. **Doris Kenyon** plays the girl, and looks so young and fresh that you can't believe your eyes. **George Duryea** is the other half of the love interest. **Rod** doesn't get the girl, but he gets what is more important—a good picture.



SECOND WIFE

BABIES AND LOVERS

What is known in the inner shrine of filmdom as **"a woman's picture."** It's all about **marriage** and **babies.** Problems which the mere male would regard as the size of an average pea are blown up, like balloons, into six reels and then exploded in one final grand osculation. We have **Conrad Nagel** as the fine, upstanding **husband** (why is **Conrad always** so upstanding?), **Lila Lee** as the **wife,** and one **Hugh Huntley** as the saturnine **lover. Huntley,** a new face to us, puts in an American "A" sound every so often, but we aren't fooled—he's another of these **English** chappies. Nor are **Lila's** broad "A's" (always in the wrong place) any more convincing. You may get a certain amount of amusement out of the second half of the picture, wherein **Lila's** elopement falls flat because her lover won't let her bring the **baby** along.



BE YOURSELF

THE BLONDE LOSES

If this is the sort of thing you like, you **may** like **"Be Yourself." Fannie Brice** is the star; and as she has been a **vaudeville** headliner for years, doubtless a good many people will find her antics in one of those **night-clubs** which **resemble** the **Grand Central Terminal** entertaining. Maybe her clowning is like olives and requires a more cultivated taste than ours.

"Be Yourself" is the tale of an **entertainer** with the side-line job of **managing** a **prize-fighter.** She builds him into a **champion,** then to her chagrin he has his busted bugle straightened and goes to play with a sumptuous **blonde.** Although the plot seems to imply that he is a skunk for so doing, we don't blame him a bit. Considering the blonde. **Fannie,** however, brings him back to her by the simple means of seeing that his nose is crashed again.

Parade



MASKS OF LOVE

NOVEL PLOT **"Masks of Love"** is no mean monument to **Kenneth Hawks'** directorial abilities. Though ill-fated in production, this picture presents **Elinor Glyn's** best scenario effort.

Based on the magazine serial, **"Such Men Are Dangerous"** (under which title it will be released outside of California), the story has a novel plot. It is high-class melodrama—enough so to hold you enthralled. It is also blessed with the romantic presence of **Warner Baxter.** From the opening scenes, when the beautiful wife of an ugly financial wizard flees from his home on their wedding night, until the **Rebuilt** man (literally) proposes to extract his revenge, the picture captures your imagination. It is a vivid modern fairy story. **Catherine Dale Owen** is superbly lovely as the stricken heroine, but perhaps a bit too cold and reserved. **Hedda Hopper** deftly supplies the balance of humor.



TEMPLE TOWER

OLD-FASHIONED **At first** I thought they had resurrected a chapter of an old-time **serial thriller** and put words to it! There were all the tricks that sent shivers up my more youthful spine when I wore shirtwaists and a wire "rat," the haunted house with trap-doors and hidden panels, the old miser, the stolen emeralds with blood on them, the Masked Menace, the lightning flashes, the persecuted heroine (persecution is very becoming to **Marceline Day**). **Henry Walthall** gloats and glowers in the style of the early **Pearl White** period. As a sequel to **Ronald Colman, Kenneth McKenna,** who plays ***Bulldog Drummond,*** lacks subtlety, but subtlety would be out of place in such blood and thunder milieu. He saunters through the amazing adventures that take him over high walls, through secret passages and up rope ladders with **British** imperturbability.



THE COLLEGE RACKETEER

A REDEEMING CAST **Or when college** boys go bad. And then go good when a **Beautiful Influence** comes into their lives. **James Murray** is the thoroughly believable college hero (bad, then good) who leaves cloistered halls for the **rum racket** but returns in time to save his honor, gal and the big crew race.

Bad as this sounds (and bad as it is), you will nevertheless thrill at the way **James Murray** does his stuff. The lad has a way of playing **crook** parts that makes those in the audience reach for their pockets to make sure that what they have is still there (in my case, thirty-five cents and a last year's street car transfer). **Laughs,** and good ones, are supplied by **Lee Moran,** while **Kathryn Crawford** is the gal who still believes, 'though the whole world is against our **Jimmie.** When you go to see this one, try to remember that it's just another movie and you won't be disappointed.



CHILDREN OF PLEASURE

GRAY SURPRISES **At last the** theme-song writer becomes hero material for a movie. **Larry Gray** as the tin-pan-alleyer who rhymes Moon and June for a living furnishes the only surprise of this mediocre story of **two girls,** a rich and spoiled blonde and a self-sacrificing working-girl, who contend for the affections of a **young man.** In the scene where he loses his illusions about the girl he is on the point of marrying and recklessly **jazzes** his tender **love song,** so that the crowd may dance to his broken romance, **Larry Gray** does some real acting and proves that he has a whole lot more than an infectious smile and a pleasant parlor voice. The songs are extremely poor. The lyrics are even poorer than poor. As the flirtatious blonde, **Helen Johnson,** and, as the true-hearted typist, **Wynn Gibson** are **newcomers** who haven't quite found their camera angles, as yet.

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic



FREE AND EASY

HOLLYWOOD KIDDED

Hollywood boobed à la Buster Keaton—all in good fun, with nicely padded barbs. **Buster Keaton** is the dumb bozo from **Gopher City, Kan.,** who breaks into the film center as the **manager** of the prize home-town **beauty.** Unwittingly, he becomes the reigning king of comedy, saves the little girl—who is no less dumb than he—from the dangerous motion picture hero with his high-priced love making technique. Altogether, this picture is better than a **three-ringed circus.** Something's doing all the time with **satire, romance** and **slapstick** comedy generously intermingled. **Hollywood** takes part in the comedy, lending its notables and famous haunts of the cinema élite to heighten the realism. **Keaton's** first all-talking comedy can be ballyhooed thus circusly—see the great M-G-M- **directors** do their stuff—attend a world's première at **Grauman's** Chinese Theater—run amuck through the studios! It's all there rolled up into **"Free and Easy."**



FRAMED

GANGSTERS AGAIN

I guess by now we all have learned our cinematic lesson about the proprietors of night-clubs being low-lived rats, intent upon bumping off anyone who gives them so much as a sultry look. Actually, if this sort of opera goes on, the **song-and-fizz** joints presently should be having a sharp **slump** in business. We've suddenly become conscious of what dangers lurk in reprimanding a waiter for pouring soup in the lap. **"Framed"** is certainly no better, and maybe no worse, than the usual run of that type of film spawned by **"Broadway."** But we still are accepting no substitutes. **Regis Toomey** of **"Alibi"** fame, seems to remain a shining mark for gangster bullets, and **Ralf Harolde** has the same sort of rôle he handled so well in **"Officer O'Brien." Evelyn Brent** is the hostess, and of the three, **Harolde** is much the best. That lad is a menace as **is** a menace! Good entertainment—but somehow we are irritated to see **crooks** getting sympathy at the expense of those nice, straight, stalwart movie **cops.**



THE MOUNTED STRANGER

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

If Hoot Gibson had been willing to spend the money to buy the theme-song rights to **"Horses, Horses, Horses,"** that would at least have made this **funny.** What with tailor-made tunnels in the middle of the desert, and a **"murdered"** man who turns up later to run down his own **murderer,** it's a story for **kid consumption.** The plot—if you are really glib, concerns a boy who sees his father "planted" at the tender age of eleven years, and thereafter spends his time hunting for the gent who did the dirty work. He ends up in an abandoned mine where he meets the lady in the case. From there on it's just one wild ride after another—**Hoot** leading the pack. **Louise Lorraine** plays the lady-of-the-mines; an old-time favorite, **Francis Ford** portrays *Spider* capably. Some of the desert scenes were photographically beautiful. The talkie angle is played up with flocks of horses neighing and prancing about. There were a few boys down front who got a big kick out of it; but it takes a really **small** small boy to cheer this one.



PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

SHORT ON SUSPENSE

"The IT girl's boy-friend," Harry Richman, who hails from the night-clubs of **Broadway,** gets a bad talkie break. Evidently short on plots at the **United Artists** studios these days, they have patched up the good old favorite that has served most of the musical stars since **Broadway** broke into the movies. If audiences will stand the slow opening sequences and the sloppy ending of the film, they will be partially rewarded by the in-between moments. Along about the middle of the picture **Richman** throws off some of his restraint and actually does his stuff in the revue and cabaret scenes. The music includes some of **Irving Berlin's** catchiest melodies. Elaborate staging helps somewhat and **James Gleason** and **Lilyan Tashman** do all they can as the comedy team. Such songs as **"Puttin' On The Ritz," "There's Danger In Your Eyes"** and **"Singing A Vagabond Song"** are really worth tolerating quite a lot for. This story of a tank town player who finally clicks, deserts his girl and best friends, surely needs **toleration.**

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



ONLY THE BRAVE

SERIOUS HUMOR **It's all about a Yankee army** officer (**Gary Cooper**) of **Civil War** days who is jilted by his Northern sweetheart. Wishing to die, he undertakes a **spy** job—"from which there is no return." He is supposed to allow himself to be captured in Southern territory and searched for "orders" that will lead the **Boys** in **Grey** astray. But from the time that he lands in the **South** (only to be royally entertained at the *Calhoun* mansion) **Gary** can't seem to convince them that he is a **Northern** officer who really wants to be captured. It's broad farce in places.

The star doesn't have his usual opportunities and consequently the **"scene stealers"** get in some deadly work. **William LeMaire,** as the Southern sentry, was the principal offender. While guarding **Gary**, he puts over some of the cleverest dialogue yet heard. **Phillips Holmes** does very well as the jealous sweetheart of *Barbara Calhoun*, and **Mary Brian** gives the best performance of the picture.

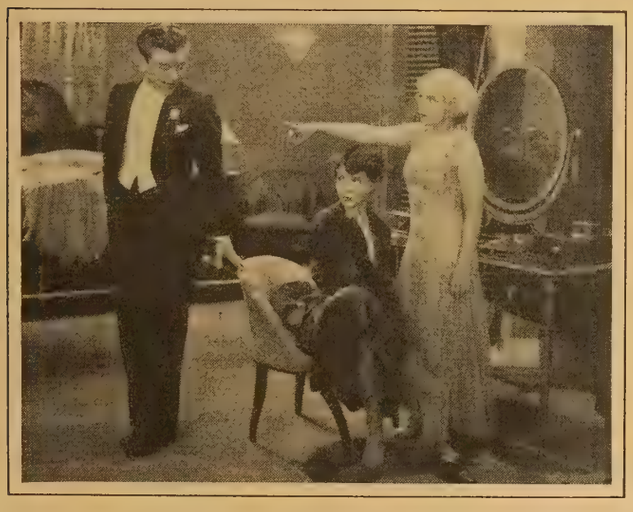


TROOPERS THREE

HORSES, HORSES, HORSES **Another story** of a fresh young man who is redeemed by army discipline and the love of a pure woman. **Rex Lease** (the **F. Y. M.**), **Roscoe Karns** and **Slim Summerville** are three hungry vaudevillians who join the cavalry in order to have free meals and beds while they rehearse their act. They overlook the equine element of that branch of the service.

Rex and the Sergeant love the same girl (**Dorothy Gulliver**), but **Rex** can sing and play the ukulele, which gives him an edge on the **Sarge.** Our hero is accused (unjustly) of frightful treachery and it requires a large fire for him to prove himself a hero.

Rex makes a good job of an uninspiring rôle and there are some beautiful shots of the 11th **U. S. Cavalry.** But the highlight of the picture for this reviewer is the reproachful look **Slim Summerville** gives his horse after his first disastrous attempt to ride the critter!



THE GOLDEN CALF

EL STEALS ANOTHER **Formula No. 9G, with** no modern improvements, is used as the plot of this musical **extravaganza.** A funny-looking spinster, with long hair, spectacles, and inhibitions, reluctantly allows a mud pack to be applied to her face, and when it is removed she turns out to be **Sue Carol.** You might have written it yourself. That merry old soul, **Jack Mulhall,** plays a young commercial artist who, in the interests of a hosiery ad, is searching for a pair of **perfect legs.** Guess under whose skirts he finds them! **Sue Carol** doesn't appear to very good advantage either before or after the mud pack, and it's hard to get steamed up over the love affair of such a wan pair. But who cares about that? The most irresistible man on the screen, **El Brendel,** is in the cast, and he's anybody's money's worth. **He steals** the picture, as usual, and running him a **close second** is **Marjorie White,** with her vim and vigor. The production is elaborate, and the general effect is painless, if not particularly exciting. There is a song, **"Modernistic,"** that you're likely to hear a good deal.



THE CIRCLE

A TOP-NOTCHER **This picture is noteworthy for** a number of reasons. In the first place, **Catherine Dale Owen** has a real part, which lets her out of the beautiful icicle class. She plays with **warmth** and **charm** and beautiful clothes. In the second place, this is the **talkie début** (so far as I know) of **Alison Skipworth,** who is no less devastating on the screen than she was on the stage. Thirdly, there is a new leading man, named **Paul Cavanaugh,** who looks and acts altogether manly, and has lines which don't hamper him. There are also **Ernest Torrence** and **Lewis Stone,** who don't need any advertising. It is an adaptation of **"The Circle,"** that famous stage play by **Somerset Maugham.** An older woman who, as a girl, left her husband to run away with the man she loved, tries to prevent her daughter-in-law from making the same delightful mistake. There is a lot of suspense, in which romance and respectability hang in the balance. The whole **cast** is **excellent,** and it seems to me an **exceptionally smooth** and lovely production. **David Burton** is the director.
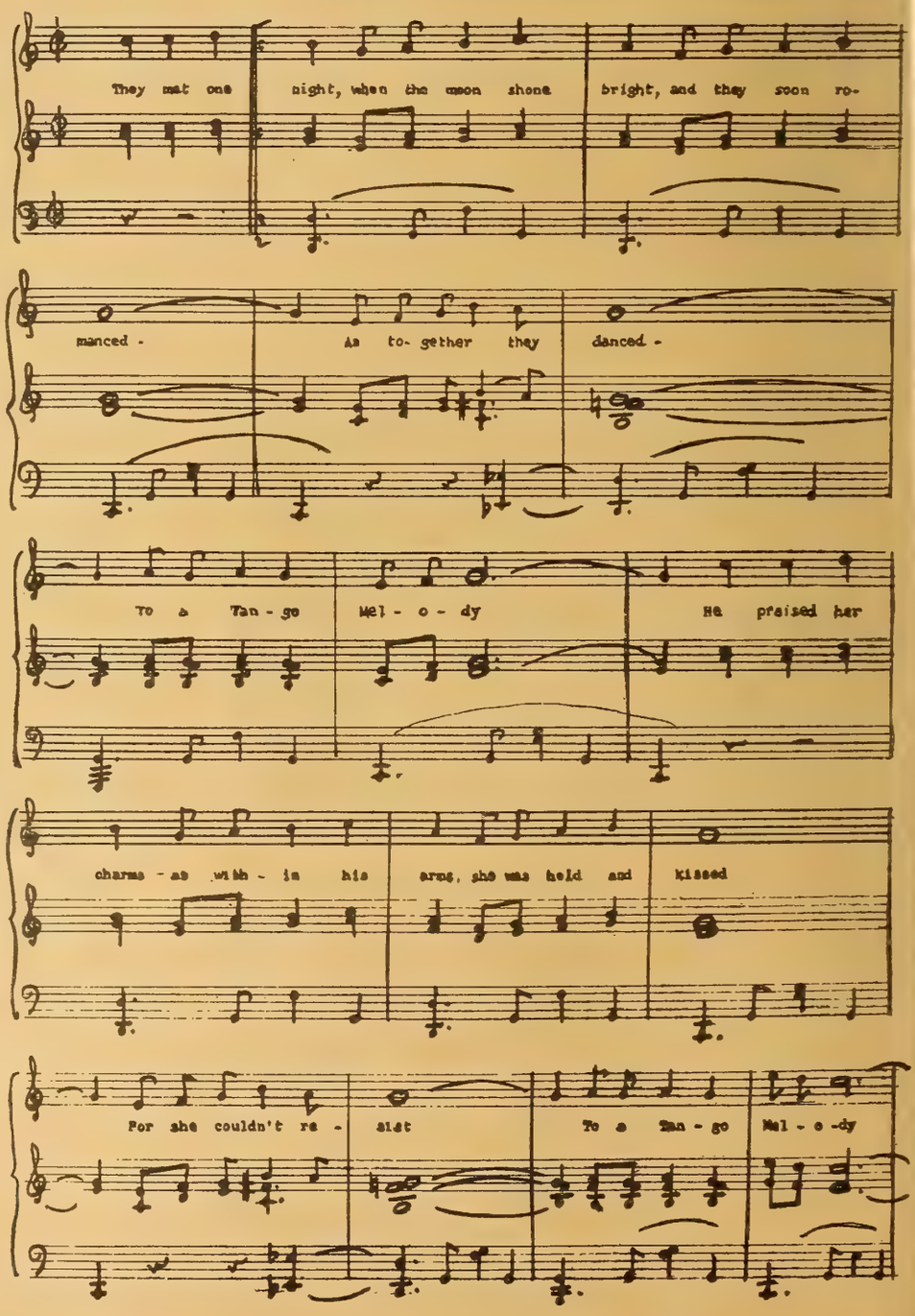


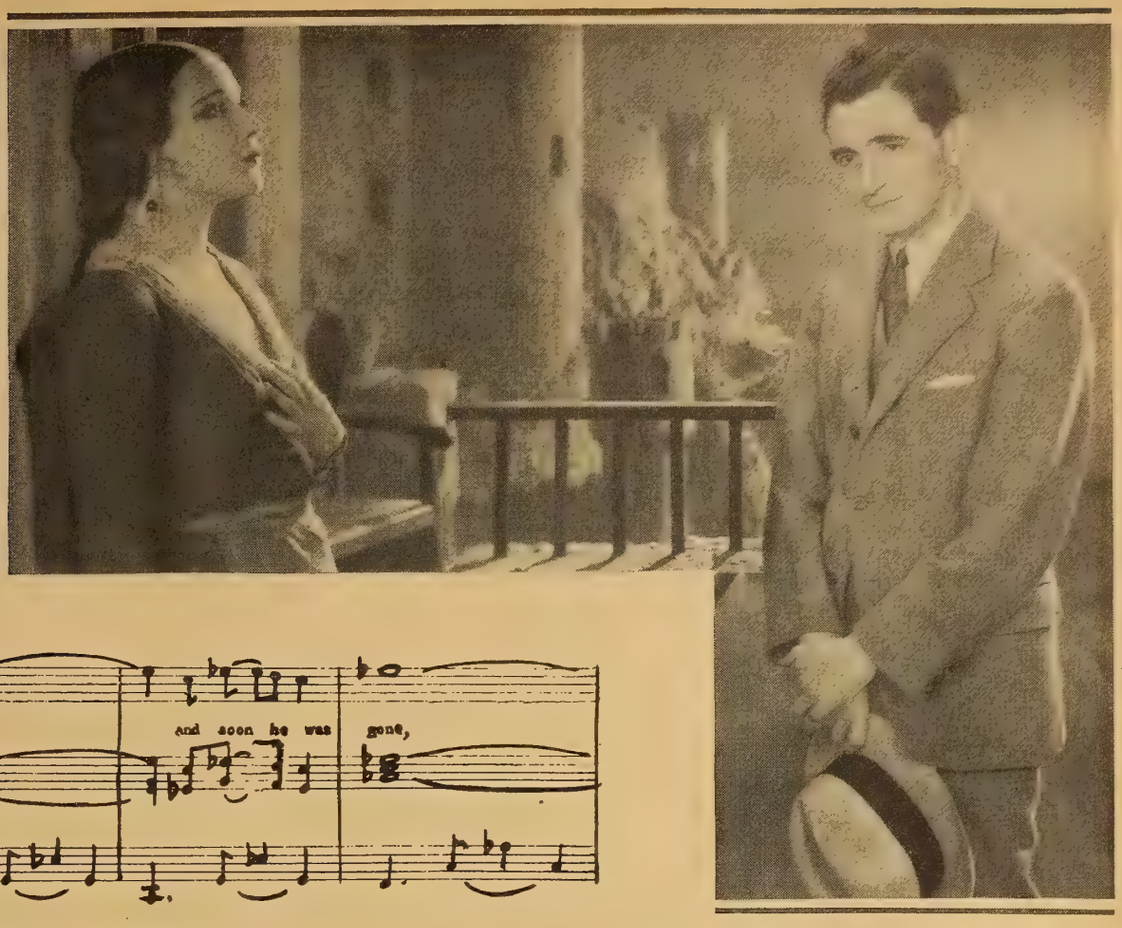
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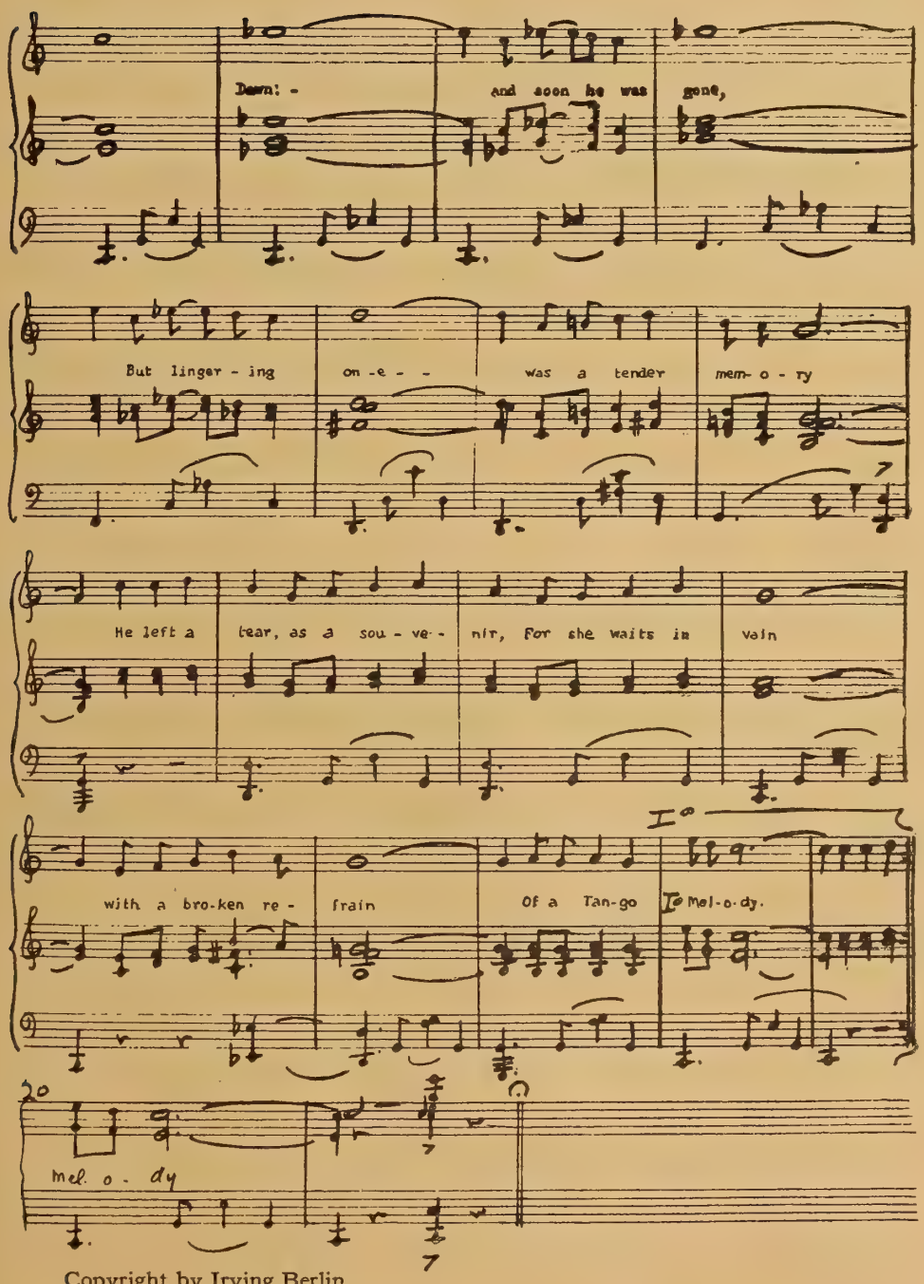
Chorus

TANGO MELODY

Irving Berlin







Copyright by Irving Berlin

In the background of the picture on the opposite page you may see the background of "The Bad One"—the waterfront of Marseilles, principally known in the movies, heretofore, as the jumping-off-place for northern Africa and the Foreign Legion. And in the foreground is Dolores Del Rio (who, as a café entertainer, plays the title rôle), making Edmund Lowe (a sailor) feel at ease. As the opening words of "Tango Melody" have it: "They met one night, when the moon shone bright, and they soon romanced." And, above, you may see *The Bad One* as she looked when "he left a tear for a souvenir," apparently oblivious of the modest gentleman standing directly in front of her. He is none other than Irving Berlin, composer of "Tango Melody," who, it is said, has never yet written an unsuccessful song

Being A Good Song From "The Bad One"

From *Jazz to Gentility*



Joan Crawford Is Going To Be Demure If It Kills Her

By RUTH BIERY

"JOAN CRAWFORD has changed. How Joan Crawford has changed. Have you heard why Joan Crawford has changed?"

And that's the leading Hollywood theme song, ladies and gentlemen, believe it or not.

Yet, although I've read it in every magazine which writes about picture people, though I've written it myself in several places, people are still asking us, again and again, "Is it true that Joan Crawford has changed?"

Now I don't know any better way definitely to answer that question than to compare the Joan Crawford, *née* Lucille Le Sueur, as she used to be, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as she is. To dig into the past and discover what Joan did then and put it side by side with what she does now. That should prove whether this theme song is based upon facts or upon movie fiction.

I have delved into the back files of the magazines and newspapers and read all that was said of the whoopee girl of the movies. For more than two months I have been with her practically every week to study Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. Here are the results of that comparative study:

Back in 1926

HER general appearance of yesterday we can glimpse from those words penned in 1926: "When you see Joan do the Charleston or the St. Louis hop or the tango or whatever other crazy dance happens to be in at the moment, you think of her as the symbol of everything that the younger generation is supposed to be. . . . You look at her and cute stock phrases automatically come to your mind. Bobbed hair—rolled stockings—defiance—topless roadster—'Hey! Hey!'—jazz—short skirts—slang—little hats banged over one eye—high heels and all of the rest."

Not hard to picture her in 1926, is it?

Her opinions on marriage were as definite as Will Rogers's upon Congressmen. As late as 1928, I quoted her in a story: "The wedding ring! That's one thing I hope I'll always be able to dodge. I know too much about it from studying other professional women who are married. Never! Not so long as I can support myself.

"Absolutely everyone I know is divorced or wants to be and can't get one. Why should I marry?"

Just to prove what an able prophet I was in 1928, I continued with all of the rights of a writer to forecast: "Joan was wearing an immense ring on her third finger which she admitted was a man's gift. . . . Since the days when this wily young lady kicked her famous legs on Broadway, she had been reported engaged to one millionaire after another. Of course, the latest is Mike Cudahy, the scion of the Chicago packing genius. In fact, she left us with this remark: 'Got to hurry. The Cudahy family is going to the show this evening!' But methinks she meant what she said. She'll never marry."

And this, only two years ago, remember.

But if she were the marrying kind she'd have chosen a man named Bob and with these attributes, she told a newspaper reporter: "Bob is a three-letter word meaning charm.

(*Continued on page 122*)



Richee

• • Unconventional Portraits - - I.

Buddy Rogers, sitting on the dark side-lines of the set, waiting for his cue to step into the spotlight, is caught, by an alert photographer, in the forbidden act of sneezing. If the handkerchief was not enough to muzzle the horrible sound, and a whole sequence was thereby ruined, Buddy, you may be sure, caught more than a hard cold

Patterning After

ONE of the smartest costumes Lois Wilson wears in "Lovin' The Ladies," Richard Dix's second Radio starring picture, is a model distinguished by its simplicity. It is of stardust blue frost crepe, with a circular skirt worn at the new modish length, and a tight-fitting belt placed at the natural waistline. The only trimming is banding of summer ermine around the cuffs and collar.

The same design may be used to fashion foulards, kasha, various prints and reps.

FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS. WEAR GOWNS PATTERNED ON WHAT THE STARS MODEL. HAVE DRESS - MAKING MADE EASY!

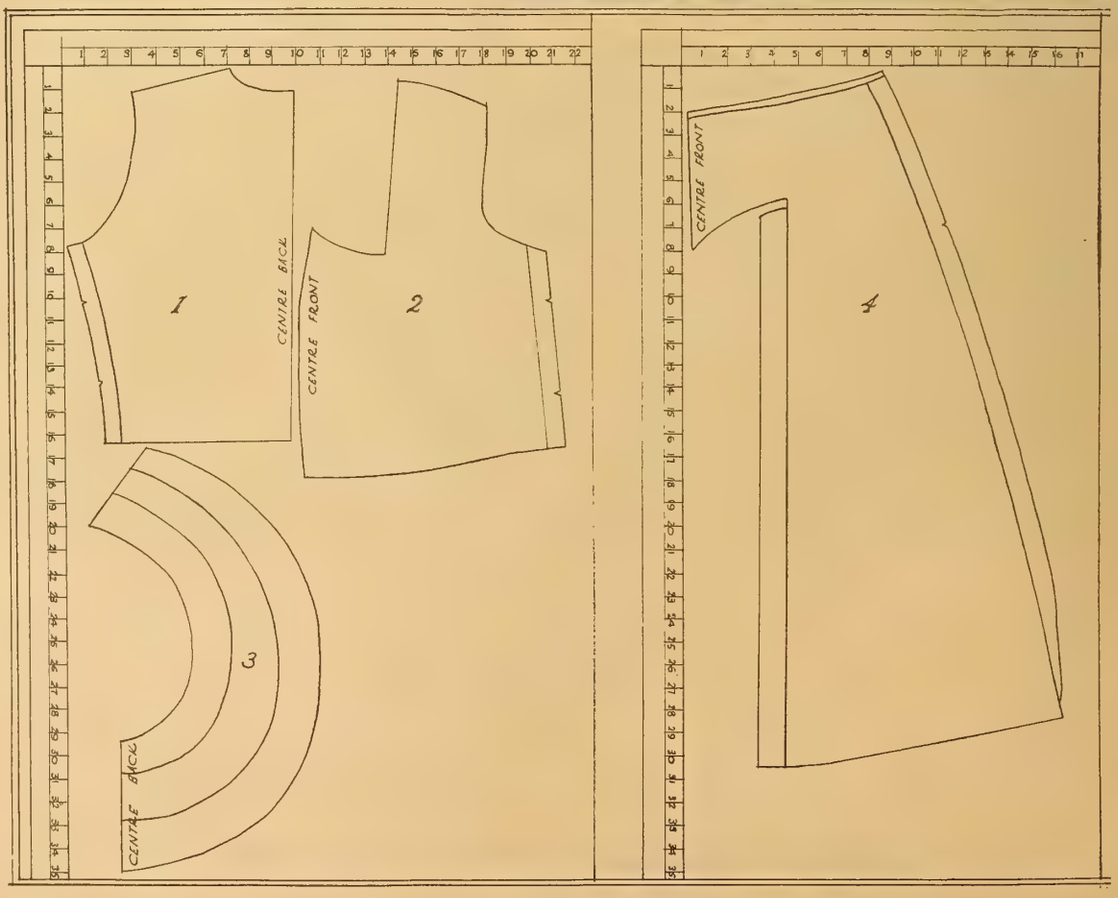
If you wear size thirty-six, you will need four yards of material forty inches wide. The pattern shown here is for size thirty-six, but it is an easy matter to enlarge or decrease it. Add or subtract one quarter of an inch around the entire piece according to your measurements. For example, if you are a thirty-eight, add one quarter of an inch. If you are a thirty-four, subtract a quarter of an inch. Lay along the fold of your goods those sections of the pattern marked "center back," "center front," etc. By carefully comparing the measurements of the pieces reproduced here, you avoid complications. No. 6 is the inset in the front of the skirt (No. 4), and an inch seam is allowed on the entire pattern.

Walter Plunkett, dress designer for the Radio Pictures Studio, suggests as trimming, instead of the fur, soft folds of net or tulle. On a sports dress braid or a band of the same material in contrasting color may be used.





Above: crepe trimmed with ermine or lapin



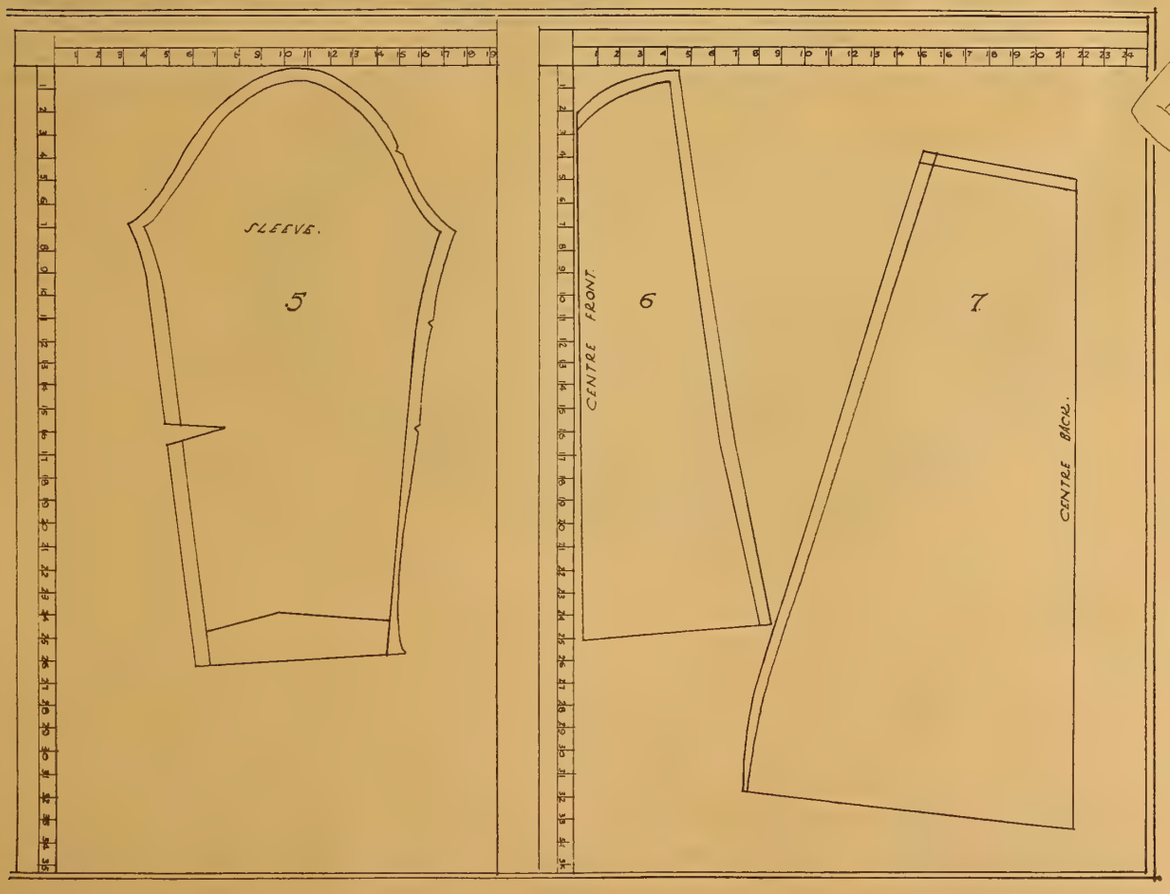
The STARS



Motion Picture's First Lesson In How To Dress Like Hollywood

At the left, Lois Wilson, in two poses, illustrates how simple and yet attractive a dress can be, while Walter Plunkett, Hollywood dress designer, looks on at his handiwork from the right. Below, and to the left, are the patterns (with instructions on the opposite page)







Above: light-weight wool with trimming of brushed wool

. . Little Bread-Winner

Hollywood Made Virginia Lee Corbin A Model Child, Says Her Mother

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK





HOLLYWOOD is as great an influence for good as a convent, if a mother's judgment can be trusted. Two girls, brought up in a convent and in Hollywood, respectively, would be equally exemplary when the course was finished. The girls might turn out a little differently, perhaps, but the net content of goodness would be about even.

Virginia Lee Corbin's mother was the one to extol Hollywood as a paradise for the development of little minds. She is well qualified to speak, for she actually did bring up one daughter in a convent, and another on the movie stages of Hollywood.

"My two girls are entirely different," Mrs. Corbin told me. "They don't agree about anything, they don't think alike, their dispositions are quite dissimilar. But they're both good girls. The elder one—the convent-bred girl—is reserved and thoughtful. She embroiders a great deal, reads, and is very quiet and domestic. Virginia is just the opposite in every way."

I'm afraid Virginia neglects her embroidery. Seventeen-year-old Virginia, with her dizzy blonde beauty, her husband plucked from the ticker-tape of Wall Street, her film career and her income. You can see what advantages a Hollywood upbringing can give a girl.

"Virginia is lively and reckless," her mother said. "She's always singing and dancing and clowning. But she's a wonderful little girl, and a good girl. She has supported her mother and her sister and herself all her life, and she still supports me."

At top, Virginia Lee Corbin as she looks to-day, after a Hollywood upbringing; above, at left, as she looked when she and Francis Carpenter were "The Fox Kiddies"

An Infant Bread-Winner

VIRGINIA became a bread-winner when she was still on a liquid diet herself. In fact, almost from birth she has been in the public eye. She was so beautiful, Mrs. Corbin explained, that people were always asking to be allowed to paint and photograph her. And the proud mother could not refuse.

Besides, Mrs. Corbin was one of those blighted mothers whose own adolescent yearnings toward the stage had been cruelly frowned upon, so it thrilled her to

(*Continued on page 117*)

England's leader in Beauty Culture

Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON warns "against harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils"

"Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."

Bertha Jacobson

11/12 DOVER STREET,
LONDON, W. 1



Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this expert.



Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon.



A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon.

"WHEN women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

Dangers to skin beauty

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes . . . the preferred method of more than 19,800 experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness.

Since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions already do, in 48 countries the world over.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

5249

Retail Price 10c



CHANGED—*for Better or Worse?*



What a difference just a few years—and Hollywood—can make! As witness the effect on Greta Garbo, who is seen at the top in her first movie (Lars Hanson is the ardent gentleman) and, above, in one of her latest, "The Kiss" (with Conrad Nagel inspecting her closely). Gone are the luxurious curls of those halcyon days in Sweden, and the soft girlish mouth, and the full figure. Verily, what price glory?

Grace that is natural and always attractive

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage



DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National Pictures, Inc.

TODAY, to be really beautiful, one must be radiantly healthy, yet desirably feminine. Youthfully slender, but with never a trace of the "flatness" of yesterday.

How many girls, dieting to achieve this fashionable figure, have destroyed both health and charm!

And so unnecessarily!

By following a few simple rules it is comparatively easy to control the weight—and be healthy and more beautiful while doing so.

Eat balanced menus—designed to reduce safely. Avoid the two great dangers of dieting—anemia and improper elimination.

One delightful product that *is not fattening* will help avoid both of these dreaded dangers. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Add it to any reducing diet. It furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean and healthy.

Improper elimination is one of beauty's greatest foes! It is the most frequent cause of pimples, sallow complexions, lines of age, listlessness and disease. Just two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily is guaranteed to eliminate this danger.



In addition, it helps prevent dietary anemia by adding iron to the blood. Iron brings glorious color to the lips and complexion. With milk or fruit juices, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You can eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in so many delightful ways—*without adding many calories to the diet.* In fruit juices—sprinkled on salads, in soups. Cook it in bran muffins, omelettes, breads. New processes have improved ALL-BRAN—both in texture and in taste. Recommended by doctors.

Always ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. M-5
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

How The STARS Handle Their Money



Corinne Griffith Is One Lily Of The Movie Field That Toils And Also Spins

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

"CONSIDER the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin . . . " This is the Biblical quotation that lovely women have always taken as their rightful text.

In Hollywood, the natural hothouse for languorous lilies, as well as all other exotic flowers that quickly bloom and die, Corinne Griffith might easily be mistaken for one of the rarest of the blossoms. But Corinne is just another of Hollywood's contradictions. She is the lily that toils and spins.

Heavy pale blue satin draped the long windows in her bungalow out at First National, where we talked. Delicate crystal trees with leaves of jade and blossoms of coral, spread their glittering boughs over the white fireplace ledge. Soft lights. Low chairs with down-filled cushions. A perfect setting for her particularly feminine beauty.

And I had come here to talk with her about investments, dividends and the stock market! It seemed incongruous that this burnished, lovely little head was ever filled with such practical subjects.

She plunged into a dissertation on financial manipulations worthy of a Wall Street banker. Apparently she was as interested in, and as able to discuss, high finance as the latest styles from Paris, or even as one might expect, her own *metier*, the motion pictures.

Resisting Temptation

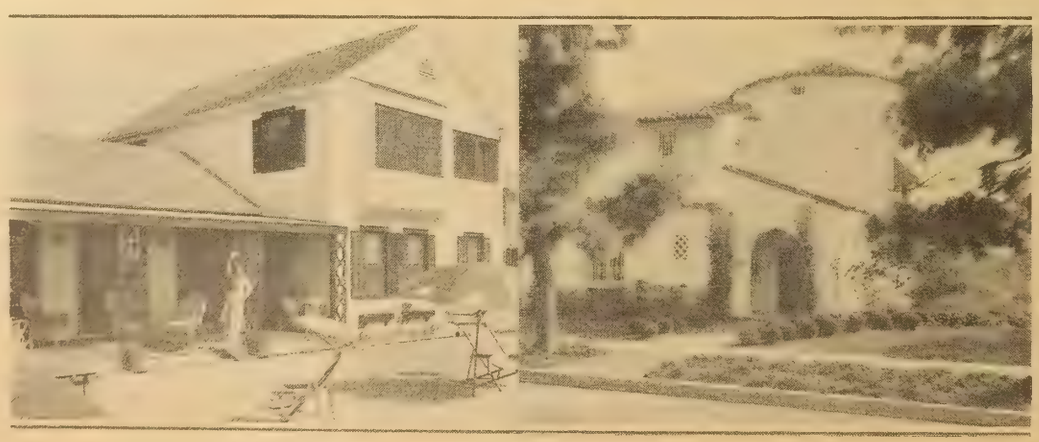
CORINNE has followed a definite plan of handling her earnings right from the start of her career as a motion picture actress. The advice she gives to girls who are making their own living seems more like that given by a cool-headed business man, than by one of the most celebrated screen stars.

"First of all, let saving become a habit—if only one dollar a week is saved," she advises. "And save for a goal. Definitely make up your mind just how much you can lay aside each week or month and stick to it. Never cheat your savings account.

"Study methods of saving. If a girl can earn money, she can learn to invest it. There is no reason why a girl cannot handle money as wisely as a man."

Corinne explained that her first salary in pictures was one hundred dollars a week. "Out of that I saved twenty-

(*Continued on page 100*)



Corinne Griffith now belongs to the enviable class that gets three months' vacations, and can rent such homes as the one at exclusive Malibu Beach, seen at the right

Through careful study, Corinne Griffith has become a good judge of real estate—a good example of which is her home, seen at left, worth much more today than when built

Fryer

If you met her *now*, you'd know her..



BESSIE LOVE, in "Chasing Rainbows," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

Technicolor has painted her true image . . . as radiantly beautiful as the warm Hollywood sunshine finds her . . . youth aglow in her cheeks, her eyes and hair. What a thrill you receive when Technicolor transports your favorite stars from shadowland to *life* . . . when the vapory blacks and grays disappear and a rainbow of living color rests upon the screen. Technicolor captivates your eyes, your imagination. It brings you *real* men, *real* women . . . *just as they are* . . . with Nature herself mixing the colors.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon (Caddo Productions) Technicolor Sequences; **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SON OF THE GODS,** starring Richard Barthelmess (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

Technicolor
is natural color



SPECIALLY PAINTED BY MARLAND STONE

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

New Skin Beauty Overnight Amazing Discovery - FREE

free 7 DAY BEAUTY TREATMENT

Look 10 Years Younger

Thousand-Year-Old Beauty Secret Rediscovered. Erases Age-Lines, Wrinkles. Clears, Softens Skin. Ends Pimples, Blackheads. Results Overnight.



NOW NO EXCUSE for ugly skin, lines or wrinkles. You can have a clear, unblemished, girlish skin like magic. Amazing discovery, SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME, brings results OVERNIGHT. Almost before you can realize it, your lovely, new, youthful skin attracts admiration and envy. Free 7-day treatment proves you can look years younger and many times prettier, right away. Send for it TODAY.

Pimples, Blackheads, Lines Go

Sem-Pray acts in marvelous new way. It penetrates deep into skin; clears pores of excess oil and all impurities. Blackheads and pimples vanish before your eyes. Skin becomes soft as a baby's; smooth and velvety. Takes shine from oily skin; makes dry skin normal.

Softens, Whitens, Tones Skin

Blotches, muddiness vanish at once. Skin becomes beautifully fine and white. Age-lines and wrinkles go quick. Sagging cheeks, double chin, puffs under eyes, firm right up. Undernourished tissue is fed, stimulated and toned. New beauty quick. Amazes everyone.

Better Than "Beauty Parlor" Treatments. Years Vanish



A 3-minute treatment with Sem-Pray is better than an hour's treatment with ordinary creams and lotions. It is the only beauty aid you need. Three minutes a day is enough to take years away. New youth overnight. And new oval container also enables you to carry Sem-Pray with you. Push-up bottom, used as easily as lipstick, without touching with fingers. Give yourself many beauty treatments a day. Use also when shopping, after motoring, after exposure to sun, dust and wind to freshen the skin and relieve irritation. Use after swimming. Use also as a foundation cream.

Beauty Experts Astounded

Beauty experts astounded. They see Sem-Pray do overnight what previously has taken many beauty treatments to effect.



Dorothy Mackaill and Basil Rathbone in "Green Stockings." Says Miss Mackaill: "Sem-Pray takes years from one's looks and gives lovely charm."



Sem-Pray Is the Only Beauty Aid You Need

Youth and Beauty Quick

Rare Eastern Oils Bring Skin Loveliness Such as Ordinary Creams Can Never Give



Simply put the Sem-Pray oval container to face and smooth on. Fingers never touch the creme.

Sem-Pray contains rare Eastern oils from the lands of the beautiful Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and other famous beauties who knew secrets of youth formerly unknown to the modern woman. Beautifying ingredients never before used in any creams: rediscovered and now compressed into dainty rose-pink, almond-scented cake.

Different—Far Superior to Ordinary Creams

Only 3 persons in the world know how Sem-Pray is made from these wonderful Eastern oils. Only in Sem-Pray can you get this quick new way to youth and beauty. Only in Sem-Pray can you actually see results overnight. Also a wonderful foundation cream. Blends powder and rouge perfectly. Prevents caking and spottiness. No other beautifier so quick and complete as Sem-Pray. Brings new youth at once.

Fits Handbag



Use Sem-Pray any time, anywhere. Fits snugly in corner of handbag.

Get Sem-Pray Today New Beauty Tomorrow

Get 60c package Sem-Pray at your favorite toilet goods counter or drug store today. New beauty tomorrow. Or send for free 7-day treatment. Better than 7 trips to a beauty parlor. Send today.

Movie Stars Wild About Sem-Pray Compressed Creme

Makes Them Look Years Younger

Many movie stars look as young today as they did 10 years ago and some look even younger now, due to absence of lines, blemishes, pouches and bagginess. Many with grown children still play "flapper" parts. They credit Sem-Pray with their new youth. Send for free package today.

Lovely Anna Q. Nilsson

Ten Yrs. Ago Today



See her ten years ago—and today. Younger looking than ever. She says: "Sem-Pray holds youth down thru the years."



Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Charming Agnes Ayres

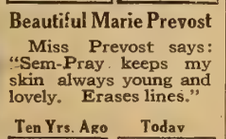
She says "Sem-Pray holds youth." These pictures taken 10 years apart are evident that Miss Ayres knows.



Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Beautiful Marie Prevost

Miss Prevost says: "Sem-Pray keeps my skin always young and lovely. Erases lines."



Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Witching Lila Lee

"There is nothing quite like Sem-Pray to hold one's charm 'neath the camera's critical eyes," says Miss Lee.



Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Winsome Viola Dana

Ten years of youth that would be otherwise lost. She says, "It pays to keep young with Sem-Pray."



Inspiring Pauline Starke

"Sem-Pray keeps away wrinkles, erases lines and enables one to maintain unfading youth and beauty."





FREE

7-Day Beauty Treatment

Mail coupon below at once for FREE 7-day treatment of Sem-Pray beautifiers, including amazing Sem-Pray Compressed Creme, Sem-Pray Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge. All FREE.

Mme. La Nore, Sem-Pray Beauty Salons, Dept. 108-G Grand Rapids, Mich.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Mme. La Nore, Sem-Pray Beauty Salons, Dept. 108-G, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Please send packet of 7-day Sem-Pray Beautifiers, including Sem-Pray Compressed Creme, Sem-Pray Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please print or write plainly)

First sweeping HOLLYWOOD and now *Lux Toilet Soap cares for the*

Keep your skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do

LONG AGO our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and discovered that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest.

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant white soap. Never have they been more grateful to it than since so many of them are playing in the talkies!

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap.

In Hollywood alone* 511 *lovely actresses use it

"No girl can be *attractive* unless she has the very loveliest skin." This is the conclusion of 45 leading Hollywood directors. Small wonder, then, that Lux Toilet Soap is the chosen soap of the world's most famous stars!

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for its dressing rooms.

At the request of the Broadway stage stars, it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters, and by other leading theaters all over the country.

If you aren't already using this delightful soap, order several cakes—today. Its caressing lather will keep your skin lovely, just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars.



JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



JANET GAYNOR
Fox Films

H O L L Y



MARY EATON
"The Five O'Clock Girl"



HELEN HAYES
"Coquette"



ARLETTE MARCHAL
French screen star



SUZANNE BIANCHETTI
French screen star

Lux Toilet Soap

. . then BROADWAY . .
the EUROPEAN CAPITALS
loveliest complexions in the world



DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National



MARION DAVIES
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



BEBE DANIELS
Radio Pictures' Player



EVELYN BRENT
Independent

W O O D



MARILYN MILLER
"Sally"



BEATRICE LILLIE
"This Year of Grace"



LENORE ULRIC
"Mima"



ANN PENNINGTON
George White's "Scandals"

B R O A D W A Y



LUCY DORAINE
Franco-Slavic star



LIL DAGOVER
German star



MABEL POULTON
English star



JULIETTE COMPTON
English star

E U R O P E

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW **10¢**



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and Addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

FAN FROM AUSTRALIA—Yes, **Don Alvarado** is married and has a daughter, **Joy.** Don't forget to tell your sweetheart all about it. **Joan Crawford** is appearing in **"Montana Moon," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** in **"One Night at Susie's." Jason Robards** and **Joan Bennett** have the leads in **"In Love With Love."**

JANET GAYNOR FAN—Glad you like our magazines and this department. Airplanes are here to stay, but people who use them evidently aren't. **Janet** was born in **Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907.** She is five feet tall, weighs **108** pounds, has red gold hair and brown eyes. Educated in **Florida, Chicago** and **San Francisco.** In **1925** she landed her first job in **Hollywood** as an extra girl. Extra work was her lot for six months. She got a lead in two-reel westerns and finally was selected for a part in **"The Johnstown Flood."** Was married to **Lydell Peck** on **Sept. 11, 1929.**

JUST SIXTEEN—You bet I envy you. **Nancy Carroll's** daughter is about five years old and has never appeared in pictures. **Nancy's** next picture will be **"The Devil's Holiday," Paramount Studios. Rudy Vallee** has been devoting his time between the **Paramount Theater** in **New York** and **Brooklyn.** He made just one picture. No new picture has been announced for him at this time. **Mary Astor** is appearing in **"Cooking Her Goose," RKO.**

UP IN MAINE—The trouble with psittacosis is that it has come too late. It would have fitted nicely into lots of crossword puzzles. **Stanley Smith** was born in **Kansas City, Mo.,** in **1905.** He is six feet tall, weighs **155** pounds, and has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. Not married and has appeared in the following pictures, **"The Sophomore," "Sweetie"** and **"Honey." Nancy Carroll** had the lead in the last two. **Jack Oakie** is appearing in **"Let's Go Native."** Receives his fan mail at the **Paramount Studios.**

BAHA—**Charles Farrell** was born in **East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905.** He and **Janet** are still good friends; you will see them in a new picture shortly called **"High Society Blues." Jack Mulhall** and **Loretta Young** have the leads in **"At Bay." Loretta** was married to **Grant Withers, Jan. 26, 1930. Virginia Lee Corbin** is going to **Europe** to appear in **British International** pictures.

H. W. T. INQUISITIVE—It doesn't seem a bit strange to hear from **Newfoundland,** we receive lots of mail from your country. **Ruth Roland** has returned to the screen and is appearing in **"Reno."** I'll bet you're glad she has come back. **Francis X. Bushman, Jr.,** is about twenty-seven years old, is married and has a daughter. **"The Deadwood Coach"** was released in **January, 1925,** starring **Tom Mix** and **Doris May. "News Parade,"**



The madcap is gone. For the last time, the name of Mabel Normand has appeared in the headlines. She is dead—burned out—at the age of thirty-two, a lonely victim of tuberculosis. No Hollywood career has been more tragic

May, 1928. Let's hear from you again real soon.

QUESTION MARK—There have been jazz singers, blues singers, hot singers and crooners in film musical productions, but **Zasu Pitts** is the screen's first "wailer." **Miss Pitts** brings this new technique in rendering a song in **"Honey," Nancy Carroll's** second starring picture for **Paramount.** The actress with the big, sad, blue eyes is cast as a perpetually crying maid and sings the reprise of one of **"Honey's"** tuneful numbers. **Douglas Fairbanks** was born in Denver, Colorado. **Paul Lukas** will be seen next in **"Young Eagles." Charles "Buddy" Rogers, "Safety in Numbers."**

M. M. M.—**Eddie Quillan** was born in **Philadelphia, Pa., Mar. 31, 1907.** It may have been significant that the home of his birth was on **Hollywood Street** of that **Pennsylvania** city. From the time he was able to walk and recite, he was part of the **Quillan** act and toured the big-time vaudeville circuit with two brothers, a sister and his **Scotch-Irish** parents. His vaudeville experience, however, did not interfere with his schooling, which he received at **Saint Gabriel's School** in **South Philadelphia,** later finishing at **Mount Carmel.** During the war **Eddie** served as a **Four Minute Speaker** and did his work so well that **Lieutenant Commander Payne** paid the youngster a signal honor in giving him a special memento of the occasion. **Mack Sennett** gave him his first start by playing in two-reel comedies.

PHOTO FANS—If you will write to **Jack David Cornell, 960 Iglehart Ave., Saint Paul, Minn.,** he will be glad to furnish you with some of the old-timers' photos; stars who at this time are not appearing on the screen. **Bebe Daniels** and **Ben Lyon** will be seen together shortly in a film called **"Smooth as Satin," RKO.**

PRECIOUS RED HEAD—Of course you mean your friend. **Winnie Lightner** played the rôle of **Mabel** in **"Gold Diggers of Broadway."** Her first picture for **Warner** was **"The Song-a-Minute Girl," a Vitaphone** "short." The songs she sang in this picture were **"Heaven Help a Sailor on a Night Like This," "Raise Myself a Papa"** and, **"We Love It." Richard "Skeets" Gallagher** was **Dash Nixon** in **"Pointed Heels." Helen Foster** is the other girl you refer to. The girl who danced in **"Is Everybody Happy,"** was not given credit on the cast.

FLOREINE—**Natacha Rambova** is not appearing on the stage or screen at this writing. **Rudolph Valentino** was born in **Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895.** Died **Aug. 23, 1926.** Send me a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of photos we have in stock. **Harry Carey** has just moved into **"Falcon Lair," Rudolph's** former home.

S. O. S.—The songs that were played and sung in **"Paris"** are as follows—**"Miss Wonderful," "Don't Look At Me That Way," "Somebody Mighty Like You," "I Wonder What Is Really on His Mind," "I'm a Little Negative, Looking for a Positive." Jack Buchanan** was born in **Scotland** about thirty-six years ago, six feet two, weighs **160** pounds, light brown hair and grey eyes. He is playing on Broadway at present.

From Paris
a new odeur
of the Mode and for the Mode



WHEN Paris acclaims a new odeur, it is usually for a reason of Mode.

That is how *REVE D'OR*, newest of French fragrances, newly come to America, became the fashion-sensation of Paris. Truly of and for the new Mode — *REVE D'OR* has the same fragile loveliness, the same quiet charm, the same tantalizing softness that mark your new silhouette.

REVE D'OR created by the famous Piver, oldest of French parfumeurs, is expressed throughout the toiletry-ensemble of *Face Powder, Perfume, Toilet Water, Talc and Bath Powder.*

REVE D'OR Face Powder, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee (an "after sun-tan tint")* is $1. *REVE D'OR* Perfume, $10 - $4. Also a purse size at $1. *REVE D'OR* Toilet Water, $2.50. Talc and Bath Powder $1 each. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

Rêve d'or
(GOLDEN DREAM)

PRODUCT OF PIVER ··· PARIS

•True-Blue Monte•



Spurr

His Creed Is Loyalty, And It Pays, He Avers

By
CEDRIC BELFRAGE

"YOU know, I'm a funny sort of duck," said Monte Blue, doing his famous brow-knitting act, thrusting his face forward and peering at me with those big, sad, dog-like eyes. I didn't know anything of the sort, but he interested me strangely.

"Oh, yes," he went on firmly, as if I had entered a denial. "We all are—my brothers and myself. From the time I could waddle I was taught by my mother that the thing that counts most in life is loyalty. Nothing else means anything if you're loyal, she told us.

"I've been starring for the Warner Brothers for six years, I've been right through the whole amazing story, starting when they had Lubitsch and Barrymore and the rest of 'em, when things were bright and the money flowed in; on down to the zero period, when they were flat broke; and finally through the sudden recovery with the development of talkies up to the present time, when the company has just declared a profit for the year of seventeen million dollars.

"I've seen 'em gradually deserting the company as things got steadily gloomier. And I've stuck. At the lowest point in the Warners' fortunes I was sixteen weeks without getting my salary. There wasn't another piece of jewelry in their wives' jewel-cases which the Warners could use to pay salaries. Nearly everybody quit. They told their friends they were sick of not getting paid and they weren't going to go on working for nothing.

The Show Went On

"I NEVER let on to anyone that I wasn't getting my check. A lot of people stopped me on the Boulevard to ask why I went on with the company. I just told 'em there was nothing wrong so far as I was concerned, that they were paying me as usual, and I didn't know any reason why I shouldn't carry on as usual.

"I had to be loyal to the Warners. I *knew* something would come of it, if I stuck with them. I knew it couldn't be in vain. I thought of what my mother used to tell us. 'You'll never regret being loyal.'

"Of course, I never imagined anything equal to what has happened. But I always had confidence in the talkies. Everyone told me I was crazy. 'It's got to come,' I told 'em. 'Just as sure as night follows day. The silent picture has been exhausted—we've come to the end of its possibilities. The public wants something more than it's getting. Talkies are the only thing that will save the industry.' "

Monte rose from the table in First National's studio cafe and gave me a playful slap on the back which would have shaken the composure of an ox. "Come on," he said, a large boy-like grin suddenly replacing that pensive look, "let's go to my dressing-room, where we can talk."

Big Boy Blue

I WAS glad of the fresh air after listening to such a stirring saga. Tales of heroism always make me feel rather limp so early in the day.

(*Continued on page 114*)

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.



Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD Dept. A-1015
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO



International

Smooth *in* Satin

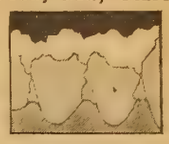
A believer in the straight and narrow, Sally Blane is dressed to kill a few hours of Hollywood night life, which she obviously makes attractive. But the clothes she wears out are her sad, not her glad, rags



How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth . . . washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous, Go to your dentist frequently . . . let *him* take care of the health of your teeth and gums.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-621, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....



Extreme left—She makes her bow

Left—This, my dear, is a plain leap frog

A jack-knife bend keeps her slim

Top—Standing on the old bean
Directly above—Riding a bicycle

Just a lot of fun playing London bridge

Alas and alack, here is the end

Oh gosh, she is all tied up in a knot

Doubling for a "bump on the log"

Amazed because you don't call her "Midge"

It's of a large "tummy" one has to beware

Jointly Speaking

A typical John Held, Jr., girl come to life in the person of Dorothy Lee to show the ladies who like their sweets how to keep in trim and stay slim

inconspicuous



MODESS COMPACT— MUCH THINNER BUT EQUALLY SAFE

MODESS COMPACT is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material and the same remarkable absorbency. There is the same gracious softness and pliancy.

The severely smooth, snug silhouette of recently imported gowns demands the inconspicuousness which is the chief virtue of Modess Compact. An added advantage is that it occupies so little room that one or two can be carried in the pocketbook.

Three Modess Compact, in a separate wrapping, are packed in each box of regular Modess.

Modess is the only napkin which can be thinned, without reducing efficiency. This timely and necessary improvement is made possible by the unique substance employed for the disposable filler—a substance of downy softness like the fluffiest cotton but having amazing absorbency. It was created in Johnson & Johnson laboratories and is used exclusively in Modess. Sides of Modess are smoothly rounded. Ends are shaped to conform. For greater comfort and to prevent chafing, the gauze is meshed with a film of cotton, giving a surface of velvety softness.



Unless you like it better, Modess will cost you nothing

As an expression of our faith that you will be impressed by the obvious superiority of Modess, we wish to extend this unusual offer: Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is finer in every way than the kind you have been using, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address and the price you paid, and mail to us. We will refund the entire amount. Millions of Modess have been purchased on the strength of that offer. It is convincing evidence of the superiority of Modess and the complete satisfaction it gives that only three women have ever asked that the refund be returned to them.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

Modess

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Seen in Their True Colors

(*Continued from page 30*)

for the modern program picture not to follow the color path.

This granted, Grief, full-robed and somber again, hove in sight over the movie horizon. A year previous the anxious inquiry had been about the voice. Now the anxious question was:

"Have I Technicolor values?"

Color Complexities

ONCE the producers were concerned with the physical appearance of players only. When the talkies came, they began to worry over their stars' inability to say "Good morning" so that it sounded like the English language. Then they discovered that color combinations began to add complexities to a highly involved situation. Margaret Whoosis has red hair, green eyes and a dark complexion. What would happen to her when the color camera had done its work? It was important because real money had been spent to build Margaret's beauty into a box-office asset—her screen beauty that had depended hitherto on features, without reference to coloring.

Formerly the art director had tinted his sets to match his golf socks—But now a color cameraman walked on a stage, sniffed, burst into sulphuric protest and threw up both his hands in despair.

"What congenital nincompoop ordered a cerise wall motif, and then put violet and green costumes on those girls?" he demanded. "And how in this-and-that do you expect to get chromatic harmony from orange silk-covered furniture and dames dressed in magenta sitting on them?"

No Longer Carefree

ONCE, picture-making was more or less care-free show business. To-day it's more of an engineering job. And sets, costumes, outdoor shots, seascapes and so on, must be considered with reference to the complexion of the ladies and gentlemen who are to appear in them. Will they fit or won't they? Some stars have been unable to talk, and so have vanished; now what is the new color mortality to be? A glance at some of the present movie top-notchers arouses forebodings. Better be careful about those options, Herman!

Besides, the industrial situation was not so good. Buildings, plants, and cameras are not waved into existence with a wand. The color craze found the industry with exactly thirty-one cameras on hand and not more than fifty operators in the world who knew how to take and develop color film. Technicolor, as quickly as possible, built a new Hollywood laboratory. Before it was finished they had to lay out still another. In January President Kalmus announced that the new plants would be able to turn out a hundred million feet of color film in 1930! Previously a half-million feet stretched capacity until it cried.

The Early Eye-Full

THE first pictures were colored, all right. They glared with a riot of red, yellow, blue and violet. Wham! And they hit you in the eye like a wallop with a parti-colored brick. The producers had to pay much more for color and they were bound to get their money's worth. A studio official grinned when I mentioned it.

"Sure," he agreed. "We gave 'em color, all right. That's understandable. Most of us are Hebrews, and the Hebrew is racially of the Orient, and the Orient leans to barbaric splendor. That's why we like Russian music and diamond rings."

Things are quieting down now. Prediction is that most films will ultimately be done in pastel shades. Maybe . . .

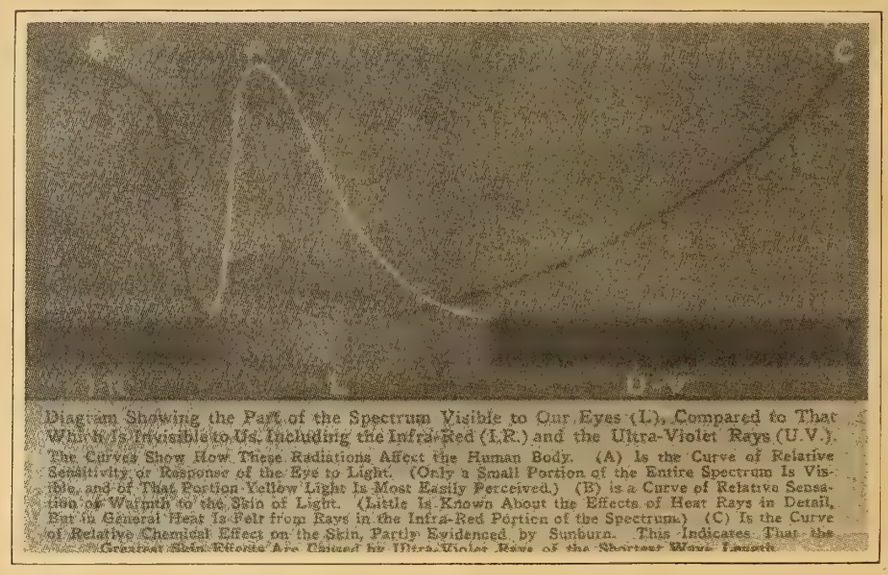


Diagram Showing the Part of the Spectrum Visible to Our Eyes (L), Compared to That Which Is Invisible to Us, Including the Infra-Red (I.R.) and the Ultra-Violet Rays (U.V.). The Curves Show How These Radiations Affect the Human Body. (A) Is the Curve of Relative Sensitivity or Response of the Eye to Light. (Only a Small Portion of the Entire Spectrum Is Visible, and of That Portion Yellow Light Is Most Easily Perceived.) (B) is a Curve of Relative Sensation of Warmth to the Skin of Light. (Little Is Known About the Effects of Heat Rays in Detail, But in General Heat Is Felt from Rays in the Infra-Red Portion of the Spectrum.) (C) Is the Curve of Relative Chemical Effect on the Skin, Partly Evidenced by Sunburn. This Indicates That the Greatest Skin Effects Are Caused by Ultra-Violet Rays of the Shortest Wave Length

There are about forty-five hundred players in Hollywood entitled to receive credit on the screen for their portrayals. Maybe more. Anyway, of the forty-five hundred about fifteen hundred and seventy-five are women, with men listed at twenty-nine hundred. Men are not so great a color problem, however, because they dress more soberly on the screen and because their individual tints are less pronounced. The fact that, of all these people, there is work for only about six hundred a day is another story.

Of the women, less than four hundred are blondes, either by nature or revision; one hundred and fifty are red-haired, by adjustment or *née*, and about a thousand are dark, ranging in shades of hair from light brown to ebon black. Complexions are light, dark, muddy, very bad, and a number completely out of adjustment, so far as harmony goes. Anxiety grew in the studios.

Unnatural Colors

THE color engineers were appealed to, and, being sympathetic, explained things about color, generally as follows:

There is no such thing as photography in natural colors. The color motion picture is worked out from two main groups; red-orange-yellow, and green-blue-indigo-violet. Perhaps a third section, mainly yellow, will split off from the other two. Here's the idea: the lady before the camera is varicolored (some varier than others). Part of the light rays reflected from her belong in one of the color-groups and part in the other. In the camera they are divided, one group hurrying in one direction to one piece of film, and the other group dashing off in the other to another piece of film.

When it comes to getting the picture on the screen, all that is reversed. The two color images are put together on one film, and roughly there are but two colors—red and green—and when these reach the screen, your eye takes them in and mixes them in proper proportions in your brain. Actually—until the yellow just mentioned is used—there are only the two colors projected. The eye system does the rest—persistence of vision and so on. So the question of finding people with proper color harmonies, as well as good diction and artistry and excellent physique and intelligence, looked just a little dubious. Then hope burst on the anxious studio folk. They would call in the make-up artist.

Max, the Magician

A MODEST person, who regards himself as over-garrulous if he utters more than eighteen words in the forenoon, walked on a picture set one morning, set down a black case, peered into the face of a famous actress and sighed:

"Terrible!" After looking at her again through a piece of color film he repeated the word, with more emphasis, "Terrible!"

"We know that. What can you do about it?" said a director.

"Fix it!" replied Max Factor, and forthwith opened his case, and proceeded to change the lady's make-up. When the color test was viewed next day, everyone sighed with relief. Studio officials tried to kiss Factor, color engineers had moist eyes, and there seemed to be a halo about the head of the make-up man.

In case you don't know, Max Factor knows more things about make-up than any human anywhere. Actors from Japan, Australia, South Africa, Norway, Russia and Jersey City send to him for help. This last devising, which he calls "Technicolor make-up," is going to salvage a lot of otherwise competent players for the screen, which means tremendous sums of money saved.

Make-Up Marvels

"MAKE-UP is a dozen times more important to-day than it ever was," he told me. "Three years ago the players were beautiful or handsome of feature, and got their jobs because of that. Some greasepaint, powder, lip-rouge and an eye pencil were enough make-up.

"Then the talkies came. The pretty boys and girls stammered, squeaked, and—experienced stage folk came along to take their places. They weren't always beautiful—for instance, the dyed-in-the-business character people, and we had to beautify them, men and women. Others *were* beautiful, particularly as to coloring, for on the stage color harmony counted more than feature. When color was added to pictures, it helped the stage players more than the picture people, but we had to start all over again with an entirely new type of make-up."

It means scientific evolution of a new branch of the make-up art. Color is peculiar. Why? Because it is not at all what it seems to be. The thing we call a red rose has every color in it *except* red. Sounds

(*Continued on page 104*)

FOR INSTANCE . . .

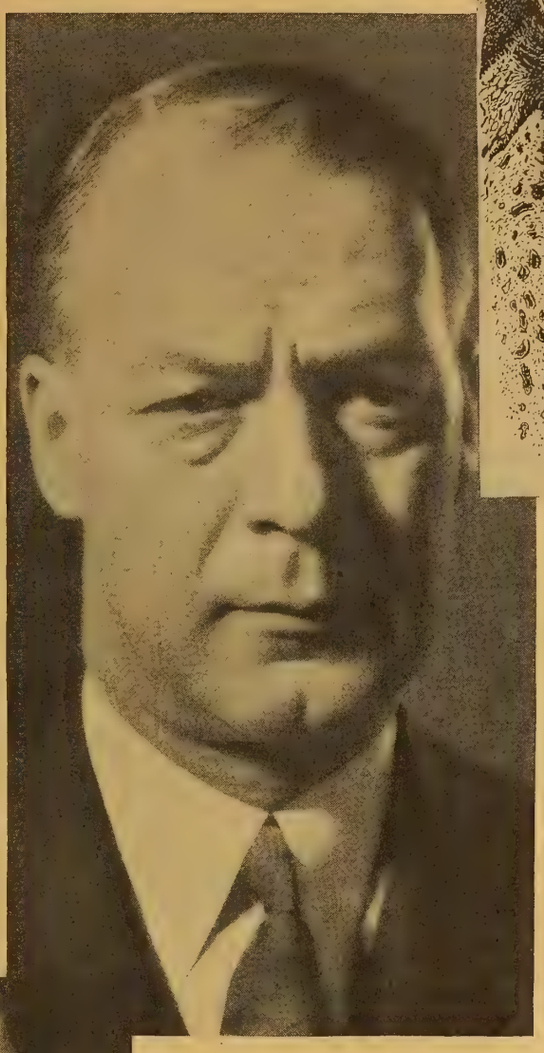
SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM MAY SAVE YOU A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATISM

The average adult faces either rheumatism, nervous disorder, heart trouble or kidney disease somewhere in the future

For decayed teeth and infected gums are among the chief causes of these diseases. And the average person has five neglected cavities, while thousands are contending with gum troubles.

Germs and poisons developing from a diseased tooth or the infected gum around it may be absorbed into the blood stream and lodged in other tissues or organs which then also become diseased. Many a mysterious ailment starts this way. So what a pity that thousands fail to realize that nearly all tooth decay *can* be prevented and gums kept firm and healthy! What a mistake that so many thoughtlessly use any dentifrice regardless of its actual merit.

The formula for Squibb's Dental Cream definitely recognizes the *causes* behind tooth decay and gum troubles—and the best ways to combat them.



An x-ray showing abscess of a tooth, unsuspected by a sufferer from rheumatism. Such a condition pollutes the blood stream with pus germs. It is far more serious than the chances for infection from a skin wound—for it represents a constant source of infection.





THE ★ DANGER LINE



★The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beyond it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line is no longer a protection. Never let this happen.

Germ acids cause tooth decay by attacking the enamel. These decay germs feed and *multiply* upon the fermenting food particles which collect between your teeth, in the pits and fissures, and along the gum margin. *The Danger Line*, where there is a tiny crevice.

Your tooth-brush can't reach all these vulnerable places. Ordinary dentifrices and methods are insufficient—but Squibb's Dental Cream contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and render acids harmless. In still another way, Squibb's helps keep the gum margin healthy. It definitely soothes irritation. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure. And as long as The Danger Line is healthy, pyorrhea will not develop—the gums will not become infected.

Squibb's cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. Begin using it regularly. You'll notice your teeth keeping freer from decay . . . The Danger Line pink and firm—real protection against pyorrhea and disease. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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MEN, By the Great Sirens of the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Honesty and humor. These, to me, are the only essentials.

"Honesty includes all of the fundamental virtues—mental honesty, as well as the more superficial aspects of the word.

"Honesty makes a man a pillar of strength. Humor makes him the good companion.

"Men who are only lovers soon become boring.

"Men must be more than sweethearts, as women must be more than beauties.

"Men always take their cue from a woman's attitude. It is the women who sets the pace in any relationship between a man and a woman.

"If a woman encourages respect, she gets it. If she encourages license and love-making—she gets that, too.

"Men expect more from women to-day than they ever have, in any other age, in any other time.

"Beauty is not enough for men. Beauty may be, and often is, the initial attraction, the lodestone, but it is not the staying power. It is not the quality that makes for permanence of affection.

"Men have, I find, a great respect for the woman who is economically independent. She gives them a perpetual sense of chase. They know that they have not 'bought' the independent woman. She has come to them of her own free will. And she can go of her own free will.

Flattering to Women

"ALL men have a 'line.' It may be flattery. It may be, in some cases, an assumed aloofness, indifference.

"Women expect flattery from men, and are disappointed if they do not get it. Men know this—and are obliging.

"If women are honest with themselves, and have enough intuition, they will know when flattery is only flattery and accept it as such.

"A man may love many women in the course of his life-time—but there is always one woman he has loved more than all the rest.

"One woman always stands forth in a man's life as more beloved than any of the others—as unique, set apart. No one ever quite fills her place. No one ever has, for him, the same profound significance.

"Women are more adaptable, probably because they are more romantic.

"Men do not need to romanticize their love affairs. Women do.

"Women think that each man they love is the one they have loved more than any other. Nature makes that a law of the feminine being.

"The cynical man is the most interesting man to me.

"His cynicism is only a guard put over his real feelings.

"And the real feelings of the man who is cynical are deeper, more stormy, and more vital than the feelings of other men. He is more capable of falling deeply in love and he knows this and masks it.

"The cynical man is always afraid that some woman will make a fool of him. He has feelings too deep to appear on the surface.

The Eternal Children

"MEN are eternal children.

"The woman who is deeply and actually in love with a man does not need other maternity. She can mother him.

"The more important a man is in the business world or in the professions, the more docile he is at home—the more of a child. Such a man has no need of demonstrating his importance to the woman, when he is vitally important in his own sphere, among men.

"Men make better friends than women do. Confidences given to a man remain confidences.

"Men will very seldom take advantage of a real friendship with a woman. They remain within bounds for fear of losing even that.

"I know that there is such a thing as platonic friendship between men and women. I have two or three men friends myself. They have always been good friends and nothing more. They will always be the same to me. There exists between us exactly the same *camaraderie* as exists between women and women and between men and men.



"Love is a battle," reckons Gary Cooper, whose popularity with women will be diagnosed in the June issue of MOTION PICTURE, "and the victory always goes to the woman—because she's always a few jumps ahead of us. A woman thinks, when she's in love, and schemes, and contrives. But men don't use their heads at all. That's how they lose out"

Gary Cooper

The Women Men Like

"MEN like women who make them feel romantic.

"They like women who make them feel they are protectors—strong and necessary and important.

"Men like women who are helpless in the things a man is most helpful with. Time-tables, and trip-planning, and income taxes, motors, and other little practical things.

"The way a woman dresses is important to a man. No woman need have a great variety of gowns or terribly expensive ones. Men are not appraising to that extent. They never know how much a thing costs, nor even what cut or color it is. They do know when a woman dresses so that she makes a man sharply aware of her femininity.

"I do not like jealous men.

"All men are jealous, I have found, to a greater or a lesser degree. It is a part of the old-time instinct when men fought for their women with tooth and nail in order to hold them.

"I like the man who is protective of me, conscious of me, because he loves me. Not the man who is jealous of me because he does not trust me.

Danger-Dodgers

"EVERY woman must trust the man she loves.

"To the man the sense of the chase is an attractive thing.

"To the woman the sense of the chase is tiring, and unattractive.

"Women care more for security than they do for danger.

"Every woman should marry a man who understands what she is doing. Every professional woman, at any rate.

"No woman should marry a man who is doing precisely what she is doing.

"I would never want to marry an actor. I hope I never fall in love with an actor. But I do believe in an actress's marrying a director or a scenarist or some one who is in the same circle and knows what it is all about.

"Men who are not of the theatrical profession in some way can never understand the things we are compelled to do and the way we are compelled to do them.

"Actors will share their wives with the public. They will understand fan letters which contain, as mine often do, fervid offers of marriage, engagement rings and other impossible offers and gifts.

"Men outside of the profession would resent these frequent happenings and take them as violations.

The Ideal Husband

"AFTER marriage, a man should always be made to feel that he is still the sweetheart.

"The way a married man acts and reacts is up to the woman.

"Men like exacting women. It is the little boy in them eternally responding to the eternally commanding mother in women.

"Men like just women. When I say they like women to be exacting, I do not mean in unreasonable ways. I mean exacting of the small services, the tendernesses, the thoughtfulness they showed, naturally, before they became a husband.

"A woman can overlook everything in a man, if he is still attentive as the sweetheart is attentive.

"No woman ever forgives the husband who becomes just that.

"No woman ever forgives indifference in any man. She may forgive hatred, resentment, ridicule, temper—but indifference, never.

"A man must be protector, lover and companion.

"A woman must be forever the mother and the siren."

"Such priceless zip!"

says JUNE COLLYER,

charming young favorite of the silver screen.

"It's the first time in all my days I've known a perfume that could keep step with a whiz of a sport frock . . . and a love of a dance frock, too . . .

*"*Seventeen *is mine . . . All around the clock I wear it . . . I tell people that I think it was just made for me!"*





If you're a modern . . . SEVENTEEN is for you

A perfume . . . newer than the newest small talk! More modern than your swiftest motor car. More daring than your latest thought.

Yet subtle too . . . naive . . . and elfin . . . Like a dryad's darting shyness . . . springtime . . . April . . . taken in crystal draughts.

SEVENTEEN *is* you . . . a whisper of your own verve and personality . . . the accent for your modern, sparkling *different* charms.

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water,* like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brillantine* . . . and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

you always have time to use MUM



MUM is applied in a moment!

Its protection lasts for hours.

A dab of snowy cream beneath the arms - - or anywhere there's need to guard against body odor - - and you're ready to go! No waiting. Nothing to dry. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy, so it can't injure fabrics.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a regular part of your toilette. Morning and evening. Every day. Know the joy of permanent protection!

And what complete protection! Mum neutralizes every vestige of odor. The moment Mum is applied, all odor is gone. For convincing proof of this, try Mum on the sanitary napkin. This most important use of Mum makes a woman sure of herself at all times.

Mum brings comfort and security for which most women would pay any price. Yet it costs only 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg Co., N. Y.



Russell Ball

Lawrence Tibbett was born in California, and in California is his home, on the steps of which he is here seen with his family

A New Lover For Your Wives

(*Continued from page 29*)

All for One, One for All

FOR in Lawrence Tibbett's companionships the *D'Artagnan* parallel still holds. He has his *Athos*, his *Porthos*, and his *Aramis:* Lloyd Wright, modernistic architect, who expresses in stone the same ruthless concept of man's encounter with existence which Tibbett expresses in tone; Arthur Millier, gentle creator of exquisite etchings; Reginald Pole, the poet to whom the ambitious dreams of his boyhood were recounted as the two strolled beneath the California stars.

These three have shared the hospitality of the singing musketeer's little shack at La Crescenta. They have talked out their concepts of life. Of love. Of freedom. Of happiness. And when they grew weary of words, Larry Tibbett sang—a gorgeous volume of tone that rushed up to the stars. Tone that had no consciousness of auditorium walls, or rows of seats, of social limitations. Song for the very joy of the thing.

These three have eaten pink beans with him because pink beans are cheap. But they saw the purple lilacs about the shanty door. The masses of eucalyptus against the luminous sky set the artist's fingers groping for a pencil. The poet spun verses. The four friends on their hill were not conscious that it was a shack which sheltered them and that they were poor.

Fame's Arrival

A FEW years later Lawrence Tibbett was destined to stand before the most critical court in the universe—the audience of the Metropolitan Opera. He was to hear his name echo back to him from every inch of that historic auditorium, which had never before vibrated to the name of an American boy.

Next morning, in a little shabby flat on a side-street in New York, a sleepy young man rubbed his eyes and rammed his arms into a faded bathrobe and wondered who wanted to see him so early in the morning. Nor was he overcome or awed when the correspondents from the most famous journals in the world crowded about him.

To the singing musketeer it was another experience. As valuable in its way as standing before his first audience in his ready-to-wear suit. Vital and valuable. (His favorite word—"vital.")

"God, it was great! What fine fellows they were! What a time we had! And how generous with their praise and how extravagant in their admiration!"

More Than a Singer

BOX-office and sex appeal are no longer ignored at the Metropolitan. Lawrence Tibbett and Maria Jeritza have sex appeal, and that is why they are so overwhelmingly popular. The world is full of voices. Tenors with vast girths and the temperaments of hotel chefs, not calculated to make the feminine element go into a dither. Bassos and barytones who arouse the artistic appreciation—an abstract thing which doesn't take you to each performance, so that goose flesh may rise on slim arms and little chills chase themselves down fashionable feminine spines.

Sex appeal does that. And the singing musketeer has had sex-appeal-plus since the first time he sang into that dark silence of the Metropolitan Opera.

I listened carefully on the opening night of "The Rogue Song" in Hollywood. I had seen, in my career as a music critic, ladies besiege this artist at the conclusion of a concert, with programs to be autographed. The higher art and the cinema are sisters under the powdered skin of the first-nighters. I watched his progression from one pair of dewy eyes to the next. Not a hasty thing. Cleverly done—as if he were tearing himself away under the impetus of stern duty.

Is every woman an adventure? Does every pair of eyes beckon him on, as each dark corner of Meung intrigued the young *D'Artagnan* with the hope of a sword clash, a hoarse challenge, a mad gallop through narrow streets and on to the next cloaked figure, the next challenge, the next adventure?

A Conquering Hero

WOMEN love danger. They like a man whose white teeth, bold eyes and

(*Continued on page 110*)

"DON'T! You'll make him the laughing stock of the place"

but when he started to play the piano . . .

WHAT a glorious night!

Henri's quaint restaurant—with its intimate European atmosphere—was crowded with joyful parties. Tonight, John Brent was giving a party for eight in honor of Helen Thompson's engagement. Dick Peters had recommended Henri's as a splendid place to dine and dance. And Dick was right.

"What's that in your pocket, Dick? Your will?" asked John.

"No, that's just some sheet music I bought on the way over," returned Dick.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing with sheet music? Going to use it as wall-paper?" exclaimed John.

"Why, I'm learning to play the piano. Didn't you know?"

"Oh boy! Listen to that! You couldn't learn to play in a thousand years."

Dick looked at John with an amused smile on his face.

"What would you give to hear me play?" he asked calmly.

"A ten dollar bill if you'll go up there right now and play that piano. What do you say?" exclaimed John with triumph in his voice.

"You're on," replied Dick, quick as a flash. "I'll take you up on that little dare. But not here—wait 'til we get home tonight."

"No, sir, you'll win or lose that bet right now. Come on, fellows, let's take him right up to the piano and we'll settle it here."

"Don't be foolish, boys, you'll only make us the laughing stock of the place," begged one of the girls.

Heedless of Dick's pleading, they dragged him to the platform and placed him at the piano. By this time the unusual goings on had caught the attention of everyone in the restaurant. Now Dick realized that he had to go through with it. So summing up all his courage and with a sudden burst of confidence, he broke into the chorus of the latest Broadway hit.

John gasped. He couldn't believe his ears. Everyone at the table sat in open-mouthed amazement as Dick sat there playing one snappy number after another. It wasn't until the regular orchestra returned that they allowed Dick to rise from the piano. Amid the din of applause, he went back to the table, only to be swamped with questions. But Dick refused to tell them the secret of his new-found musical ability, in spite of all their begging.

Going home that night, John, the most surprised member of the party, insisted stubbornly until Dick finally gave in.

"Well, John, I've put one over on you. I learned to play by myself, without a teacher."



"What? That's impossible! Tell me more."

Dick Tells His Secret

Dick then explained how he had always longed to be able to play some musical instrument. One day he chanced to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement offering a Free Demonstration Lesson. Skeptically he sent in the coupon. But when the Free Demonstration Lesson came and he saw how easy it was, he knew that this was just what he had been looking for. Why, it was just like A-B-C. He sent for the entire course and almost before he knew it, he was playing real tunes and melodies. And the lessons were such fun, too. Almost like playing a game.

Play Any Instrument

This is typical of the success of countless thousands who have learned music this easy way. You, too, can now learn to play—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite instruments by note. Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and no matter which instrument you choose, *it will average only a few cents a day.*

Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note—playing real tunes from the very start. It also explains all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.* Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today! No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 605 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
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Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
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Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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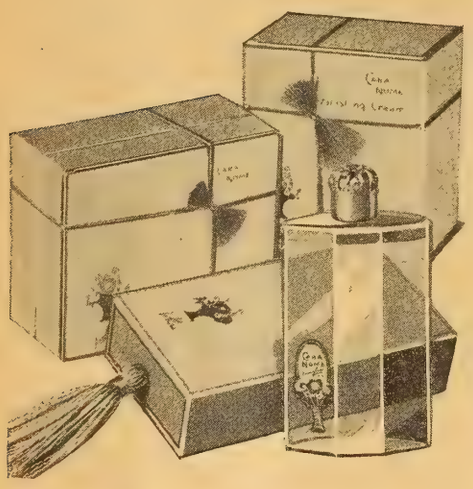
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City.....State.....

The Mark of a charming woman



The elusive fragrance and exquisite daintiness of Cara Nome Toiletries distinguish the user as a person of good taste. There is a full line of Cara Nome Face Powders, Creams, Talcum, Compacts, Bath Salts for all your beauty needs. Ask for them at your Rexall Drug Store. There is one near you. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

WOMEN, by the Great Lovers of the Screen

(*Continued from page 44*)

The Prime Requisite

"A WOMAN, for me, must be utterly feminine. Before everything else, feminine.

"I do not like a woman who is too mental. No man does.

"No man likes a woman who knows more than he does. You cannot qualify this by saying that there may be women who know more than men but do not show it. They always show it. Their very type proclaims it, if their lips and actions do not.

"A woman must, for me, be feminine in every detail. To the very clothes she wears.

"The way a woman dresses is vitally important to me.

"I always notice a woman's clothes. Consciously. Appraisingly. I know the instant I see my wife, for instance, whether or not I like what she is wearing. Occasionally I have taken one quick look at her and have asked her to change to another dress. After I have had the first impression, and it is bad, I never want to look again until the change has been made.

"I have met women who, at first sight, have appealed to me tremendously. I have seen them, at some future time, in something wrong for them . . . the wrong neck-line, or the wrong color. Their appeal for me has been instantaneously lessened.

The Power of Darkness

"ALL women are more charming after the sun has set.

"All women are more charming after the cocktails and *hors d'œuvres*.

"I have seen women in evening dress who seemed to be the epitome of all the world's loveliness. I have seen them, perhaps on the set, the next morning. And I have wondered how I could have imagined them subtle and desirable.

"A woman in the evening is not the same woman as in the morning. And *vice versa*.

"I believe that an actor's perspective of women is radically different from that of a man who is not in the profession.

"Perhaps we are more 'on' to women than other men have opportunities to be.

"We can more easily detect poses and pierce illusion. We know what is acting and what is not. We know it for what it is worth.

"No woman need fear the obvious siren type of woman. With the siren, with the aggressively sexy girl, husband, brother, and even son are very apt to be safe. I know I am.

"If I were a woman, the other woman I would fear would be women of, let us say, the Catherine Dale Owen type. The women who are reserved, who are beautiful, who never exploit themselves.

The Age of Wisdom

"WOMEN under twenty-five do not appeal to me. They are not interesting to me.

"They have not learned the art of love or the art of life.

"All men expect glamour in their homes.

"All men expect glamour in their wives, in their sweethearts.

"Especially do actors expect glamour. We have it all day long, working. We want to go home to glamour.

"Men admire, and care for, domesticity in a woman; but domesticity must be disguised.

"Any man is safe with the bungalow apron.

"The hand that rocks the cradle may rule the world, but that hand must first have displayed jewelled nails and a knowledge of weaving spells.

"Mannish suits, masculine attire . . . these are other sign-posts along the way of virtue.

"Lace always appeals to men. And velvet, also.

"Men make better friends than women do.

"I would not trust any woman as far as I could see her. But I would train myself to see her all the way.

"Women are chameleons. They change their beliefs to suit their habits . . . not their habits to suit their beliefs.

The Stronger-Love Sex

"THE love of women is a greater, a stronger thing than the love of men.

"Men can love many women and love one woman best of all.

"Women cannot love many men without damaging the love they hold the dearest.

"Women are not more loyal than men.

"Women are as loyal as men—not more so.

"We cannot expect too much of women unless we set the pace for them, set the standard of what the mutual life together is to be.

"Women are like violins. Men evoke from the delicate instruments what strain they please, or rather, what strain they are capable of.

"The finer the instrument, the finer the response. That is why all men should eschew the cheap in women.

"Women were made for one purpose only—for love. When they step out of that rôle, with all of its corollaries, they cease to be the sort of women I am talking about.

"Women are tremendously important in a man's life. The man who says they are not is deceiving himself. Or has been deceived.

"Men are not so vain as women. But they have a greater belief in themselves, in their own abilities in work, in love and in conquest. This belief gives them the casual assurance that sometimes goes for vanity.

To Know One, Know Many

"FOR a man really to know women, experience with one or two women is not enough.

"A man must have known many women in order to know one woman well.

"At one time or another, every man must have lived a varied life. It used to be called 'sowing your wild oats.'

"At one time or another, every woman must have lived a varied life.

"If men, and women, too, have not had divers experiences, if they have not tasted of this or that forbidden fruit, the time will come when that fruit will seem to hang the highest; the time will come when it will be unbearably tempting.

"A wise man marries a seasoned and a partially experienced woman. Then he knows that he is secure. Out of a world of men she has chosen him and she will be content.

"A man can hold a woman best by never forgetting the little things.

"No woman in love is a gold-digger.

"Women in love are babies.

"Women in love are, or would like to be, spoiled children.

"I have found that a woman cares more for the silly little trifling gift, brought home at the end of each day, than she does for a diamond bracelet or a motor sent from the shops.

"A woman can hold a man by never—by never being his."

Free Beauty Analysis 30 Days Only



By the World's Most Famous Beauty Authority

Lucille Young

For the next 30 days I am going to give, free, to every woman who writes me, a professional beauty analysis. By this offer I hope to save thousands of women the wasted effort of trying to correct beauty defects without really knowing how. This isn't a reflection upon your intelligence, Many, many beauty nostrums are so convincingly described that it really takes an expert to see how they are skilfully worded to deceive. The result is that women spend actually millions of dollars for beauty aids that I *know to be utterly useless.*

Another important point is the *incompleteness* of undirected beauty effort. In my famous beauty salon we *completely* beautify, correct *every* defect, bring out hidden beauty. The results are actually amazing. I take women who are dull, drab, lacking distinction and make them vivacious, sparkling, gloriously attractive beings. And my clientele includes all the way from young girls to women of mature age. There are those who are pretty, or even beautiful, but who want to add just that marvelous something that *supremely beautiful* women possess. Famous screen celebrities are an example. On the other hand I have women come to me who are ridden by the most terrible fear in the world—the insidious, creeping advance of age.

Now all my personal clientele, every woman I *see* at my Salon, has her beauty needs analyzed *before anything else is done.* And when this is done, my clients invariably realize that I can do tremendously more for them than they expected. The result is enthusiasm such as they never knew before. It is all so different, so sane, so sure. It is a new *viewpoint.* The viewpoint of doing *all* that can be done, instead of just some *one* thing that the mind has exaggerated—wrinkles, or bad complexion perhaps.

Tell Me About Yourself. I'll Tell You What Can Be Done.

You, whoever you are, whatever your age, no matter what the extent of your beauty problems of face and figure can be given new beauty that will astound you, and *everyone who sees you.* And you will be told how absolutely free, entirely without obligation. All you need do is give me the information upon which I can *give you* a full, correct, scientific beauty analysis.

No Trouble to Fill in The Chart

Just notice that while the Analysis Chart in this advertisement asks many questions, it can be filled in by merely *checking* questions that apply to *you.* But answer all the questions you can. They are based on my more than fifteen years experience and will give me just the information I need to advise you so that your utmost desire for beauty can be fulfilled.

Important! Send TODAY!

In order that I may *personally answer* the many women who will take advantage of this highly unusual opportunity, I have had to make *special arrangements* to delegate my *regular* work in my Beauty Salon to my assistants. Therefore kindly fill in the Analysis Chart on this page and send it in promptly. You will then be sure to receive it back without delay.

A Warning to Every Woman

My Analysis TODAY may save you loss of beauty *prematurely*—of face and figure. Know your true condition and how to remedy it NOW. Don't wait—get all the facts. Stay young—or regain youthful, wonderful good looks. Neglect is fatal to beauty. Time's ageing effect *must be fought.* My expert, personal advice costs you nothing—not one penny if you send the Analysis Chart Today. No obligation—everything to gain—nothing to lose. *So act!*

LUCILLE YOUNG

Some Famous *Beauties* whom Lucille Young has *Beautified.*



Dorothy Mackaill, First National Pictures — *Barbara Kent, Universal* — *Marceline Day, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* — *Ethlyn Clair, Universal* — *Dorothy Gulliver, Universal Star*

SEND TODAY

WORTH $5.00 COSTS YOU NOT A CENT

Fill in and Mail This Chart Today Positively No Charge
Simply Place Check Mark (✓) to answer questions applying to you

SKIN: Oily___ Dry___ Normal___ Wrinkles___ Lines___ Acne___
COMPLEXION: Fair___ Ruddy___ Dark___ Sallow___
Pimples___ Blackheads___ Enlarged Pores___
Muddiness___ Redness___ Liver Spots___

MUSCLES: Soft___ Sagging___ Flabby___
in Cheeks___ Chin___ Neck___ Body___
TISSUES: Tight___ Hardened___ Shrunken___
in Cheeks___ Neck___ Shoulders___ Body___

HEIGHT_____ WEIGHT_____ AGE_____ MARRIED_____ SINGLE_____
BODY: Overweight___ Underweight___ Normal___
Thin___ Bony___ Fat___ Bulging___

IF FAT IN SPOTS, STATE WHERE:
Arms___ Legs___ Hips___ Bust___ Calves___
Bust Measure___ Waist Measure___ Hip Measure___
DISPOSITION: Nervous___ Irritable___ Ailing___
Even Tempered___ Worried___ Impulsive___
Active___ Optimistic___ Steady___ Healthy___

ARE YOU TROUBLED by Constipation___ Headaches___ Insomnia___
EYES: Tired___ Drooping Lids___ Wrinkled Lids___
Eyelashes Heavy___ Eyelashes Thin___ Brows Heavy___ Brows Thin___
HAIR: Thick___ Thin___ Gray___ Oily___ Dry___ Lustrous___ Dull___
SCALP: Oily___ Dry___ Loose___ Tight___ Dandruff___
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR: On Face___ Arms___ Legs___
HANDS: Roughened___ Red___ Dry___ Moist___ Thin___ Wrinkled___
ARMS and LEGS: Shapely___ Thin___ Fat___ Flabby___
ARE YOU Socially Inclined___ Retiring___ Self-conscious___
Do You Want to ATTRACT: Men___ Women___ Both___



Irene Delroy, Musical Comedy Star

FREE
$5.00 BEAUTY ANALYSIS
SEND TODAY!

LUCILLE YOUNG, 515 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Illinois

Miss Young: I want to take advantage of your remarkable offer. I understand that there is absolutely no charge or obligation of any kind.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....



CAKE FORM

WINX

is delightfully NEW! *and its silvery case is quite irresistible*

The *full* beauty of your eyes—the deep mystery and charm of shadowed, lovely lashes—if you really desire it, you must discover Winx!

Now Winx comes in convenient cake form—in a little silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you have ever tried—it is so *soft* and *creamy*. It *stays* soft on your eyelashes. Never makes them beaded or brittle. Always smooth, silky—smart, decidedly . . . but not a bit artificial.

And—there's a touch of perfume in the cake—just a subtle dab for your eyes. Of course smart women here and abroad are enthusiastic about Cake Winx. The fashionable New York stores sell more and more of these silvery compacts every month.

You may prefer Liquid Winx

Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof and tearproof. It is far more popular than any other liquid preparation. Ross Co., 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

For Lovely Lashes



The Miracle Man

(*Continued from page 35*)

father. "He must wear this metal sling for six months; after that, a cast for another three months. If the arm ever does knit at all, it will be stiff for life."

A Mother's Intuition

LIZZIE O'NEIL HAMILTON would bear her own lot cheerfully and even manage a bit of joke now and then, but it was a different matter to see her boy suffering, possibly crippled for life. She had prayed that he would become a priest, and whoever saw a priest who could not lift his hand in blessing? "If we could go to the Church of Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré," she mourned, "where they say great miracles are done, I know he would be well."

All the next day her husband mulled over her words as he worked at his trade of metal polisher. He was not a believer in miracles, but he loved his son. The doctors had said that they could do nothing more for him—and what if Lizzie might be right? There were the three hundred dollars in the bank, saved grudgingly, dime by dime, for the time when he might not be able to work any longer . . . for he had been ill himself for months and knew that he was steadily growing worse. The trip to Canada would take it all. It was a desperate venture. Yet—though he was not a church member and took no stock in miracles, *he believed in his wife.*

"Pack up our things this night, Lizzie," he told her. "We start for Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré to-morrow morning."

Two Miracles

A WEEK after Neil had broken his arm in two places, so that the only thing that held it together were ligaments and muscles, the little family of three knelt in the huge church made famous by its tales of miracles wrought there. Around the central pillar, racks had been built, and from these racks hung hundreds of crutches, braces, casts, appliances . . . gruesome trophies abandoned by those who had been healed.

Mrs. Hamilton crept painfully down the aisle to communion, leaving the others kneeling in the pew, the child staring curiously at the strange scene, the father filled with sudden despair at the hopelessness of their journey. The organ swelled into a triumphant peal and Neil's mother rose from the altar rail and walked back down the aisle holding herself as straight and proudly erect as anyone! And at the same moment *Neil lifted his broken arm and crossed himself.*

"Look, mama!" he shrilled in the sudden silence of the church. "Look what I can do!"

The Puzzled Doctors

IF you do not believe Neil when he tells you of these things, how he sent the useless steel splint back to be added to the collection on the pillar; how people flocked to their hotel after mass to look at his mother and to touch her skirt; how his father was a well man from that day . . . then believe the doctors at the Massachusetts General Hospital who examined Neil's arm less than two weeks after they had put it in the splint. "What have you done to the boy?" they asked the father, staring at him strangely. "Where have you had him?"

"I have had him at the church of Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré," Mr. Hamilton answered, "and it was a miracle that happened there."

They do not teach miracles in the medical books. The doctors shook their heads. "Take him home. There is nothing left for us to do. The arm is as good as ever." And they turned back to their pills and knives.

There were other visits after that to Sainte Anne. On one of these they saw a young woman with one leg in a heavy plaster cast turn to the priest at the church door. "Well father," she said, in tears, "I am leaving to-morrow. This is the eighth year I have made a journey here, but I shall be back again. I know that if I keep coming, and live right, some day Sainte Anne will cure my leg." And as she spoke, the plaster cast fell broken into bits on the stone pavement of the church and she walked without its aid out into the sunshine!

Voiceless No Longer

ON another visit they heard a shell-shocked soldier, dumb since a bomb exploded at his side in the trenches, suddenly begin to pray in a hoarse voice.

We do not believe enough, these later days.

"I don't pretend to explain what happened to me and my mother and these others," Neil says quietly. "*I only know what happened.*

"When I was struggling in New York City to get started on the stage, I would walk down Fifth Avenue, hungry with the fierce hunger of a growing boy . . . so hungry that all I could think of was food, so hungry that all I could see of the prosperous-looking people who passed were stomachs, covered with silks and furs and broadcloth. And then I would drop in at the great Cathedral and sit in the dimness for an hour, watching the altar candles, listening to the drone of the mass, and the pealing of the organ, praying a little maybe; and I would come out into the streets without a thought of hunger, feeling as if I had had a full meal.

Seeing Is Believing

"I DON'T pretend to explain. Wiser men than I will ever be still can't explain even the simplest things of life. Maybe miracles are unscientific. Maybe they are impossible. But they happen. I know!"

Along the muddy roads to Malden came the hordes of lame and halt and blind, as once they came along the shore at Galilee. Among them were mothers carrying crippled children, old men and girls, poor and rich. The mayor's lady rode with them to pray for a sick member of her family. They fell on their knees by the humble grave where the miracles were said to have occurred; they kissed the earth. They *believed* . . .

In Hollywood a handsome young motion picture hero rescues a pretty motion picture lady from her enemies and knocks down the villain with a blow of his strong right arm . . . the arm that doctors shook their heads over and prophesied would be useless for life . . . the arm that was broken in two places so that only ligaments held it together and was made whole ten days later!

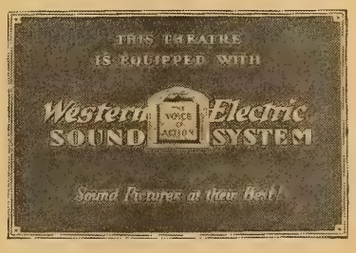
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"Old Town Canoes"

Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 59*)

frightful person. She never interfered with my work. She knew that I was in the studio all day and that I knew what I was about. She never criticized me without prefacing it with 'This is my opinion. . . .'

Learning a Lesson

"ON one occasion, when I was a child, I had become very cocky because I had seen hand-bills strewn about announcing 'Gladys Smith, the Child-Star' or 'Child Wonder' or something of the sort. 'So,' I thought, 'I am a star!' We were playing in a small town at the time and when I came to the theater, I found they had given me a dingy, dusty, fusty-looking dressing-room. I stood in the middle of the room, tossed my curls, no doubt, and announced that I would not go on. I wished to know what they meant by putting me, the star, in such a frightful place! In a hole like that. My mother just stood there and looked at me. She did not look at me as one looks at a star; she looked at me as one looks at a silly, posturing and rather disagreeable little girl. Then she said, very quietly, 'I have been waiting for something like this. Very well, you had much better not go on. You had better go back to the hotel and go to bed where silly little girls belong. Lottie will go on and play your part. I have been thinking for some time that she can do it quite as well as you.'

"I was stunned. I began to cry, to make promises. And my mother talked to me. She told me that I was a very sweet little girl and that people loved me very much. But that if I ever, ever talked like that again or made such remarks about myself, nobody would love me.

"I learned that lesson then. I have never forgotten it. I wanted people to love me then. I want them to love me now.

The Movies Life-Giving

"I HAVE discovered that I would rather die than retire.

"This may be a sensational over-statement of the fact, but actually I cannot conceive of life without being, in some way, in the movies.

"With Doug, it is different. Doug wouldn't care if he never made another picture. He is more interested in athletics, in golf right now, than he is in sound stages. But Doug was born to security. He had an ample, capacious home. School. College. Background. For him the theater and the screen have been matters of amusement. They are ceasing to amuse. He could retire to-morrow and never know a qualm.

"With me, the stage and the screen have been matters of necessity. They have been my bread and butter. My family's bread and butter. They have been my life. You cannot, so easily, give up your life.

"But I find that I am self-sufficient. Life has taught me that.

"I thought that I could not live without my mother. For she was closer to me, I felt more of a sense of union with her than I ever have with any other human being on earth. But I have lived. I do live. Life has never been the same for me, but it is life. And I have found that when one door closes, other doors open up. . . .

Always on Her Own

"I LEARNED to be self-sufficient when I was a child. Meeting strange people, being forced into relationships I thought I couldn't like.

"I remember one time when I was very small. We were going on tour for the winter. Mother could not be with me and I was put into the charge of the woman who was the character actress of the company. She looked very forbidding, and she made remarks about the unkind fate that forced her to augment her income by keeping an eye on 'golden-haired brats.' I told my mother that I knew I was going to be wretchedly unhappy because I did not like this woman's face. I knew that she hated me. By the end of the year we were firm and lasting friends. At this very moment she is upstairs, here in my house.

"I have always had a strong spiritual belief.

"I believe that our life here on earth is nothing more or less than a grade in school. We have all been here before. We shall all be here again. It doesn't matter whether it is on this particular planet or not. All of life is merely a state of mind. We are where our most acute consciousness is—not where our bodies are.

"You and I sit here at lunch, using words, talking together. But my mind may be miles away from here, or with Doug, or with my mother. Your mind may be at home, with your baby. Then we are not really here, you and I. I am wherever my mind really is. You are wherever your mind really is.

The Conquest of Fear

"I AM not afraid of the future.

"I am not afraid of age.

"None of us should be. And we would not be, if we strove for and could attain—selflessness.

"The thing I work for, the thing I hope for, is the ability to take a vital personal interest in the lives of other people. To be able to let other people matter to me as much as I matter to myself. So that when my own enthusiasms fade, my hopes die down, and my work is at an end, there will still remain to me the hopes and dreams and work and loves of others.

"If we can enter into other lives, if we can participate, we need never fear age, for we shall not be aware of it.

"I am not afraid of death.

"I think, subconsciously, I want to die.

"I have the most curious dreams about my mother. More than dreams. I have never thought that I could see her, or hear her voice. But in my dreams there comes such a sense of her presence as to hypnotize me.

Strange Dream

"ONE night I dreamed that I asked her whether I really was with her when I slept. And I thought she answered that whenever I had a happy or beautiful thought, whenever I did a selfless and kindly deed, then she was with me. She told me that when I was sad, depressed, unhappy, she was never with me. Because they, on the other side, are protected from us, also. Protected from our unhappinesses and failures.

"On that night I dreamed that I held out my hands to her and told her I wanted to come to her, for always. And I could see her hold out her hands, as if warding me away—the pudgy little hands that were Mama's—and I heard her say 'You must not talk like that—it is dangerous!'

"I find that I like fame.

"Not for the money that it brings. Not for the external things. But for the sense of inner achievement.

"It is tiresome much of the time. We live in glass show-cases night and day. We can never feel free of eyes and ears. I know that I have often been accused of ritziness, of snobbishness when, really, I have been miserably aware that my stockings were slipping or that my nose needed a dab of powder, and have been so preoccupied with

these reflections that I have omitted to bow or to smile to an acquaintance or a friend.

The Flight from Fame

"ON the other hand—well, Doug and I were in Europe a couple of years ago. We had attended receptions and bowed and smiled at every given point, until our necks and our mouths were stiff. We were exhausted and we longed for some spot where the names of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks had never been heard of.

"We went to a little town in Holland. No one met us at the station. No one gave us the keys to the city. The city fathers were conspicuously absent.

"We went to the hotel and were not given the best suite. There were no flowers in the room. No candies. No 'phone calls. Inadequate service. No one invited us anywhere. No one paid us the slightest attention.

"We went shopping and had to stand in line and wait. We walked the streets and the faces that met ours were unsmiling and unaware. This went on for three or four days while we said how wonderful it was, how restful. . . .

"Then, one day, looking rather shamefaced, Doug said 'Mary, are you having a good time?' I had to laugh as I said 'Well, I have had better times in my life!' And simultaneously we both said, 'Let's go where we'll be known!' We packed our grips and left for Paris—and public recognition.

"I have discovered—and do discover more and more as time goes by—how deeply I love my own people. The people of the screen.

"I love to go to parties. I love just to be near movie folk, to hear the talk, to know what is going on. I know that I would have to live in Hollywood even if I had to have a little shack in the hills."

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

hinted that the romantic hero of a dozen swashbuckling pictures was timorous before horses.

Reactions

IN short, it was a thoroughly unpleasant story, which aroused not only the anger of Gilbert himself, but inspired his public to tons of protesting letters and several fan magazines to strong editorials voicing the general indignation.

Jack Gilbert, never reticent where his emotions were concerned, announced to the world in general and Hollywood in particular that when he met the soandso who had written that suchandsuch story, he was going to sock him in the nose. He did not take into account the fact that, in addition to his literary talents, Tully had once been a ham-and-eggs boxer and lightweight fighter.

"The height of transitory fame" for Jack Gilbert was 1928. "The Big Parade" had won him feminine affection such as few actors had ever had. "The Merry Widow" was becoming to his bold, flashing good looks. Could it be, as many of Tully's friends hint, that Jim has a dislike, which amounts almost to a complex, against handsome men, explainable by his own non-classical features?

Other Break-Ups

THIS is one explanation they have offered for Jim Tully's magazine attack on his former friend's reputation as an actor and as a man. Yet Hollywood remembers other complaints of Tully's "ingratitude." It points to the mystery surrounding the break-up of his friendship with Rupert Hughes, his first literary sponsor, who, they point out, edited the chaotic, two-hundred-thousand-word manuscript Tully brought

(*Continued on page 106*)



the linit beauty bath test that instantly proves you can have a skin soft as velvet!



Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the soothing purity of starch from corn is regarded so highly by doctors, that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

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Let her read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

IT should be a source of happiness for any woman to have her daughter's confidence. Far better that she should go to you with an intimate question than to casual friends and acquaintances. Far safer that *you* should tell her about feminine hygiene, knowing that the correct information may save her from future distress. Telling your daughter is made easy by this frank yet scientific booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Send for a copy. Let her read it herself.

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(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)



Sitting pretty, not only actually, but metaphorically: Corinne Griffith has managed her finances so well that she will never have to worry

How The Stars Handle Their Money

(*Continued from page 74*)

five dollars. Not twenty dollars or twenty-one, but twenty-five. And don't think that it was easy! I had many a struggle with temptation. I will never forget the tears I shed over an adorable pink evening gown that I wanted.

Increasing the Interest

"AS my salary rose, I increased my proportion of saving. Soon I was putting aside thirty-five per cent. of my weekly pay-check, which meant one hundred-and-fifty dollars a week. When I got my next raise I saved fifty per cent. or two hundred-and-fifty dollars. At present I am saving seventy-five per cent. of my earnings,"—(Miss Griffith's salary is reported to be ten thousand dollars each week, with two months' vacation on full pay)—"and I do it just as religiously as I did the first twenty-five dollars that were so hard to spare."

Few girls start out making one hundred dollars a week and a few have the experience of seeing their salary double and treble as Miss Griffith did. Had her earnings been smaller, she declares, her method of saving would have been much the same. Naturally it would have taken much longer for her to reach her goal, which of course would not have been as high as that she set under the circumstances.

"I started my savings account in a bank which paid four per cent. interest," she explained. "As soon as I had enough money, I took out a life insurance policy, which, I figured, was like putting the money back in another bank, only with the additional protection features added.

"Every girl who has dependents should take out life insurance for their protection. If there are no dependents, I think she should take it out for her own protection in case of sickness or accident.

Bonds Meant Freedom

"A WOMAN is free only when she is economically free," she continued. "I had always wanted this freedom, and as a start decided to save for a nest egg of two thousand dollars invested in government bonds. I chose government bonds as I knew they were safe and could be converted into cash at once, should necessity demand it.

"As soon as I had five hundred dollars in my account, I drew it out and bought my first bond. I will never forget the thrill the crisp crackly feeling of that bond gave me. I started right in saving for another one and kept at it until I had four bonds.

"During this time I had been studying the real estate situation around Los Angeles. I knew that big money could be made on coming business property. Beverly Hills at that time was beginning to be recognized as a fine residential district. I figured that this prosperous community would soon be in need of a business center where it could buy its own aspirin and eggs and shoe-laces. So I sought the advice of this one and that, with the result that I bought several lots in the district that is now the heart of downtown Beverly Hills. Most of this property I sold at a good profit. Upon one lot I built an office building, which I still own.

Profitable Study

"IF my earnings had been smaller, I would have confined my investment in Beverly Hills to one lot in the line of business development, preferably one with a house upon it. There were several such lots at the time I bought. I would have lived in this house, even if it had been shabby, while I was paying for it.

"As my salary continued to increase, I began to study stocks and bonds of all kinds. To-day I have a secretary with whom I study the market and who, with my instructions, makes investments for me.

"I never buy stock on margin and I never try to get in at rock-bottom prices with the hope of the stocks making a quick jump. I consider the annual dividend the essential thing to be governed by, when making a purchase. A stock which pays six per cent. I consider good. I usually am satisfied to sell when a stock makes between ten and twenty per cent. This profit is then added to the principal and re-invested."

We were interrupted for a moment while

Corinne hurriedly chose from several samples, the shade of rose satin she preferred for a gown to be worn in her next picture. I was hoping someone would come in with samples of the latest buy in bonds.

Taking No Chances

THEN she continued in that slow Southern drawl of hers, which was surely one reason why they had to invent the talkies, "I would always buy one hundred shares of stock outright, rather than three hundred shares on margin, no matter how great the temptation might be to take a chance. We all know what buying on margin did to half of Hollywood. Several of my friends said to me when they heard that I had not been hurt in the stock market crash, 'Corinne, you are just lucky,—that's all!' That's all the credit a woman gets for having common sense!"

Miss Griffith thinks that, as a rule, it is not safe to invest in new companies. However, she has made exceptions to the rule when she knew and had confidence in the men behind the company.

Her collection of stocks and bonds is diversified. She usually owns some good utilities, such as gas or electric light bonds. "People always need these commodities even in case of war or famine," she explains, "so they are always good."

Miss Griffith has one of the loveliest homes in Beverly Hills. Even her home is evidence of her sound business principles. Most of her furniture is antique, of the early French period, priceless pieces that increase in value as time goes on. She will never need to sell any of it at a loss, if she ever desires to dispose of it. The grounds of her home have almost doubled in value since she bought the property. She has surrounded herself with luxury, which after all is not spelled "e-x-t-r-a-v-a-g-a-n-c-e."

Not a Broken Blossom

(*Continued from page 50*)

"Georgie," the wire-haired fox-terrier that has been her pet for years.

Away from Box-Offices

HER first talkie was in the cutting-room, and in her voice was an excitement that was infectious. Bad luck has hampered her career for the past few years. After her great success in "The Scarlet Letter," she made an even better picture, "The Wind."

"We all felt we had something very fine. But before it was released the studio thought it should be jazzed up a little, and they remade parts of it. We were all so discouraged by that, that everyone connected with it retired from pictures for a time. I believe Frances Marion has just started writing again. Lars Hanson and Victor Seastrom went back to Sweden. And I went to Europe."

One of Lillian's characteristics is her sweeping admiration for the accomplishments of other artists. It was this feeling that led her to Max Reinhardt, who worked with her on "The Miracle Woman"—then destined for her next picture. After two years of preparation, they came to Hollywood to make the film, only to find that talkies alone were marketable. Their story couldn't be transformed into a talkie overnight. So they laid it aside, and Lillian's dream of being directed by Reinhardt was unrealized.

Instead, she was directed by Paul Stein in "One Romantic Night"—just to try her hand at the new medium while it was still in an experimental stage. Talkies have come at a happy moment for Lillian, to sharpen her interest in pictures and give her new fields for study. She is enthusiastic and excited about them.

(*Continued on page 103*)



"When lingerie is dainty, colorful, you feel very feminine, very charming"

"SELF-CONFIDENCE *starts Behind the Scenes"*

by **BEATRICE FAIRFAX**



"HOW can I be popular?" Sally M asks:

"I am a young girl, considered beautiful, but I am always shy at a party. Other girls not any prettier are always being invited out, while I am overlooked . . . "

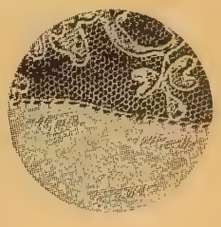
To Sally, as to other perplexed girls, I would say: My dears, the mysterious power to charm lies within yourself. Men are like mirrors. They reflect a girl's own conception of herself. If she is poised, self-confident, sure of her charm, they hover round like bees around summer flowers.

CLOTHES ARE VERY IMPORTANT in giving a girl this happy self-confidence. Begin behind the scenes, Sally, with your lingerie, stockings, all your intimate things. When these are dainty, lace-trimmed, colorful, they make you feel very feminine, very charming.

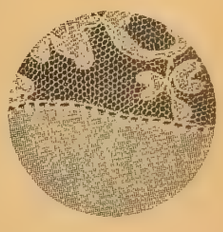
With this self-confidence you go out ready to conquer the world, and you do. But some girls say they cannot afford to wear lovely underthings every day. Frequent washing takes some of the color and charm out of the garment.

This is very foolish, for if a girl but use that invaluable product, Lux, her daintiest things will stay like new so long that she can well afford them. Lux is especially made to keep colors and textures as charming as new.

AND AT HOME, too, keep everything —gay sofa cushions, dainty curtains, table linens, charmingly colorful with Lux, for men love color!



After 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap — silk fibres out of place —lace damaged. Color dull.



After 12 Lux washings — every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color intact—all the charm of new.

If it's Safe in Water . . It's Safe in **LUX!**



Can You Stand the Public Gaze?



Laura La Plante, Universal Star, appears dainty and lovely in the sleeveless sun style of the tennis court.

SMART though they be, sun-styles are often embarrassingly revealing. Yet you can wear them with confidence and meet the public gaze with poise if your skin is smooth and free of ugly fuzzy hair.

And it is so easy to keep your under-arm devoid of superfluous hair when you use Del-a-tone Cream. Insures cleanliness, so essential to personal daintiness. Easy to use as cold cream, it removes hair safely and surely in 3 minutes or less.



Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the *first* and *only white* cream hair-remover.

Faintly-fragrant, Del-a-tone Cream is the most convenient *modern* way to remove hair from fore-arms, legs, back of neck and face as well as from under-arm. Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

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The only *white* cream hair-remover



Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 75, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

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Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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Yea! Lowe!

(*Continued from page 42*)

twenty-six was never outside the state. Finishing the local schools, he went on to his college where, at eighteen, he distinguished himself by becoming its youngest bachelor of arts. He then took a postgraduate course and received his M.A. This necessitated teaching, and thus he became a member of the faculty at nineteen, making him likewise the youngest pedagogue in the history of the institution. He taught English literature and elocution.

He had, however, other interests aside from those of scholasticism. Santa Clara heeds the classics, and its dramatic department is addicted to Shakespeare. Lowe played the Bard's entire repertoire. He ate it up. So much so that he determined to become an actor—a Shakespearian actor in a robe and heavy voice and gesture. Either that or a professional baseball player.

Three Years of Victory

SANTA CLARA is addicted to the classics; but there isn't any term strong enough to describe its passion for athletics. Lowe played on the football team, and managed and played first base on the baseball squad. There was a club! Every team on the Pacific Coast was its victim for three years. Later some of its members did pretty well by themselves in the national pastime: Art Shafer, who (now a Hollywood haberdasher) with the Giants was close to being the greatest of the game's third basemen; Harry Wolters, who (now coach at the University of California) starred in the outfields of the Yankees and the Cubs; Justin Fitzgerald was as good; and then there was Bennie Kauff. During 1908 Lowe led them to Honolulu, where they won twenty out of twenty-one games played with college teams from Japan, Cuba, and the United States.

With the close of his collegiate career, Eddie was tendered three major league contracts. They tempted him, but the appeal of the robes and the voice and the gestures was stronger. With a letter from his dramatic coach to the late Frank Butler, whose son Dave is following in his directorial footsteps, he visited the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. There, with that self-assurance peculiar to Santa Clara boys, he asked for a place in the troupe. He got the job.

It wasn't a very swell job. He was supposed to skulk in some bushes whilst spying upon an assignation between Louis Bennison and Nance O'Neil. While waiting for the cue, the late-Shakespearian star decided to show these so-and-so's that he was just about the best skulker outside—or for that matter, inside—the Actor's Equity. The cue was "Who's there?" from Bennison, followed by a rapid bit of action in which the spy was dragged from his concealment and run from the stage.

A Champion Skulker

COLLEGE boys are notoriously prompt at taking advantage of their opportunities. Lowe was no exception. With the stately Lou's "Who's there?" he parted the bushes with a dramatic sweep and stepped forth, saying "Tis I, Michel!" And then, for a full five minutes, while Bennison and O'Neil looked on in horror, he gave a Santa Clara interpretation of how a bona-fide, bottled in bond, sea-going skulker acts when caught unceremoniously in the act.

By grace of that deity which protects young thespians and fools, he was not cast into the alley behind the theater when at last he made his exit. Rather, the following week, Butler assigned him a guardsman's uniform for "La Tosca." The kindly director may have regretted his impulse when, determined to march from the stage with a far more military bearing than the other soldiers, Eddie did a neck-fall at the finale of the second act. But Butler kept him in the company. There is something appealing about a kid who fails only because he tries too hard.

Other and bigger parts followed, seasons and years of them. Years through which the young actor passed with a sublime confidence that the world was his oyster. We pick him up in Los Angeles, established as a favorite in the celebrated stock house which has fostered so many brilliant names, the old Belasco.

Broadway Beckons

EDDIE'S uniforms and nifty clothes were dazzling clear up to the gallery. As a schoolboy with an illness which conveniently attacked me on matinee days, I have a sharp memory of his dapper figure moving among the other charming figures of that delightful period—moving so effectively that New York's Broadway heard about him, and called.

But this memory fades in significance beside one dedicated to a warm day, several years later, when a football team representing the Santa Clara alumni met that of a Los Angeles college in a benefit game on a small field at the corner of Pico and Grand Avenue. The advance notices stated that Edmund Lowe, stage favorite recently returned West to engage in film work, would do his bit toward making the occasion a success by appearing in the backfield of the Catholic school. To skeptical eyes the announcement seemed just so much hooey. Star player that Lowe had been in college, he hadn't been in a uniform for years. No matter how worthy the charity which caused it, he was entirely out of shape for any such contest. And then there was the not negligible risk of a broken nose or other injury which might damage his whole career. Surely he wouldn't do it. The publicity, to put it mildly, simply was wrong.

Playing Until Played Out

BUT it was I who was wrong. I had, you see, forgotten how my old man licked a cop at sixty, how Hal Chase always came through with something special for a game that especially needed winning, how Brick Leonard and Ben Williams lost their usual amiability and became fighting maniacs in a pinch. I had forgotten what it means to be a Santa Clara boy. Eddie played.

He played only the first quarter, true enough; and then they carried him off. But he played that quarter in a manner entirely befitting a school where you get a Christian, academic, and sporting education, and the idea that you must fear God and nothing else.

During the season, I listen respectfully when grads who keep in touch begin to discuss those qualities which make for fine football—and, incidentally, fine men. Some of them know what they are talking about.

Anent this subject of education, did you ever notice how much brighter some people are than others, when discussing the movies, and the stars? The odds are ten to one that they are regular readers of

MOTION PICTURE—*The Oldest—The Newest—The Best*

Not a Broken Blossom

(*Continued from page 101*)

The Future Opens Up

"WE had just about exhausted the possibilities of the silent screen. I had made all the faces I possibly could, and had done everything my screen personality permitted me to do. I felt limited by my appearance and the type I had created

"But dialogue opens up all sorts of new possibilities. We will no longer be typed. I don't know what sort of thing I will do. Anything. It seems to me that in talkies you are limited only by your own abilities as an actress."

Perhaps a talking picture, with Lillian walking about with her head held high and speaking in a voice that reveals the vigor of her personality, will convince the world that she is warm and human. On the other hand, it may be that the real Lillian will never quite be caught by the screen.

"Some personalities can never be caught," she said. "That was the case with my own sister. All the humor, all the dearness, that I knew, were simply not there on the screen. I was sure it was unsympathetic direction. I felt it so strongly that I directed her myself in one picture. But I failed, too."

Lillian is a student, by nature and by training. If she is buying furniture, for example, she doesn't content herself with canvassing the stores and factories—she goes to the Louvre, and studies the finest examples she can find. This same thoroughness she applies to her work, which she takes very seriously. She has a great curiosity and keen powers of observation. She has formed the habit of constantly studying the people and the life about her. Nothing escapes the shrewd Gish eye, and everything is absorbed and stored up for future use.

Wisely Critical

THIS keen awareness has made Lillian very critical—but only with the purpose of being helpful. She is immensely considerate and thoughtful of everyone.

Unlike most stars, she doesn't fill her own horizon. She is completely aware of her own talents, and completely unimpressed by them. She is a remarkable combination of selflessness and self-esteem.

"I don't really know what I am like," she said. "I think we know nothing of ourselves. I haven't had time to think about myself very much. I've had to work very hard all my life, and study, and take care of my family, and I've had no time for introspection.

"All I know is what the fortune-tellers tell me."

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill, she would like to do—and is now trying to secure the rights. Meanwhile she has gone back to New York to join her mother and sister in the Gishes' first home. Lillian had seen every piece of furniture, and she had seen the empty rooms. But she did not see the two together until her homecoming on Christmas Day.

If Lillian sounds too good to be true, don't attribute it to any hysteria on my part.

All I know is what the producers, the stars, the prop boys, the servants, and the friends of the family tell me.

I assure you, it's unanimous.

Lillian Gish is critical—but she is universally liked. The reason is that, in being critical, she is helpful. And this also is one of the reasons why the whole world likes

MOTION PICTURE
"The Progressive Magazine of the Screen"



A

You too—— on short notice, can have Hair that is Lovely and Alluring

"Beauty Shampoo in 10 minutes"

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.



LEILA HYAMS — M-G-M STAR

Pretty as a Picture

Your hair—lovely, lustrous, sparkling with a myriad of tiny dancing lights—*pretty as a picture!* That is the way it will look after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

The secret of this marvelous shampoo is its *difference.* It is used *differently*—just to suit your own shade of hair—and what a delightfully *different* effect it gives. Your hair will glow with a soft loveliness. You'll see beautiful undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than you have ever seen it. And it's so easy to use—you'd never believe so small an effort could bring such wonderful results! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Abolish ugly hollows



Miss Gonzales of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, can abolish sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No dieting or tiresome exercise is necessary. Simply apply and massage Tiffany Tissue Builder wherever you want to develop more flesh.

Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

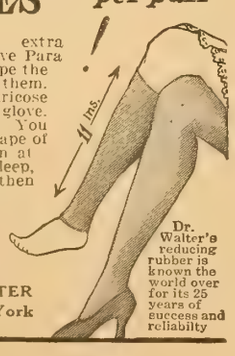
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DR. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York



Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliabilty

Seen in Their True Colors

(*Continued from page 88*)

silly, eh? There are seven primary colors in what we call white light—daylight or sunlight. All together they make white. Leave one out and you change things. There's a green coat hanging over a chair. It *looks* green, but the fact is that the fabric of which it is made soaks up every color *except* green, throwing the green light rays back at you, and these, reaching your eye, create an impression which you identify as a green color.

Exceptional Examples

WHITE fabrics accept no color at all, throwing all the rays back to your eye, and black absorbs them all, giving back none for you to see. That's the idea. Simple, isn't it?

People run in color type combinations, and occasionally there are exceptions. Juliette Compton is an exception to her type, and Marion Davies isn't. Juliette has dark brown hair, blue eyes and a fair skin. Marion has golden hair, blue eyes and a fair skin, which is normal. Bessie Love is an exception, too, with blonde hair, brown eyes and a slightly dark skin. Nancy Carroll is off-regular with red hair, blue eyes and fair skin. Myrna Loy is very exceptional, with brown hair and green eyes, and Lillian Gilmore has bronze red hair, golden eyes and white skin, while Jeanette MacDonald is a blonde with green eyes. Properly made up, however, any of these players will photograph well in color. Some picture only moderately striking women, like Pauline Starke, blooming into gorgeous beauty when their coloring is discovered on the screen.

Few Are Artists

THE color pictures have shown us something else: that a number of talented ladies use bad color combinations—not only for screen, but for street use as well. The proper use of cosmetics is an art, and as we roam the streets, we must admit there seem to be few artists. But to get back to color movies.

Usually color harmony between complexion and costume is the result of experimentation. It was Worth, famous couturier of Paris, who first dared put a blonde in yellow, and then he accentuated his courage by insisting that she wear topazes. But, accepting his dictum for Anita Page, how would she look in yellow posed against an amber wall? Ouch! said a Technicolor man when I mentioned it.

Leila Hyams, a blonde with green eyes and a penchant for orchid clothes, in a picture embraced a red-haired woman in a green dress—by a wardrobe accident. That almost burned up a good camera.

And not all screen ladies have superb taste in the colors they affect. Brutal as the charge may be, some of them are apparently color-blind—or so the color photographers tell me.

Life Extension

IF she has good taste, the average actress can remake herself over for the screen, even to the concealment of facial blemishes. In any event, color should add ten years to the professional life of your favorite screen player, for color is becoming when it is applied correctly, and the color camera gives less definition, or is not so microscopic in its revelation of detail—consequently the marks of time will not appear so quickly or so plainly as in plain black and white films. This doesn't mean that pictures will be "dimmer" or less definite. It merely means that they will be softer and perhaps easier to see, for natural color pictures by actual test give less eye-strain than black and white.

Color still offers problems to studio executives. First—and this is of tremendous importance to the producer—color pictures are much greater in cost than the plain black and white. Generally speaking, some pictures cost twice as much in color as in black and white, and others rise in cost from twenty to twenty-five per cent. Then, so many more lights are used for color photography that players complain against working in such a glare. When "Sally" was filmed, the chorus girls and principals fainted continually under the lights. But this is being corrected.

Any way you look at it, color brought in a host of complications, which the studio people are solving with cheerful persistence. You have to hand it to the motion picture industry for the gallant way it meets these frequent "revolutions" and makes itself over every year or two!

Are You Color Blind?

The color photographers say that some of the stars are apparently color blind. But are you?

What color is your hair? What is the color of your eyes? And what color do you prefer in clothes?

Herewith is a comprehensive list of a number of feminine stars. Try to judge the accuracy of their tastes for yourself:

NAME	HAIR	EYES	CLOTHES PREFERENCE
Renée Adorée	Brown	Blue	Dark Blue
Edwina Booth	Pale Blonde	Blue	Yellow
Clara Bow	Red	Brown	Red
Nancy Carroll	Red	Blue	Green
Joan Crawford	Dark Brown	Brown	Green-blue
Marion Davies	Golden	Blue	Pastels
Jean Arthur	Blonde	Blue	Blue
Mary Doran	Light Blonde	Brown	Brown
Rosetta Duncan	Blonde	Blue	Rose
Vivian Duncan	Blonde	Blue	Rose
Ruth Chatterton	Light Brown	Deep Blue	White
Mary Brian	Brown	Hazel	Green
Greta Garbo	Light Brown	Blue	Black-gray
Kay Francis	Black	Gray	Black
Dorothy Jordan	Brown	Gray	Yellow
Helen Kane	Brown	Brown	Pink
Hedda Hopper	Brown	Green	Vivid Greens
Lillian Roth	Dark Brown	Brown	Vermilion

Killed In Action

(*Continued from page 33*)

reports say two, some three. Whatever the total, it will be effectively hushed up. Hollywood has always kept her accidents as quiet as possible, because *anything* from Hollywood is so magnified and exaggerated by sensational newspapers that it is almost unrecognizable. Marriage, divorce or death —it's all the same to a gullible public whose "Hollywood thirst" seems unquenchable.

The filming of that great masterpiece, "Old Ironsides," took a heavy toll of Hollywood's finest. It was an historical picture and called for absolute correctness in every detail. If a ship was to be blown up (as history tells us happened), *the ship was actually blown up*. Even four years ago, when this picture was made, the screen had outgrown such half-way measures as miniatures. Nothing would do but the real thing. After the hazards and dangers had been cut to a minimum, the picture was made in the most sincere form. Carefulness was the watchword of the entire company. The price of negligence was known to every person connected with the picture, and still there were some very terrible accidents. In one day (during the blowing up of a ship) a man was killed outright, another very seriously hurt and three others temporarily injured. It is absolutely true that James Cruze went into that production with dark hair and came out a white-haired man. It was a terrific responsibility to bring "Old Ironsides" to the screen in an honest form. Cruze didn't shirk his duty for a moment—in fact, he came within two yards of being killed himself in the last explosion. The names of those whose lives were lost are not known to you. If they hadn't died, you would never have read their names. They were just a squad from that vast army of Hollywood's Unknown Soldiers.

Sacrifices for Truth

THE filming of "Ben Hur" took place more than four years ago, but a complete account of its accidents has never been published, and probably never will be. What with men trampled under horses during the shooting of the chariot races, and boats accidentally sinking with hundreds of people (helpless in heavy armor) aboard, it was a picture made of the stuff that lives are made of. It had to be taken in a realistic manner or else the public would scoff. Hollywood knew that—and was prepared to bring "Ben Hur" to the screen without a flaw.

And the same is true of fiction pictures. Four young fellows have come out of football pictures with broken arms. Tom Mix, during the shooting of his last picture, broke his leg trying to rescue Dorothy Dwan's double who was doing a "shooting of the rapids" scene. He finally saved the girl—but she had been thrown so violently against a sharp rock in the swift current that she had received concussion of the brain and later died. An arsenal (which is a part of every studio) blew up on the First National lot and killed two men. A "prop" bomb went off prematurely on the M-G-M lot and injured three members of a cast. A boy by the name of Jack Fay died from injuries received during the filming of "What Price Glory?" when a stick of dynamite blew off unexpectedly. Men have fallen from high camera booths. From buildings. From scaffolding.

In Double Jeopardy

A PERSON unacquainted with the making of pictures might say, "Well, it's no more dangerous to film a scene of men working on a skyscraper than it is actually to work on one." But that would be a mis-

(*Continued on page 115*)



Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous under close-fitting gowns?

The lasting softness, the fact that it deodorizes, are other reasons you will like Kotex.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. This is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so wonderfully comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material that is used today by 85% of America's leading hospitals. This is a cellulose substance that performs the same function as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you utmost security.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

KOTEX IS SOFT...

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3 *In hospitals*... The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

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Regular Kotex—45c for 12
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Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted ... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.

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Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 615 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.

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The Hot Spot

(Continued from page 99)

him, into his first novel, "Emmett Lawlor," and who now looks the other way when the red-headed ex-pugilist passes.

They remind you that this burly Irishman came to Chaplin, practically starving, and was on his payroll for many months without apparent duties, only to burst into print with a highly sensational "Life of Charlie Chaplin" in a popular woman's magazine. Chaplin, infuriated by statements in the first issue of the story, obtained an injunction which prevented the magazine from printing its further chapters. And now Charlie also does not speak to Jim Tully.

A Run of Hard Luck

BUT we have left Jack Gilbert fuming over his wrongs. It was about this time that things began to go badly for Jack. Other articles and interviews, to which he took exception, appeared. He returned from a honeymoon in Europe to find much of his fortune swept away in the stock market crash. And at the same moment his popularity with the fans was endangered by the advent of the talkies.

What wonder if, in his bewilderment and pain, he traced his misfortunes to the first uncomplimentary story about him?

The Tense Moment

AT any rate, it was an embittered man, half frantic with worry over his situation, who came into the Brown Derby that evening with his wife, Ina Claire, and his friend Sid Grauman. Hardly had they seated themselves in one of the booths along the side of the restaurant (with the lights tastefully shaded by small bronze derby hats) when Gilbert noticed Tully with friends, one of whom was Jim Cruze's sister, sitting opposite. It was the first time that he had seen him for two years.

He shouted something across the restaurant. One onlooker reports that he hurled the deadly word "plagiarist" at the writer. Another says that Tully in reply offered to "damage that beautiful face of yours." Other remarks followed and Jack got up and approached Tully's table, swinging his fists.

Climax

THE eyes of the room were on the pair. Waiters stopped, with trays in hand, to stare; people rose in their seats, craning their necks. It was an audience, and with an audience, what actor would fail to finish his scene? Gilbert struck out again and Tully half rose. "If you do that again, I'll have to hit you," he said warningly.

Fame, fortune, flattery—these things are hard to relinquish. Try it once yourself! Jack Gilbert's world was tottering and here stood a squat, red-headed man who had started all his trouble. Jack made another pass at Tully and received the weight of the ex-fighter's fist jarringly on the chin, stretching him on the floor amid the débris of the overturned table.

One of the amusing consequences of the incident was the haste with which Jack and Jim each received telegraphic offers in all seriousness from fight promoters all over the country, offering sums varying from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand for a "return bout" of one round.

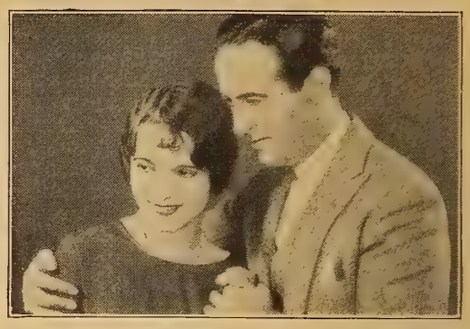
P. S. There was a party at Herman Mankiewicz' house on Wednesday evening, February 19. Tully was sitting before the fire when Jack Gilbert entered the room. Everyone held his breath—but Jack marched over to him and extended his hand.

"Jim, this has been a mighty silly business and I'm personally glad it's all over with."

To which Tully replied:

"Jack, I'm powerful sorry if anything I wrote had anything to do with this."

The Girl the Men Admire



TO be attractive to men you must have a clear skin—rich red blood coursing through your veins.

If you have thin, pale blood, if you are weak, listless—lack smartness—what can be done? Plenty! Take **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** for your blood and stomach. Your druggist has it in tablets or liquid, whichever you prefer.

You will become admired by men when you regain your rosebud complexion, clear skin—free from pimples, steady nerves, sparkling eyes, and that pleasing personality which radiates from a perfectly healthy woman.

Write the Staff of the Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice. It is free and strictly confidential.



Ugly Pimples

NATURE'S warning—help Nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NR—NATURE'S REMEDY**—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try **NR**. *Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c.*

FREE Write for sample of **NR** and package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds.

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Could you use $5 or $10 a day for your spare time? Mrs. Burgoyne Jones, Illinois, made $97.73 in 3 weeks' spare time without experience. Others clean up as high as $25 to $50 a week!

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Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 39*)

The Wet Blanket

IT HAD BEEN RAINING for ten days in Hollywood. "This weather," explained a loyal Californian, "is unusual." "But it's getting usual," observed his friend from the New York stage.

Among Those Present

"I MADE A PICTURE at Fox the other day," the extra was explaining to a friend. "It was quite an important picture. Janet Gaynor was in it too . . . "

Talking Sequence

A CERTAIN SOUND supervisor has a habit of turning suddenly when he observes two people talking together, and calling, "I heard what you said!"

The Story of a Story

WHENCE CAME THE rumor that Gary Cooper's latest story, "Only The Brave," was originally written for Buster Keaton? The problem to be solved is: Which is benefiting by the publicity?

Who Can Shoot Sevens

"WHAT SORT OF men do these women stars marry?" they asked Jay Straus of the Universal publicity office. "Big-game-hunters," said Jay.

Funny Story

IT WAS AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY, and an out-of-town visitor had a swell anecdote to relate. "You'll love this," he beamed. "It seems there was a man in New York who lost eighteen hundred dollars and—" Here he was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the crowd. A film comedian had just entered the room, taking a funny fall as he came. The raconteur waited till the last chuckles had died away and began again. "This will slay you! It's the funniest story I've heard this year. You see there was a New York man who lost eighteen hundred dollars and he—" Another scream of mirth. Rex Lease was doing a Spring Dance. Three times more the story-teller tried to tell the screamingly funny tale of the New Yorker who lost eighteen hundred dollars, but the last we heard of him he was not discouraged. He had edged his chair into the center of the room and, seizing an interval of comparative silence, he said, "Say, listen folks, remind me sometime to tell you that funny anecdote about the man in New York who lost eighteen hundred dollars, will you?"

Mixing the Mexicans

A NEW BROADCASTER at the opening of "Devil May Care" the other night announced that he was speaking at the première of "Don Alvarado's latest picture," to the astonishment of Ramon Novarro, who was just entering the theater. But one Mexican looks like another to a radio broadcaster, evidently.

Lest We Forget

TWENTY-TWO YEARS ago, the Fourth of February, the first motion picture camera was ground in Southern California on a stage in the side yard of Sing Loo's Chinese Laundry, with the shadows of drying clothes whipping across the set. Paramount stopped work for two minutes on the anniversary morning to commemorate the historic event.

Or As a Hollywood Broker

"YOU'RE AS OUT OF LUCK as a deaf mute in a talkie," is the latest Hollywood simile. Or as a second-story worker in a city of bungalows.

(*Continued on page 118*)



you cannot conceal —you can destroy

Use this proven, permanent method

THERE'S no concealing them, these days—the unsightly hairs that are so disfiguring. Sheer, transparent hosiery will not hide them . . . the puff-sleeved, or sleeveless frocks of the new daytime mode will not cover them. There's but one thing to do—destroy the growth entirely.

It was proved many years ago that ***ZIP*** would ***permanently destroy*** hair growths. Since then hundreds of thousands of women have been using it with amazing success. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars and has won the approval of the Medical Profession.

ZIP is not to be confused with depilatories which merely burn off the surface hair by chemical action.

ZIP gets at the cause—the roots—and in this way ***destroys*** the growth. It is also entirely different from ordinary "wax" treatments made to imitate the genuine Epilator ***ZIP***. Remember, ***there is no other Epilator.***

ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin; no prickly stubble later on; no dark shadow under the skin.

It is a harmless, fragrant compound free from sulphides, and pleasant to use. Moreover, there are no disagreeable fumes, no discoloring of porcelain and tile. ***ZIP*** acts immediately and brings lasting results. If you really want to be free of hair, entirely, you will find nothing so economical as ***ZIP*** at $5.00. You will be delighted and you risk nothing, for ***ZIP*** is sold on a money-back guarantee basis.

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Treatment, or Demonstration without charge at my Salon

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Madame Berthé, Specialist 512
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By mail, in plain envelope, tell me how to be entirely free of hair. Also send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" without charge.

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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

You Won't Let Them Stay Married

(*Continued from page 55*)

Ideal as a Bachelor

AND so far as I can find out, no one wanted to see John Gilbert married. Not that they had anything against Ina—oh my, no—but Gilbert wouldn't be Gilbert if he were to lose the attractive feature of bachelorhood. At least fifty per cent. of the entire female population used John as a dream-man. He was the lyric to the national theme-song of hidden love. He was dreamed about, hoped for, loved and adored by all women—as a single man. Marriage was never his business. His was to be ever-present for dream purposes—as a bachelor.

Even on his honeymoon, he was pressed by inquiring reporters for the date of his divorce. No one thought of wishing him well on his venture of marriage. No one wanted him married. So, when the news came from France that the Gilberts were separated and on the verge of entering the courts, not a tear was shed. The world was happy. John Gilbert was coming back to them again.

Not Getting a Chance

GILBERT was heard to say on occasions: "Gad, but I wish the public would give us an even chance to stay married. All we get at every turn is, 'How are you getting along? . . . Divorce? . . . Separation? And how soon will the end be?' No one takes the thing seriously. It really seems to be nothing but a One-Night-Stand in the public mind. The fans play such a large part in our successes that I suppose it's only fair that they should dabble in our failures—but I wish they would let us alone, so that we might *try* it for a few months, anyway. I dread to think of the outcome of our marriage, with everyone in the country lined up solidly against us. Why can't they be cricket, and give us a chance?"

The Public Wanted Charlie

THEY handicap the marriage race with plenty of added weight in Hollywood. But let's take another famous pair: Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck.

No one ever understood what made Janet leave home and Charlie Farrell, for San Francisco, and Lydell Peck. Not that we have anything against Lydell and his home town, but we had the thing figured out a wee bit differently. Of course, we weren't going to go as far with Janet as we did with Gilbert—we didn't want her to travel through life as an old maid—but we wanted to have something to say about the groom. We were perfectly willing that our Lady-Of-The-Seventh-Heaven should take a mate but we wanted our own entry chosen. We wanted Charlie!

And with the possible exception of Doug and Mary (who are the only real example to prove the rule), I suppose the marriage of Janet Gaynor to Charlie Farrell would be the only match to receive the stamp of Hollywood and public approval. Folks just love to see them together. They hold tight to their seats when Janet turns her lovely eyes on Charlie in a love scene. They stand in rapt attention when the two kids step out of their car to walk up the long runway to the theater on "opening" night. The public says, "They were made for each other and we'll see that they get together." They are a "natural" as matches go in Hollywood.

Janet in Jeopardy

BUT that doesn't help Lydell Peck any. And it hasn't given him much of a chance to stay married. The fact that he has stolen one of our little girls away from us has worked against the match from the beginning. There hasn't been any betting on the outcome of this tie-up, but there have been many predictions. Hollywood has been sure from the start that sooner or later Janet would marry Charlie—*and they are still working along those lines.*

When she appeared at the Embassy Club with her husband on one arm and Charlie on the other, everyone was quite taken aback. What was this? Some new style of getting by us without complying? But our fears were soon dispelled. Janet danced more with Charlie than she did with her husband. "See?" we said, "What did we tell you?" And of late, there has been a very consistent rumor around these parts that the Gaynor-Peck romance is dwindling. It is even whispered that there is a divorce in the offing. If it hasn't happened by the time this reaches print, it won't be because Hollywood hasn't tried!

Foredoomed to Failure

ONE might say that we did a poor job on the Marian Nixon-Joe Benjamin fade-out. Certainly it didn't take very well with Marian. For no sooner do we get her detached than she ups and takes her another husband. But we did work hard on her first divorce. We didn't like the idea of our pretty, fragile little Marian married to a prize-fighter, even if he read Shakespeare. It didn't sound right to us—so we set about it to cancel the deal. And we did.

After Hollywood (and the rest of the country) decided that Joe wasn't the fellow for Marian—the marriage didn't have a chance! It was as foredoomed as life itself. But it was all done in such a hurry that there was little time to make Marian sour on the idea for good. She must have enjoyed the estate of married bliss, because she has gone and done it again. This time she has married a well-known young fellow from a prominent family in Chicago. He is wealthy and good-looking—so I suppose we'll have to be satisfied with this one. Public opinion very rarely takes the trouble to interfere more than once in any one life, and for that reason Marian may be able to make this one stick.

Choosing For Themselves

THE case of Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford is a paradoxical one.

We members of Public Opinion were caught flat-footed when that marriage took place. We hadn't figured out whom we wanted for Joan, and young Doug's age had lulled us into a false security concerning him. So we weren't prepared for the quick right to the heart that put two of our most promising youngsters out of the regular competition. And to top it off—we weren't so sure that we didn't like the idea of Joan marrying Doug's son Junior. "Maybe we would have picked him, anyway," was the manner in which we consoled ourselves. And to date we haven't had the occasion to change our collective minds. No one has darkened the horizon with so much as a single black thought as to their romance. We might decide to go so far as to sanction this permanently. But they should hope and pray that neither of them ever develops a screen romance such as Janet and Charlie did—'cause if the public liked the newcomer, and wanted things changed, it would be *too* bad!

Do you think we give them a fair break in Hollywood? Hardly. Nothing is too good for those who gain our favor and nothing too awful for those who break faith with our judgment. We treat the great and small alike. No partiality—no favorites. When we make up our minds, the deed is half done. Most generally, *all* done. Let's all give them a new chance—sort of leave them alone.

Censoring Abraham Lincoln

(*Continued from page 40*)

Not only can Lincoln not be allowed to talk as he really talked, but it is only on sufferance that the censors will even allow him to be born—which, as everybody now knows, is a highly indecent act. The first draft of the story for D. W.'s picture had Lincoln's father coming out of the birth chamber, shortly before the "interesting event," with news. But reference to the book of censor edicts showed that any reference to birth was considered obscene. So the line had to come out.

"Not only may you not be born on the screen," said D. W. when I talked with him about it in his office; "you may not even be conceived. So you see what we producers are up against. The fact that we are dealing with recorded history doesn't seem to make any difference. We have to abide by all the censor laws or else various parts of the country will refuse to let the picture be shown."

Why Producers Get Gray

YOU can do practically what you like on the stage. Newspapers can print anything, and in them the smallest children have access to all the intimate facts and all the more unpleasant side of life. But on the screen the very same things which they read every day in the paper are considered indecent."

When the footling and babyish censor edicts, relating to screen "morality," are applied to modern stories, which can fairly easily be changed, one gasps; but when they are applied to the stories of national heroes of the past, which should be unalterable, one is tempted to give up.

Not so Griffith, however. D. W., with what strikes me as a charming and well-developed sense of humor, is attacking the problem of making Lincoln censor-proof and applying to it a determination to do or die. The picture is to be Griffith's masterpiece—the thing whereby he wishes to be remembered. Long and weary years in the picture business since the very first days have built up in his breast that defense mechanism, the almost fiendish subtlety which is necessary in order to beat the censors and yet turn out adult entertainment. And I have little doubt that, although it is officially pronounced immoral to be born on the screen, D. W. will manage to throw out more than a hint that Lincoln *père* didn't find little Abe in the cabbage-patch.

Behind the Lines

TO Stephen Vincent Benét, the American poet who is writing the story and dialogue with D. W., the experience is a new one. He has never before been connected with the art of movies. Suddenly, out of the blue, he received an offer from D. W., who had just finished reading the poet's "John Brown's Body." Fortunately, Benét is also gifted with a sense of humor; and he quickly fell into the ways of the censor-beating game.

The impression gained from a brief chat with D. W. and Benét was that they were having a thoroughly good time on the work. The producer had evidently disillusioned his colleague from the start about the possibility of working with a free hand; and it was with great caution, and throwing out feelers all the time to get reactions from censors and all other prodnoses, that they were proceeding to adapt the life of Lincoln for the talkies.

Griffith, of course, is a Southerner—in fact, he admits to being a Southern Gentleman. Benét is a Northerner. Each wants to bring in his own local prejudices about Lincoln. For every hour they spend actu-

(*Continued on page 113*)



Tickets *for the* Theatre

But the Calendar Said NO

For days and days she had been looking forward to this event. Now, at the last moment, happiness turned to tears!

No way to keep her engagement; no way to explain.

What a tragedy there is for some girls in the pain and discomfort that come every month and the broken engagements that follow!

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Actual photograph showing Academic stockings worn under sheer chiffon hose

A New Lover For Your Wives

(Continued from page 92)

ready laugh warn them that there is danger ahead. To such men go the spoils of the frail and the lovely of the earth. The joy of life to them is the zest of battle, the glory of conquest, the beckoning urge of the unknown.

"What a man," gasps the woman in the row directly behind me at the premiere.

"What a lover," sighs the flapper beside me to her prosaic boy-friend.

These are the things a musketeer wakes in the hearts of womankind. The man who takes, and sings, and rides away. This is the type Tibbett will play in pictures most magnificently.

Some shadowy sadism in women prompts them to essay the taming of such a knight. They know beforehand that they are doomed to failure. That adventure is the eternal mistress to such men.

The New Adventure

NO mission of his Queen's was ever too small for *D'Artagnan's* consideration. He belittled nothing that came within his sphere of action. Everything could be an adventure. It would have been easy for the greatest barytone of his day to patronize pictures. Lawrence Tibbett brought to the new medium the best he could command. He has even sung mediocre music magnificently. Made it possible, even to music lovers. He has given the full swing of his emotional pendulum to the screen as to the opera.

Pictures were another zestful adventure in the life of a singing musketeer. They were an unknown door swinging open for his questing soul to enter and explore. Perhaps the greatest pleasure they have given him is the knowledge that people who could never afford opera or concerts will now be able to enjoy him.

He has swung unspoiled from La Crescenta, its singing nights and peasant fare, to the yearly income enjoyed by a man worth from six to eight millions. That, too, is adventure. A joyous experience shared with his *Athos*, *Porthos* and *Aramis*. For you'll find them there, gathered about the fireplace of his magnificent Beverly Hills home, as once they sat about the shabby stoop at La Crescenta—and as unaware of its magnificence as they were formerly of poverty.

"Disturbing the Peace"

LIKE his prototype of the court of Louis XIII, he delights in searching out strange roads and obscure villages and little forgotten taverns. He and *Athos* dropped into one such place one night last summer. It was a cosy little room and a score or more of jolly people were at the tables about them. "I'll sing for them," said the musketeer, and he jumped to his feet.

But this is not the romantic Paris where guardsmen sing a song, laugh in a rival's teeth and put out the lantern with a slim sword—all in a breath. So far are we removed from romance, that a great singer was threatened with disturbing the peace.

A Tonic Personality

SUCH adventures are the front-page stuff of life. Created to stir sluggish blood to fresh tempo. To infuse meek souls with the warm reflections of their hot fires. To wake a world to laughter and to tears. To release freedom and zest and vitality in a tired work-a-day world.

The story of Lawrence Tibbett's marriage, the twin sons that are the pride of his life, the time he sang at the White House at the special invitation of the President, are all part of his intimate history.

Hollywood Is Haunted

(*Continued from page 53*)

witnessed such an episode just recently.

Conferences. Discussions. With his press-agent. With his wife. Even with me—who wouldn't know, after all!

Which invitation was the more important? Could he dine with one and drop in on the other later? Which one? What to do? Everybody shuddered. It was a fearful situation.

The skeletons in closets. The fear that a skeleton will be suspected where no such horror exists.

Doug and Mary—guarding their happiness—guarding their reputation for being contentedly married. Neither of them dares lunch with any other member of the opposite sex. Neither will ever dance with anyone else at a party of any size. They are afraid.

Baby and Potato Ghosts

ACTORS are afraid to have children—or, if they do have them, they are afraid to let the world know about it. Children grow up so fast—and they do so indicate a person's age!

They hide them and aver, "I don't want any publicity on my little ones." You *bet* they don't!

Their faces and figures are their fortunes and they shudder at the thought of disfigurement or superfluous flesh. They are constantly concerned with the care of their bodies—massage, exercise, make-up, diet.

They are afraid to *eat*. Pineapple, cottage cheese—dry toast. Day after day after day. A little tea.

Carmelita Geraghty said at a party the other day that she had not had a real meal—with meat and vegetables and dessert—in three years!

A potato is one of an actor's worst enemies.

And now they have to fear for their voices. A sniffle or a sore throat sends them into a panic. Their dressing-tables are crowded with sprays and gargles and atomizers. Another bogey to be dealt with!

A Few Fears They Lack

THEIR fears and their bogeys are not like other people's—really. They do not, as most Americans do, fear emotion. Rather, they seek it, work at it and make capital of it. They develop tremendous emotions over the most trivial matters in the world.

They are not afraid of long, grueling hours on the set or on location. They are not afraid of broken legs or ribs when they are asked to go through violent antics before the camera. Rather, they are so afraid of the public's yelling, "Yah! Yah! you used a double!" that they will do almost anything.

They will try marriage over and over with a beautiful optimism.

And they must have conquered a good deal of discouragement and disappointment before they reach the top.

But—sitting on their pinnacles, precariously—they shiver. The wind has an eerie sound. Skeletons rattle. The fire flickers strangely and there is a subtle threat in every shadow. Horrid ghosts leer at them from their mirrors and monsters rear their heads from every printed page.

Verily, Hollywood is haunted.

Another thing that Hollywood folk are afraid of is not knowing everything that is going on in Hollywood.
And, to a certain extent, the public has this fear.
That is, that increasingly small segment of the movie-going public which doesn't read **MOTION PICTURE**



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And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Bacteria, you know, start most complexion troubles, such as pimples and blackheads. And bacteria thrive on dirt.

There's still another way in which Kleenex protects your skin. Because of its amazing absorbency, Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary . . . the rubbing that beauty experts believe an important cause of large pores and wrinkles.

You'll find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. Use a fresh, clean tissue each time, then discard it. Thus you prevent infection . . . save laundry . . . and avoid reinfection from cold germs. Ask for Kleenex at drug and department stores.

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Are You the Type?

(*Continued from page 48*)

To get the most out of this type, an accent and a mustache are practically indispensable. An Oxford accent would be almost distinguished enough and about the mustache, consult your local druggist.

You are the best catch in town, a fact of which you are well aware. But never for a minute are you other than a man's man.

Your most unbecoming colors are blondes, brunettes and titians.

You deceive more women than any other man in town—simply by not *looking* old-fashioned.

An Arthur Lake?

THIS is an age-limit type to be practised by no one whose voice has changed. The closer you are to the *Penrod* age, the better.

Your favorite pose is with one foot reluctantly on the floor and the other in your pocket. When spoken to, you immediately become all "hands." Coat cuffs terminating two or three inches above the wrist will aid this impression greatly.

When speaking to all women over twenty, call them "ma'am." Refer to your mother as "mamma," and to any sisters as "the girls." Deference to your elders is really insisted upon.

It is not necessary for you to have any continuity of speech. A sentence may be abandoned anywhere after an opening "Gee" or "Gee whiz."

"Wimmin" are not a tremendously big item in your life. However, you have a girl upon whom you shower jelly-beans.

Your favorite work of art is the dancing contest trophy and your favorite vehicle the balloon trouser.

A Gary Cooper?

PRACTISE silence two or three hours a day before your mirror. After that practise strength. Put the two together and if the result is strong and silent, you've more than mastered the characteristics of this type.

Let no word escape your mouth in moments of emotion. Merely tighten and wiggle the jaw-bone. In case of accident or sudden death, gulping is permitted.

One pound of extra flesh will ruin this picture. You gotta be gaunt.

Never, under any circumstances, are you to voice an opinion one way or the other. This will earn you a reputation for great deliberation and wisdom, whether or not you have had an opinion in the first place.

You will eat hot *tamales* and solve the Mexican problem without saying a word.

A William Haines?

THIS type is at its most colorful when tripping up old ladies and slapping at flowers. Just a great big joke, commonly krown as the life of the party. Most people refer to you as "simply killing" and the great danger lies in avoiding it. They laughed when you sat down to the piano and they kept on laughing when you got up.

Your favorite sport will be calling friends on the telephone in the middle of the night to inform them their house is on fire. Or you may vary the monotony of that by sticking a pin in a balloon and yelling that you have been shot.

In shaking hands with strangers, grip their fingers until they wince. Then rattle their teeth with a back-slap

In the presence of shy and embarrassed people, spring that one about the hotel maid and the traveling salesman.

Your favorite noise is the "horse laugh."

A Harry Richman?

THIS little personality is particularly recommended to traveling salesmen, sailors and others with a girl in every hamlet. You're simply satanic with the ladies—but you can't help it. If you can't scare up at least three broken engagements and a breach-of-promise suit, try another type.

At all social activities you are the center of attraction. If not—leave immediately.

Early in life you should acquire diamonds for your fingers and gold for your teeth. There's nothing like a good "flash," in or out of the pan.

Your favorite reading matter is publicity and your favorite movie star—Clara Bow.

A George Bancroft?

THEN you have the trust of a little child and a firm belief in everything—including Santa Claus. There is nothing "small" about you, not even your waist line.

You belong to all uplift organizations and your deepest regret is that there is not a Grown-Up Boy Scout organization for you to join. At least one good deed a day is your hobby.

Life is very simple. Life is very simple. (Repeat as often as possible.) Your line of work makes no difference, so long as you hold to this philosophy. You can even be a bootlegger. Nor are gunmen or hijackers barred.

Your favorite authors are Jim Tully and Edgar Guest.

A Douglas Fairbanks?

MEMBERSHIP in the local Y. M. C. A. is your first requisite. Learn immediately to hang by your toes, hurdle your automobile, walk on your hands and wiggle your ears. These enviable social accomplishments will stand you in excellent stead while entertaining royalty.

In all social conversation, speak too rapidly to be understood fully, and if this does not earn you a reputation for "pep," try dilating your nostrils.

Your favorite motto is: "Smile 'til it hurts."



Richee

She may sometimes be flighty, but no one is to assume from such a plane costume that Clara Bow is ever likely to take the air

Censoring Abraham Lincoln

(*Continued from page 109*)

ally writing, they spend three arguing about the rights and wrongs of the Civil War. Griffith wants to bring in a mention of the Daughters of the Confederacy; Benét counters with something about the Loyal Legion. "We were never licked—we were overwhelmed," says Griffith. "Twenty-five to one against us." "Only three to one—and we licked you," retorts Benét. This goes on for a while, until suddenly it occurs to them that they are writing a scenario.

Cutting Down the Story

"YOU see the way we work? Terrible, isn't it?" Griffith smiled. "But of course if I had any brains I shouldn't be in the motion picture business. I should be the lord of about three acres of ground in Kentucky and spend my time chasing a cow around the 'plantation.'"

The matter of time limitations was the next problem. Benét, unused to being hampered in any way by the clock (his "John Brown's Body" is as long as the Bible), started off, according to D. W., by writing a scenario which would have taken about three weeks to show in a theater. It was then that the producer stepped in as collaborator, and the two, working for a wonder in perfect harmony, proceeded to boil it down to somewhere around one hundred thousand feet. When I spoke to them, they were doing still further cutting and had succeeded in getting it down to a length which would take just under three hours to run on a screen.

Stories Unearthed

SEVERAL little-known facts about Lincoln have been unearthed in process of research work. One is that, only a few months before he ran for President, he decided to give up politics and become a sort of monologue comedian *à la* Will Rogers. He booked himself for a concert tour and opened to a house of nine dollars. The second night he played to three dollars. The third night there was nobody present but the janitor. It was then that he decided his forte was politics.

Another episode not well known is the one about Lincoln's wedding. The future President, then of course a humble country lawyer, got cold feet and failed to turn up for the ceremony. His bride, who from childhood had always sworn she would marry a President of the United States, left the church a highly mortified spinster; but she went after Lincoln and nailed him to the matrimonial tree a few days later.

The whole of Lincoln's domestic life is little known. His wife nagged him to distraction, and although she is widely credited with responsibility for his attaining the White House, it is said by some that this was only because she made life so unbearable at home that he was compelled to go out and do things in the outside world.

To Make Him Human

HOW much of this sort of material will eventually appear in the talkie, neither D. W. nor Benét could definitely say. It is their desire to show the human side of the man so far as possible, but there are so many corns simply waiting to be stepped on that possibly there won't be much more than a suggestion of it when the final draft of the story is completed. However, Lincoln will definitely not be made out as a sort of plaster saint. He has become a myth, and takes the position of Savior in the eyes of many Americans. His sudden end, coming just when it did, contributes to the popular conception of him as a martyr—almost a god. But the hope expressed by Benét is to build up gradually to this idea.

Write a letter

and win $1000.00 *in this*

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The bread-and-butter letter is easy to write. In reality, it is just a friendly expression of appreciation to a hostess who has spared no effort to make your visit a pleasant one. Then get out your paper. Details of the contest appear elsewhere on this page. But the important thing is to start now. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

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True-Blue Monte

(*Continued from page 82*)

As we walked across the lot, Monte's heroic mood seemed to have vanished. He slapped several more people on the back, and grinned at them—I can't help using the hateful word—boyishly. He shouts hellos to electricians, stars and even scenario-writers. His affability with all and sundry is very charming. Also I like him better when he is grinning than when he peers at you pensively. He gets so terrifically pensive about things, once he starts in seriously talking. He talks and talks and talks, and every minute his thoughts become more mournful and more cosmic, until finally an overwhelming *weltschmerz* brings the flow of rhetoric to an abrupt halt, at which point he can do nothing but peer soulfully out of those dog-like eyes, trying to communicate to you some measure of his grief about life.

Like our friend Krazy Kat, he is a li'l filossofa; always he seeks the truth—and always, eventually, I think he finds it.

Give an ear to this, for instance, on the matter of trade secrets:

What Price Disillusion?

"THE secrets of this game are sacred," he says, pounding on the nearest horizontal object, and peering; "sacred to us on the inside. These magazine and newspaper writers who give away how pictures are made are disloyal to the business. It's all right if you want to talk about a star's personality—go ahead. But betraying the secrets of our profession is another thing. The public used to go to pictures in a simple and believing spirit. Now that's all gone—they know just how everything is done. They sit back and say 'Try and make us believe that's genuine.'"

Monte leaned far forward in his chair, and his eyes were the eyes of a dog who has been savagely kicked by his master.

"I can remember what happened to me—how I was disillusioned. As a boy I used to go and sit high up in the gallery, leaning over that brass rail and looking down at the old-fashioned stage melodramas."

He demonstrated just how this was done and the expression of rapture he used to wear.

"One night they had a thunderstorm on the stage. I was thrilled—transfixed. Then after the show someone took me around backstage. They showed me a piece of galvanized iron, and said 'That's the thunder you heard in the show.' They shook it and showed me how it was done. I even shook it myself! From that day I was utterly disillusioned about thunderstorms on the stage. And there you are! That's just what they've been doing with the movie public—disillusioning them."

"Tough Elements"

HIS emotion was too great. He paused to regain his composure.

"There'd be, say, a marvelous flood scene," he finally went on, "with men struggling in the water against overwhelming odds! Then some magazine would come out with pictures showing the cameras a few feet away and a lot of men in bathing suits stirring up the water to make waves. That sort of thing is horrible. Nobody has any business giving away those secrets. But they're out now, and it means we've got a tough time making pictures that seem genuine.

"That isn't the only tough element we have to cope with, either. Look at this censorship business!" He pointed dramatically at what looked strangely like a section of atmosphere.

"The public," he continued sadly, "doesn't realize what we're up against.

You have a couple of marines, say, in a situation where everyone knows in real life they'd be cussing and swearing. All the censors let 'em say is 'Dash it!' But the public doesn't know that. Some pinhead at the back of the theater thinks it's funny and goes 'Haw, haw, haw.' That starts everybody else laughing. The whole situation is ruined. I tell you it's terrible what we're up against."

He'd Like to Smile

ANOTHER thing Monte is a trifle blue about is the kind of stories they give him. Ever since his days as leading *farceur* for Lubitsch, he has been given just one he-man rôle after another. He's been a cop, a fireman, a Northwest Mounted, a pugilist, a stevedore and a truck-driver, not to mention the man who drives the Limited through the night—a part which, incidentally, gives him fine opportunities for his grim peering expression. But Monte wants a change. He wants to make talkie versions of "Kiss Me Again" and other silents of that ilk.

"Yesterday," he told me, "I actually had to laugh in a scene. It was so long since I'd done anything else except look somber that I had to tell the director I didn't know how to do it. It's too bad, you know, because one of my biggest assets is my sort of infectious smile."

Does he take his art seriously? He does.

"And those of us silent picture actors who have consistently studied the business," he says, "have nothing at all to fear from the stage actors. We know how to look natural before the camera; they have learned to pose and posture. That's our great advantage over them. Speaking lines make it harder, but anybody of the old school who makes the effort can do it easily enough."

Killed In Action

(*Continued from page 105*)

taken idea. In the first place, the person who is called upon to do the part has never had any experience in working at dizzy heights. In the second place, the actor, in such an incident, has not only all the inherent risks of the steel structural worker—but he has the added risks of his own trade, as well.

Suspended over every set are countless huge lights and cables. Some of the big lights weigh as much as five hundred pounds. When they fall, it's "good-bye." I had the sensation just the other day myself—and I was on the set only twenty minutes! I was walking along beside the set when someone grabbed my shoulders and jerked me backwards. A split second later a four-hundred-pound combination of lamps fell exactly where I had been standing. In other words, the hazards that the motion picture actor has to face are not only those of the outside world but thousands of dangers which are peculiar to the studios alone.

Accidents to Stars

AND don't think for a minute that it is only the small-salaried players and technicians who get the bulk of the hard luck and injuries. I have already mentioned Kenneth Hawks and James Cruze—and there are others. Harold Lloyd, for instance, almost lost his eyesight while filming a comedy a few years ago. Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Billy Wellman were all hit by ricocheting bullets the same day. Hoot Gibson was hurt during a stampede of horses. Colleen Moore was badly injured by a falling lamp and spent three months with her shoulder in a cast. Martha Mansfield was burned to death when her steel-beaded dress caught a spark from a bare wire and went up in flames.



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Little Bread-Winner

(*Continued from page 70*)

think her baby might become a figure in the artistic world. Virginia became an artist's model before she was able to lisp a word of protest, and childless women cooed over her angelic image on kitchen calendars all over the country.

"I started commercializing her beauty when she was three," Mrs. Corbin confessed, and added in self-apology, "Her father's health had failed. And so it was necessary for Virginia to do something at once, in a financial way."

One can picture Virginia, at the ripe and responsible age of three, taking stock of the situation, seeing clearly that something must be done, and doing it unfalteringly.

"I saw her emotional possibilities very early, when I used to read poems like 'Little Boy Blue' to her. She always cried. And I'll never forget the first day of her work in moving pictures, when she sat there and cried beautiful big tears right into the camera."

Innocence-Preserving

"I BROKE with my husband because of it. He objected to his baby's being exploited, and things were never the same between us after I left him in Long Beach and took Virginia to Hollywood. I put my elder girl in the convent and left her there till she was seventeen, so I could devote all my time to Virginia.

"I kept her out of school, kept her away from children, and made her study music, dancing, singing, and painting. I did it, as I thought, for her own sake, but I see now that it deprived her of her childhood. You can't hold a child to her studies, make her work all the time between the ages of four and twelve, and expect her to develop naturally.

"As a result, Virginia is just a child now. She has come out of her life in the moving pictures as immature and as unsophisticated as she could possibly be."

A Hollywood childhood, you see, leaves no scars of worldliness on the little one.

"In fact,"—Mrs. Corbin was willing to go still further—"I have found that the studio environment is really elevating."

Protecting Herself

THE advantages of an athletic training in Hollywood are readily seen. A girl's unblemished character is safer if she has a good strong right arm.

Still, important as biceps are, she must have some social prestige. And Hollywood is a lovely place to make a début. Virginia duly came out at a dinner party at the Cocoanut Grove. That's the approved manner in Hollywood, though I don't know exactly how people tell which night it is when a young lady is coming out, and which night she's there making her usual weekly whoopee.

The atmosphere of the studios also teaches a girl indifference to the great.

"Lots of directors have been after Virginia, but she won't go out with them. She will never do a thing to help herself."

Why, when Virginia was four, her sterling character was already beginning to assert itself. She was introduced to no less a person than Mr. William Fox, her boss at the time, and she all but snubbed him. While other tots were fawning and curtseying, she simply said a chilly, "Hello," turned on her baby heel, and left him flat. No, Virginia was never one to toady to those higher up.

"She was never spoiled," her mother went on. "You can't spoil Virginia. There's something inside her, that resists all that sort of thing.

"If you have a child with a strong character, and that something inside her that keeps her from being swayed, Hollywood



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is a wonderful place to bring her up. It's inspiring. There's always someone higher up, someone to look up to, something to strive for."

Opportunity Knocks Often

THERE'S this comfort about having a girl with a strong character in Hollywood: you can be certain she'll have plenty of opportunity to exercise it.

As for vulgarity and coarse language, they have no place in the life of the well-brought-up movie child. The evil words she may hear in the studio just serve as horrible examples from which she recoils in disgust.

"Virginia is very particular about her language," Mrs. Corbin affirmed. "She severely criticizes the girls who talk vulgarly. I'm afraid," she said deprecatingly, "that that is Virginia's greatest fault. She is so impulsive, she has a tendency to speak her mind too freely, no matter who is listening."

And of course, the scenarios through which she moves teach her only the very highest ideals of love, marriage, and filial devotion.

Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 107*)

Mr. and Mrs.

GRANT WITHERS and Loretta Young have not had their marriage annulled, after all. It turns out now that the legal age-limit at which a girl can say "yes" in the marriage ceremony in Arizona is fifteen years. And when the judge questioned Loretta, "Do you want your marriage annulled?" and she murmured, "No," she was told that she had a legal right to be Mrs. Withers if she chose.

Things are looking brighter for Grant. The day he returned from his airplane elopement his world exploded. His former wife sued him for more alimony; his car ran into another car, upsetting high school students all over the street; and his bride was whisked away from him. But his hair, which he had had bleached for a Corinne Griffith picture demanding a blond hero, is, at last, back in its natural color—and he doesn't look so gray as formerly.

Back-Talk

THE LUNCHEON TABLE had just finished with the reputation of a pretty little screen actress. "Well," shuddered another, "it's certainly better to be present than virtuous."

A Case of Label

LCLA LANE, in the Brown Derby after a party, surveyed the wreckage of a maline evening hat jammed into the pocket of her coat. "I paid fifty dollars for that label in the hat," said she. "The rest of it cost about fifteen cents." And she tossed it under the table and applied herself philosophically to her club sandwich.

Bringing in the Rain

WILL ROGERS suggested that everybody pray for rain, during the recent dry spell, in his newspaper column. And it did rain—for eleven days. "The *Times* has done enough," said the wisecracker.

Life's Little Luxuries

DO YOU KNOW that Paul Whiteman never uses the same baton twice? They are always autographed and given away at each performance. And did you hear that the woman who wrote "Monterey" for "The King of Jazz," Mabel Wayne, sang it over the radio in New York for Universal executives to hear in Hollywood before it was accepted?

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Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Howard Hughes is the gentleman who** tries to make Billie Dove's waking hours happy.

2—**Lupe Velez and Lilyan Tashman are** supposed to have had a little tiff at a night club over Lil's long evening gloves. Lupe considered them too "doggy" and told Lil so.

3—**The folks all call her "Dutch" because** of her straight blonde bob.

4—**Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton had** been separated two years before Ruth made her début in the talkies. They are housekeeping at the old stand now.

5—**The airplane crash over the ocean in** which Kenneth Hawks and nine assistants were killed while filming a Fox picture.

6—**Sally O'Neil is the gal who played** Santa Claus to the famous "Lucky" boy.

7—**Harold Lloyd seems to get more of a** kick out of playing the eighteen-hole "toy" course than batting around his own "McCoy."

8—**Jobyna Ralston Arlen had the field to** herself until the arrival of Jobyna Howland from the stage.

9—**Richard Barthelmess and Antonio** Moreno both married ladies of Blue Book rating.

10—**When Mrs. Laurence Tibbett saw** the way the girls went for her hubby during that first picture—she had a right to wave!

11—**Lois Wilson admits no past matrimonial** attempts and will confide no secrets for the immediate future.

12—**Grant Withers and Loretta Young** met with difficulties from Mamma Young at first. But all is patched up now.

13—**Bernice Claire, looked upon by** Hollywood as an invader, first saw the light of day in Oakland, California—about 500 miles from the First National Studios.

14—**The original Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks** has just married again. This one is a shade younger.

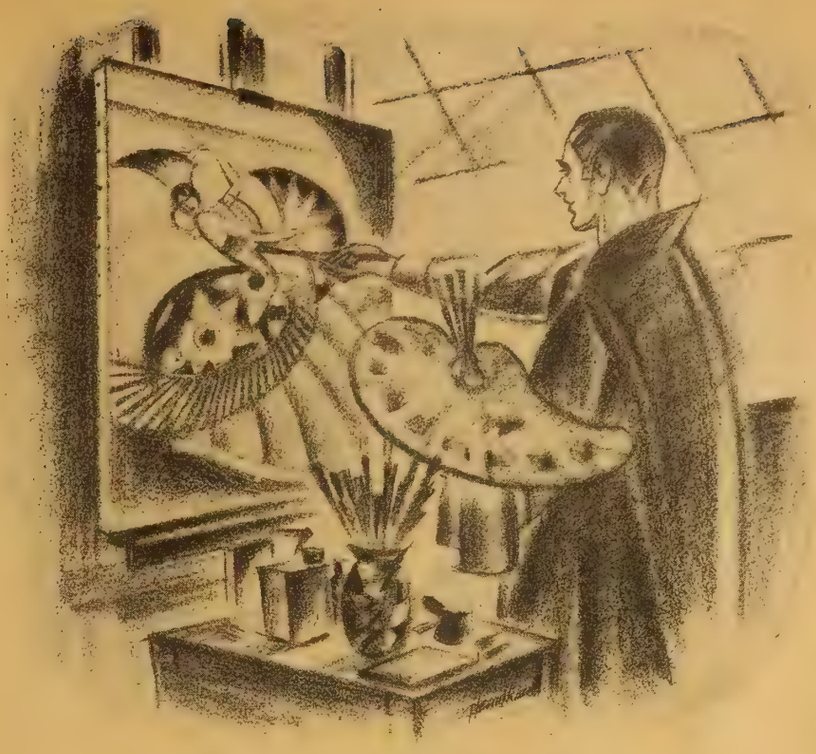
15—**Lola Lane is the little lady who matured** so early in life.

16—**Yes, you might even say that Jack** Oakie is running our friend William ragged.

17—**Mary Nolan shook the name and the** hard luck memories that had been associated with "Imogene Wilson"—before her stardom.

18—**That's Paul Whiteman's title as** president of The Grand Order of the Fleas.

19—**Alice White is the baby who says,** "Nobody loves me 'cause I'm independent."



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As you may have discovered for yourself by this time, the playing of bridge calls for a certain amount of mind-reading. Also, you no doubt have learned that a poker face can be a big asset in a tight bridge game.

Thanks to these assets, Kenneth Thomson scored high in this particular round. As witness:

The hand was played at "contract" and Rita Flynn, having dealt, opened the bidding with a Diamond. David Manners had a sufficient point count to overcall with two No Trump, and after Polly Young passed, Kenneth Thomson went to four Spades.

Of course Rita passed, and Manners invited a slam bid with five Spades. Encouraged by his "sneak" in the opponents' suit, Ken now gambled for the 500-point small slam premium and accepted his partner's invitation with a six-Spade bid. It certainly looked as though Rita had plenty of strength to double—and she did!

Rita's opening lead of the king of Diamonds fell to the dummy's ace, Thomson discarding a Heart from his own hand. The dummy's queen of Spades was then led and finessed, and a second round of Spades killed Polly's king, Rita discarding a Club.

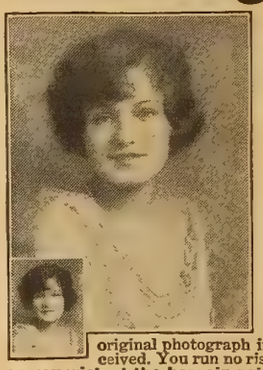
With all the opposing trumps out, Ken went to work on the Clubs, giving the opponents their first trick with the Club ace. After taking this trick, Rita was forced to return Clubs, as any other lead from her hand would have been fatal. Ken now cashed three Club tricks, and on the third discarded a second Heart from his own hand, while Rita dropped the trey of Diamonds.

Now Ken, faced with the necessity of taking all the rest of the tricks, turned to the famous "squeeze play" as his only possible escape from the loss of a Heart trick. On his leads of the jack and ten of Spades, Rita discarded a Diamond and a Heart. Now the deuce of Diamonds was led from dummy and trumped, and Rita was left with the queen of Diamonds and the king and jack of Hearts.

Now came the "squeeze"! Ken led his sixth and last trump and Rita found her situation desperate. If she discarded the queen of Diamonds, dummy would discard the losing Heart; and make the Diamond jack; so she gave up the jack of Hearts, hoping that her partner might hold the queen of this suit. But Thomson, since Polly had held the king of Spades, knew that Rita's two remaining cards must be the king of Hearts and the queen of Diamonds, for without these high-card values she could not have opened the bidding at contract. He therefore discarded the dummy's jack of Diamonds with perfect confidence that his ace of Hearts would draw Rita's king and set up the queen of Hearts in his own hand for the twelfth trick and a small slam!

To those who are interested in the advantages — or disadvantages — of playing contract for money, we suggest figuring how much the winners would have won (and the losers lost) at a tenth of a cent a point.

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5—The only requirements made of contestants is that they submit their photograph, (or photographs) and other information listed under "Directions" to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

or direct to Columbia Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue. But contestants making such submission direct to the Corporation will not be eligible for the elimination prize.

6—The editors, or their representatives, of recognized motion picture fan magazines, two executives of Columbia Pictures Corporation, and one motion picture director will act as judges in making the final decision for the award of the Miss Columbia role. In both the semi-final elimination contest and in the Miss Columbia Contest, the decision of the judges will be final. Contest closes Midnight, May 25th, 1930.

7—No photographs or other material submitted for the purpose of these contests will be returned unless sufficient postage is included for such return.



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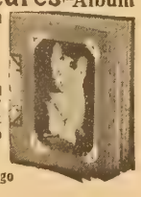
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From Jazz to Gentility

(*Continued from page 66*)

He is the most satisfactory hero I have ever met. . . . He has culture and refinement and belongs to one of the best California families. He sends bouquets of orchids, calls for me promptly. . . . Everything is for my comfort. The closed car, the well-appointed dinner and all. He is a divine dancer. . . . If I marry, he is the type I shall choose. John Gilbert is the only motion picture actor who compares with him. Dark men of the slick-haired, brown-eyed variety, good dancers, and men between twenty-five and thirty appeal to me."

Let's see. Douglas has something more than three letters. I doubt if he sends orchids and I know he is late for appointments. He invariably keeps Joan waiting. His hair is sandy, his eyes blue—but just compare his picture with that of John Gilbert and I won't have to say anything further.

As for dresses. She stated over and over, "I think one thing that makes for health in American girls is the small quantity of clothing."

Responsibility! This is what Ann Sylvester has to say about that in MOTION PICTURE magazine two years ago: "She makes a gown for herself and then wears orchids with it. She chose the beautiful name of Joan for her career and pronounces it Jo-an. She gets a frightful bill from some impatient creditor and on the same day entertains ten extra girls at a high-priced restaurant."

Her Luncheon Habits

DOROTHY MANNERS, who was an intimate of Joan's and gives an intimate's portrait of her, says in an interview printed in this magazine in 1927: "Not long ago she invited me to have luncheon with her. . . . On the appointed day I waited for her until I was black in the face, then telephoned another girl and went to lunch with her instead.

"Just as we were sitting down, Joan walked in.

" 'Hello,' she called airily, with a perfectly clear conscience. . . . Emergencies like that always end with her inviting you to have another luncheon, which she may, or may not, remember."

Another writer in MOTION PICTURE magazine gives us this impression: "There is the rattle of laughs, glasses and cups—for those who are drinking tea. There sits Joan, scarlet-lipped. An ultra-smart hat obscures one eye. The cuffs of her sleeves are halfway up her arm. Chic. A beehive of boys swarm around her—school kids mostly—begging, coaxing, pleading.

" 'Hey, hey! Jazz boys, jazz boys, play, play, play!' "

We give you but one caption from the thousands of pictures which were printed of her: "Joan Crawford in a half yard of chiffon and a few bunches of grapes. Before Prohibition this would have been a Bacchante costume. But to conform to the law, Joan wears synthetic grapes."

And today? Today, I am a friend of Joan's and proud of it. Had I known her well then—she would have been far too strenuous for friendship. I began to know her when she was sending Michael Cudahy on his way; before she met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Part Credit to Doug, Jr.

MANY have given to Doug, Jr., all of the credit for this change in his beloved. Far be it from me to minimize the influence which love brought to her. But Joan had commenced the metamorphosis before she had met him. It is only just to give her due credit.



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In this love scene in "Our Modern Maidens" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., rightly saw in Joan Crawford something more than a flapper

Not outwardly, perhaps. It takes a long time for the outside to show what the inside is doing. She still wore the fanciful abbreviations for clothes which made girls "healthy." No stockings. Dresses which slunk cravingly about her. Scarlet lips. Hats which perked rather than protected. She still said hey-hey and play-play—but the soul which had been only in her eyes was beginning to creep down into her being.

I know because I know of a letter which she wrote to her mother two years ago Easter morning. She wrote of what she hoped for her future. Something fine, something big, something redeeming. It was her plea to herself put in the form of a letter to another. Her plea to become a woman among women.

Who is it that has said, "We grasp that for which we reach?"

Joan Crawford was reaching. The fineness which was born in her was gradually working its way through a being which had been warped by wrong influences. It is my opinion that any fine boy with high ideals who had come to Joan at that time, she would have clung to and loved and cherished.

I am glad it was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He has the yearning soul of an artist. He is an artist. His sketchings and etchings are fine things. Now, the two souls can yearn and therefore grow, together.

The Change Unremarked

JOAN CRAWFORD'S change did not come in a moment. She had been wearing stockings, full-length hose, for a year before Hollywood noticed. Her hats had changed from pertness to demureness twelve months before anyone wrote or even spoke about it. She was announced at dance halls for nearly two years after she stopped going to them. The announcers probably believed she might arrive later. They, like the rest of the city, could not believe what was happening to her.

People have been unkind enough to say she was struggling to ape Mary Pickford, the wife of her husband's father. To one who knows her, that is idiotic. Joan does not ape, she leads. She did not ape the flappers, she led them.

She still breaks engagements, but there is a difference. I waited for her more than two hours last week and then went home. When I arrived, she was on the telephone. "Will you ever forgive me? I won't camouflage. I'll just tell the truth. I was taking a singing lesson. I hit high C today. Isn't that thrilling? I completely forgot about you. He had a free hour and I stayed on to sing for him. Will you please forgive and come tomorrow night to the theater where Douglas is playing? I will be there."

She was. She was at the Vine Street Theater every night and every matinee while Doug, Jr., played in "The Youngest."

Her hey-hey has disappeared entirely. She has been taking language lessons. French as well as English.

Even when I first knew her, her debts would have paralleled, for some feat, the national one. She owed everybody.

Today, she is out of debt—almost. She owns a twenty-thousand-dollar equity in a house worth seventy-thousand. Her contract calls for four hundred dollars-a-month payments; she doubled them to eight hundred. She boasts of when-the-house-will-be-paid-for as does the bride who has managed to pay two thousand on a seven-thousand investment.

The Disposition to Save

YET, she is trying to sell the place so she and Doug can move into an apartment to save money. Joan saving money. But she's doing it and if something should happen to Metro tomorrow, she could manage very nicely even though she didn't have an able-bodied, money-earning husband.

As for her clothes, she was the most demurely dressed woman at the Roosevelt Hotel for luncheon yesterday. A brown and green silk sports dress with straight lines and wide belt. A felt hat with a brim and a girlish ribbon tied carelessly around the crown. Not even the hat-ear-flaps on it which are, today, so voguish. She made the dress but she did not wear orchids on it.

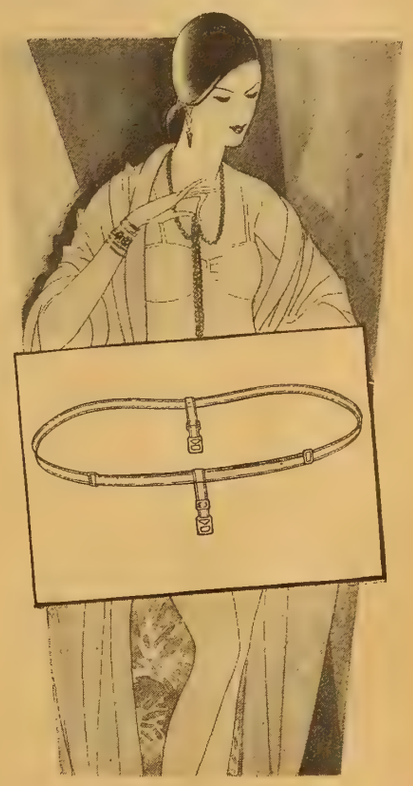
As for pictures, she's as fully gowned before the still camera as she is at a Hollywood opening—when she attends one. She goes to few gatherings in comparison to her former, I'll-see-you-everywhere self. I dropped by her home at ten o'clock one evening and found her and Doug studying French together. They allow only one or two evenings a week for either friends or the public.

When I told her I was going to do this, I-knew-her-when-and-now story, she said, "Please, please don't mention any man but Douglas in it." Yes, she calls him Douglas.

I could go on endlessly describing this Joan Crawford to whom Hollywood has so suddenly awakened but who has been more than two years in the making. But it isn't necessary. Just take the antithesis of what she used to be and you have her as she is today.

Some in Hollywood bewail the fact that Joan has dredged the town of one of its splashes of color. I do not agree with them. She has taken away the jazz-baby but she has given to them a woman. Hollywood may boast of the one, but it cannot be but proud of the other.

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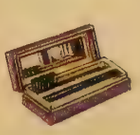
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Motion Picture

JUNE

25 CENTS



FRONT PAGE FILM FACES

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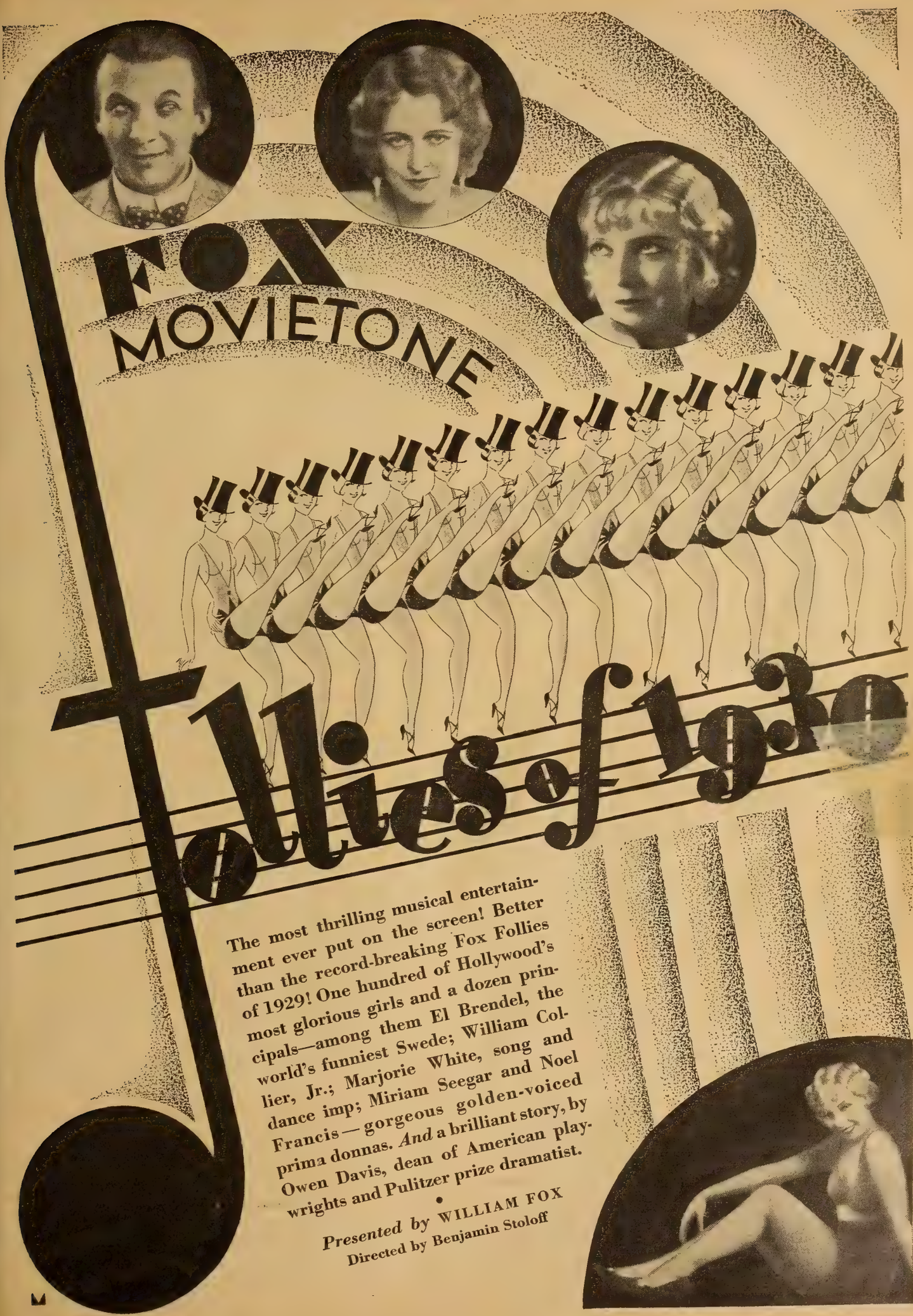
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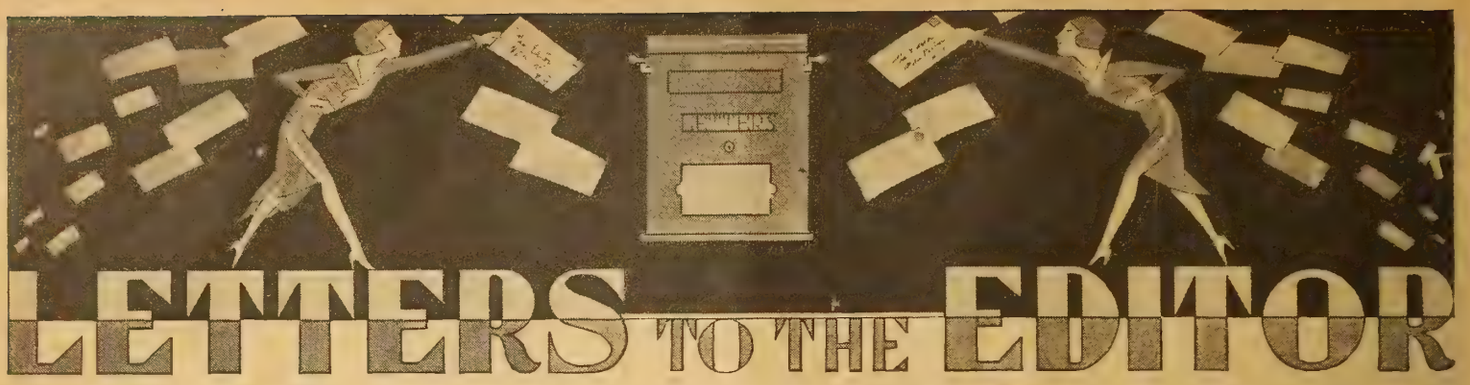
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TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

Comment from Inside

DANNEMORA, N. Y.—Just a few lines from the inside. Allow me the liberty of sending my sincere thanks to you and your wonderful magazine, also to the movies, actors, and to the actresses. Our warden kindly allows us two pictures each week along with two newsreels. Of course, the pictures are not the latest, but they sure are enjoyed. On the outside I very seldom missed a new picture, and I am waiting for the time when I'll be able to hear the "Talkies"; they were all silent when I came away.

I made a mistake, and when I look at the pictures, I realize what a fool I have been. The pictures to-day are made so that one cannot help realizing how foolish it is to do as I did—break the law. From pictures I have seen, I have been made to realize the terrible thing I have done to my mother; in many of the pictures it seemed as though I was the actor that went away to prison and left the poor mother behind. Never again will I cause my mother those terrible heartaches; the actors in those pictures showed me more than a thousand years in prison will. I will soon be going home to her. I hope the boys on the outside will take their lessons from the pictures that show the real sufferer in life is the mother.

All the boys like to see the hero win and the villain punished; I mean those in here with me. I guess that shows that the pictures do a lot of good and not harm, as some say. We also see some fine comedies. I don't know how to describe the enjoyment derived from the comedies, but the boys talk of them weeks after they have seen the picture. You always hear them say, "Gee! I'd like to see that picture, and that one," as they appear in your magazine. Many realize that the pictures to-day are their own lives and make up their minds, as I have, to treat their mothers as a mother should be treated. I hope many boys and girls read this letter because it is through seeing fine and decent pictures that made me write it. I remain, *William Burroughs.*

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

What's Really Wrong

PITTSBURG, PA.—For some years I have been hearing and reading a lot about "What is wrong with Motion Pictures." Being as ardent a fan today as I was twenty years ago, I say there has never been enough wrong with them to affect my allegiance.

However, I would like to raise this question: what is wrong with motion picture audiences?

I attend first-class pictures only, in first-class houses, where one would expect to meet first-class audiences. The situation is quite to the contrary.

Take any evening, any picture, any city: one meets in great numbers, or rather, hears, those who care for the main feature only and who, during the run of the newsreels and specialty shorts, talk in loud voices about their private affairs, laugh at soloist or organist, crackle paper bags, etc.

Also the ones who come for the vaudeville sketches: they, during the run of the main feature, tell their companions the story as it appeared in a magazine, discuss the approaching old age of the star, or their own private affairs.

One may turn and glare at these offenders without its having the slightest effect. They are utterly oblivious of the fact that anyone exists but themselves. There are those too, who "would not miss a serious drama for anything in the world" but who break into nervous giggles or vulgar laughter the moment a tense scene is shown.

What is wrong with audiences? Are they below par in average intelligence or are they simply lacking in good manners? This question has me stumped.

To those who ask, "What is wrong with Motion Pictures," my answer is, "Audiences." *H. E. MacNamara.*

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

All Allee-Talkee!

HAZLETON, PA.—Of all the by-words these days perhaps the most inane to the senses of sight and hearing is the overworked phrase, "all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing, all-music" (all blah-blah, if you ask me) which is being forced down our throats from every theater lobby and newspaper theater page. Just how long is it going to keep up? Another illustration for mob psychology! Let one producer start something, and they'll all join in the crowd. They may possess the insight toward monetary gains, but producers certainly have yet to learn when too much is plenty. Having been gradually converted to the "talkies," I have not lost any appreciation for the silent film. Both have their merits, and on equal basis. Pictures like "In Old Arizona," "Coquette," "The Doctor's Secret," brought about my conversion to the "talkies." And pictures like "Sins of the Fathers," "The Circus," "The King of Kings," "The Patriot," hold my admiration for the silent film. The avalanche of revue and leg-show films are just about killing the art of the movies. All the producers share in the blame here, but Warner Brothers, sorry to say, have been laying it on pretty thick. "Sally," "Show of Shows," "On with the Show," "The Gold Diggers," all of them the same type; see one and you see them all!

"The Laughing Lady," "The Sacred Flame," "Romance of the Rio Grande," "The Virginian," are the kind that bring the "talkies" to the fore and keep them there. Players like Chaney, Chaplin, Jannings, and Negri make us hope the silent film will never become extinct. Why can't something be done about them before it is really too late! If John Gilbert is scheduled for a "fade-out" due to his voice, can't some producer realize this valuable material for the maintenance of the delightful silent movie? I feel that the silent film, accompanied by a synchronized score, would in the long run out-rival the "talkies" in public favor, if the two were equally maintained and shown to fans. Personally, I should like to see all the players not possessing "mike" voices get together and produce a masterpiece of a silent movie, so grand, so compelling, that the powers-that-be would be knocked from their "all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing, all-music, all-blah-blah" thrones! I am not deprecating the "talkies," but I hate like sin to see them choking the life out of the beautiful art of the pantomimic screen, built up with much endeavor. *C. L. K.*

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. We will also pay one dollar for every other letter published.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

ONE DOLLAR LETTERS

Why, and Again Why

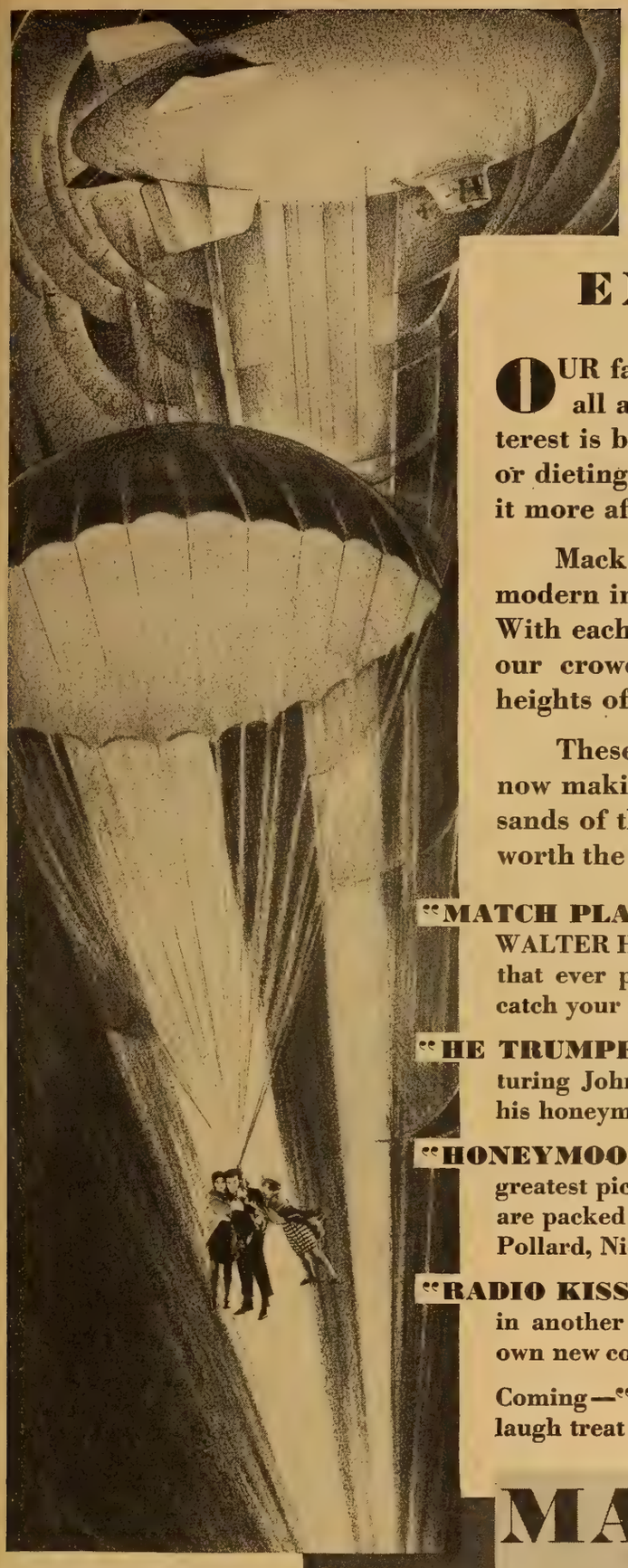
AUBURN, N. Y.—Just a few remarks from a fan.

In the first place, why so many song and dance shows? A few may be interesting but when they all show about the same thing, and this includes the choruses and elaborate settings, it all begins to pall.

Secondly, why try to make everyone sing? This only tends to destroy interest in really worthwhile singers and makes the actors themselves ridiculous.

Thirdly, why not have more good straight dramas? There have been a few musical comedies, etc., that have stayed with me, but, personally, shows like "Seven Faces," "Young Nowheres" and "The Street of Chance" mean a great deal. We are all human and, whereas there may be times when song and dance entertains, there are many others when a story of real life bravely and sincerely lived is an inspiration. Also, such plays give an opportunity to the actor for finer and more sympathetic portrayals

(*Continued on page 120*)



NEW HEIGHTS IN LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

OUR fads and our foibles, our sports and our hobbies, all are grist for Sennett's laugh mill. If your pet interest is bridge or golf, the stock market or radio, flying or dieting, you'll take it less seriously and therefore enjoy it more after you have laughed over it with Sennett.

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The Hot-Spot

Of The Month

Carmen Loved And Lost--But Are Losers Weepers?

By JAMES EDWARDS

OL' LADY LUCK, shy and hesitant, has a second cousin who is a noisy, pushing hussy, with a unique faculty not only for making life miserable, but for indulging in second and third visits to the scenes of her exploits. Some people just naturally invite her, either by action or word, but Ol' Misfortune is no stickler for having invitations. As witness, her insistence that Carmen Pantages make her acquaintance.

She was not satisfied with knowing Carmen by sight, as the pretty young daughter of a dazed couple she haled into court last year, and broke and aged overnight. Carmen's youth and beauty and sensitiveness she found magnetic. And Carmen, who thought that she at least had escaped the baleful one, was forced in the end to entertain her.

The story has its beginning in the gold rush days of the Yukon—those days when all America was stricken with an epidemic of fortune-finding fever, and no town in the country was without its victims. Shows have been born of that exodus—yes, and showmen.

Tex Rickard, later the greatest of sports promoters, was one of them. And in Dawson City, Yukon, there were two rival amusement establishments, one of which was operated by a man named Alexander Pantages and the other by a man named John Considine. And they, like Tex Rickard, were later to become wealthy and famous as showmen, back in the States—where men can make gold rush to them, if they are clever.



P. & A.

The winner, the loser, and the prize: Joan Bennett (left), Carmen Pantages, and John Considine, Jr.

Sequel

PANTAGES was clever. He built up a great chain of theaters; he became a multimillionaire. The years went by smoothly. And then, by an amusing quirk of fate, Pantages' daughter met the son of his rival of the old days, Considine, and they fell in love. She was in her late teens; he, in his early thirties. They became engaged. She had a magnificent Greer trousseau, fit for a princess; one shower had already been given; and the wedding was planned and the date set for January.

And then, suddenly, Misfortune came calling—and stayed.

A young girl who had applied for a position as a dancer in one of his theaters brought serious charges against Alexander Pantages. He had to stand trial. The Court found him guilty. And, an ill, worn figure, he was sent away to prison. . . .

Nor was this all. At about the same time, Mrs. Pantages' car ran down and killed a young Japanese. She had to stand trial. The charge was manslaughter. But she had to face more than this charge; there were many other serious insinuations. The front pages broke forth in a red rash. Her health broke. The outcome of the trial was a suspended sentence with a parole extending over several years—one of the longest in the history of American courts. . . .

Her Reason for Living

CARMEN told a friend after the trials that she had lost both her parents, and if she lost Johnny Considine she would have nothing left to live for.

It was rumored at the time that she had offered Considine his freedom because of the scandals. But he stayed at her side. He testified for her mother. Carmen was still his bride-to-be. Scandals involving her parents could not change her in his eyes.

A few weeks passed. They still remained engaged. But people began to notice that they were seldom seen together. And then, another pretty girl was more and more often seen at young Considine's side. Her name—Joan Bennett.

And here irony steps into the story.

For years young Considine went with Catherine Bennett, sister of Enid (wife of Fred Niblo, the director), but not a relative of Joan. He left her for Carmen Pantages. And now he has left Carmen for another Bennett girl.

His engagement with Carmen has been broken. And Hollywood, putting two and two together and making twenty-two, is anticipating Joan Bennett's becoming Mrs.

(*Continued on page 114*)

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SAUCY SLAPS AT SCREEN CELEBS!

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with

Alice White

Jack Mulhall

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for April 1st, 1930. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the VICE-PRES., GENERAL MANAGER of MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George Kent Shuler, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Business Manager, Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; George K. Shuler, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Silver Screen Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.) DUNCAN A. DOBIE, Jr., VICE-PRES., GENERAL MANAGER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1930. Elizabeth Bentley. (My commission expires March 30th, 1932.)

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By MARION MARTONE

Adorée, Renée—recently completed *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ames, Robert—playing in *The Solid Gold Article*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Dumbbells in Ermine*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—playing in *The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—recently completed *Woman Hunt*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—playing in *The Caveman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Arizona Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Belle—playing in *Fame*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Common Clay*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Crazy That Way*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *The Devil's Playground*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Moonlight Madness*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *True to the Navy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *High Society*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—recently completed *Paramount On Parade*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Top Speed*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—playing in *Billy, the Kid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Burgess, Dorothy—playing in *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Byron, Walter—playing in *The Solid Gold Article*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Helen—playing in *Rough Romance*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The High Road*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Too Much Luck*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *The Fatal Wedding*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Claire, Bernice—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Collyer, June—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *Hawk Island*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Texan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Courtney, Inez—playing in *The Solid Gold Article*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *The Concentratin' Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Rosalie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *Lovin' the Ladies*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Hell's Belles*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *The Devil's Playground*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Jr., Douglas—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—recently completed *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *High Society*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *The Concentratin' Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gish, Lillian—recently completed *One Romantic Night*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gray, Alexander—playing in *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—recently completed *The Gay Nineties*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Easy Going*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—recently completed *Let's Go Native*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *The Girl of the Golden West*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hill, Doris—playing in *The Man From Monterey*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed *Woman Hunt*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Abraham Lincoln*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Janney, William—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)

HER SIN WAS NO GREATER THAN HIS....

but

SHE WAS A WOMAN





the Incomparable

NORMA SHEARER

in THE

DIVORCÉE

with

Chester Morris
Conrad Nagel
Robt. Montgomery

Directed by
Robert Z. Leonard



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In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Johnson, Kay—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Jolson, Al—latest release *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Joyce, Alice—playing in *He Knew Women*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—recently completed *Dangerous Nan McGrew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Keaton, Buster—latest release *Free and Easy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *What Men Want*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *The Right of Way*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—playing in *Alone With You*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
LaRocque, Rod—playing in *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lebedeff, Ivan—playing in *Hawk Island*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—playing in *Under Western Skies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Leonard, Barbara—playing in *Monsieur Le Fox*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *Moonlight Madness*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—recently completed *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Born Reckless*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Man Crazy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *What Men Want*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Under Western Skies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Bride 66*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *A Very Practical Joke*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *Crazy That Way*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *True to the Navy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Maris, Mona—playing in *The Arizona Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Maynard, Ken—playing in *The Man From Monterey*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—recently completed *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moore, Owen—playing in *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *The Solid Gold Article*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *Rough Romance*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—recently completed *At Bay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—playing in *Hell's Belles*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Right of Way*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *Courage*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliott—playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *High Society*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *Rough Romance*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Owen, Catherine Dale—playing in *Born Reckless*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Page, Anita—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—playing in *Forever Yours*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The City of Silent Men*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—playing in *The High Road*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *So This Is London*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Follow Thru*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *So This Is London*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roth, Lillian—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Ruggles, Charles—recently completed *A Young Man of Manhattan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Scott, Fred—playing in *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—playing in *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *Hawk Island*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *A Very Practical Joke*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—recently completed *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Starke, Pauline—playing in *What Men Want*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Stuart, Nick—playing in *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Flame of the Flesh*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *On the Level*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tearle, Conway—playing in *The Devil's Playground*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Crazy That Way*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Trevor, Hugh—playing in *Hawk Island*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tryon, Glenn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Storm*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *The Second Floor Mystery*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *Man Crazy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Follies of 1930*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—recently completed *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—playing in *Lovin' the Ladies*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—playing in *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, John—playing in *The Czar of Broadway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Right of Way*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb..

When You Ought to Talk?



How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

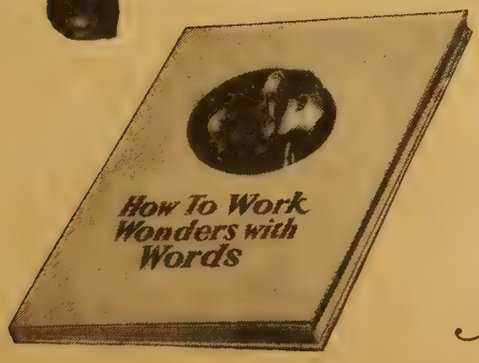
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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THE GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Why did Charlie Farrell cancel his passage to Honolulu just at** the sailing hour?

• ● •

2—**Who were the principals in the latest Hollywood fist fight, and** which one of the boys went down for the count?

• ● •

3—**What former star of the screen** has always had a stable on the front lawn of his Beverly Hills estate?

• ● •

4—**Can you name the two hand-**kissing gentlemen of the film colony?

• ● •

5—**Who are the two well-known** actresses whose first name stands for "sadness" and "unhappiness"?

• ● •

6—**Who was once known as "The** American Beauty," and what is she doing now?

• ● •

7—What is the real name of the young lady known as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.?

• ● •



International Newsreel

They had to see Paris: Adolphe Menjou went to France to make a French talkie, and with him went Mrs. Menjou, Kathryn Carver. But now, happily, they are back

8 What is the latest rumor concerning Jack Gilbert's career in the talkies?

• ● •

9—**Who is the famous film star who earned her first money working** as a barber's helper?

• ● •

10—**Can you name the six players in pictures who have the same** surname?

11—**What famous male star recently paid $6,000.00 hush** money to quiet a blackmailer he had never heard of?

• ● •

12—**How could the picture "Men Without Women" have used** a woman in the cast and still have been a woman-less picture?

• ● •

13—**Can you name one actor who** has played all of the following rôles: father, son, hero, villain and sap?

• ● •

14—**Who is the worst singer in the** talkies?

• ● •

15—**What famous actress actual-**ly has one brown and one blue eye?

• ● •

16—**Who is generally known as** the Mayor of Taluca Lake? Of Beverly Hills?

• ● •

17—**Who is the young come-**dian who has never been known to grace the Boulevard in anything dressier than a sweat shirt and white ducks?

• ● •

18—**Name three sets of movie sisters whose names are different.**

• ● •

19—**Who is the most popular grandmother in Hollywood?**

• ● •

20—**What he-man actor recently pulled an "Alice White" by** having his hair blondined?

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.

I Saw a Miracle of Beauty Happen in Hollywood



Photo by Clarence Bull

"She's wonderful now", cried Frank Beers, M-G-M Casting Director, to BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

She was just like a dozen other girls, but Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Wizard, by the flattering touch of make-up, transformed her into a ravishing beauty .... almost instantly.

As told by . . .

BESSIE LOVE

M-G-M Star

to Florence Vondelle

Revealing a Secret of how every girl may obtain New Beauty and New Personality

WE were in the casting director's office, where we had stopped for a minute on the way to the set. Faces, one by one, peered in inquisitively, apprehensively and hopefully, expressing mingled emotions as they were scrutinized by the casting director. But not one paused for more than a minute, for the director, not satisfied waved them on.

"What is the part", inquired Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, who had come in a few moments after me.

"Oh! it's just a 'bit', but she must have personality. And all the girls that answered the call this morning look the same to me. I must have some one, too .... and quickly."

"A dozen girls are still waiting in the lobby; perhaps there's a possibility among them", suggested Max Factor. "Shall we look"?

"Okay! But I'm pessimistic."

Max Factor stepped into the lobby, and in a few minutes returned with one of the girls.

"Here's a young lady who looks like somebody else, not herself . . . if you know what I mean; and if you can see through the "off-color" make-up. Now we'll clean it all off and see if I'm a good detective."

The magic make-up box of Max Factor flew open, and in a few seconds a cream deftly manipulated had removed every speck of "paint and powder."

Then he started all over. A little foundation, a few touches of rouge; now powder, lipstick .... all blending together beautifully with the natural colorings of the girl. Then to the eyes . . . and how he brought them out. They sparkled and danced with invitation.

"Look! Here she is herself," exclaimed Max Factor.

Like a miracle, she had been transformed into a fascinating beauty. Her allure and personality, hidden before by her own grotesque application of cosmetics, now shone forth radiantly and vividly, emphasized and enhanced by the magic of make-up by Max Factor. The effect was electric .... the girl herself was vibrantly aware of her new magnetism.

"She's wonderful now", cried the casting director. To the girl he said, "Report to Stage 12 at once."

* * * * * *

To every girl, to everywoman, to *you* . . . Max Factor now offers to tell Hollywood's Make-Up secret. Through the courtesy of this magazine you are offered a priceless gift . . . like a screen star, you will receive your own complexion analysis, your make-up color harmony chart, personally from Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

In Society Make-Up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up requisites . . . Max Factor has produced an everyday make-up for everywoman based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which is the beauty magic in Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively in every picture released from Hollywood

Now you'll discover why your powder, rouge [illegible] make-up essentials must be in color harmony [illegible] You'll discover how to individualize your make-[illegible] your personality and magnetic attraction. You [illegible] magic of Society Make-Up as created by Ma[illegible] a miracle of beauty for you, too. And if you [illegible] now you'll also receive Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up .... FREE.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-6-22

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					

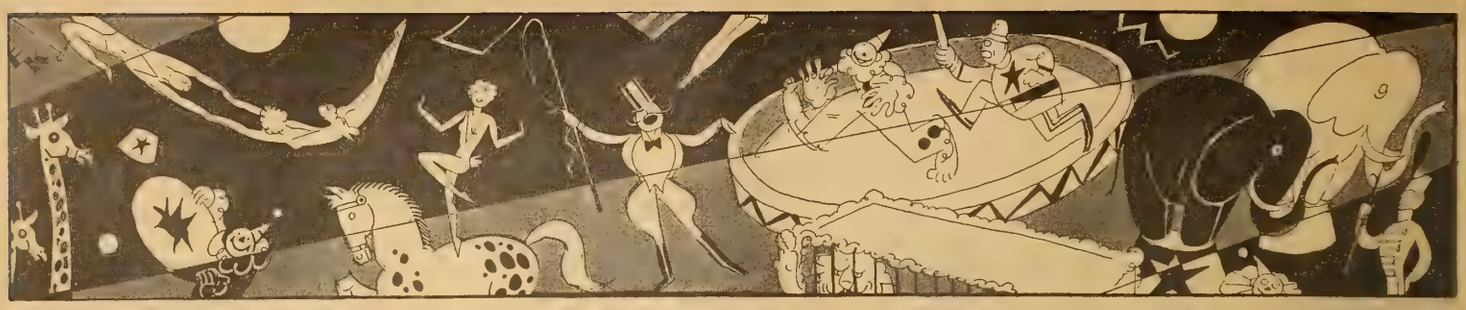
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MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

Hollywood, with her ten-thousand-a-week salaries and her five thousand per week stipends, is forever trying to be economical! "We must save money . . . This won't last long. . . . How about the rainy day? . . . We can't keep on spending more than we earn!" Yes, that's what we poor devils hear from morning to night—ECONOMIZE. And the funny part of the whole thing is that they **do** it.

But—**Hollywood** economizes on **necessities** and not on luxuries. Save money? Yes! But not on the "front" where anyone can see it—only on the back where no one will know the difference. That is the way the stars save their widow's mite for the inevitable rain.

For instance:

One well-known **Hollywood** luminary invariably has to borrow the money to pay his chauffeur's weekly wage—and the chauffeur is piloting a **Rolls Royce.** Of course, one can't blame the fellow for wanting to keep his **Rolls**—one must have their **Rolls,** even if one has to go in debt for the coffee.

Another shining star has quite a reputation for keeping blooded police dogs. **BIG** ones. **BIG ONES** that eat a **LOT**! That's all very well while the money comes in regularly, but when the slump hits the bank roll it's not so hot. But does the shining star sell the famous kennels? NO! One must not allow herself to slip in the public mind—even if the dogs **DO** eat fifty dollars' worth of the choice meat a month. Why, the shining star would rather starve her**SELF** than let the dogs suffer from lack of juicy steaks. Just for the "front." You know how it is!

And that startling case of the little blonde **Starlet** who had her car taken away from her for lack of payment and her home snatched from over her head for the amount of the mortgage. What did she do, move into a smaller place and buy cheap clothes? Not on your tin-type. She was spotted the very next day in one of the swanky sucker joints on the **Boulevard** paying (I should say charging) **$1500.00** worth of clothes. And that wasn't a whole wardrobe as you might well think. No sir! It was for an evening dress and an ermine wrap. Just one outfit—not much good after it had been worn twice.

And one might mention, just in passing, about the fellow who pays six hundred simolions for three suits from the best tailor in town and then eats hamburger sandwiches for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Or the little girl who lets the rent lapse and the dressmaker wait—while she eats every meal at the **Brown Derby** or the **Town House,** at twelve bucks a meal. You can't hardly admonish her either, she must be **seen**—and seen **eating,** regularly and well.



Manatt

Six appeal: the Floradora Sextette—this composed of Lenore Bushman, Ethel Sykes, Vivian Oakland, Marion Davies, Ilka Chase and Patricia Caron—again sweep across the stage, in Marion Davies' picture, "The Gay Nineties"

Then again . . . but why go on? It's all the same. They all economize—on **necessities.** Why don't they save on the luxuries? Or cut them out altogether? It's bad business as far as **Hollywood** is concerned. **Front** is the thing that counts out here—not the back-door necessities!

Notes on Much Noted Notables:

Al Jolson making a personal appearance at the **Automobile Show—John Boles** buying a new and brightly colored phaeton at the same place—**A. Kinney Griffith,** an **Ace** in the **World War,** who is in **Hollywood** writing aviation stories—**Marian Nixon,** just back from her honeymoon in **Europe,** moving into a seven-room apartment at the expensive **El Royal—Bebe Daniels,** going into the **Embassy Club** with **Ben—John Gilbert** with a very forlorn look on his famous pan—**Jim Tully** with a very triumphant look on **his.**

Hollywood Sinning Note:

At last the truth is out. **Hollywood** is the sin center of the world. How do I know? I investigated. I made the rounds of all the large hotels and even the **Y. M. C. A.—and there was not a Gideon Bible to be found**! Can you see now why we're all so wicked out here? Almost any hotel in the world is supplied with **Gideons**—but not those in the terrible **Hollywood** you've heard so much about. Is our reputation so lurid that **Mr.** and **Mrs. Gideon** refuse to put out any dough to save us? Or have they **tried** to be helpful and been told to take up their books and walk? I wonder. What, no **Gideon Bibles**? Catch, catch!

Things that are None of My Business:

But anyway—What was **Helen Twelvetrees** doing out walking with her husband the evening of the day she filed suit for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty?

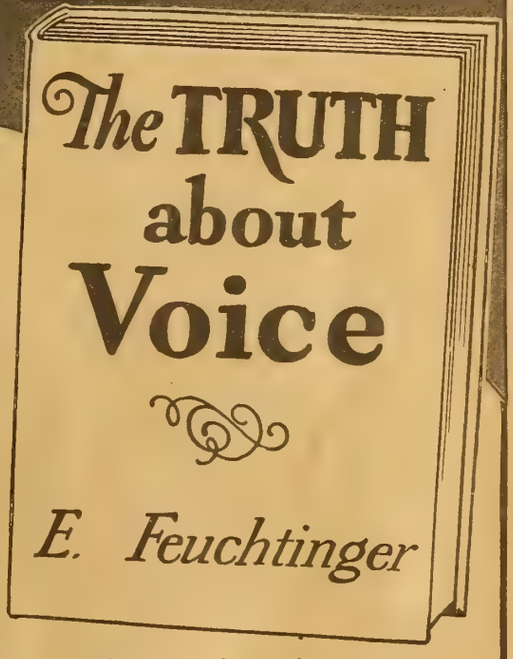
Why doesn't **Olive Borden** wear sport dresses all of the time, she looks much cuter that way?

What ever happened to **Betty Bronson**?

And I don't see why **Charlie Farrell** should have to cancel his passage to **Honolulu** just because **Janet Gaynor** happened to be on the same boat.

Then, if you have any authority in this hamlet, see if you can't keep **Julian Eltinge** off the street while in costume. I've wiggled my ford to the curb three times in a week only to discover . . .

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Send me at once—for 30 days free reading—with no obligation to buy, your "The Truth About Voice" Book. If after the free reading period I desire to keep the book I am to send you $1.00. Otherwise, I have the liberty to return it with no further obligation.

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Miss VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH

"A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming." So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England in the 17th Century.

Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is a bonny wee thing, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel's, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

"A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin," this popular young favorite declares. She says she has "used Pond's ever since she was a little girl.

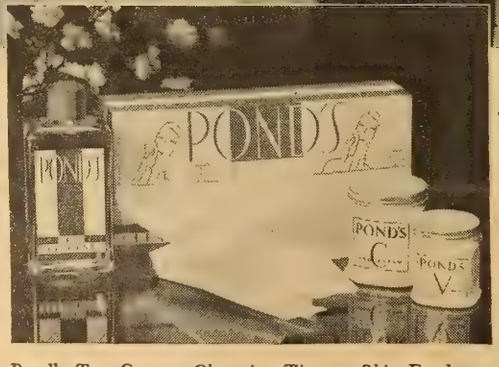
"That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

"You're so much happier when you know you are looking your loveliest!"

FOLLOW these four steps of Pond's sure, swift Method:

During the day . . . *First*, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . *Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical, wipe away all cream and dirt . . . *Next*, briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm . . . *Last*, smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Use it also to keep your hands exquisite.





Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

MISS VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH, *of the Virginia Randolphs, keeps her skin exquisite with Pond's four famous preparations.*

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One of the philosophies of Director Kenneth Hawks, whose recent tragic death shocked the movie-loving world, was that "the show must go on." So sad little Mary Astor, his widow, still will appear before the camera, and smile



He may not look very busy, but Charles Farrell is only posing. And he may look sad, but again he is only posing, in character for "High Society Blues." For how could he be loafing, how could he be sad, playing opposite Janet Gaynor again?

Autrey



If she has to grasp straws, Betty Compson prefers sizable ones, and tells the cameraman not to shoot until he can see the whites of her eyes. Having finished with that Russian sergeant, *Grischa,* she is now occupied with "The Czar of Broadway"

Prest on Duncan



Elmer Fryer

It's not often that you see Alexander Gray with his coat off, hard though he may work. It is, of course, just possible that "Viennese Nights," on which he is now working, is a warm picture, and he is a forward-looking chap



Freulich

There may be no rest for the wicked, but Laura La Plante, being a good actress, does not come under the ban. Which explains why, now that "The King of Jazz" and "Captain of the Guard" are finished, she is reported Paris bound



Hurrell

As wistful a whoopee girl as ever danced before the camera is Joan Crawford, who is out for the Hollywood record in alliterative titles, having appeared in "Our Modern Maidens," "Our Dancing Daughters," and "Our Blushing Brides"



Otto Dyar

Will she be riding to hounds, or to sounds? Fay Wray seems doubtful, all dressed for a sequence in "The Texan," in which Gary Cooper, to escape a Texas past, goes to South America, only to be captured by this señorita



Russell Ball

An unusual man, an unusual actor, and an unusual singer, Lawrence Tibbett in his first screen appearance—in "The Rogue Song"—has received unusual critical and popular applause. On the screen, as in opera, he already is a tremendous figure

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

June, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

HOLLYWOOD is famous—nay, all but notorious—as a wisecracking town. A city where, if you can laugh, you'll get along. A play town inhabited by playboys and girls.

There, humor is taken seriously. There, the philosophy of amusement is, "Make 'em laugh, and they'll come away happy."

Which is all right with us, when applied to comedies, either long or short. But we ache to wrap our none-too-gentle hands around the throats of all and sundry who are responsible when "comedy relief" is forced upon us immediately after each tense scene in a tense picture. To us, a serious story with silly moments is as annoying as a pretty woman with a high C giggle.

Contrasts in Suspense

READING a tense novel, we don't expect to have our excitement eased down every now and then by an interlude of slapstick comedy; we don't expect such a thing, we don't want it, and we don't get it. Seeing a tense picture, we don't expect such interruption, and we don't want it if the picture is otherwise passing fair; yet, seven times out of ten, we do get it.

The most flagrant recent case of this is, probably, in "The Rogue Song," in which the altogether unnecessary "comedy relief" is more than disconcerting; it is positively irritating. It is forced comedy—life as it is not; moreover, it is low comedy (as "comedy relief" has a habit of being). It is the one thing about the picture which, in leaving the theater, we don't want to remember.

On the other hand, there is a very good example at hand of how incidental comedy can heighten the interest of a picture, intensify its reality. And this is the altogether true-to-life humor which appears in the early portions, and also near the end, of "Anna Christie." Here is to be found the humor which underlies life itself—the type of humor upon which Chaplin has built his tremendous reputation as a comedian—humor with a touch of pathos.

Other writers, directors and producers please copy.

Not News to Us

MOVIES may come and movies may go, but news reels apparently go on forever. And this, we conclude after much suffering and waste of time.

In the old days, when the news reel flashed on, all that we had to do to escape was to close our eyes and devote our attention to the accompanying music, trying to guess from this what was moving across the screen, and occasionally opening one eye to check up on our guesses. But in this day of sounds, escape is impossible.

And before our weary, weary eyes come glimpses of weddings of the great and near-great, billowing oil fires, horse races, dog races, Niagara Falls, booming coast guns, night battle maneuvers, parades, beauty contests, fashion hints, funerals, dedications of ships, "interviews" with law-makers.

The only times when we come out of our semi-somnolent, semi-stupefied condition is when the news reel abandons all pretense of dispensing news. Then we are taken to unusual corners of the world, see unusual things, meet unusual people. Not always—but often enough to hit a good average.

Our suggestion to the news reel folk who want to have a good living a few years hence is to change the name from *news* reels to *new* reels, and to change, themselves, from chroniclers to creators.

Hear Ye!

TALKING pictures is not only our business, but our pleasure. In fact, we enjoy it so much that, beginning Friday, May 2, we are going to talk about them once every week, as well as once every month. We are going on the air, as well as on the newsstands.

For fifteen minutes every Friday morning you will hear the newest music from the screen, rapid-fire scenes from current films, the newest news of Hollywood, and—but tune in, and hear for yourself.

Watch for our Friday morning programs from these stations: WNAC, Boston; WEAN, Providence; WJAS, Pittsburgh; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KMOX, St. Louis; WFAA, Dallas; KLZ, Denver; KFRC, San Francisco; KHJ, Los Angeles; and WJR, Detroit.



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Front-Page

Paging Mr. Hoover, Company—They Have

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Fred Datig, Paramount casting director (above), picks the types notables might play

IT'S all because of George Bernard Shaw. This Typing-The-Famous business. If he hadn't decided to go Movietone and do an impersonation of Mussolini, I never would have thought of it. But there he stood and beetled his brows, his shaggy white brows, plucked at his really magnificent beard and fuddled with the leather buttons on his homespun suit, and I kept saying to myself, "Who, who," owlishly, "who, who is it he looks like?"

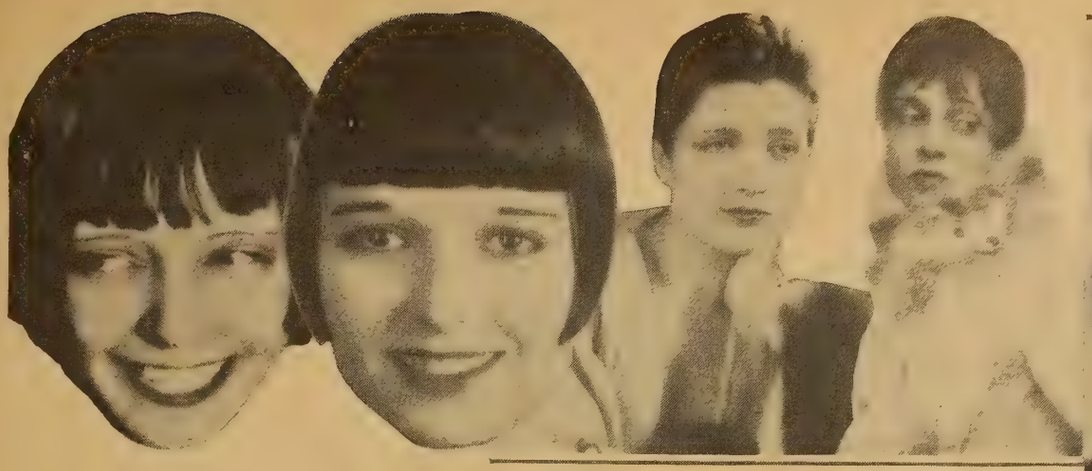
It wasn't the Smith Brothers, Trade and Mark, nor Mr. Charles Evans Hughes —Chief Justice Hughes, I *beg* your most humble pardon. He looked like Hollywood's own Paul McAllister, who was selected by Warner Brothers to play *Noah* when they decided to make a spectacle of the Biblical house-boat. They did. "Two thousand years a success," said someone, "and now look at it."

With George Bernard Shaw looking like Paul (*Noah*) McAllister, things began to pick up. I had found a fascinating diversion. Instead of trying to doze through the news reels—oil fires, horse-races and wedding processions *do* get tiresome—I sat wide awake, trying to discover lineaments of the world-famous that corresponded with the film-famous. It was much superior to surreptitious cross-word puzzles in the dim light of the theaters, and anagrams and Guggenheim and counting bald heads. My friends soon caught onto the game. It super-



Pairs of doubles: (at top) Greta Garbo and Princess Ileana; Colonel Lindbergh and Gary Cooper; (from top to bottom) Ned Sparks and Mayor Walker of New York; Helen Wills and Ruth Chatterton; President Hoover and Emil Jannings; (right) Lois Moran and Anne Morrow Lindbergh

© Hartsook





FILM FACES

Mr. Lindbergh, Queen Marie, And Their Doubles In The Movies

seded Beaver with them. I was well on my way toward social supremacy. They no longer laughed when I sat down to play the piano. They shrieked and booed. They whittled their forefingers at me as I walked down the street, and when I ordered ice cream instead of the usual chicken salad they gave me raspberry. In fact, I was made.

Going Down the List

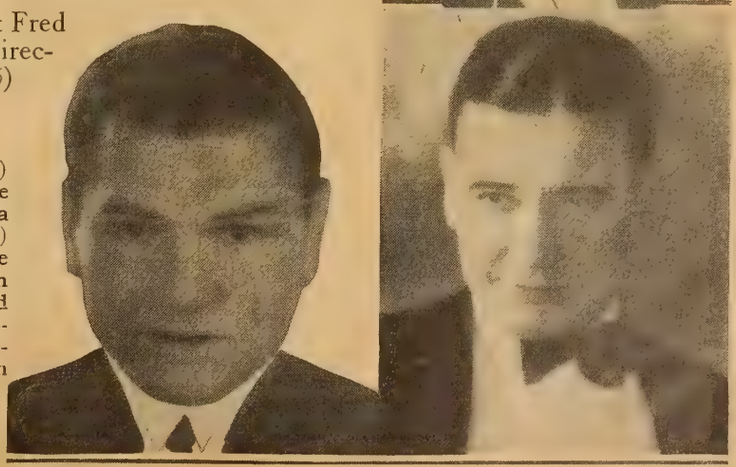
HOOVER looked like Emil Jannings. Lindbergh looked like Gary Cooper. Jimmy Walker looked like Thomas E. Jackson, the easy-voiced detective of "Broadway." Thomas Alva Edison looked like Hobart Bosworth. Dempsey looked like Richard Dix. Viña Delmar looked like Louise Brooks. Rockefeller, Anita Loos, Ramsay MacDonald, Richard Byrd, Charles M. Schwab, Tunney, Helen Wills Moody, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Princess Ileana, President Rubio of Mexico, Margot Asquith, Mussolini, Aimee Semple McPherson, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Napoleon even, and Joan d'Arc and Mark Anthony and Cleopatra and Nero. Stop me, before it's too late.

Things got to a pretty state, if you don't mind a little exaggeration. Theater managers barred their doors to our small but brave band of Lineament Typers, as we called ourselves. You see, it got to be great sport. Ten points to the person who discovered a motion picture resemblance in any new public personage. William Shearer, the newest endurance-flight winner or channel swimmer, etc. We'd shriek the name out in the theater darkness. It got a little noisy.

About that time I met Fred Datig, veteran casting direc-

(*Continued on page 86*)





Of the same type: (at top) Viña Delmar and Louise Brooks; Kay Francis and Anita Loos; (from top to bottom) Pauline Frederick and Aimee McPherson; Lucille Gleason and Mabel Willebrandt, and Richard Dix and Jack Dempsey; (center, left) Thomas Edison and Hobart Bosworth

The Great Alibi Hunt

Our Studio Sleuth Is Exhaustive (And Exhausted) In His Search For A Perfect Specimen

Faithfully Reported

By HALE HORTON



HAVING been appointed MOTION PICTURE'S Alibi sleuth, with an unlimited expense account, I stalked bravely into Madame Helene's and ordered a two-dollar slice of bread. It was while seeking to increase the confusion concerning my identity, by deftly switching from my derby to a Sherlock Holmes cap, that I overheard a voice protesting that "Clara Bow says that the only reason she got engaged to Harry Richman is that she didn't want to hurt his feelings; he was such a sweet kid, you know . . ."

"Then, why did she toss him over?"

"Oh, that's easy: she says that when she felt a nervous breakdown coming along, she had to get rid of Harry as he wasn't exactly a sedative. Hy, there, Joby! I hear you're guilty on three counts!"

"Now isn't that maddening?" Jobyna Ralston exclaimed. "'Bad Babies' was a perfectly decent play, but the audience refused to accept the lines in the sense the author had written them!"

"Ooooo, the sweet li'l author," chortled Helen Kane.

"Speaking of glass houses," Jobyna insinuated, "how about your shady songs?"

"When I sing my coot songs un my own li'l baby talk, they're not naughty at all, so there you are, oop a doop doop! It's only when they're sung naturally an' the w'ong words are accented that I have to blush—Ooooo, hello, Sally Eilers, how is OOoooo? Oooo, there's Buddy!"

Sick of Engagements

"I'M not feeling so well," said Sally efficiently, "as I've just had to break another engagement."

"That makes five," Buddy Rogers cut in. "What's the matter, Sally, can't you stick to one man for more than two months at a time?"

"Of course I can, Buddy! It's just that I'm searching for my proper mate—and I've been so disillusioned! You should understand, Buddy, since you're the Darling of the Débutantes."

"Don't call me that!" Buddy howled. "I tried to have all those signboards ripped down, but the studio wouldn't let me."

"*Mais non!*" came a voice from across the room. "How can anyone accuse me, Jetta Goudal, of being temperamental? Eeet ees jus' that eef I be sweet an' calm, zee people zey step on me, an' I mus' look out for my eentrests!"

Whereupon two writers at a nearby table began whispering about the recent marriage of a screen Lothario to a stage star. "Lothario," one of them said, "had a habit of catching a buzz every Saturday night and proposing to whatever girl he took out that evening. All the Hollywood girls, knowing how it was, cheerfully accepted him and promptly forgot about it the next morning. Then suddenly he marries that stage star. Poor girl," he added sympathetically, "she probably wasn't wise to his habit of proposing."

"On the other hand," his friend suggested with perspicacity, "maybe she was. It sounds good either way."

It Explains Everything

WHILE finishing my luncheon, I gathered from the chatter about

(*Continued on page 88*)

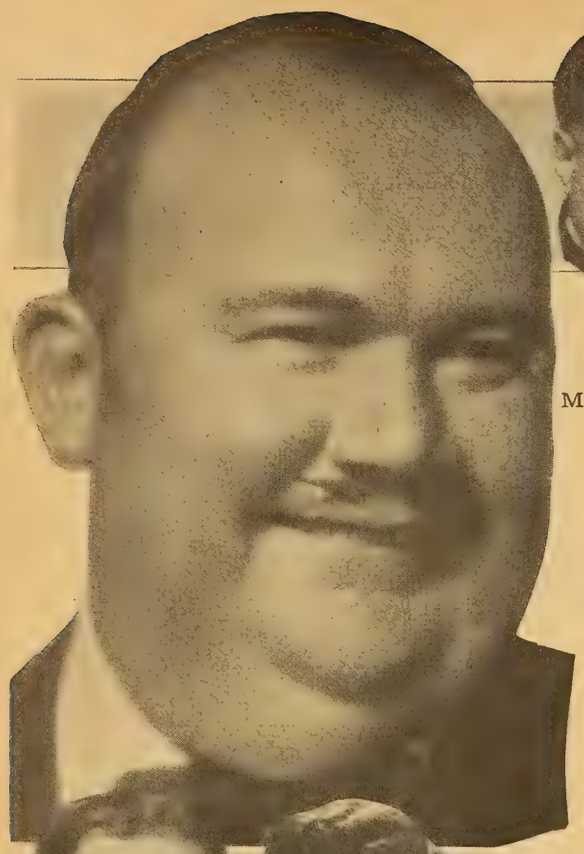
Above, Virginia Bruce joins our own li'l Sherlock Holmes, following in the footsteps of an alibi artist



Elmer Fryer

A *Gal Close to Our Hart*

Hart-stricken is Lila Lee, up in the hills, where men are ranchers and William S. Hart has found that life can be free and air can be fresh. And there she is learning that cowboy chaps wear well, and that hosses are saddled with care





Michael Pingatore
Banjo

Matt Malneck
Violin

George Marsh
Drums

Michael Trafficante
Bass

A Great

By GLADYS HALL

WE sat at lunch with Paul Whiteman in his dressing-room bungalow on the Universal lot, where, they say, history is being made with the making of "The King of Jazz"—and what a lunch he eats, oh followers of the demi-god, Diet, oh, worshippers at the Eighteen Day Shrine!

We were talking of wine and women. Wine consumed on parties given by the Prince of Wales in dear ole Lunnon, with the King of Jazz contributing the whoopee.

We were talking about women the world over. Paul thinks they are darlings, but inclined to frailty. He said, rather wistfully, "I've been married three times. Each of my wives has been a fine woman. Nothing wrong with them. I'm in love with my present wife, but I probably won't have her at this time next year. You see, I'm married to my band. And that isn't fair to any woman. A woman is a full-time job and I haven't the full time to give—"

Great, rollicking, keen-eyed, know-what-it's-all-about Paul Whiteman is the King of Jazz to the whole wide world. To the boys in his band he is father and mother, husband and wife, sister and brother and second cousin by marriage. He is their father and their father confessor. Their counsellor. Their oracle. Their Rock of Ages. Their bank-roll with compound interest. Their stay in time of trouble. Their boon companion in *joyeux heures*. He is the panacea for all their ills. Their liberator when the law closes in upon them. He is their Book of Knowledge. Their baton. Their boss.



At top, The Proud Parent. Below him, five good boys: Bing Crosby, one of the "Rhythm Boys," and Mischa Russell, violinist; Wilbur Hall, tire pump player, and Joe Venuti, violinist; and Roy Bargy, pianist

Parts He Plays

HE straightens out their love affairs. He gives advice to the lovelorn, and a playful punch in the nose to the dreaming dupe.

He is in when the wedding bells peal, and there when the doctors say "It's a boy."

He confers with them on their divorce suits, and adjusts

All Photos by Freulich



Eddie Lange
Guitar

Izzy Friedman
Saxophones

Leonard Hayton
Piano

Kurt Dieterle
Violin

Bernard Daley
Saxophones

William Rank
Trombone



John Bowman
Trumpets

Andy Secrest
Trumpets

Charles Margulis
Trumpet Soloist

Jack Fulton, Jr.
Singer

Roy Maier
Reeds

BIG Family Man



Paul Whiteman Is Father, Mother, Sister And Brother, To The Boys In His Band

their alimonies. He takes an interest in all their fads and fancies. He understands when one of the boys departs during fishing season, no matter where they may be or what the demands.

He loans them money, and it reflects the character of Paul Whiteman that he always gets it back.

He is godfather to their children. He is their mother's pal. He pats them on the back when it is playtime, and he can use the lash and "plenty language" when they are working.

They love him and they fear him—a wholesome filial combination guaranteed to get results.

More than all, they respect him. They know that he knows his stuff. He knows the very basic fundamentals of music. He has been a symphony man. In that great, hearty body with the generous girth, the embracing arms, the wide-open hands, there is the soul of music, the love of music and the knowledge of music.

A Friend in Need

PAUL WHITEMAN'S huge, warm heart holds more than these boys of his band.

For musicians the world over, there is place and plenty. He has never let down anyone who needed money, or time, or talk. He has never failed to respond to the need of a musician, whether that need be for advice in high quarters or alms to still the whine of a broken-down trombonist.

Musicians in jail, in poverty, with broken instruments and broken hopes, are as much his own people to Paul Whiteman as musicians playing to royalty in the salons of stardom.

Jimmy Gillespie, the majordomo of all the Whiteman interests, personal and professional, minor

(*Continued on page 112*)





Five in a row: top to bottom, Frank Trambauer, saxophonist; Harry Goldfield, comedian cornetist; Ted Bacon, violinist; Otto Landau, violinist; and Wilfred Leibrook, saxophonist; right, a scene from "The King Of Jazz"



Chester Hazlett
Clarinets

C. Strickfaden
Reeds

Alton Rinker
"Rhythm Boy"

Harry Barris
"Rhythm Boy"



Clifton L. Kling

Apart to Fit Him

Unlike most film folk, Buddy Rogers apparently believes that solid comfort consists in being up a tree. But, of course, not every young actor could find a part in a tree, or, for that matter, hold such a position as Buddy is likely to hold for some time to come, with Hollywood supporting him

Honeymoon Horrors



Many A Hollywood Couple Has Found The First Few Days The Hardest

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THESE honeymoon horrors of hectic Hollywood might never have come to light if everyone hadn't started remembering a couple of good ones, following that Grant Withers-Loretta Young fiasco, our most upset honeymoon to date, what with one thing and another.

In the first place, an airplane elopement is exciting enough without a maternal attempt at annulment right on the heels of the "I pronounce you." Until mamma made up her mind to let the kids take a real fling at matrimony, Loretta was in such a precarious position that she didn't even dare to try on her new name.

The first day of the "honeymoon" was spent with the bride on one end of the telephone, and the groom on the other. There were two lawyers, a set of relatives and a switch-board operator between them. Otherwise they were quite alone.

The love nest at the El Royale, so lovingly and secretly prepared by the groom, was as vacant as a young doctor's ante-room. All of the courting of those first magic hours was Superior Court-ing, to make a bum pun of it.

"Solo" Honeymooning

FOR a moment the pressure was so great that even the principals admitted, under fire, that they may have been a little impulsive about it. For three days the armed truce went on—and then Grant changed his mind. He had taken unto himself a wife—but where was she? At home with mamma was not the correct answer to that one. A "solo" honeymoon was too much of a novelty.

He, too, consulted a lawyer to the effect that he would like to call for his wife and show her their new home, if it was all right with the Law. The upshot was that love found a way to set up housekeeping in spite of the many locksmiths and the irate in-laws.

"Our happiness is the only thing at stake in this little drama," remarked Mrs. Withers, moving her bag and baggage, ninety-six hours late, into her new home. "We are deeply in love with each other and extremely happy. That is all that matters."

They married in haste: (left to right) James and Lucille Gleason; Sue Carol and Nick Stuart; and Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis

Bridegroom Breakdown

THE honeymoon of Evelyn Brent and her former husband, Bernie Fineman, was almost equally complicated. Not by law. It was a doctor, a nurse and a nervous breakdown that were the horrors of the delayed honeymoon of the young Finemans.

According to all the authorities, it is perfectly natural that the blushing bride might feel pangs of nervousness, excitement and slight hysteria. But when the groom ups and collapses, it is something else again. Imagine Evelyn's embarrassment to find herself cool and collected during the ceremony, while her husband trembled and shook in his boots, gulped his replies, and rode away from the office of the Justice of the Peace chaperoned by a trained nurse. For the best part of the ensuing week Mr. Fineman was confined to his bed running a high temperature.

"Bernie," Evelyn told me once, "had been working at a terrific pace for three or four months before our marriage. Night and day he had been on the job and the strain was beginning to tell. On top of that, our marriage was very sudden, even to us. We decided on the spur of the moment, one day while we were lunching, to take the fatal step. No one knew of our decision—not even Bernie's office. He was expected back there in an hour for an important appointment.

Not Humorous to Him

"THE tie-ups in the New York traffic and the long delays in getting to the Court House only added to Bernie's nervousness. We were delayed in taking out the license and we were delayed in reaching the Justice. During these seemingly unending waits, Bernie

(*Continued on page 111*)



Fryer

Every clown has his sober reflections, but Jack Mulhall (above) tells himself to cheer up—these talkie days are happy days for him

O D D

Gossip of and

A FAMOUS LEADING man was going over his income-tax report with his legal adviser. "What's this item of ten thousand dollars under 'Overhead'?" asked the lawyer. "I had to pay that to a girl who threatened to sue me for breach of promise," replied the leading man. "Ah, that comes under the head of 'Luxury,'" said the lawyer, reprovingly.

To Cool Off

LAURA LA PLANTE is leaving Universal, where she has been so long. "I'm going to give a house-cooling, when I move out of this bungalow," said Laura, showing the famous dimple which will surely get her a big contract elsewhere.

A Huge Success

THE MOVIE STAR was showing a visitor over his palatial new establishment. They had traversed sunken gardens, patios with marble fountains, and acres of interior-decorated rooms, and now stood on the terrace, a somewhat smaller edition of Versailles. The star gazed about him at marble statues, water gardens and colonnades. "One thing I did insist on," he said, with a touch of pride. "I told the builders, 'go ahead and do what you like, but remember—*it's got to be homey.*'"



Archer

A jolly little Miller: Patsy Ruth Miller looks serious above, and serious she undoubtedly is—about being a talkie comedienne



A learning Latin: Mona Maris from Argentina (right) is having less trouble with her English than many an American-born leading lady

No Argument

THE RECENT SEPARATION of the Joseph Schildkrauts, precluded by the usual denials of divorce, recalls an incident at a party last year where Jo, so they say, berated his wife soundly before the guests. After his re-

SHOTS of the Stars in the Studios



C. S. Bull

Diving bored? Well, hardly! Johnny Mack Brown (above) is only trying to live up to his last name—even to the soles of his feet

marks were concluded, Elise turned to the assemblage with a charming smile. "You see!" she murmured. "Never a dull moment!"

The Adjective Mint

"WHEN BIGGER and better superlatives are coined," says a local newspaper man, "Hollywood will coin 'em. The wife of a movie heavy charges in court that he is suffering from 'supreme superiority.'"

Price No Object

THE QUESTION of a scenario writer for a crook picture was up for discussion at an executives' meeting. "We might get Jim Tully to write the story," suggested one, "only he is quite caustic." "I don't care how much he costs," said another. "If he's the best there is, get him!"

Literary Dividends

WE ALSO HEAR that Finis Fox received twenty-five thousand for writing "Evangeline" and Sam Taylor made an equal amount for writing the dialogue for "Taming of the Shrew."

Kahle



An Ice Singer

A PASADENA HOUSEWIFE was telling me this. "My iceman," said she, "asked me if I had seen 'The Rogue Song.' 'My name is Tibbett, too,' he told me. 'I'm Lawrence Tibbett's cousin. I'm carrying ice now to develop my chest muscles and improve my voice. Would you like to hear me sing?' And when I said



Fryer

A broadcaster of good cheer, Inez Courtney (above) decides to become a good cheer leader. And who is going to yell?

A bit of all right: with words and music John McCormack (left) proves in "Song O' My Heart" that there are no discords in Ireland

All the Newest Gossip of the



Richee

Down with the native fruit: James Hall (above) in "Let's Go Native" develops a taste for bananas, as well as for singing



Richee

Her pet diversion: a girl with plenty of assets, Jean Arthur claims that one of her biggest is "David," holding her down above

Pleasant Manners: those he has, and that he is—referring, of course, to up-and-coming David Manners (right)

I would, he leaned against the ice-box, waved the tongs and sang an aria from 'Il Trovatore' with great gusto and a really fine voice! Lawrence's brother is a singing plumber in Hollywood, and is said to have an even greater natural voice."

Love May Be Blind

WE SAW A STILL the other day, depicting Rudy Vallee, with a blank expression, leaning limply against a table, and five feet away, facing him and also leaning against a piece of furniture, Sally Blane. Underneath, the valiant publicity department has a typewritten caption, "Hot Love Scene from 'The Vagabond Lover'."

Her First Turn

AS THE PRELUDE to the first showing of Grandeur Film, Fox collected stills from all the old movies that marked definite landmarks in the progress of picture-making. One of these showed a bunch of pretty girls in absurdly modest bathing suits, disporting themselves on a beach. The first appearance of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties. And one pretty youngster standing on a pile turned and winked merrily at the audience. A sigh swept the house. It was Mabel Normand. Mabel—whose funeral most of those present had attended that very morning.

Love Story

THE LOVE between Mabel Normand and Lew Cody was one of the truest movie romances. Lew was telling us how, a year ago, he gave Mabel a huge silver centerpiece for the table as an anniversary present. He noticed that, in spite of her protestations of delight, she didn't seem quite pleased. "You don't like the centerpiece, Mabel," he said finally. "Tell me what's wrong with it and I'll change it to-morrow."



Fryer

Hollywood Stars and Studios

"Nothing," said Mabel. "It's grand and handsome, Lew —only—well, you see with that in the middle of the table I can't see *you* so well—"

"Don't Say It With Flowers"

IN THIS DAY of sheiks, maybe you've forgotten. But Lew Cody was once the greatest sheik of them all. As a stock-company star, women went wild over him everywhere he played, so much so that the mayor of Yonkers inserted a notice in the daily paper begging schoolgirls of the town not to send Mr. Cody flowers.

No Piano-Mover

JOHN McCORMACK may have the world's most romantic Irish voice but he is admittedly a trifle difficult to direct. They tell their story of his recent picture at Fox. In one scene, he was supposed to be discovered leaning against a grand piano. For an hour the electricians moved the lights to focus on the spot where Mr. McCormack would stand. At last, the star was summoned. He walked over, leaned an elbow on the piano and waited for the camera. The director shook his head. "No, the lighting isn't arranged for that spot, Mr. McCormack," he said. "Please move over *there*." "Ahhh," said the great singer suavely, "it will take less time for you to move the lights again, than for you to move me." And he was right! For another hour the electricians toiled to shift the lamps the necessary inches, while McCormack continued to lean negligently upon the piano.

Wise For His Years

LOIS WILSON'S SMALL NEPHEW was playing on the sand in front of the Wilson cottage at Malibu the other day, when a director stopped to speak to him. "What a big man," said he, in the approved

(*Continued on page 104*)



Mitchell



Richee

The dog days in Buford, Tenn.: Moran, Mack and "Mutt" (above) all agree that this is a dog's life, in "Anybody's War"



C. S. Bull

Starting off with a bang: and Dorothy Sebastian (above), a pretty fair Indian, doesn't give a whoop for kettle-drums

The English side of the picture: Jillian Sand (left) is the reason why Will Rogers will soon be saying, "So This Is London!"

It Pays To Be Panned



The Bitterer The Attack, The Better For The Subject

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

AND the movie stars are just beginning to realize, the pretty little dears, that it isn't such a frightful thing to be put on the pan as they've been thinking it was.

In fact, it's beginning to penetrate into their three-ply pates that on the pan is a thoroughly healthy place to be.

For years and years the stars expected—nay, commanded—the scribes to say nothing but sweet nothings about them. We used to read in our magazines and newspapers mere one hundred per cent slush about what their favorite colors and breakfast food were. There were stars who literally kept a stream of gin flowing down the scribes' throats so that the latter might be too insensible to make half-way intelligent remarks about them. They wilted away on beds of sickness, pleading nervous collapses, when the mere suggestion that they were human beings leaked out to the public. They regarded their careers as completely ruined if it got around that they had toothache, babies, a cellar, love affairs or servants who drank and stole the silver. And if anyone actually made a rude or slighting quip about them! Then it was simply a matter of choosing between arsenic, the bread-knife and the gas oven.

Be Knocked and Endure

IT is true that being mentioned in a murder case has put the chill on one or two bright-looking careers; but short of that, the fact has been right along, with practically no exceptions, that those who have been most panned and criticised have been those who have kept going longest.

Yet, as I have remarked a piece back, this fact is barely starting to percolate through into the strangely Neanderthal brains of those concerned.

The career of that estimable Scandinavian lady, Greta Garbo, has done more than anything to illustrate the foolishness of frantic striving after exclusively honeyed comments in the papers. Granting but few interviews even at the first, Garbo gradually conceived such a distaste for the whole scriveners' tribe (and who will blame her?) that finally she refused them audience altogether. This policy reached its zenith when, a particularly important syndicate chatterer sweeping on to her set, Garbo had screens put up around herself and left the writer gasping at a blank wall scrawled with the chalk inscription, "Keep Out—This Means You." The publicity department was deciding on a date for the funeral next day when the column appeared with the expected icy reference to Garbo. But, far from being struck dead so far as her career was concerned, Greta went steadily on from strength to strength in the esteem of her millions of admirers. Today she still refuses to grant interviews—and is the biggest star on the screen. She has been called high-hat and upstart and what-not by the best people along Writers' Row—and she loves it.

Greta Garbo was panned for her "keep out" policy; Cecil De Mille for ornate productions; and Gloria Swanson for being high-hat

Benny Hits Back

THE most spectacular illustration of what I mean is currently being provided by Benny Rubin, the Hebrew comic who graduated to talkies from the office of theater master of ceremonies. Benny, on first getting a contract, drew the comment in one of the daily syndicate film columns that he was the most unfunny person on the surface of the globe, and that it was a shame he was going to be inflicted on perfectly innocent and well-intentioned movie fans. Benny sent a wire to the communist making equally rude remarks about her writing. This struck the writer's sense of humor and she printed it. Ever since then, every time she has referred to Benny she has panned him, and every time Benny has wired back pann-

(*Continued on page 110*)



Don English

Dog Gone *Friendly*

Up against such a hunter as Phillips Holmes, this gay young dog can't help laughing to see such sport, even though it means laughing in his master's face. For he knows his master's vice, which is hunting for fun, not birds—and he, lucky dog, can hunt for some affection

Adventures Off the Screen



Hurrell

Out Where Men Are Man-Hunters, Lewis Stone . . . Found His Face Was Not His Fortune

As Told by Lewis Stone

To HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Author's Note: This is the story of a real-life adventure. It follows no rules of plot or of "suspense and development." It is an actual episode out of the life of Lewis Stone - - - as told by Mr. Stone, himself.

"YEARS ago I had a friend who was a historian. One spring he decided to make a trip to the Hopi Indian Reservation, in an attempt to secure some photographic record of the ceremonial dances of that tribe. It was a rather doubtful and precarious enterprise, because those Indians are peculiarly and intensely superstitious and are very sensitive about any form of interference with their religious rites.

"Few white men had ever witnessed the snake-dances and so on, at that time, and such attempts as had been made to photograph them had met with failure, if not with actual disaster.

"It looked like an adventure to me and when my friend invited me to accompany them, I accepted with eagerness.

"Well—we arrived at the little town of Holbrook, which is not far from Flagstaff, Arizona, where we were to meet our guide and secure our horses and supplies. There was one ramshackle hotel—and as we approached it, the proprietor was just in the act of tossing a Mexican into the road.

The Ponderous Proprietor

"THIS proprietor was, without a doubt, the biggest man I have ever seen in my life. And he was doing a very thorough job of ejecting that Mexican—with all the language and gestures appropriate to such a ceremony in such circles. It was magnificent! But it did not add appreciably to our peace of mind or sense of safety.

"It was a scorchingly hot day and, having ensconced ourselves in the hotel, we managed to procure several bottles of cold beer and we settled down to drink it. It was so very hot that the cold stone floor was a more comfortable place to sit than on the chairs. So we lounged about, recumbent, and presently the host joined us, easing his huge bulk into a corner. He had little to say.

"The desultory and spasmodic chat went on for an hour or two and it was getting dusk, when suddenly a figure loomed in the doorway. There was something sinister in the abrupt appearance of the grim-looking individual who stood there, surveying us. An instant hush descended over the group and in that electric silence I felt a tingling—an alarm—some nameless fear.

A Bad Case of Fright

"I GLANCED at the huge man in the corner, and if ever I have seen stark fright upon a human countenance it was upon his.

"No one moved and presently the man in the doorway muttered, 'Anybody here named Stone?'

"'My name is Stone. . . ' I began. But just then a strange, gasping sound came from the host.

"'YOU---you---ain't got nothing against *me*---have you, Cow Stevens?' he gulped, trying to rise and failing.

"The man in the door surveyed him with threatening

(*Continued on page 98*)



E. R. Richee

Check and double-check

Why is Lillian Roth tearing her hair? Because she is checker-bored. Why is she checker-bored? Because she has to make moves (yes, and movies) in checkers. Isn't she getting a square deal? Well, her checks are getting larger and larger

. women .



By the great lovers of the screen

French women conceal what American women reveal, according to Maurice Chevalier

as told by Maurice Chevalier
to Gladys Hall

I am not a ladies' man.

I should not be asked to talk about women because I know so very small amount about them. Compared to some.

I do not want to be considered a "great lover." I am not.

I do not care to be considered as a connoisseur of women. Nor an authority.

I have not given my life to the particular study, the special understanding of women.

I have had other things to think about, other things to do and to consider.

I have not given my life to the consideration of love.

I have not given my life to the consideration of sex.

There is too much talk and thought of both of these.

I know that love and sex are a percentage of life. To some, a very large percentage. To some, less so. To me—just a percentage.

There are other things in life. There are the little humanities by which we live, day after day. The little humanities that come into our lives and make a whole.

sex appeal denied

I do not want to be a Valentino.

I do not want to be known for my sex appeal.

I could not be like this even if I did want to.

(Continued on page 94)

Maurice Chevalier says:

Sympathy and understanding. These are the two things a man must have from the woman. They are more important things than physical beauty, which is cheap

Woman has the more instinct. If she uses that as she should, she will be everywhere successful

I have found in my world only one couple of equal intelligences, equal careers—and happiness. They are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks

The American woman shows more plainly than the French woman does, what she feels and what she wants

As a man, I would say to women: Do not show too much of how you feel. Men do not understand this

Men are suspicious of women until they know them well

I think that women like the steady, sincere, honest-to-goodness man. I believe that men like the intelligent, clever and also attractive woman

. men .

• By the great • sirens of the screen •

Lily Damita believes the American man is a better husband than lover

as told by Lily Damita
to Herbert Cruikshank



Mitchell

Men? Men? Oh, yes, men! Well, let me see.

I think I like men very much. Yes, I do. I am certain.

Of course, I like some men more than others. And some types of men more than the rest. At present there is no one man in my mind. It is extremely difficult to find a man who possesses all the various attributes for which a woman seeks.

There should be mental companionship, the deep affection of the heart, and the great physical attraction. Some men have one of these qualities. Some have two. Seldom are the three found in a single individual. It is too bad.

Women may be first attracted to a man because of his profile. Beauty in either man or woman is like the show-window of a shop. One pauses to look and to admire. But if the promise of the window is not performed by the quality of the goods inside—it is just too bad.

Personally, I have lost all interest in many a handsome man within five minutes of conversation. Because even that brief period has been enough to show me that he is all front—all show-window. That there is nothing within.

what attracts most

I DO not think that I differ from other women in being attracted most by a man's intellect. Those who give me mental stimulation—food for

(*Continued on page 92*)

Lily Damita says:

Age has very little to do with the attractiveness of men. As a rule, the more mature ones are the most interesting

I would marry any man I loved. This might not be wise. But love and wisdom do not go hand in hand

Women love more deeply than men. But when once a man's affections and his passions are aroused, his amour is deeper and more lasting

It is the failing of all men, and American men especially that they like best to talk about themselves

The Europeans are better lovers—but the Americans better husbands

The American "boy-friend" is not generous. The husband yes

I think the *camaraderie* of the sexes in this country is adorable—but unromantic and most disillusioning



• Shock

An American flapper a very English

Starting at center, left, and circling right: (1) highly indignant at his soberness, she decides to make a hit; (2) she gets scolded for her shocking conduct; (3) down she climbs, but up stays her dress—for shock number two; and (4) against her will, he tries not to see what he is doing

Portraits posed exclusively for Motion Picture by Russell Ball





absorbing

(Zelma O'Neal) wakes up husband (Anthony Bushell)



Then: (5) he, not she, is in an embarrassing position; (6) she wants him to do it over again, for practice; (7) he begins to see light—it's all a game; and, left, (8) he gets a little lift from her; (9) finds himself bending a little; and (10) actually whoops and starts stepping

Upbringing fathers



Kendall Evans

Hollywood's male parents insist on telling you how to raise babies

by Ruth Biery

It was at a big dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel. Bert Wheeler, comedian extraordinary, acting as master of the occasion, rose and announced, "Now that Benny Rubin has had his baby, we can have a little peace around here."

He might have said, "Now that Johnny Mack Brown and Raymond Hackett and Benny Rubin and myself have had our babies, we should have a little peace around here."

But somehow, peace doesn't seem to come in Hollywood with the arrival of John Stork. For each bit of excitement created before the event, there seems to be three times as much after it happens. Before, it is largely a matter of betting as to the probable sex of the progeny; afterwards, it is a matter of serious competition on the best methods of raising the prodigies. That is, among the fathers. I swear that you can't have a simple interview with any of the above mentioned new parents that the discussion doesn't turn to theories and opinions about the best methods of raising babies.

I really have sympathy for Raymond Hackett. He has the only boy in this new crop of babies. Benny Rubin put in his bid first for Raymond's son as the betrothed of his girl—providing she was a girl baby. Raymond accepted. Then Johnny Mack Brown's daughter came along and Raymond Albert, Jr., sent her a pair of booties with a statement that he was tired of waiting for Benny Rubin's heir. Now Benny is threatening suit against Raymond, Sr., for breach of promise, or what have you.

Above, Mrs. Bert Wheeler and Patricia Dolores, who already is up to her father's tricks—making faces. Moreover, she can say, "Ah"

a name to fit

Bert Wheeler takes the attitude that all this fuss about Hackett's boy is ridiculous. "If the boy comes near my Patricia Dolores, I'll meet him with a club. And I'll greet any other poachers in the same manner.

"This raising of babies is a serious matter. In the first place, the name is important. You should choose the cognomen so that you can fit it to the personality of the child when she grows older. If mine is a clown, we'll call her Pat. If she's up-stage, we'll use Dolores.

"It looks now as though Pat would win. She's eleven months old, and do you know for two months she's been able to take direction! We say, 'Make a face,' and she makes it. How's that for early obedience?

"We want her to be theatrical and go on the stage, and there's nothing like this early training. Understand, we won't force her to follow in the footsteps of her illustrious father, but if we can encourage her—and from the faces she makes—well, just come down and see her.

"After you choose her name, the next problem in upbringing is to try to keep from spoiling her. I advise two methods for this. First, keep her away from grandmothers; second,

(*Continued on page 97*)



The old lady shows her mettle

Blanche Sweet's grandmother proves that any age can be a modern age—approving the luxury of sheer silk hose and the economy of bobbed hair, and following the antique trend by preferring patchwork quilts and old porcelain to their modern equivalents. And Blanche, in turn, tells her that old clothes are better than new

posed exclusively for Motion Picture by Russell Ball

Forbidden topics . . .



Hurrell

Ramon . . . Novarro, . . . seeking a . future mate, states . . . his . . . . . requirements

by Helen Louise Walker

Can You Measure Up To This?

"It will be necessary for her to be madly, blindly in love with me—else she will not be able to put up with me at all.

"Her faith in me must be so absolute that if I tell her one thing and her eyes tell her another—she will still believe that what I say is true.

"If she has money of her own, she must give it all away.

"I want her to be intelligent. I want her to be mature.

"The woman who is a successful wife is the one who can lose herself in her domestic activities; who does not have a thought that does not concern the mutual interests of her husband and herself; who does not wish for anything more than to be everything to the man she has married."

Ramon Novarro wants to marry!

Somehow, the admission is startling. It is an idea that is difficult to associate with him. He has always seemed so spiritual, so detached. There is a look in those great dark eyes which is not quite of this earth. He seems to move dreamily through a world of his own creating—untouched by the noise and garishness of his actual environment.

He is passionately concerned with his career, his music, his religion, what he calls his "philosophy," and a tender, protecting anxiety for his mother and his numerous brothers and sisters. He is more like an inspired young monk than an actor. It is difficult to imagine him bound by the mundane ties of domesticity.

There have been rumors in Hollywood for years that he planned to become a priest or to enter a monastery. In fact, it is said that a year ago he actually pledged himself to do the latter thing—if his brother, who was seriously ill, should recover. The brother died—tragically—and Ramon resumed his place in the professional world. But he was more withdrawn, more solitary, even than before.

the girl he will marry

And now, suddenly, he wants to marry. Wants it definitely and concretely, plans for it, and stipulates what manner of woman he is seeking for a mate!

"I want a woman," he says, "who has a talent for wifehood. A woman who is content to be a wife and nothing else—who is willing to submerge her personality, to resign all outside interests and devote her energies, her time and all her thought to the business of being a wife. *My* wife.

"You think that is asking a great deal, perhaps. I do not think it is too much. Husbands and wives are born; they are not made. Not everyone can be a successful spouse, any more than everyone can be a successful actor or artist or carpenter. The people who are born with the talent for making a success of matrimony are the ones who should attempt it. The others should avoid the thing.

"If a woman is naturally domestic, if she is a born wife and mother, she is willing to make a career of that particular thing. If she is not willing to devote herself wholeheartedly to it, she should not attempt it at all. She is a cheat if she goes only part of the way.

her love must be blind

"I will admit this—that it will be necessary for her to be madly, blindly in love with me—else she will not be able to put up with me at all. For I am a difficult person.

(*Continued on page 96*)

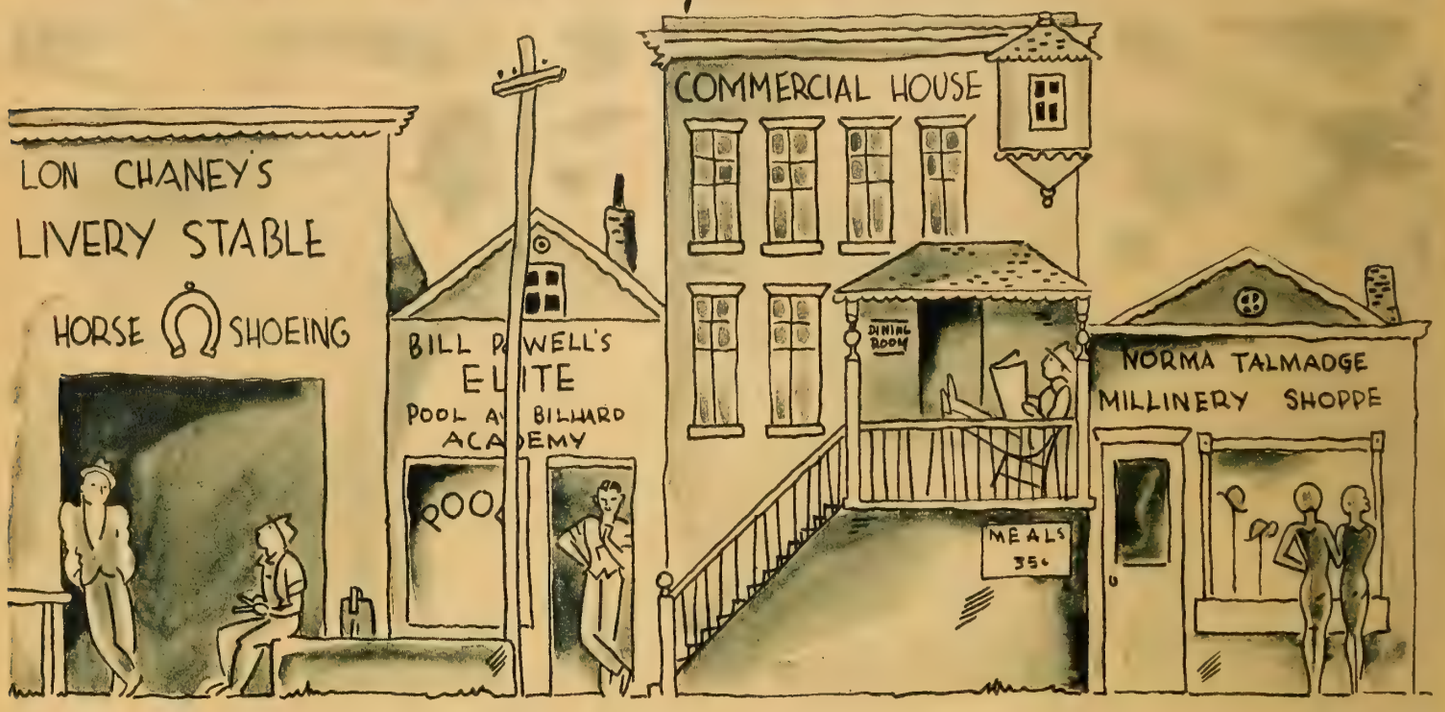


Fred R. Archer

• Bedtime fancy •

Or a dream in white. Attired, but not tired enough, for bed, Loretta Young, after a long day's work on "The Road to Paradise," pauses to wonder how old she will be when she finally retires. A strange fancy for one so young and wide awake!

• If they lived in



Would He Be *This*, And She Be *That*

By GLADYS HALL and HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

WE are presenting Hollywood and distant environs with a new game to while away the hours of wheeze. It is an amusing variant of the good old moom pitcher custom, of putting on the pan the brethren and sistern not among-those-present.

The pastime is entitled "What-They'd-Be-If-They-Weren't-What-They-Are" or "If They Lived In A Small Town." It sounds complicated, but it isn't.

For suppose—suppose that Gelatin Genie had never rubbed Aladdin's lamp for Miss Bow of Brooklyn, Miss Swanson of the South Side, Mr. Gilbert of Allah-Knows-Where. What would they be?

Just supposing, for an instance, that your Miss Proon of Oskaloosa had been so summoned by one of the fay fingle-fangles of fate. Your Miss Proon, who does Plain Sewing. Who would she be? Why, Jetta Goudal, as you live and breathe. Or possibly Greta Garbo. That's the idea of the game. And played with the proper verve, within the limits of common decency, it's guaranteed to knock all customers for a row of hysterics.

Such casting and re-casting of the rôles of life is everyday sport in Hollywood. Remove the burning aura of the High Priestess of It and you find—the shapely daughter of a Coney Island waiter. An ex-chauffeur is given a megaphone. A schoolma'am from Texas gets ten thou' a week because her profile pleases and only man is vile.

Corral 'em in any of the small towns whose red barns mar this land of the rave and the home of the spree, deprive 'em of the picture racket— and what would you find? . . . . Waitresses and undertakers, barbers, stenogs, fly-paper salesmen, nursemaids and cash-girls. Doormen, ribbon clerks, manicure ladies. Milkmen and milliners, pants-pressers, furriers, pugilists, cornet-tooters. Cabbage-heads and kings. All have swapped beef for caviar at the bidding of the gelatin god.

This'll give you a rough idea, but not too rough. All right, let's play!

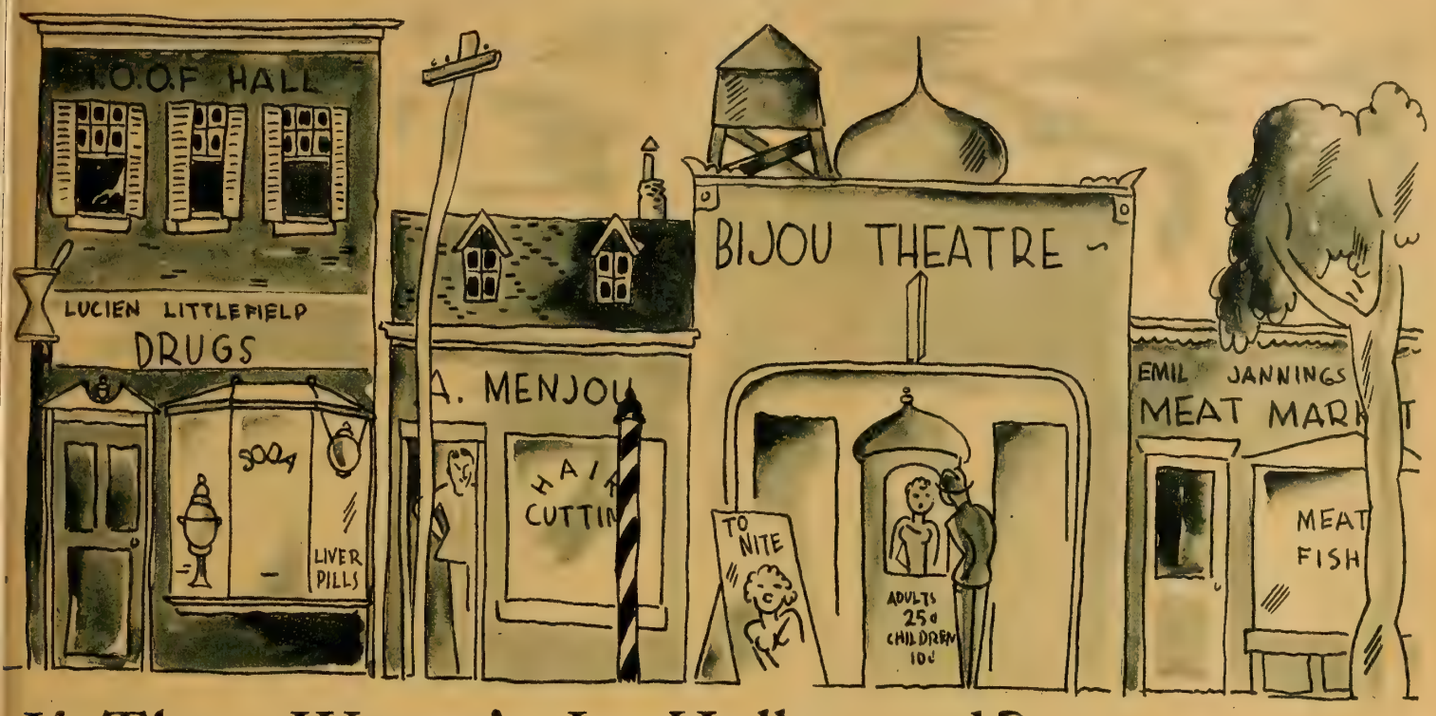


Familiar Faces

WE hop a train for the first tank town, take one look at the conductor, and if there isn't George Bancroft all dressed up in the Pullman uniform! You'd know him anywhere. The Wolf of the Wolverines, who could drive the engine under his own steam if need

At top, the village smithy's stand—the billiard brothers' hall—Dick Barthelmess' hostelry—and the local hat emporium; at left, Bill Powell, Prop., chalks a wicked cue himself

a small town - -



If They Weren't In Hollywood?

Anyway, It's A Good Game

be. He waves a condescending greeting to Station Agent Harold Lloyd, who peers wistfully through horn-rimmed specs, his inferiority complex visibly lessened by the greeting from the Great Man. Some day, bedad . . .

Three drummers hop off the train with the rest of us. Bright checkered suits, fresh from a one-price-for-two-pants emporium, scream the news that "the boys" have hit town again. Sam Hardy, in cigars. Norman Kerry, soft drinks and a secret side-line of sacrilegious wine. Lew Cody, gents' wear. Their merchandise is varied, but their "line" is the same. And it goes big. Even with such seasoned train-meeters as Marie Prevost. They start right off telling that one about the farmer's daughter. You can hear the girls giggling right up to the Town Hall. Flighty, that's what they are, according to our good schoolma'am, Lois Wilson. She says it's a wonder Norma Talmadge lets girls like that work in her Millinery Shoppe. Guess they do vamp a lot of trade, though. It's a bet that Deacon Seyffertitz and Sexton Conrad Nagel, who run the undertaking parlor *and* furniture store, would never buy their missuses new hats if it weren't for Marie.



At top, the local soda saloon—Mr. Menjou's cutting room—the box office where Billie Dove is the attraction—and the steak market; at right, Jack Gilbert gets all the high school trade

The Girl He Left Behind

OF course, Zasu Pitts is at the station. Poor Zasu. Not that that's any holiday. She meets 'em all, though she ought to know by this time that that medicine-show doctor, Tom Mix, with his gold vest-buttons and hocus-pocus talk, isn't going to come back to her. It's been a long time now. Let's see, little Davey is almost three. They call him "Sonny Boy." About the only one in town real sorry for Zasu is Karl Dane, the porter at the Commercial Hotel. Karl ain't so bright, maybe, but he has a strong back and a big heart. Bill Haines hadn't ought to kid Karl like he does. Last week he put pepper in Karl's eating tobacco.

Bill's the town cut-up. He's a regular city feller. Such a case. Too smart for our town. He drives the station flivver and calls all the drummers by their first names. It does beat all. Why, when Jack Dempsey's car broke down here two years ago come Michaelmas, he stepped right up and said "Hello, Jack, I seen you at the Tooney fight. I was the guy who didn't wear a brown derby."

You should hear him evenings by

(*Continued on page 100*)



K. Alexander

Back to norma

Shoulder to shoulder with the only double she has, reflective Norma Talmadge, back to her normal self (i.e., her popular screen self), wonders if she has found one sure way for a girl to prevent anyone's talking about her behind her back

. . . At the foot of the class

that's where Gary Cooper is in the Hollywood school of sophistication

by Elisabeth Goldbeck



After months of research into the life and habits of Gary Cooper, I've decided that it's no use. Probing, ferreting, analyzing, and other forms of snooping are of no avail in getting to the heart of the Cooper personality. Gary remains one of the sweet mysteries of life.

The main difficulty is that he never says anything. You have to be sort of intuitive if you live around Gary. His family has acquired the knack of it, and there are never any silences when his best girl, Lupe, is around. But it's rather hard for the untrained outsider to discover just what he's thinking about.

Not that it matters. Thoughts or no thoughts, Gary is one of the most romantic, most winning figures around Hollywood. Quiet, simple, and sort of gentle—it's just too bad for susceptible little hearts.

His father attributes it all to his height.

"Women are crazy about a tall man," opines Judge Cooper. "You just sit in a street car sometime, and watch the men come in. Whenever a tall man gets on, all the women begin to take notice and get out their powder puffs.

"My father was even taller than Gary. I can see him now—he used to stand beside his horse, with one foot on the ground, and the other thrown over the saddle. And Gary does the same thing." He chuckled wickedly. "That's what gets the women."

high in school, also

It seems that from an early age Gary's height, and consequent irresistibility, manifested itself. It got him the lead in the school theatricals, for instance. And it was fatal to a middle-aged drawing teacher, who took a sublimated interest in his talent for drawing, and made him the artist he is to-day.

It probably contributed to his eloquence when he became school orator, or something like that, and took third prize. And it undoubtedly influenced the passengers who filled the bus he drove through Yosemite during the summer months of his college career.

And that brings us back to the present. It stands to reason that any comely young man who can throw one leg over the back of a horse was destined to be a hero in Westerns as soon as he got out of school.

But I personally believe it's much more than a matter of feet and inches, this magnetism of Gary Cooper's. His very reticence is what enchants women. They can never be quite sure.

He does his thinking slowly and sincerely—refreshing beyond words in a town of flippant wise-crackers, even though the results aren't very copious.

a Hollywood human

He looks at you squarely with straightforward blue eyes, and his smile is sudden and brilliant in that graven face.

He has what appears to be modesty and instinctive good taste, and comes nearer being a real human being than most men of his profession. Most of them want to talk about something smart, snappy, worldly, and *risqué*.

(*Continued on page 102*)



The only time he isn't up to mischief is when (as at right) he is getting down to it; and as a home-wrecker, he is without equal, as Mrs. Lake again discovers (below); and next, as like as not, she'll find him above discipline (as at top) on a rafter, trying to raise the roof; or (as at upper right), at the piano, playing on the dial telephone

Mrs. Lake's

The household by name,

portraits posed exclusively for Motion Picture by Russell Ball





But he likes music. Doesn't he play at the piano (as at upper left) before he goes outdoors (thank heaven!) to play? Doesn't he sing flat notes (as at left) to his sister Florence? And doesn't he like the sound of falling water, about to be heard above? But, sweet as he is, Florence thinks (below), revenge is going to be far, far sweeter





problem .

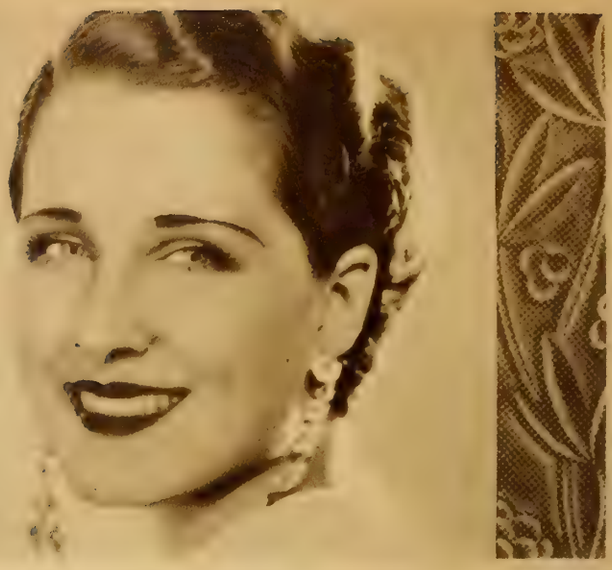
p e(s)t, A r t h u r
minds no one



VIANDE KNIFE & FORK

TRADE MARK. [PAT APP FOR]

6 VIANDE Knives, $15.00. 6 Forks, $8.25. Silhouette Pattern.



Norma Shearer

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STAR

in her palatial Beverly Hills home installs the VIANDE *Knife and* VIANDE *Fork upon her table*

You've heard of Norma Shearer? Yes? Have you heard of the VIANDE Knife and VIANDE Fork? Because . . . they're all together now. The newest, smartest silverware style now gleams smartly upon the table of one of moviedom's smartest hostesses . . . the lovely Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg).

The VIANDE Knife and VIANDE Fork, with the long handles and short blades and tines, give the entire silverware service, even to the tea and dinnerware, an air of modernity. They date the table "1930." Match in newness and charm all of the new china, linens and glassware.

Your silverware dealer offers you the VIANDE Knife and VIANDE Fork as a feature of the service in these seven lovely 1847 ROGERS BROS. patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Argosy, Anniversary, Ancestral, Ambassador and Heraldic. Of course, if you prefer, the usual shape knives and forks are available.

Covers for Six, 26 pieces, $38.00. "Pieces of Eight" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. Other smart pieces offered to modernize your table, including cream soup spoons and salad knives.

Write for booklet T53, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware." Address Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.



Anniversary, Ancestral, Legacy, Argosy, Heraldic, Ambassador.



3 Pc. Tea Set $65.00. Tray $25.00. Legacy.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Discoveries About MYSELF

Dolores Del Rio Has Learned She Is Neither A *Ramona* Nor An *Evangeline*

As Told By
Dolores Del Rio
To GLADYS HALL

"I FIND that I am born again.

"I have never been myself. Never, in my life.

"I have never been free.

"I have never been happy.

"I have always bowed to conditions, circumstances, to the dictates of other people. But never any more.

"I have been suppressed and repressed all of my life. Repressed in my work, repressed in my personal life.

"I am not, by nature, melancholy, weepy, sorrowful, languishing or sweet. I am not patient. I am not conventional. I am not a *Ramona* nor am I an *Evangeline*. More, I am the girl of 'What Price Glory?' There, for a bit, I could show my real self.

"I am, by nature, tempestuous, fiery, stormy, eager.

"I have never had a chance to express the sex that is in me. I am going to begin to now.

"I am going to be free.

Declaration of Independence

"I AM going to get down to life.

"I am going to do as I please, when and where I please. I am going to take advice from no one, counsel from no one, persuasions from no one.

"I am going to travel, with friends. As a girl having a good time and not as a motion picture actress, on schedule and on exhibition.

"I am going to entertain. I am going to dress as I please, say what I please, act as I please and if I make mistakes, well—they will be my mistakes.

"I have learned. I have made self-discoveries, and the greatest of these is that I am a child no longer. I am a woman. I expect to take a woman's privileges.

"When I was a child I was repressed because of family traditions. Because my people were conservative and old fashioned. I couldn't do this or say that or go there, because of how it might 'look.'

(*Continued on page 90*)



Miehle



Cannons

Dolores Del Rio, pensive in the two poses above, says of her life, "I find that I regret nothing. There are three words I have never said, and never will. They are, 'I am sorry'"





PARAMOUNT ON PARADE

PERFECTLY SWELL Please pass me the four-bit words; I'm going to need 'em. It seems that **Paramount** decided to do a revue. So they blew the diamond-studded cornet and every star on the lot answered. This would make **Mr. Barnum** hand in his tights.

Adjectives like 'glittering, dazzling and stupendous' only half describe this show. It needs a bigger and better word: a word, for instance, like **SWELL!** Good comedy is served up by **Jack Oakie** (he's great), **Harry Green, Skeets Gallagher, Leon Errol, George Bancroft, Maurice Chevalier, Helen Kane, William Powell** and **Clive Brook.**

Ruth Chatterton hands in a tragic bit, while little **Mitzi Green** gives an imitation that manages to stop the show. And if you are still not convinced, **Buddy Rogers** and **Lillian Roth** do a very pretty impressionistic number.



ON THE LEVEL

OLD TRICKS They knocked off work for a couple of days on the **Fox** lot and made this one. It has only **Lilyan Tashman** to redeem it, which isn't enough. **Victor McLaglen** is the star and although he tries and tries, he just can't act. Instead he submits the same clowning, mugging and badly worn bag of tricks we've seen him pull since **"What Price Glory"**; which were then, being on view for the first time, highly amusing.

Someone should snuggle up real close to the **Fox** big-shots and whisper that we've had enough bed-pan humor. Ever since some unlooked for laughs resulted from shady parts of **"What Price Glory,"** they've loaded on the vulgarity over there until even I can't stand it. Nor can **Victor McLaglen** appear in many more like **"The Cock-Eyed World," "Hot For Paris"** or this one and retain what popularity he has.



THE LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS

GOOD HOKE Take the mustiest melodrama, all about the old homestead and the mortgage; add a murder, a pretty girl, a simple country boy, a bold bad man who comes to take away our **Nell** from the hill people and you've got this one. You've also got one of the best formulas for making movies ever discovered.

Go to see it with the idea of visiting old **Grandpa Movie,** for **"The Light of the Western Stars"** makes no pretense at being anything but the old hoke, refurbished. And a big relief it is to get away from rum runners and clowns whose hearts are breaking 'neath the tinsel. You'll find youself clapping when 'the boys,' headed by **Richard Arlen,** close in on old devil villain in the form of **Fred Kohler.** Do you think **Richard** would let **Fred** hurt little **Mary Brian?** Not for a minute, sah!



LOVIN' THE LADIES

GOOD ENOUGH This is a typical **Dix** farce, in which our **Richard,** due to the inevitable wager, finds himself in the inevitable spot for which young gentlemen of the cinema, who make wagers, seem to have such a penchant. That is, being misunderstood by the **One Dame** in **All the World,** in this case, **Lois Wilson.** Of course, she offers good reason why **Richard** should dislike appearing an impostor, scoundrel and **Don Juan** in her eyes.

From **William LeBaron's** play, **"I Love You,"** a carefully tailored scenario has been devised to afford a maximum of laughs. **Dix** has splendid support from such able laugh getters as **Virginia Sale** and **Allen Kearns,** two of the few recruits from the legitimate theater to show something. **Kearns** romps merrily away with several scenes, no small feat with such an able *farceur* as **Dix.**

Parade



THE BENSON MURDER CASE

FAIR ENOUGH There was certainly plenty of reasons for murdering **Benson.** The only difficulty was in choosing which one of the seven people who wanted to kill him had got in the deadly work first. In a lonely house on a night of storm, the stockbroker who has sold out his clients' accounts entertains a gigolo, an infatuated elderly widow, a man-about-town, a blonde lady of dubious morals, the **District Attorney** and **Philo Vance,** impeccably played by **William Powell** who strolls through the picture with superb nonchalance.

While his guests discuss **Murder** as a fine art over a pot of steaming coffee, the body of their host hurtles down the stairs. **Natalie Moorhead** is pictorial and sophisticated, but **Powell,** in a passive part, dominates the picture. As a clue to amateur detectives—how long does it take to make coffee?



COCK O' THE WALK

JUST SO-SO This relates the highly romantic union of a sleek-haired bounder and a girl with suicidal mania. He rescues her from a watery grave and marries her, so that the next time she feels a little self-destruction coming on he can collect the life insurance—to pay for his violin lessons. Then **Love** comes along, changing his habits and her outlook on life, and practical members of the audience will be disappointed to learn that after paying the premiums on their insurance policies, nobody gets a cent in the end.

This depressing couple is played by **Myrna Loy** and **Joseph Schildkraut. Myrna** looks realistically emaciated, and **Joseph** overacts in his usual happy manner. He manages to fall between the stools of comedy and melodrama, so that during the big dramatic climax the audience is just in stitches.



HIS DARK CHAPTER

FAST AND HAPPY Movies about people who are trying to hide their pasts are usually dull movies. We in the audience have to go through a lot of mental anguish, not excepting gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair, as the suspected one flounders through six or seven reels, finally to emerge from behind the clouds of guilt and into the happy ending.

This could easily have been that kind. But it isn't, thanks to **Reginald Denny** and the best supporting cast brought together in a long time. Instead, it is a tight little comedy that nearly reaches grandness. **Miriam Seegar,** the gal that makes **Reginald** break down and reform, could, I think, make **anyone** want to reform. She's clever and funny And her kid sister, **Anita Louise,** and father, **Harvey Clark,** and **William,** the butler, are responsible for much laughter.



THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND

THEY STILL MAKE 'EM There unquestionably must be a market for this sort of film. Otherwise, why is the series continued so persistently? **"The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland"** does not differ markedly from their adventures anywhere else, with the exception that their interminable arguments are laid against a synthetic **Scotch** background. The two couples, **George Sidney** and **Vera Gordon,** and **Charlie Murray** and **Kate Price,** go on twisting what used to be known as the **King's English** until at any moment one expects the anguished cry "Isn't there a grammarian in the house?"

But these **Irish-Jewish** comedies are not, in all justice, made for grammarians. They are made for that huge mass of people who enjoy comic strip humor, and as such they unquestionably must be successful or they wouldn't be made.

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic



YOUNG EAGLES

YOU'LL LIKE IT Which has something for everybody. There's serious **Buddy Rogers** for the gals who go all to pieces over serious **Buddy Rogers.** There's delicate **Jean Arthur** for the boys who ditto over ditto. That takes care of the romantic side of the house. Then there's **Stuart Erwin** (and here's a secret: he walks off with it) who furnishes plenty of rowdy comedy for all of us lowbrows who breathe through our mouths.

But best of all, **Young Eagles** has the most thrilling aerial shots ever dished up in any movie. And come to think of it, why not give credit to the man who took those shots; the veteran cameraman, **Archie Stout!** The stuff **Mr. Stout** manages to catch with his lenses will take your breath away. Wingovers, falling leafs, barrel rolls, side-slips, loops: the whole works, including two smash-ups.

Realistic too is the scene in which **Jean,** a supposed **German** spy, deserts **Buddy** for the enemy, taking along his pants as a souvenir. I mean she really does, my dear!

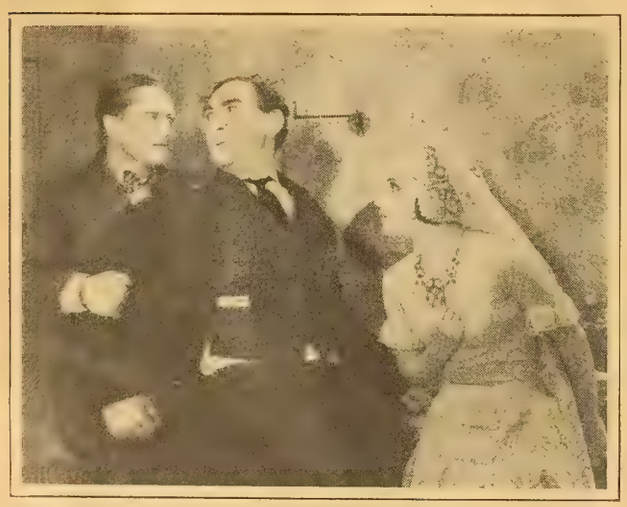


THE HOUSE OF TROY

ENTERTAINING **Ramon Novarro** scores again as the singing hero of **M-G-M's** musical romance, **"The House Of Troy."** **Novarro** is once more the audacious youth who triumphs in winning the love of a capricious lass. He laughs and sings his way through obstacles.

Novarro plays a modern cavalier of a new **Spain** endowed with gay night clubs, dangerous sirens and college escapades just like her sister countries. Action is the keynote of this picture, which deserves that mystical four-star rating given by the movie sages. The **Novarro** capacity for romance is displayed in a battle with **Spain's** famous matador and a pistol duel for a woman's honor.

While the plot offers nothing new, dealing as it does with a youth whose inclinations are for wine, women, song and good fellowship; his meeting with the country-bred maiden who deplores his wicked past, and his eventual reform, the **Novarro** personality, the piquant beauty of **Dorothy Jordan** and the excellent supporting cast needs no other excuse.



THE BAD ONE

DOESN'T HIT ON HIGH **"What Price Glory"** is right. **Dolores Del Rio** and **Edmund Lowe** achieved mutual success under that banner, but fail to hit the high mark when brought together again in **"The Bad One."** **Miss Del Rio's** cinematic star seems to waver in its course these days.

Much of the failure of her latest film lies in poor direction. The story is good, but the underlying idea is badly developed, so that the picture moves in two cycles. One wherein our hero and heroine play in suggestive and roistering fashion along the docks of **Marseilles.** Tragedy stalks in through an accidental killing, the result of **Dolores'** past indiscretions and sends **Lowe** to the prison island. In the second cycle, **Dolores** seeks redemption in a fashion certain to rile any man while a prison break gives **Lowe** his heroic moment.

Dolores is at her best during the latter part of the film which does not call upon her to be intriguing in a *gamine* manner. **Lowe** gives the more consistent performance.



JOURNEY'S END

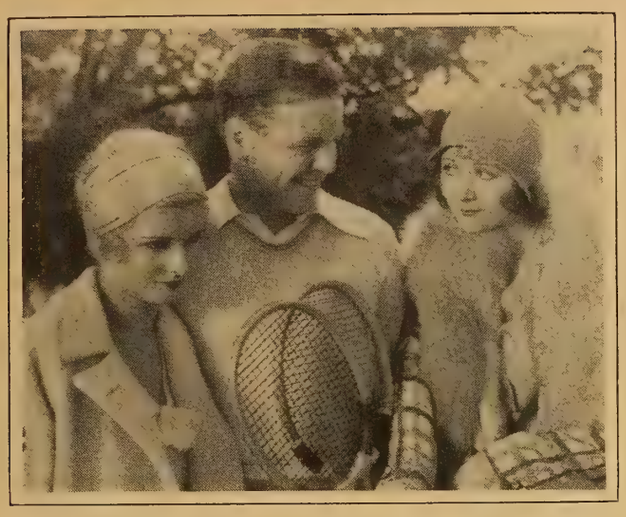
FINE WAR FILM One of the finest of the war pictures —taken from one of the best of the war plays. A stark and terrible glimpse of what happened to men in the trenches.

The plot centers about a group of **British** officers, living in a dug-out on the front line. **Raleigh,** young brother of **Captain Stanhope's** "girl at home," arrives. **Stanhope's** concern lest the boy discover what war has made of him creates a tense and almost unbearably pathetic situation.

Director James Whale has wisely kept the picture well within the limits of the dialogue of the play—which is so entirely worth hearing that the resulting lack of action is hardly noticeable. **Colin Clive,** as **Stanhope,** gives a superb performance and **David Manners** gives a particularly sensitive portrayal of eighteen-year-old **Raleigh.**

The battle scenes are happily brief, most of the action taking place in the dug-out, and there is far less gruesome detail than you might expect.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



CRAZY THAT WAY

FINE ALL AROUND

The editorial topper is doffed to **Hamilton MacFadden** (no relation of the Body-Beautiful MacFaddens) for directing one of the neatest, slickest, fastest-moving, and cleverest light comedies yet to emerge on the talkie screen. The same headpiece sweeps the dust in tribute to **Kenneth McKenna, Joan Bennett, Regis Toomey** and **Jason Robards,** who make up the best all-around comedy cast we ever remember.

In brief, we recommend this opera for one and all and for all and sundry. It is as innocent of **Gorgeous Girls, Languorous Lust, Purple Pageantry** and **Pulsating Melody** as the average studio is of men as intelligent as this **Hamilton MacFadden;** but if there be found those (as there inevitably must be, we suppose) who are not entertained by it, we personally give them up and wash our hands of them.

The four principals are all so good that to pick on a "best" is impossible. But at least it is permitted to offer a large bouquet to **Joan Bennett.**



ANYBODY'S WAR

A DOGGY BIG PARADE

The second **Moran** and **Mack** comedy is a picture for dog lovers exclusively. It's a sort of canine **"Big Parade,"** and contains all the heart-throbs of that old classic for those of us who can get as worked up over a white **Sealyham** as we did over **John Gilbert.** The combination of **Charlie Mack** and his pup named **Deep Stuff** will be too much for the tender-hearted. This is a film version of **Mr. Mack's** book, **"Two Black Crows in the A. E. F.,"** and there will be plenty of soulless people who will say a comedy should be a comedy and not an attempt at cheap melodrama.

But those with finer feelings should not fail to see **Mr. Mack** follow his dog across **No Man's Land,** and the final joyous reappearance of **Deep Stuff** and his war bride. The picture was directed by **Richard Wallace** with that sympathetic quality which sets all his pictures apart. **Neil Hamilton** and **Joan Peers** supply the entirely unnecessary love interest.



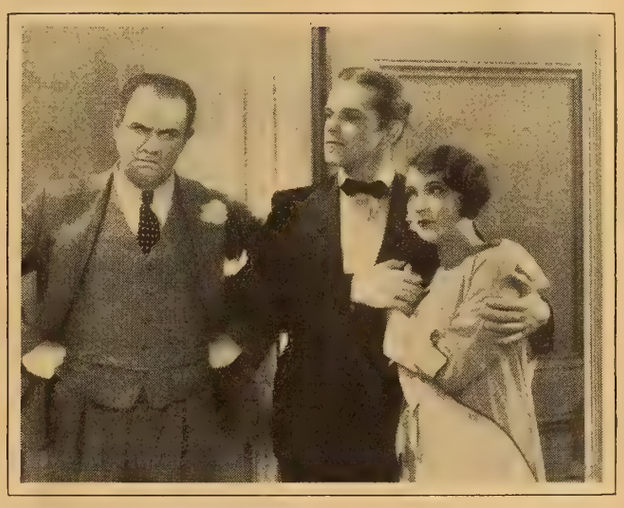
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

FAIR ENOUGH

The Laemmle family has thrown all of the fittings, extras and whatnot involved in the word "super" into this operetta of the French revolution. For good measure they threw in the "golden voice" of John Boles and the "golden smile" of Laura La Plante.

We can't say that the promise held out in Laura's first dramatic singing role in "Show Boat" has been fulfilled in the present opus. John Boles sings as well as usual, but continues to strike the observer as a wooden figure. The mob scenes are enhanced by the use of sound, and Charles Wakefield Cadman's musical score adds materially, although it is not at all times perfectly synchronised.

The picture will go down with the average fan without causing him to wave things in the air. Its shortcomings are poor story construction and characterization. John S. Robertson, who took over the megaphone after the demise of Paul Fejos, gets credit as director; criticism is out of place in view of ignorance as to who did what.



SPRING IS HERE

ENJOYABLE

A musical comedy made musical by **Alexander Grey** and **Bernice Claire** and comic by **Ford Sterling** and **Louise Fazenda.** It is enough of the one to please talkie fans and enough of the other to delight those who used to laugh at the old **Mack Sennett** comedies. The artificial atmosphere, traditional to musical comedies, has been translated into film form. There are juveniles who break into eccentric dances without warning, lovers who find every rose arbor an excuse for a song, a comedian in a night shirt and all the other reliable ingredients.

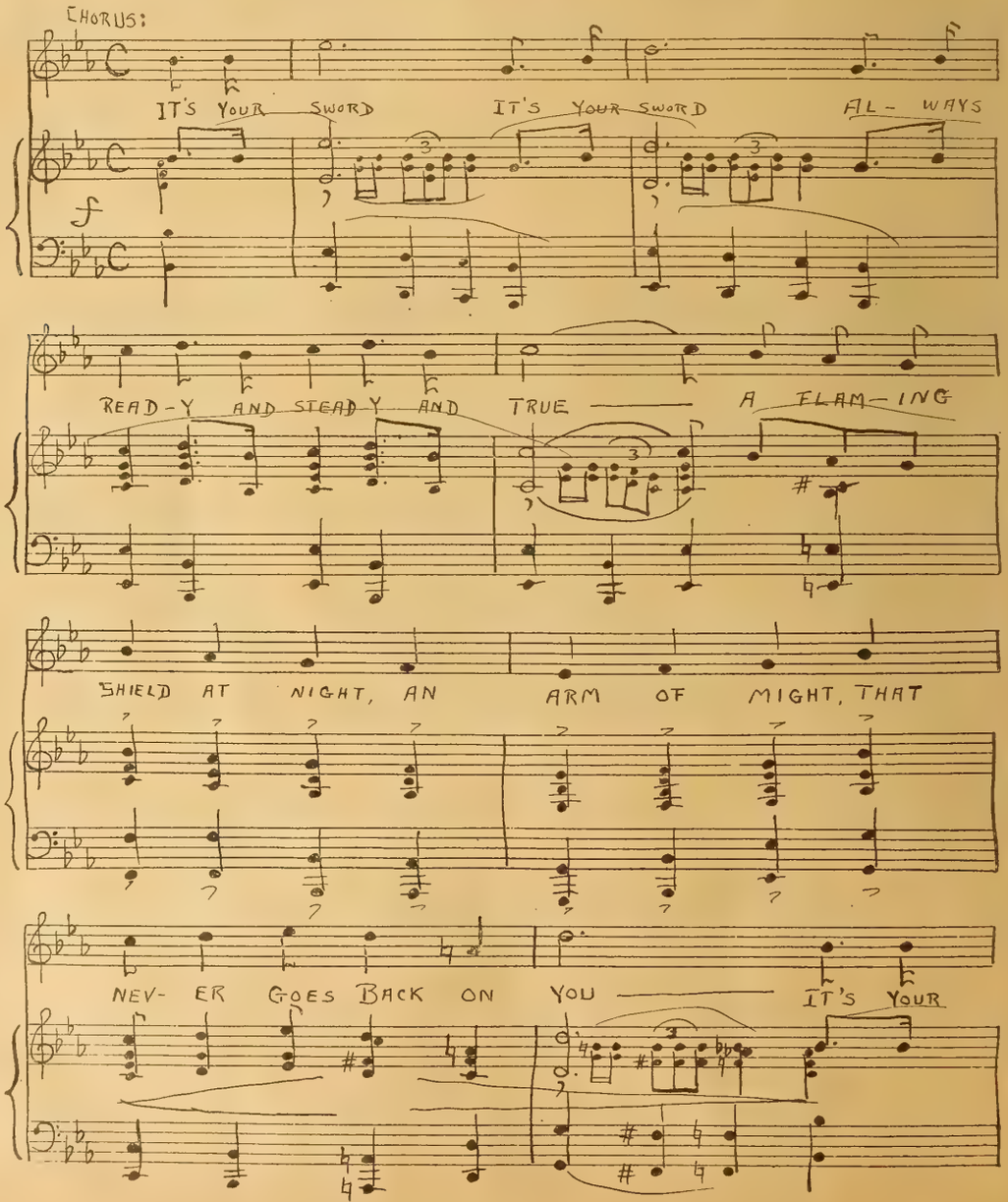
Alexander Grey must have read the press criticisms of his earlier screen love-making, for he kisses quite satisfactorily as the bashful suitor who wins the girl by the time-worn expedient of making her jealous. But it would have been a wasted evening without the **Fazenda-Sterling** fun-making. Their gags are reminiscent but reliable. **Inez Courtney,** who adds a *gamine* note to the cast, is a type new to the screen but we are beginning to get used to them now.

Theme Songs *of the*



Lyrics by HOUSTON BRANCH

SONG OF THE SWORD



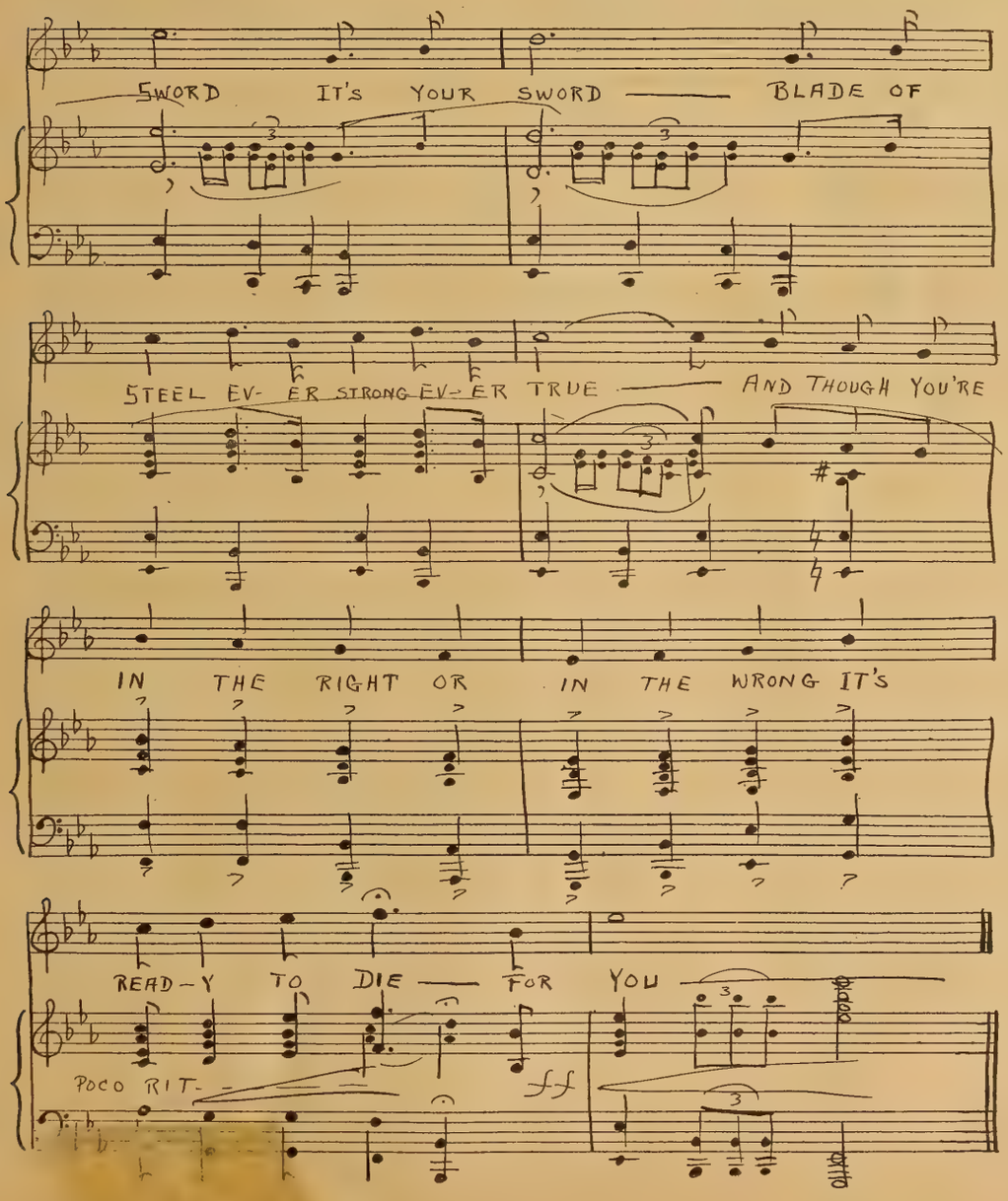
A rousing song is "Song Of The Sword," and in tune with the mood of "Captain of the Guard," in which it is sung by the tall young swordsman who commands your attention above. John Boles was his name erewhile, but now, for a time, he is dashing *Rouget de Lisle,* and, history repeating itself, once more he is fighting to make France free. The drama of the French Revolution again moves the stage. And, in the midst of it, *De Lisle,* whose faith in the might of the sword is here expressed, proves that the pen is mightier—creating that singing battle-cry, "Captain of the Guard," which still is music to all French ears

Movies



Music by CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Freulich Photos



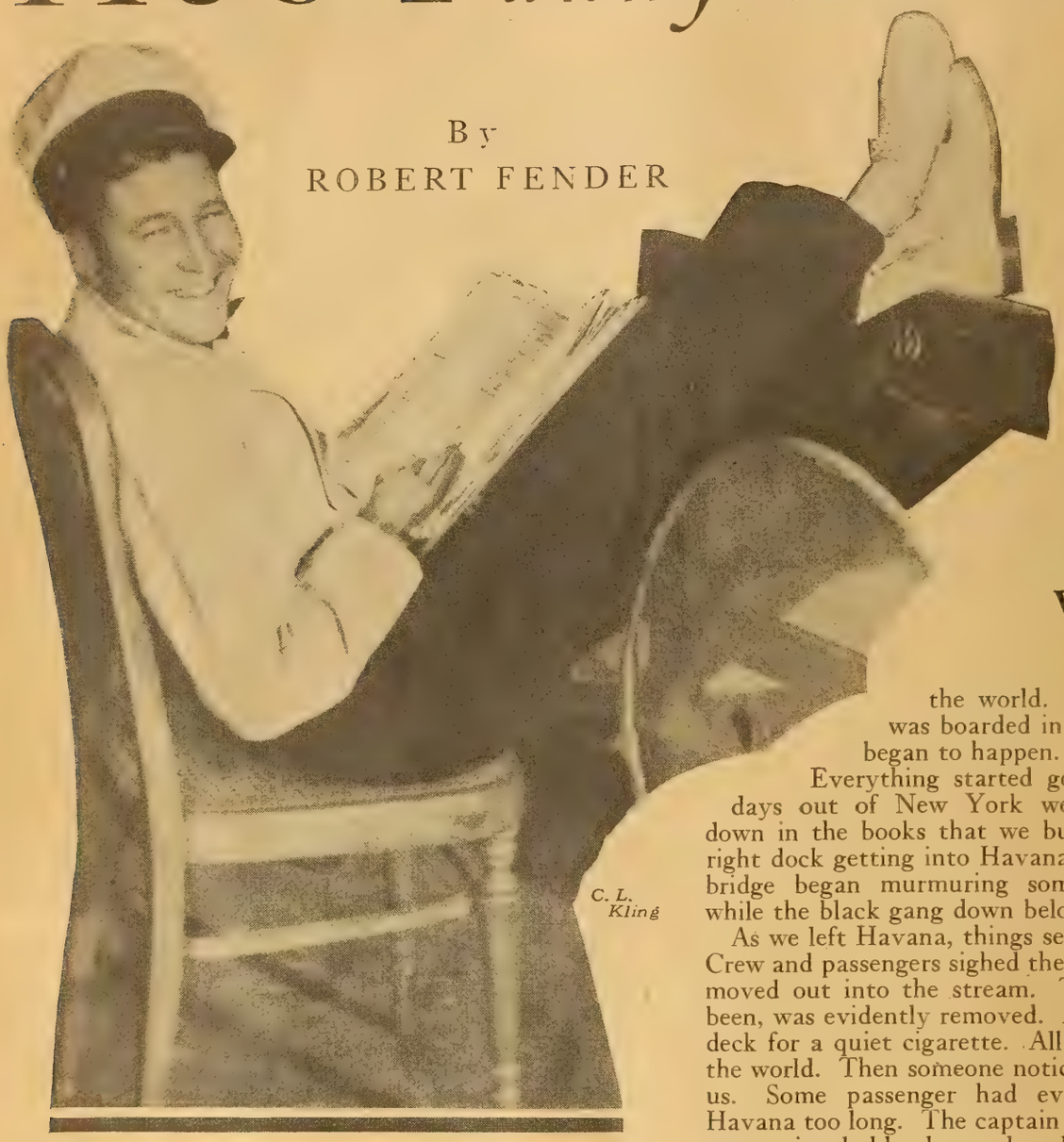
In uniform, John Boles personifies the spirit of "Song Of The Sword." And above is the man who gave it that spirit—Charles Wakefield Cadman, one of America's foremost composers, and one of Hollywood's premier acquisitions since music came to the screen. His début as a Hollywood composer is made with "Captain of the Guard," and again he proves himself a music master, as in his famous songs, "Land of the Sky-Blue Water" and "At Dawning"



He's *Funny that* Way

By
ROBERT FENDER

Young Mr. Oakie Has, On Occasion, Been Very, Very Bright



C. L. Kling

"NOW just a moment more, Mr. Oakie—*please!*" "Before you start making a pal of me, I'd like to get a good look at you." That's what you have to do with Jack. Stop him *right now*, before he swallows you up. You have to duck low and get underneath his guard (pick up a club if necessary) if you want a squint at the real Oakie. Otherwise his good-guy grin and infectious manner will blur the pages. With the result that when you get home you will have forgotten everything except what a good time you had. As you grind out page after page of what a swell guy Mr. Oakie is, it will dawn upon you that this madcap has escaped still another interviewer; that Mr. Oakie, who never yet has stayed still long enough for a decent snap-shot, had gotten away with it again.

Oakie didn't get away from me. He would have liked to, but it was just no soap. I had the drop on him, but who cares? You need lots of drop on a lad like that. And mine was a plenty good drop. It was: I knew him when.

Things Began to Happen

JACK made himself known (and known and known and known) during a trip from New York. The boat was a perfectly good one which had taken most of us clear around the world. But from the moment it was boarded in New York by Jack, things began to happen.

Everything started going wrong at once. Two days out of New York we hit a squall. And it's down in the books that we bumped everything but the right dock getting into Havana harbor. The boys on the bridge began murmuring something about "hoodoo," while the black gang down below all but mutinied.

As we left Havana, things seemed to be all right again. Crew and passengers sighed their thanks aloud as the boat moved out into the stream. The jinx, whatever it had been, was evidently removed. A few of us strolled out on deck for a quiet cigarette. All was once more right with the world. Then someone noticed a speedboat overtaking us. Some passenger had evidently stayed ashore in Havana too long. The captain slowed the boat, ordered a companion ladder lowered and presently the truant one was making his way to the deck.

The Captain's Error

IF Captain Edwards (that was his name) got himself in bad with the passengers of the *S. S. Polka* (which he did) by allowing Jack Oakie to get back on the boat after we'd ditched him so nicely, it's only fair to admit that the fault wasn't all his. After all, it *was* rather dark and I, for one, am quite willing to believe the old man when he says that had he even suspected who it was he was accommodating, he would have sunk the boat first. Poor old Captain Edwards! When he realized what had happened, he sagged badly and had to be led to his room, where he stayed for the remainder of the voyage. It's said that upon reaching San Francisco he gave his uniform to the Salvation Army and enrolled for a course of lessons entitled: "How Not To Do Things Like That."

Which is a slightly exaggerated way (or maybe you guessed it) of saying that Oakie was a menace. Under normal circumstances, no one objects to a happiness boy. Laughing and joking and kidding are in themselves good things, but there are times (as when the boat can't decide which side is up) when you want to hit smart-crackers

(*Continued on page 105*)

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS



Bert Longworth

A pretty picture Alice White made, hanging about the studio. But she didn't like the idea of being framed, and she didn't think she was fit to be hung, and she didn't want to be in just one picture. So it wasn't long before she fell for a cameraman, and knocked on wood



Patterning

Three Gowns • • For The

Last month MOTION PICTURE again started something—a series of illustrated hints on how to dress like Hollywood. This month, with June brides soon to appear (fashionably dressed) in the rotogravure sections of our Sunday papers, Hollywood (personified by Jean Arthur) comes forward with a brilliant dress suggestion. A dress with three possible futures, all attractive. Study these two pages carefully. Treat yourself to a brand-new Hollywood fashion idea!



Jean Arthur, at the left, displays the back of the wedding gown worn by her in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." Note interesting points formed by double yoke of the skirt

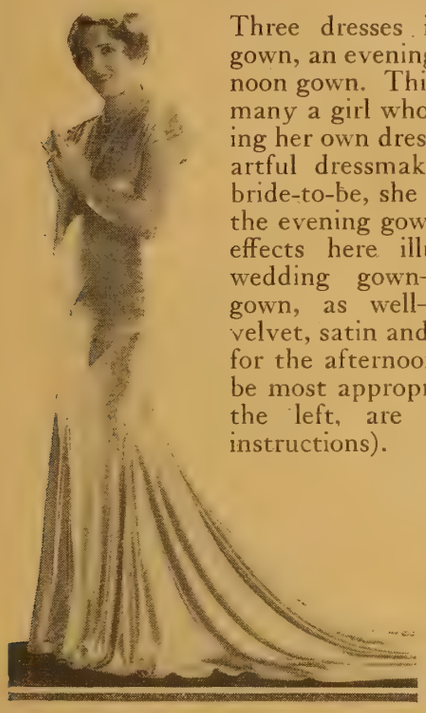
Right, a sketch of the dress as an afternoon frock. The sleeves remain, but the skirt is cut off twelve inches from the ground



The measured patterns at the right are for Size 14—Jean Arthur's size. (Add a quarter-inch around each piece of pattern for every size larger.) For the wedding gown in this size the yardage required is 10½, of 54-inch-wide material; for the evening gown, 8½; for the afternoon gown, 6½. For Size 16 wedding gown, 12 yards; evening gown, 10; afternoon gown, 7½. For Size 18 wedding gown, 12¾ yards; evening gown, 10¾; afternoon gown, 8¼. From left to right, the patterns show top yoke of skirt, front and back; the front and back of bodice, and shoulder sleeve; center front of skirt, and back yoke and front yoke of skirt; and the train. No trimming is needed, because of the gown's intricate lines and blending curves and points.

After the STARS

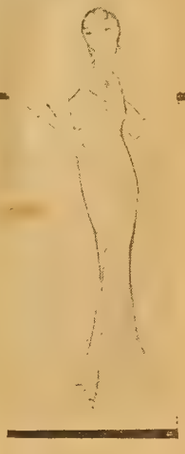
In One • • Bride-To-Be



Three dresses in one!—a wedding gown, an evening gown, and an afternoon gown. This will be real news to many a girl who is clever at fashioning her own dresses, or who knows an artful dressmaker. Even if not a bride-to-be, she may be interested in the evening gown or afternoon gown effects here illustrated. For the wedding gown—and the evening gown, as well—such materials as velvet, satin and crepe are suggested; for the afternoon gown, crepe would be most appropriate. Below, and to the left, are the patterns (with instructions).

At left, front and side view of the wedding gown created for Jean Arthur in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu"







The upper sketch (above) depicts the wedding gown, of which the features are a circular skirt and train, a double yoke skirt and high-waisted bodice, with shoulder sleeves flaring over the arms. The lower sketch is of the evening gown with the train trimmed down and the sleeves cut off

HIGH,

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH



Benninger

Above, George K. Spoor, co-inventor of the Spoor-Borggren wide-film process, looks over the first "rushes" of "Dixiana," screen operetta to be made entirely on wide film

SINCE the motion picture business learned to prattle a couple of years ago, important money has been spent for sound equipment in theaters. The six thousand film houses already wired have put more than one hundred and fifty million dollars into such apparatus, and the remaining twelve thousand or fourteen thousand yet to be modernized will spend as much more.

And now, just as the dust of this first upheaval is settling down, along comes another "revolution." The Third Revolution. It is "wide film" this time, or Grandeur Pictures, as one company has it. You've heard of it, of course; a bigger picture on a bigger screen; one almost twice as large, in fact.

Instead of ten chorus girls in a row in a musical screen revue, there will be room for fifteen girls in a row on the bigger screen, and you will see more of each girl; larger sets will be possible. The close-up will be done away with, because the medium shots of the players will be large enough to show their expressions without thrusting enormous countenances registering gargantuan passion or shedding tears the size of marbles into the very faces of the spectator.

Well, but why the excitement? asks the average theater patron. It's just a matter of buying a bigger screen, isn't it?

The Cost of Changing

ALAS, no. It means that some fifty thousand perfectly good, modern, and costly projection-machines will either be scrapped entirely or rebuilt. As the minimum cost for these is about one thousand dollars for each one installed, we begin to speak again in millions. And of that number about fifteen thousand, at a very conservative estimate, have already been equipped to handle talking pictures—at a considerable extra cost. Then, too, all their additional gadgets will need revision—at a pretty price. New projectors, accessories and new screens. If the picture houses escape short of sixty million dollars, they'll be lucky. And all the while they are spending this money, they will be haunted by the dismal possibility of yet another film upheaval lurking in the shadowy future: the bugaboo of Television.

But it is just possible that the theater owner will decline to go to all that trouble and expense. True, there were other theater owners who felt that way about "talkies." They wouldn't spend the money for a fad, "a passing novelty." Passing was right! They observed the rapidity and unanimity with which unfeeling patrons passed by their silent houses and mobbed the more advanced theater up the street.

Fox and the Sour Grapes

"WIDE" pictures are coming, and Br'er Fox is responsible. He didn't invent them, but he pushed harder than anyone else, and so has overturned the celluloid bean-pot—which is among the reasons why his com-

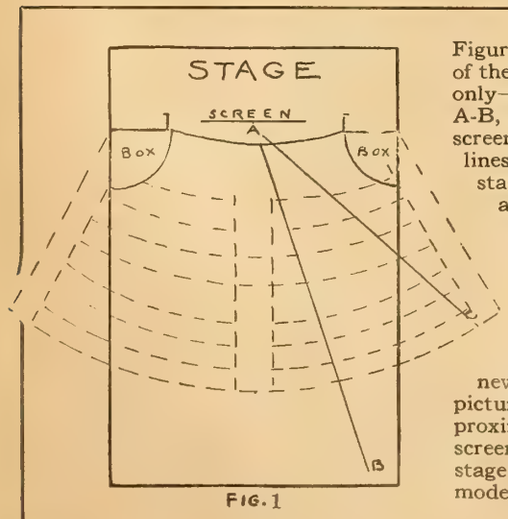


FIG. 1

Figure 1.—The heavy lines represent the general form of the early stage theaters and the best form—for vision only—of the motion picture theater. (Line of sight, A-B, gives a very slight degree of angle with the screen, thus avoiding distortion.) The dotted lines show the general form of the modern stage theater—designed for audition as well as for vision. (Unsuitable for picture uses with small screen, because of sharp angle of vision, A-C, which produces distortion. Fairly good for talking pictures, however, because of shorter distance of voice travel.)

Figure 2.—General outline of new-type theater designed for talking pictures projected on wide screen, approximately 27 x 45 feet. It will be noted screen is moved back to rear wall of stage and auditorium retains wide shape of modern stage theater. Line of vision, A-A, retains slight angle, thus avoiding distortion.

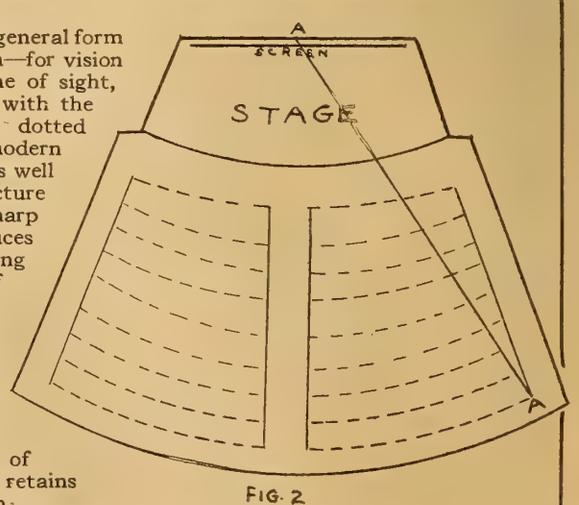


FIG. 2

WIDE *and* HANDSOME

This New Film May Be All Of That - - - - But So Is Its Expense

patriots in the picture business manage to bear William's recent troubles with so much fortitude.

However, don't get the idea that the expenditure present and forthcoming is to stop with the few millions mentioned above. Banking gentlemen may well turn a shade paler, for the combination of wide film and talking pictures, together, are likely to force the building of many hundred new theaters within the next five years. Theaters of a new type, built to permit real sound reproduction and accommodating the new screens forty-five feet long and twenty-seven feet high! How much?

Well, a rough way of estimating theater construction costs is to multiply the number of seats by twelve hundred dollars. You'll strike an average that way. True, the Gem on Main Street in Sundance, Arizona, seating eight hundred patrons won't cost ninety-six thousand dollars, and the newest Broadway (New York) palace, seating five thousand, will probably cost more than six million dollars, but the figures will serve well enough to illustrate.

Eskimo-With-Mumps Effect

BUT why build new theaters? Why not fix up the existing houses?

Here's one of the reasons: A few nights ago I sat in a moderate-sized theater, about one-third of the way back from the front. It was a good talking picture. I knew it was, because I had seen half of it in a studio projection-room a month before. Now it sounded like an hysterical Eskimo with the mumps, delivering the Gettysburg Address through a helping of mush.

Frankly, about three words in five were barely intelligible. The people about me murmured, and for a time I thought the projectionists had been having trouble with the manager. Then it occurred to me to experiment, so I walked up the aisle to the back and returned. Half-way the reproduction was perfect. Far back it was terrible, and off to one side it was bad.

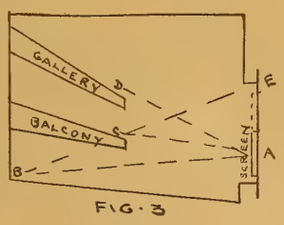
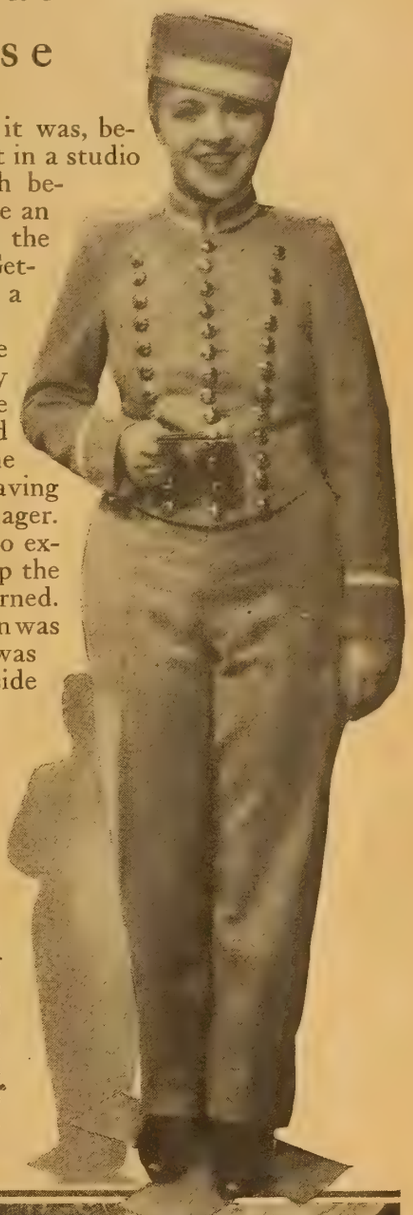


FIG. 3

Fig. 3.—Drawing of ordinary stage theater of earlier type, showing why motion picture theater has no galleries. Lines of sight, A-B and A-C, are of moderate angle with little distortion, but A-D would give acute distortion. Dotted line upward shows height of new screen. Line of sight from gallery now not so acute, but view from rear of main floor will require shortening balcony



At right, Marjorie White in two dimensions. She is four-foot something in reality, and on Grandeur film in "Happy Days" is from twelve to fifteen feet tall



FIG. 4

Fig. 4.—Shows approximate proportions of old screen and new. Dotted lines indicate size of old screen, 12 x 15 feet; solid lines, new screen, 20 x 40 feet. Above, minstrel chorus of "Happy Days" on standard film; right, on Grandeur film

Bigger Pictures Are Coming



A "close-up" on large film: left to right, William Collier, Sr., Will Rogers, George Jessel and Walter Catlett, in a scene from "Happy Days"

It wasn't the fault of the film. It was poor acoustics in the theater itself. And many fine pictures, excellently recorded, have been ruined by exhibition in theaters where the sound conditions were unsuitable. Yes, hundreds. But why? Let's see if it can be made plain.

Long Houses Long Ago

FIFTY years ago or more, the average theater was built in the form of an oblong with the stage at one narrow end. To reach the patrons back of the sixth or seventh row the actors spoke—almost shouted—loudly, and gesticulated widely. Also they grimaced fiercely—"mugged," the actor tribe called it. Remember, lights were poor and the distance back to the end was great. It needed broad effects to reach back there, and at that, the patron in the rear had to use imagination as much as his eyes and ears.

Later, lights improved, architects found out something about acoustics—not much, however—and one of them got an order to design a new theater. It was the New Amsterdam on West Forty-Second Street in New York. This chap turned the theater plan around and put the stage in the middle of one of the long sides. Also, he removed the lower row of boxes and gave good swinging curves to the seat rows. This brought the whole audience closer to the stage and gave them good sight and hearing. Result: a more intimate audience and better performances. In fact, modern, restrained, definitive acting dated from that time.

From Stores to Palaces

THEN came the motion pictures. Exhibited in stores first—which were long and narrow—they progressed to older theaters of the same form. Years passed, and very gradually faith in the new entertainment produced the big cinema houses. The Strand in New York, seating twenty-two hundred, had not been intended for a picture theater, but it became the first big one. Then came conversion of vaudeville and legitimate houses, and eventually the erection of the movie "palace." But even so, these last were not designed with sound in view, save that they did contemplate orchestras and organs. Their acoustics were not bad—for big musical effects.

Then talking pictures burst upon us and suddenly everything was different. Voices from the screen seemed to lack something of the intended effect. The theater folk begar to discover that the shape of the building, the materials of which it was built, the kind of chairs with which it was fitted, the number of people it held at a given time, and the percentage of men or women among them, had considerable to do with the results from the talking screen.

Good screen practice for properly seeing the picture pointed to the long and narrow auditorium—otherwise, seats far at the side gave the picture players the proportions of an emaciated toothpick. Balconies could be retained, but not galleries, for the high angle foreshortened the figures until it seemed that the Singer Midgets were playing all the parts. But the talking problem reversed all this.

Speed Demons

LIGHT travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand *miles* a second; sound loafs along at some twelve hundred *feet* a second. So that the reflected light rays from the screen hit your eye practically instantaneously. But if you sat at the back of a long narrow theater—say one hundred feet from the screen—the sound would reach your ear one-twelfth of a second after your eye saw the lips move. Doesn't seem much, but it's amply sufficient to worry you, even if you don't realize it.

Here was the problem the theater man was up against. He had to have length to get his view angles right; he had to have shortness to get his voice travel correct. The sound engineer worked a compromise. He aimed everything for the middle of the house, which is all right in some houses. Where the ceiling, walls and floor are of unsuitable material, it's all wrong. Then reverberations are set up and they cause the Eskimo simile used above. Then, if you put in much sound-absorbent material to kill these reverberations, you take the resonance out of the voice, and it sounds like the bright and inspiring impact of a brick landing in a pail of lard.

We'll have new theaters, designed to meet all the new conditions, make no mistake about that! Apart from the

(*Continued on page 109*)

On Bigger Screens





Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.



"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh, natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent

20 Rue Royale
Paris

VINCENT of Paris

Beauty Expert to Society

warns against the wrong kind of soap..."you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"WE particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil and dirt are removed from the pores, you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 19,800 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 19,813 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!



5235

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c

The Secret *of*

As revealed to Katherine Albert



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, adorable young M. G. M. star, has a skin of such flawless loveliness that she faces the test of glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. In her own luxurious bathroom, as well as in her dressing room on location, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "I have tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Joan Crawford

"THERE'S one kind of girl who *always* attracts," says Joan Crawford, the screen star whose vivacious loveliness has won conquests by the thousand. "It's the girl with exquisite skin!

"There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible, it seems. Just watch the girl who has it. She's sure to be sought after, the center of attention wherever she goes!

"The Hollywood directors found out long ago"—Joan Crawford shook her red-brown head in emphasis—"that a girl simply *must* have ravishing skin to win her public. Those great glaring close-up lights reveal even tiny flaws, you know.

"So you can imagine how carefully every girl in Hollywood guards her skin! For a long time all the girls I know have been using Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave the skin so soft and smooth!

"Certainly, if a girl wants to have



LUX Toilet Soap

Fascination

by Joan Crawford

the charm of temptingly smooth skin (and what girl doesn't!), she ought to try this nice white soap. She's sure to be delighted with the results!"

Nine out of Ten Screen Stars use it

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. All the great film studios have made it the *official* soap for their dressing rooms!

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, use this fragrant white soap. And even the European stars have adopted it! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Above, RENÉE ADORÉE, beloved M. G. M. star, in the bathroom built for her in Hollywood. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that smoothness I thought only costly French soaps could give."

Right, CARLOTTA KING, delightful M. G. M. star, has a skin of creamy softness. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin lovely!" she says, "and its lather is always so generous even in hard water."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Above, ANITA PAGE, the young M. G. M. star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth and soft."



First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢



Hurrell

The Girl Said "Yes"

Leila Hyams Was Positive She Would Be An Actress--But Did Not Guess How

By DOROTHY MANNERS

SOME of them drift into pictures as accidentally as you get a wrong number on the telephone. Without plan, rhyme or reason, or even an acrobat on the family tree, the even tenor of what might have been an everyday life veers abruptly toward Hollywood holidays. The dazed pilgrim wakes on a world strange and fantastic. A gurgle . . . a gasp . . . a Cinderella giggle . . . and *presto*, a Baby Star! (With a self-addressed envelope a list of sixty-three examples will be mailed upon request.)

The reason I mention it is because such was not the case with Leila Hyams.

She is in Hollywood because she could not possibly be anywhere else.

Being the daughter of two famous vaudevillians, Hyams and McIntyre, the profession was her birthright, and the movies a fixed habit before she outgrew the *a. b. c.* age. Where others have stumbled into them, Leila was headed there all the time.

I hope I haven't given the impression that she was a stage child—because she wasn't. But she grew up knowing its glamourous people as intimately as you know old Mrs. Grimes down on the corner, or Millie, the village modiste. She spent one half of her childhood on the knee of "Uncle" William Collier, and the other half riding the roller-coasters of Atlantic City with his adolescent son, Buster.

No Room For Doubt

AFTER a fashion, Buster was the nine-year-old Leila's beau—not much of a beau, to be sure, because he was always running off and leaving her, but a beau. He always paid for her ice cream sodas, being much more adept at extracting cash from the paternal coffers than the thwarted Leila, whose parents feared for her digestion. Never was Buster without the price of two lollypops, a couple of cones, six or seven glasses of pink lemonade, and hot dogs with an extra coating of mustard.

One day during an interlude between ice cream sodas and the roller-coasters, Buster gazed on the already glowing Leila and swapped ambitions with her.

"You gonna be an actress, Leila?"

"Sure," said Leila, startled that there could be any doubt. "What else is there?"

"It's not so easy," persisted Buster. "You gotta have talent to get on the stage."

(*Continued on page 108*)

"It was love at first sight"

says MARION NIXON



"Or ought I say at first meeting?

"Anyway, we met... by pure chance... Wouldn't you know it would happen that way? And we knew each other instantly!

"'Seventeen, you are mine', I said rapturously... 'All my days, I've wanted a perfume that was just bubbling youth and happiness and laughter... and... bless my heart!... here you are, made for me!'

"But seriously... did you ever know anything that was so plainly mine... *just* fated... for me"?



Enter . . . a new being . . . and SEVENTEEN... a new perfume!

Half sophistication... half dryad shyness ... No other age could have produced you... nor this expression of your very self... in whispered fragrance...

You are the breath of a new age... and Seventeen is the breath of you. It is young, with your own eternal youth... It is provocative as you are... mixing daring with demurity... It has caught your spirit, and translated it into fragrance that will seem... to all who know you... the essence of your own true self... yes... a very part of you!

» » »

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons... the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings... the *Toilet Water,* like a caress... the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury... the *Talc*... the *Sachet*... two kinds of *Brillantine*... and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold... like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!



Richee





Dyar

Mary Brian is obviously about to masquerade above —but what is she about to do at the right and upper right, wearing that fuzzy wig and looking *that way?* Can it be that even of Mary it must be said, "There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl"? And another question arises: Is she half bad?

Nice and Naughty



It cleans the crevices *between* teeth!



Between the teeth . . . in tiny crevices . . . there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's *floods* them out . . . its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go . . . Dissolving the deposits . . . *washing* them away . . . cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Try Colgate's . . . it is approved by more Dentists; *used* by more people, than any other toothpaste made.

The World's Largest Selling Toothpaste



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and Addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

JEANNE MARIE—Most steamships will carry your car for you. So will the trains, if you meet them at crossings. **Baby Peggy** is living in **California. Sally Starr** was born in **Pittsburgh, Pa.** She is five feet two, weighs **115** pounds, brown hair and eyes. That's her real moniker.

MILLIE OF CHICAGO—Great town that. You refer to little **Mitzi Green** who appeared in **"The Marriage Playground." Mitzi** is about eight years old, she is the daughter of **Joe Keno** and **Rosie Green,** both known in vaudeville, the child's stage career began at the age of six when she impersonated **Moran** and **Mack** at an **Actor's Fund Benefit** held at **Brighton Beach.** As the result, **Mitzi** was headlined over the **Interstate Circuit** for **14** weeks, her act being featured above that of her parents. This engagement was followed by the **Orpheum** contract as headliner. The above picture was her first film.

E. L. S.—Glad to hear from you again. **Marilyn Miller** was born in **Evansville, Ind., Sept. 1, 1900.** She is five feet four, weighs **115** pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has been married to **Frank Carter,** who was killed. And later to **Jack Pickford** from whom she is divorced. **Alexander Gray** at **Wrightsville, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902,** five feet ten and a half, weighs **170** pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. Widower and has a daughter **Jean,** who is about ten years old. Yes, **Alexander** played opposite **Miss Miller** in the stage production of **"Sally."**

DODO—There's one thing about a fountain pen. Even if it won't write, it will keep the cigars in your vest pocket from being broken. It's **O.K.** with me if you'd rather use pencil. **John Barrymore** and **Dolores Costello** were married **Nov. 25, 1928. John's** latest picture is **"Moby Dick." Herbert Rawlinson,** for a time was **Master** of **Ceremonies** at a theater in **Washington.** At this time he is appearing in a stage production, **"City Haul." Joan Crawford** and **Doug., Jr.** have their own home.

A STANLEY SMITH ADMIRER—So, this is your first letter to me. Well! I hope it won't be the last, I'll always be glad to hear from you. **Stanley** receives his fan mail at the **Paramount Studios.** His biography has been answered elsewhere in this department. **Marion Davies'** latest picture is **"The Gay Nineties," Lawrence Gray** plays opposite.

A DREAMER—Aren't we all. **George Lewis** was born in **Mexico City, Dec. 10, 1903.** He is six feet one, has brown hair and brown eyes, and is very happily married to **Mary Louise Lohman. Regis Toomey, Pittsburgh, Pa.,** five feet ten, weighs **150** pounds, has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Appearing in **"Crazy That Way." Kay Francis** is five feet five. **Gwen Lee,** five, seven. **Nita Naldi** is five feet eight. **John Holland's** latest picture released is **"Guilty,"** starring **Virginia Valli.**



E. R. Richee

This is how Richard Arlen will look when you see him as *Jim Cleve* in the "The Border Legion." And this reassuring smile of his leads us to believe it a worth while picture.

JERSEY MOSQUITO—Well, well, well, they will be taking a nip at you soon. You refer to **Purnell B. Pratt,** who appeared as *Hector Ferguson* and **Robert Ames** was *Jack Merrick* in **"The Trespasser."** **Gloria Swanson** was born **Mar. 27, 1897. Gloria** lives in **Hollywood. Jeanette Loff** played an organ in a theater in **Portland, Oregon. Dione Ellis** was a stenographer in a **Hollywood** office before entering flickers.

JEANNE—You're wrong, that was **Joan Crawford's** own voice you heard in **"Untamed."** You will hear her sing again in her new picture, **"Montana Moon." Mona Maris** sang **"You'll Find Your Answer in My Eyes,"** in **"The Romance of the Rio Grande,"** Write **Miss Ehlen, Oberon, North Dakota,** regarding the **Joan Crawford Fan Club.** Drop in again.

JUST ME—**John Loder** was the brother in **"Sunset Pass."** Receives his fan mail at the **Pathé Studios. John Wray, William Bakewell, Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason, Louis Wolheim, Lew Ayres** and **Scott Kolk** play the leads in **"All Quiet on the Western Front." Lillian Gish** may return to the stage now that she has finished **"One Romantic Night." Olive Borden** plays opposite **Jack Oakie** in his first starring picture **"High Society."**

NAT C.—You refer to **Dorothy Lee** who sang, **"Are You There"** and **"Sweetheart, We Need Each Other"** in **"Rio Rita." Ralph Graves, "Ladies of Leisure." Alice Joyce** and **Lew Cody** in **"Second Man." Lewis Stone, "Romance." Paul Lukas, "Devil's Holiday,"** starring **Nancy Carroll.**

SOOKIE—I've kept my promise, here's your answers. I don't think you had to wait so long, do you? **Ruth Chatterton** is about thirty years old, married to **Ralph Forbes.** You bet she was just great in **"Sarah and Son."** Her next will be **"The High Road." Ralph Graves** was born **Jan. 23, 1900,** married to **Virginia Goodwin. Betty Compson, Mar. 18, 1897. Charles Bickford** played opposite **Greta Garbo** in **"Anna Christie."**

SPIFFY LER—That's an odd one and planning to use it when you make the grade, wish you lots o' luck. **Helen Kane** has a sister **Gertrude,** she will make her first screen appearance in **Helen's "Dangerous Nan McGrew." Clara Bow** appearing in **"True to the Navy," Fredric March, Eddie Dunn, Rex Bell, Eddie Fetherston, Harry Sweet, Ray Cooke** and **Charles Sullivan** are her "boy friends" in this production. **Ricardo Cortez, Jetta Goudal, Noah Beery** had the leads in **"The Spaniard,"** which was released in **Apr. 1925.**

K.—**David Sharpe** is not playing in any

(*Continued on page 93*)

Cotton rompers by Best & Co. Beach accessories by Saks—Fifth Avenue. Complexion by Armand. Admiration by gentlemen!





Boys will be boys, as usual, but . . .

girls will be girls again, this summer!

How GAY to get back into gingham . . . and flowered prints . . . and little-girl dresses with shoulder-straps! Ask any man if these new "feminine fashions" aren't alluring! Exit The Maiden's Prayer and enter her Big Opportunity!

Fashion demands more feminine allure— and this includes your face!

There's a new skin-tone in vogue today — a creamy tone like pearls or exquisite ivory velvet. It's becoming to everybody — flattering, even, because it makes the flesh seem more vividly, alluringly alive! You can give your skin this caressing quality by the simple use of two companion Armand products. They're magical! And so fine and refreshing to use!

First, Armand Cleansing Cream, the basis of the new beauty. It purges the pores, softens and refines the skin texture, preparing it for Armand Cold Cream Powder. And here's the real secret of the new creamy-toned complexion. A rich, mellow powder that you apply more evenly and smoothly—never just dabbing it on! Then it rewards you by staying there—conserving the fair freshness of your skin.

Armand Cold Cream Powder, in becoming shades, $1. *Armand Cleansing Cream,* 50c *and* $1.25.

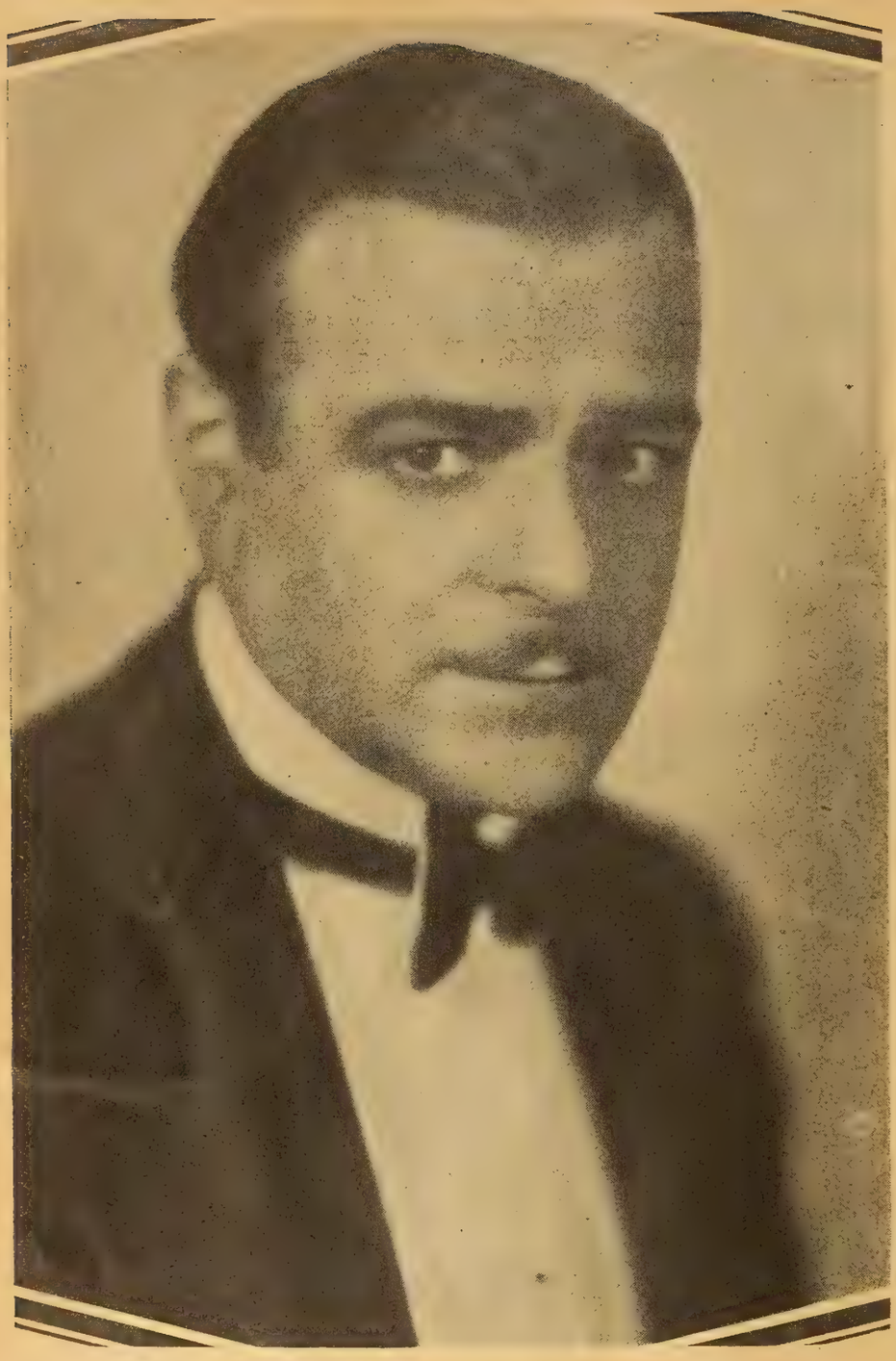


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Now, as you're planning new clothes—think of the new complexion demands, and ask for Armand products at the beauty counter.



Food For . . . Thought

Lowell Sherman Knows How To Be Happy, Though Living In Hollywood

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

EPICURE, dandy, connoisseur, *gourmet*—and all the rest of it. His name is Lowell Sherman.

He has been in and out of Hollywood—mostly in—for eight years and more. Hollywood pays him a princely salary because, though he has never called himself a star, he can give to any picture that solid worth-whileness which can come only from good acting; that worth-whileness which so many high-priced stars, for all their sex appeal, could never give.

The talkies have only served to double his salary and perhaps quadruple his value. Producers know that they have but to cast him in a picture and at once it will have class. The most tripish dialogue saunters from his mouth like pearls of poesy. The girls don't exactly start riots when his name flashes from the marquees; if they ever had, he wouldn't command the salary he now does after eight years in the game. The girls are, however, comforted by his presence; and they leave the theater consoled by the reflection that their money wasn't wasted.

I think Lowell Sherman is the most complete man-of-the-world, by long odds, in Hollywood. He is well read and well traveled. His taste is for the costly, the rare, the exotic things of life. He is a connoisseur of rare books, of oriental art, and above all, of fine food.

Not Among the Perishing

TO find such a man living a more or less contented existence in Hollywood is somewhat of a surprise, at first. It is also pleasant. We are plagued with so many people of a sophisticated type who spend all their time railing against the emptiness and stupidity of life in Hollywood, yet never leave the place for years at a stretch. We have our German colony, which gathers *chez* Lubitsch to moan for *Unter den Linden;* our English colony, sighing volubly over Clive Brook's tea-table for the delights of Leicester Square; and our mere native Americans who sigh for anything at all, just so long as it isn't where they are. And most of them are just like the vaudevillians who sob four times daily to be taken back to Alabammy. They never go.

Lowell is certainly as conscious as anyone of the drawbacks of life in Hollywood. But instead of just sighing for other and more delectable spots, he goes to them. Instead of weeping because no Hollywood restaurant serves his favorite dish, he takes a trip to Paris and gets some of it inside him.

He has enough sense to realize that it is Hollywood salaries which make it possible for him to indulge his expensive tastes both in and out of the place. And he's a good enough actor to keep a cheerful smile on his face while he's in Hollywood, and do all the other things that are requisite to be in favor with those from whose pockets the salaries flow.

(*Continued on page 117*)

ELINOR GLYN ANSWERS THE QUESTION

"What is IT in Dress?"



"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret . . . men overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular."

GLADYS M——



WHAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls—wives, too—have asked me this, and the answer is simple.

Men are drab looking creatures, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes women wear. Shouldn't we play up to this? Here are two simple rules:

FIRST, select the colors most becoming to you.

THEN, keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm. Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill—means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always. There is a sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as they cleanse, but Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure.



Sample (magnified) *Luxed 10 times*—wool and silk fibres in place, *no shrinking*, shape and color perfect—like new.



Sample (equally magnified) *washed 10 times* in ordinary "good" soap—fibres out of place, color dulled, garment *shrunken*.

And in Your Home

Your surroundings, too, can help get over your personality, your charm.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for men love color.

ELINOR GLYN



In this printed silk frock it is color which gives you a thrill when you see it! Lux is especially made to preserve this magic charm of color!

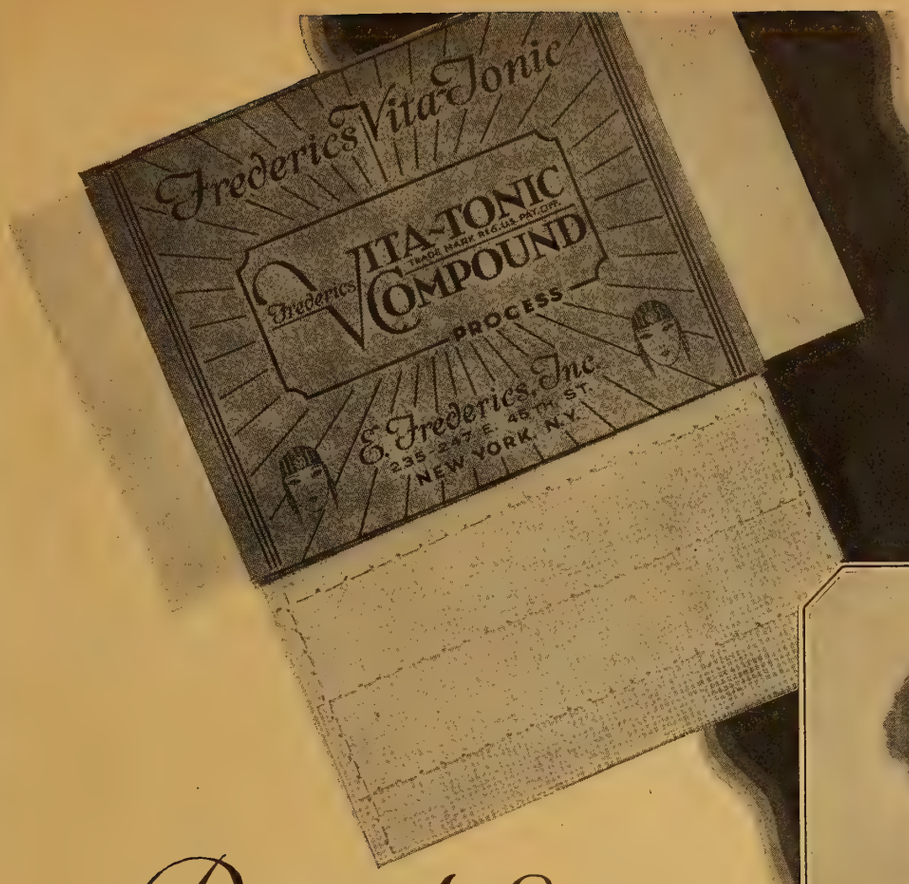


If it's safe in water, it's safe in **LUX**



The Changing Season

The magic of Springtime in the studio world of illusion: the set begins to vanish, the scene to change . . . the mountains come to Hollywood . . . and, seasoned players though they are, Sally Starr and Dorothy Jordan dance with glee, while Gwen Lee Spring-day dreams



LOOK FOR
THIS WRAPPER

This Frederics Vita Tonic Compound holds the secret of the gorgeous Vita Tonic permanent wave —the wave that is enthusiastically praised by Hollywood's Lovely Screen Stars.



Beautiful CATHERINE DALE OWEN *Shares Her Secret*

No matter where you may have seen this enchanting blue-eyed screen star, you cannot forget her soft, natural Vita Tonic Waves . . . their breath-taking beauty . . their youthful radiance! "Insist on a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic Wave," says beautiful Catherine Dale Owen, "it is the modern way of placing appealing charm and loveliness into the hair." To be sure, however, that you are getting a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic, ask to see the name "Frederics Vita Tonic" on each wrapper used on every wound tress of hair. Let us send you our interesting booklet, which tells how to take care of your wave, together with one of Frederics Vita Tonic wrappers. Take this wrapper to your hairdresser when going for a permanent, see that she uses no harmful imitations on your hair.

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Front - Page Film Faces

(*Continued from page 29*)

tor of Paramount studios. It seems that he had been mulling over the matter, too. Hoover and Jannings. Lindbergh and Cooper.

Hollywood Needs Them

HOLLYWOOD, we discovered after a moment's chat, needed types, distinguished types, such as are represented among our country's great men and women. Not only our country's, but other countries' finest. Nothing ungenerous about us.

If Herbert Hoover, for example, should decide to throw up the meager $75,000 a year he gets for being chief skipper of our grand and glorious country, come to Hollywood and hire a publicity man, he would be met with open arms. Particularly Fred Datig's open arms.

Of the eight thousand bit-and-part players—three thousand women, five thousand men—that Mr. Datig has listed, there are passing few who possess the screen talents that are obviously Mr. President's. If he came to Hokum Town, Herbert Hoover would be deluged with offers, at from fifteen to one hundred dollars a day, to play fathers, benevolent bankers and professional men. But, despite my protestations, Mr. Datig doubts Mr. Hoover's ability to play the rôles that Mr. Emil Jannings portrayed. "A little old, a little old," says Mr. Datig, seriously.

Lindbergh Another Gary

LINDBERGH, the Lone Eagle, would probably rise to immediate stardom in Western rôles, and in the same type of Barrie-esque picture as that in which Gary Cooper, whose penchant is also eagles, has found fame. "He wouldn't need to be brawny," remarked Datig, answering four 'phones at once and saying, "Nothing today," to as many actors, "to play that kind of Western rôle.

"Say, now, if we could have had Ramsay MacDonald when we were casting 'The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu,' he would have been perfect, absolutely perfect, for one of the *Petries*. We used Charles A. Stevenson, a very adequate actor, instead."

Premier MacDonald, you see, was busy planning the Disarmament Conference and getting his speeches on parity ready.

"I wish there were more men of MacDonald's type out here. Substantial, fine-looking men who look successful. We have plenty of actors. Too many of them. Write that down. More than in the silent days. But they don't look like anything. Mr. MacDonald would be fine for business men, either Scotch or Irish, and army officers. He has the unmistakable air of gentility that you can't counterfeit.

Tunney and Dempsey

"ON the other hand, if Gene Tunney decided to make a career of motion pictures, he would have a harder time to get work. You can't type him easily. He doesn't look like a fighter. You wouldn't cast him as a lead, or a heavy, or a character man. I'd type him as a member of the élite of a small town—one of the 'four hundred' of some little village—and have him play polo and be a country-club devotee.

"Jack Dempsey would probably get more motion picture work than Tunney. He could be cast as a likable heavy. The kind that you like, involuntarily, and never would suspect of a crime because of the charm of his personality. He'd be great for building up suspense. Because of his virility and ruggedness, he might, too, be used as a lead in the Richard Dix sort of picture.

"Now, take Charles M. Schwab, one of our greatest philanthropists. I'd use him as a heavy. One of those bland confidence men. If he had been acting in Hollywood this week, I would have cast him in the rôle I gave Oscar Apfel in 'The Texan.' That of a shrewd border gambler. Schwab, the philanthropist, would play villains. You can't tell character by faces. I've been fooled myself. Been in this business seventeen years, in all. Been casting director here for three-and-a-half years; eleven years at Universal. And plenty is the money I have loaned to honest-looking faces and never seen it, nor the faces, again.



A long story: thirteen-year-old Tommy Clifford, who was a broth of a lad in "Song O' My Heart," is now a young man about town

Walker, a Fast Talker

"JIMMY WALKER, New York's mayor, would be a good motion picture type, playing live-wire salesmen. The sort of characters that Roscoe Karns, Wilbur Mack, Ned Sparks, Taylor Holmes and Bryant Washburn do. Peppy, dapper fellows. Rear Admiral Richard Byrd is ideal for leading men. To me, he is very similar to Hale Hamilton, who did 'Dear Me' on the stage. On the screen, his prototype would be Fredric March, or Neil Hamilton or Clive Brook. Straight leads.

"I would cast John D. in grandfather parts and bookkeepers who have been with the firm since its inception. You know the kind. Andrew Mellon would play fathers. Thomas A. Edison could do the Hobart Bosworth sort of characterizations where he doesn't need the Bosworth physique. The new President of Mexico, Rubio, is an excellent type. I could use him right now in the foreign versions of films we are making, as kindly fathers or bank presidents or doctors or old retainers. He could have played the majordomo in Gary Cooper's 'The Texan.' The same thing may be said for Mussolini, Italy's Dictator. I'd cast him as a young father or a business man. He could be used in the foreign versions nicely, and would also make a good heavy.

Their Reel-Life Roles

"THE screen still requires youth and beauty, despite the advent of talkies. There are few women in public life who meet the requirements. The strain of their activities have traced lines on their faces. Take Helen Wills, for instance. She might be able to play the sort of rôles that Belle Bennett played before she went *Stella Dallas* and specialized in young mother parts. I imagine that Miss Wills could do the Ruth Chatterton type of thing: 'Madame X,' and 'The Laughing Lady.' Sympathetic rôles.

"Suzanne Lenglen, on the other hand, because of her terrific vitality, would be a great comedienne, bordering on the Charlotte Greenwood long-legged type, and yet something like Zasu Pitts and Helen Jerome Eddy. Not because of her Prohibition activities, I would cast Mabel Walker Willebrandt as a stern maiden aunt or a schoolteacher of strong moral fiber or as a henpecking wife. Margot Asquith would be typed with Mrs. Willebrandt. 'Peaches' Browning would be listed in my files as a wise chorus girl, the soubrette in a burlesque show; the kind that Ziegfeld would not choose for his 'Follies.' Princess Ileana of Roumania would be another Garbo. She's tall and willowy, with a haunting face. And her mother, Queen Marie, could play nuns, sympathetic mother rôles, Park Avenue dowagers, modistes—anything that demanded class."

But she wouldn't, Mr. Datig, we can tell you. Four years ago she refused twenty-five thousand dollars for a day's work in an Edwin Carewe picture, proffered by Harry D. Wilson, his counselor-of-public-relations extraordinary.

Dramatic Aimee

"AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON?" pondered Mr. Datig. "Obviously she would play evangelists, and young married women and matrons. She's dramatic enough to do the Pauline Frederick type of thing, and heavies, too. Aimee could also do Dorothy Cummings' rôles—she was Mary of Bethany in 'King of Kings,' you recall? Alice Longworth is the Dorothy Cummings type, too. Mrs. Herbert Hoover would be the sweet mother.

"Anita Loos and Viña Delmar, both writers of best sellers, are the flapper and ingenue type. They could play baby vamps, chorus girls and unsympathetic ingenues—something of the sort that Louise Brooks did, and Kay Francis does now. Anne Morrow Lindbergh might be a lead. She has the quaintness of Lois Moran."

Then, suddenly—and without warning—he passed from present to past types: to those who could never realize their cinema possibilities.

"Now Cleopatra was a Clara Bow," said Mr. Datig, waxing warm. "Joan of Arc was a combination Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. She had that quality of go-getiveness that Joan Crawford has, don't you think? She would have been good in 'Untamed.' And Napoleon was a gangster type. . . ."

But halt! Hold everything! Oh, Mr. Datig, you'd be a gra-a-and Boche officer type!



"You folks must think I can't play!"

I cried, when they laughed at my offer

IT was the monthly get-together of our little group. We had met at Tom's house, and the fun was at its height. Mabel had just finished singing a touching version of "Frankie and Johnnie" and the room fairly shook with laughter. Then I offered to play.

"Boy! This is going to be good. Did you folks hear what Jim just proposed? He said *he'd play for us!*" cried Tom.

I pretended to be highly insulted. Drawing myself up with mock dignity, I said, "You folks must think I can't play! Why, the very idea!"

This caused a fresh explosion of laughter. "Can't play!" called someone. "Say if I could play as well as you, I'd be digging ditches right now!"

That was too much. Seating myself at the piano I held up my hand to command silence. Then, with a good many flourishes and turning of pages, I opened the "Collection of Southern Songs" at "Swanee River," turned it upside down, and began to play.

And how! My usual one-finger clowning was as nothing compared to the performance I put on now. It was masterly. I traveled up and down that keyboard with my one good finger, as Tom called it, until the crowd howled for mercy. Finally I stopped, turned around, and demanded.

"Now who says I can't play?"

"You win!" came from all sides. "Only please don't demonstrate any more, for the love of heaven!"

But instead of getting up from the piano, I suddenly swung into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song." But with a difference! This was not clowning, but real music. I played as I had always longed to play—beautifully, effortlessly, with real skill and feeling.

No wonder the crowd gasped with astonishment! I knew they could hardly believe their ears. The moment the piece was finished they overwhelmed me with questions. *Where had I learned to play? When had I studied? Who was my teacher? Why had I kept it a secret?*

How I Taught Myself to Play

And so I told them the whole story. Told them how, ever since I was a child, I had been crazy about music. But, like most children, I hated to practice. That's why, after a few desultory attempts, my music lessons were given up, and I had to content myself with hearing others play.

But every time I pepped up a party with my one-finger clowning the longing to really play returned. However, I had no time now to take lessons and spend hours practicing, to say nothing of the expense of a private teacher. Just as I was beginning to think that my dream of some day learning to play would remain a dream, I happened to come across an ad of the U. S. School of Music.

"Why, that's a correspondence school, isn't it?" interrupted Tom.

"Yes," I told him. "It's a correspondence school. The ad had offered a Free Demonstration Lesson to prove how easy it is to learn to play at home, without a teacher, in one's spare time. That sounded reasonable to me, and I sent for the test lesson. But I never expected that it would be as easy as it actually was.

"That's why I sent for the entire course. It was great. The U. S. School of Music course requires no private teacher—no interruption to one's regular duties. I learned in my spare time, after work, and enjoyed each lesson as much as if it had been a delightful game. For there are no long hours of practice—no tiresome scales—the U. S. School of Music way. Everything is as easy, almost, as A-B-C.

"In fact, almost before I knew it, I was able to play all the pieces I had always longed to do. Jazz, classical, *anything*. But I didn't want to tell you folks until I was sure of myself—you know, no clowning . . . Well, what do you say?"

They were dumbfounded. But only for a little while. Then they eagerly demanded piece after piece—dance music, ballads, snappy songs. Now I'm never invited anywhere that I'm not practically forced to entertain with my music. Some difference between now and the days when they used to listen to my clowning with polite attempts to act pleased . . . As Tom says, learning to *really play has* certainly made me popular.

No Talent Needed

This story is typical. People who once didn't know one note from another are good players today—thanks to the U. S. School of Music.

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The Great Alibi Hunt

(*Continued from page 30*)

me that in Hollywood even an Alibi makes the front-page headlines; that love is explained by Alibis and that "engagements" are frequently nothing else *but* Alibis, especially since Hollywood lovebirds even arrange their divorce alibis before the holy vows of matrimony have been taken; and that the most interesting and overworked Alibi, which covers a multitude of sins, is the "appendicitis operation" or the "nervous breakdown." Also, that Fatty Arbuckle is the only man in Hollywood who scorned to use an Alibi when he actually had one; and that Gloria Swanson trotted off the "Queen Kelly" set, leaving von Stroheim flat, never to return again, because she had to "answer a telephone call." And last, but not least, that Betty Compson's Alibi about free-lancing, because Jim Cruze wanted her to for a couple of years, was quite legitimate; but Hollywood was so "Alibi-minded" that nobody would believe it. Still, I didn't gather in one perfect specimen of Alibi out of the whole bunch! So it was a discouraged sleuth that dropped three dollars on the cashier's desk and started for the door.

"But the bill's four-fifty, *please*."

"I only had a piece of bread!"

"*And* butter," the madame alibied.

Dangers of the Hunt

AFTER paying the balance, I stalked out, fired with the desire of capturing the perfect Alibi, no matter what the risk. I had heard that the sport was dangerous enough to be placed in a category with lion-hunting, as Alibis hate to be run down; also, that their pursuit offers certain difficulties, owing to the Alibis' penchant for coming in all shapes, ages, colors and disguises. So, with nostrils slightly distended (for some Alibis have the odor of fish about them), I tiptoed after the perfect specimen.

While studying the footprints of a writer who had been forcibly ejected from a studio, to see whether he was "just on a vacation" or whether he "simply couldn't work in such a commercial atmosphere," a sorrowful voice interrupted my concentration.

"I'm Virginia Bruce and I'm in a lot of trouble, I am!" it wailed. "I sang a beautiful song in 'Slightly Scarlet,' but something went wrong with the song track and my song had to be all cut out. Now isn't that disgusting?"

"Well, don't bother me now, I'm stalking a perfect specimen of Alibi for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!"

"Why, that's just what I'm doing! I simply must catch an Alibi for the Wampas! They want me to sing, and I've used up the one about having a cold and the one about my mother being sick."

"That's rather tough," said I. "See you later."

She Had Soda Appeal

"BUT maybe you'd let me buy you just one little ice cream soda before you continue with your exhausting hunt? You must be terribly tired," she coaxed with womanly compassion—which I discovered later was an alibi. So I told her I'd take just one. It was rather good, too! And I confess that after the third soda at her expense, I was all mellowed up. "Come along, Brucie," I commanded genially, "and I'll find you a nice lil' Alibi."

With every nerve alert, we started sneaking through a studio, which, as everyone knows, is good hunting-ground for wild Alibis.

"Hey, Eddie!" somebody shouted from a dressing-room. "What's the matter with you, this time? Were you *detained* again by a ——— real estate agent?"

"That's right," said Eddie Lowe. "That's why I was late."

Then clutching my arm for support, Brucie cried: "There it goes!—*An Alibi!*"

"Where!"

"Right under that door into the dressing-room where someone's softly crooning the blues."

"Wait here," I cut in breathlessly, "and I'll go fetch it."

"Be careful!"

"Don't worry," said I, sneaking into the room; and I was just on the point of capturing the little devil by its tale (Alibis are almost completely tale) when I heard a terrified scream.



"I've been taking money under false pretenses! Perhaps you've guessed it already. Maybe they'll fire me at Famous Players when they read my story in the next month's Motion Picture and realize that I've been fooling them right along. . . .

"Still, it's too good a joke to keep! Don't you think so?"

Lillian Roth

"Eeeke!" went the scream.

Seeing Red

ON glancing up, your sleuth discovered that he had inadvertently crawled into Lillian Roth's dressing-room! And he couldn't help but notice that she appeared to advantage in red pajamas.

"Oh, don't worry about me," I laughed. "I thought this was Jack Oakie's room. I'm just looking for an Alibi."

"I got a hunch you'll need one," said Ole Croonin' Lips. But she apologized for screaming. "I'm awfully sorry," she said. "You see, I thought you were a mouse. Look! There goes your Alibi."

And just then the Alibi scuttled out of the room, followed by your sleuth with Ole Croonin' Lips hot on his heels. And Brucie, who was rather put out at being left behind, was yelping, "And after *I* paid for the sodas!"

Treading through a studio office, farther down Sunset Boulevard, we heard Will Rogers tell his supervisor that he was sorry, but he couldn't attend the opening of his picture as he had to go down to Claremore "on business."

"But that's the fourth time you've pulled that!" the supervisor snorted. "Ain't it a crime," said Will, "what home-spun philosophers can get away with?"

The Alibi having escaped, we were tottering weakly across a set as a director shouted: "Listen, Stepin, you were supposed to be here at three o'clock!"

"Wa'l," drawled Stepin Fetchit, ambling up lazily with a chocolate-colored young lady on his arm, "Ain't ah heah?"

"Sure! But you're a day late."

"Wa'l, suh, I guess I jess musta ovahslept again."

Dead Little Alibis

"THAT wasn't so hot," Ole Croonin' averred. "Let's go back to Paramount."

We forged onto the Paramount lot and were tiptoeing down a corridor, when I noticed that Ole Croonin' Lips was sniffing at the air apprehensively. "All dead long ago," she finally muttered. "But their scent still lingers on."

And, sure enough, after one sniff, even your sleuth caught the aroma of Pola Negri's favorite Alibi! "*Bah!* I haven't a temper and bad manners! I'm jus' temperamental!" And there was Adolphe Menjou's parting shot: "So I told Mr. Lasky I wanted to retire." Not to mention Francis X. Bushman, insisting that "it was just a house-party," when he had been photographed with his seven children. Then came a whiff of that aged one: "We had to let Bill Hart go because his pictures didn't pay." And from the executive offices there floated a pleading monologue over a telephone: "Oh hello, Mr. Zukor. How's everything in New York? Yeah, I'll tell you about that: we didn't renew Bebe Daniel's contract because her voice test was kind of lousy—What's that? *Send the test down to you immediately?* Well, I tell you, Mr. Zukor, the boy down in the film laboratory says somebody must have stolen it."

The Bow-Boys

FLUSHED with the excitement of the chase, we peered into a room filled with high-salaried press-agents, whose sole duty was to think up Alibis for Clara Bow's love affairs.

"Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert," one of them sneered, "were goin' to be separated only until their house was remodeled and it's been finished for five months!"

"Aw, you're screwy," another one scoffed. "That wasn't the reason. Ina says that she had to have a house of her own because there wasn't room enough in John's place for her trunks."

Whereupon I quickly dragged Ole Croonin' Lips away from this unseemly language; and I was so discouraged over the lack of perfect Alibis at Paramount that I am free to admit that if it had not been for the optimistic glow engendering from those insidious ice cream sodas, I would have abandoned the hunt right then and there—in spite of the fact that my pajama-clad companion was all worked up over the possibility of carrying home an Alibi skin.

"Maybe they're out of season," was my lame suggestion.

"Alibis are never out of season in Hollywood."



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Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 59*)

"When I was in the convent, I was repressed into the typical conventual mold.

"When I wanted to be out in the sun, in the hot sun I love, out in the wind and the storm, I had to sit quietly, sewing a fine seam.

"I wanted to fling my hands to the heavens and I had to tame them to a plodding needle.

Acting a Dull Part

"I WAS eager and impetuous and I had to appear to be mild and restrained. Patient, when I was so impatient at heart.

"I wanted to dance and I had to kneel for hours at a time, bent in prayer.

"I wanted to act. I have always wanted to act. It seemed, then, to be an impossible dream. And, really, I did act—the part that was forced on me. But it wasn't my real self I was acting. It wasn't myself I was expressing. It was the self other people wanted me to be. My real self I have never expressed—until now.

"Immediately upon leaving the convent I became a wife.

"I didn't know what love was. I didn't know what marriage was. My husband was another kind friend who told me what to do and how to do it.

"I loved him as a child loves an older man who is kind to her, who takes her places and gives her things, who knows more than she does.

"My husband loved me as a man loves a child. He did not love me as a man loves a woman.

Illusions of Happiness

"AFTER my marriage, I went into society. For a time I thought that was fun. Compared to the life of the convent, it was fun. I wore my first high-heeled shoes. I put my hair up. I had grown-up gowns and jewels. I was sixteen.

"I went to teas. I played a little bridge. I went to dinner parties and receptions. I went as Mrs. Jaime del Rio and never, never as myself.

"I thought, for a time, that I was happy. That was because I had never known what happiness is.

"Then I found out that I was dissatisfied, restless.

"We went abroad. We lived in Paris, in Biarritz, all over the Continent. I studied dancing in Paris and in Spain. I studied the history of the arts.

"And I went to parties . . . parties . . . parties. The best there are. So many parties that now, at twenty-four, I have had too many of them. I am tired of them.

"I did everything there was to be done and—it was not enough.

"After society, I had solitude. For a whole year we lived among the Indians, with not a sign of a white habitation on the horizon, without the sight of a white face.

"I learned service among the Indians. I learned the joy of doing things for others, poorer and sadder than I.

"Still I was unsatisfied. Still I was not being myself. That long lesson of patience became a crown of thorns to me. I had not found myself and I could not be happy with—a stranger.

Too Crowded a Life

"I HAVE had too much happen to me in too short a time.

"I am twenty-four and I have been maid and wife, divorcée and widow and actress.

"I have made money and I have known success. I have lived in a dream and I have worked long hours on end.

"I have known the greatest grief of my life—the death of Jaime. Death had never come near to me before. I had never experienced it. I shall never recover from that scar. It is one of the scars that has made me a woman.

"I find that I regret nothing. Nothing. Neither my failures nor my successes, neither my mistakes nor my triumphs.

"I regret nothing that I have done, nothing that has been done to me. There are three words I have never said in all my life and never will. They are, 'I am sorry.' I am not sorry—for anything.

"I am not bitter. And I am glad to know that about myself. For a time I was not sure of what the past few years would do to me. Now I know. I have come out happy, tolerant, far sorrier for others than I am for myself.

Lessons Learned

"I HAVE learned ugly things about people.

"I do not believe in anyone.

"I know that there is no loyalty in man or woman. They are the same. There is no difference between them in the big things—men and women.

"I have found that there is no appreciation in the human heart. Now, when I do things for others, I do them because it gives me happiness. I do not expect gratitude or thanks. I know that there are no such things.

"I have become democratic. America has taught me democracy. Hollywood has taught me. When I came here, I believed in class distinctions. I felt that I could not know this one or that one, could not go into this or that group. I have no more of that feeling. I understand better. We are all akin.

"I have learned better why people do the things they do. I have no more condemnation for anyone or anything. Whatever happens, I think, 'There is something back of that, some reason. *I* may not understand, but that does not matter. It is there.'

Romance Can Wait

"SOME day I hope to find romance again. Love again. Not now. Now—for a little time—I am done with love, I hope.

"I know that it is futile to make predictions about the emotions. I say that I am done with them and, to-morrow, I may fall madly in love and negate all that I have said to-day.

"But I hope to be free for a time—and one is never free when one is in love.

"I have had too much, too much of everything. I want a little while to breathe, to be myself, to be free . . . .

"I have never known that great love of which the poets sing. I believe there is such a thing, but I also believe that it comes to only one person out of a million.

"For the most part, I have found that we take what is at hand. If a man is dying of thirst in the desert, he takes what he can get to quench his thirst. It is so with us—thirsty for love.

"I want freedom.

"I am going to get down to life, whatever it may be."

Little is known of his private life. He does not like to talk about himself. He seldom gives an interview. But Lon Chaney will tell you how he is not the man you think he is, in the July issue of

MOTION PICTURE

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

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Glostora

MEN, By The Great Sirens Of The Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

my brain—are those whom I much prefer.

Some of the homeliest men I know are among the most fascinating, the most charming, the most desirable. What it is that they possess I do not altogether know. It is that subtle something which we call "personality," for want of a better name. A combination of the mental with a peculiar physical magnetism, due, maybe, to health, well-being, virility. One of the sweetest men I know is Joe Schenck. Another is Jack Donahue. If you know them, or have seen them, you will understand what I mean.

Age has very little to do with the attractiveness of men. As a rule, the more mature ones are the most interesting. Yet, if you ask me what sort of man I, myself, would be most likely to love, it is impossible to answer. When love comes—nothing else matters. Age, wealth, position—nothing. I would marry any man I loved. This might not be wise. But love and wisdom do not go hand in hand.

If marriage is to be permanent, I believe it best to avoid too early unions. The girl should be not younger than, say, twenty-six. The boy should be three or four years older. These are the ideal ages. But, as I say, when love comes not even disparagement in ages means anything. Perhaps I shall marry some infant. Who can tell? Not I. I think, though, that marriage under the ages I indicate is very much of an experiment. And quite likely not to last.

Marriage And Divorce

OF course, I believe in marriage. It is a very necessary institution. Not so much for the individuals, but for the children. See what has happened now in Russia. The parents drift apart. The children are deserted, and roam the streets like packs of wild animals. They become robbers, and other not-nice things. Until there is some provision made for the children, there must always be marriage. I do not think that all the modernists will ever discover a substitute for it.

I believe in divorce, too. It is silly to think that two people who have made an error in selecting their mates should be imprisoned together. Life is not meant for one long domestic prize-fight. If there were no divorce, unhappily married folk would fight until there was nothing left—only the bones.

Should divorce be made easier? Is it not sufficiently easy now? It seems so to me. Although I am told that like many other things it is a privilege of the wealthy. This is unfair. But many things are. There should be some manner in which poor people, too, may be freed of matrimonial shackles when they begin to chafe, rather than bind, two hearts.

Three-In-One Union

DO you ask me the first requisite for a happy marriage? What shall I say? A sense of humor? But now I am being very sarcastic. It seems so childish for anyone to mention such frivolous things as being important to marriage. The complete union must be one where two individuals dovetail, one to the other, like the clasped fingers of two hands. There must be perfect accord of the mind, the spirit and the body. I do not know that I have named them in the proper order.

It is true, I think, that it is the woman who pays. She gives most in marriage. To cite an example, to be a little explicit—she bears children. No man can ever repay her for this creative agony. It is the supreme sacrifice, and my mother has told me it requires suffering like—like nobody's business.

Women love more easily than men. But when once a man's affections and his passions are aroused, his amour is deeper and more lasting. It is questionable whether or not love may last a lifetime. Let us say it is possible—but not probable. Surely the love of a ten-years-married couple differs greatly from that of the newly-weds, or on the other hand, from that of the old people who have maintained their vows for twice as long.

The Unknown Quantity

YOU see, when one speaks of love, it is rather necessary to arrive at a good definition of that emotion. Personally, I do not know what it is. And I have never heard any two people agree in defining it. Thus you see that all I say must be very general, and when love is mentioned, it is as that unknown quantity which everyone believes he experiences—but which no one has yet been able to define as this-or-that.

All men differ. Not only as individuals, but as nationalists. The men of Europe are not like the men of New York. Nor are the men of New York like those of Hollywood. In Hollywood the men are boys. Agreeable companions for tennis, or driving, or any sport. But there are few men in Hollywood worth marrying. The men in New York are real men, and from them one may gain intellectual entertainment and companionship. They will discuss plays, books, music—and, unfortunately, business. I must confess that their talk of business bores me. But when I am bored I say "*au 'voir*"—"good-bye, baby"—and run along. And I do not see them again. It is the failing of all men, and American men especially, that they like best to talk about themselves.

Better Husbands Than Lovers

THERE are many differences between American men and those of Europe. The Europeans are better lovers—but the Americans are better husbands. The men of the Continent have more opportunity to practise. So they are skilled in the many little courtesies which make the hit with the ladies. The Americans work like Mephisto all day in the office—they haven't much chance to learn how to love.

The European will see a flower or a book in a shop and think, "Ah, that will please her." He will buy it and bring to her in person. The American telephones his florist. An abominable custom.

Moreover, the American "boy-friend" is not generous. The husband, yes. All he slaves for is the motor cars and jewels and fur coats to adorn his wife—once she is his wife. But the American lover does not "give till it hurts." Or if he does—he is very easily injured. Nevertheless, once wed, he is the best husband. The most generous, the most loving and by long odds the most faithful. He takes matrimony with great finality. So, too, do most American women. In Europe matrimony is no barrier to the flirtation. But here it is strictly "hands off."

I think the camaraderie of the sexes in this country is adorable—but unromantic and most disillusioning. It detracts from both sexes. The boy and girl who swim and ride and play ball together as youngsters find it hard to develop a romantic sentiment for one another in later years.

Yet somehow they manage to love and marry and raise families—which, after all, is what life means to women—and to men.



Short skirts for short people: Mitzi Green, Paramount's eight-year-old comedienne, is, for her age, a smart dresser

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

new picture at this time. **George O'Brien** is thirty years old. Playing in **"Rough Romance." Alice Doll** and **Ann Christy** can be reached at the **Universal Studios. Dorothy Burgess** in **"Fame," Warner Brothers. Ivan Lebedeff** in **"The Cuckoos."**

L. B. & J. D.—Fifi Dorsay was born in **Paris, France,** about twenty-two years ago. She is five feet seven, weighs **125** pounds, black hair. Came from **Paris** about six years ago. Appeared in the **Greenwich Village Follies** in **1925,** later she entered vaudeville. First picture was **"They Had To See Paris."** Not married or engaged. **Charles "Buddy" Rogers** was **Mary Pickford's** leading man in **"My Best Girl."**

BLUE MOON—George K. Arthur and **Johnny Arthur** are not related. **Nazimova** is appearing on the stage here in **New York. Jason Robards** was born in **Hillsdale, Michigan,** about thirty-six years ago. **Bessie Love** has been playing in pictures about ten years. Her next release is **"Good News."**

MARGIE—No, I never get tired answering questions. **Philippe de Lacy** is still growing and it's rather difficult to keep track of his height and weight. Ditto for **Anita Louise. Alice White** is five feet two. **Sally O'Neil,** one inch taller than **Alice.** You may write **Anita Louise** and **Philippe** at the **Paramount Studios.**

R. P. S.—Nancy Carroll has only one daughter, **Patricia,** to my knowledge. **Lois Wilson** was born in **Pittsburgh, Pa. Miss Wilson** moved to **Birmingham** as a child. There she attended the exclusive **Livingston School,** preparing herself, at her parent's instigations, for a teaching career. Her heart was not in teaching and she con-

(*Continued on page 115*)



facts

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Here is the way women everywhere are using the new Linit Beauty Bath for a soft, smooth skin: they merely dissolve half a package of Linit in the bath and bathe as usual, using their favorite soap. Then—

Velvet couldn't be smoother than your skin after a Linit Beauty Bath.

This soft, satiny "feel" you enjoy comes from an invisibly thin "layer" of Linit—left on the skin after the bath. This porous coating of powder is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but thinly and evenly distributed over all parts of the body.



And the most astonishing thing about this new Linit Beauty Bath is not only its low cost, but that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement—instantly you sense the refreshing difference in your skin.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin



Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 616 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago,
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

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The MADISON

Illinois Avenue overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean

"A Hotel Distinctively Different"

JUST COMPLETED
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ATLANTIC CITY

Fireproof Showers & Baths Throughout

Unexcelled Colonial Hospitality
Now Ready for YOU

From $4.00 daily, European Plan
From $7.00 daily, American Plan

Fetter & Hollinger, Inc.
Eugene C. Fetter, *Managing Director*

WOMEN, by the Great Lovers of the Screen

(Continued from page 44)

I have not the physical appearance, for one thing. It would be as though you asked me to sing you opera. Strain my voice as I might, I could not do this thing; I could not get out the volume or the tone. It is so with what you call being a sheik. That is not me.

I have said before, and I say again, that I wish to appeal to all peoples. I do this in Paris and I find that I do it here, too. More and more, the American peoples understand me, and I them. I know better all the time how to talk to them, how to sing to them, what they like and why they like it.

And it is not to the women alone that this is so. It is to old men and young men, boys and girls, young women and old women. Not because I have the sex appeal, but because I am Chevalier . . . all of me.

Women No Problem

WOMEN are not a problem in my life. I am not this thing you call "a chaser."

In my world there are many temptations, that is so. More temptations than in any other. And it is sometimes difficult.

I do not believe in this code of honor, as you say. It sounds very well, but life is not like that. Life is too complicated. Things keep coming into the lives of all of us that change our points of view and alter our codes of honor.

I believe that men are as loyal to women as women are loyal to men.

But I also believe that women have as much of this code of honor as men have.

I have seen women of intelligence and honor meet a man they could love, a man who appeals to them. They are not free, these women I speak of. And I have seen them hide this love which they may not feel all their lives long, stifling it and hiding it because they would cause hurt to someone else if they should take it. Such a thing is a matter of the individual. Not a matter of whether it is a man or a woman.

In all such things I believe that men and women are equal. There is no difference there.

A man can love one woman all of his life, quite as well as a woman can love one man. Providing that woman give him sympathy and understanding. These are the two things a man must have from the woman. They are more important things than physical beauty, which is cheap.

Love and Women Important

LOVE is as important to the man as it is to the woman.

Women are as important to men as men are to women. It is a mutual importance. It is a give and a take.

Love is only not important to these we call "chasers." For them, it is a light pastime.

The real lovers of this world are the ones who make of one man or of one woman the perfect sweetheart.

I would not care to be married to any woman who was having a large career. I do not believe I could be happy so. I do not believe any woman could be happy so.

Women care for men who are stronger than they.

Women say with their lips that they like men they can rule. But with their hearts—ah, that is what is call a horse of another complexion.

There are some women who can find happiness in sinking their own selves in the career of the man. They are the best wives. There are other women who cannot do this and be happy. Perhaps they should not be wives at all.

The Style in Paris, Too

IT is no different in Paris now than it is here, in America. There is over there, too, the new movement among women. The movement for freedom, for individual rights, for the same as with a man. I do not believe this state of affairs will last for very long. The pendulum has swung the one way and now, in time, it will swing back again the other way. What does not serve Nature's purpose between the man and the woman does not endure. I do not think the new freedom has serve that purpose. It has turn things upside down.

It is the happiness of the man and the woman that is at stake. Nothing else. For when the man and the woman find happiness together the purpose of Nature is best served.

For me, a woman must be, first of all, feminine.

She must be feminine with her mind, as well as with her body.

Woman has the more instinct. If she uses that as she should, she will be everywhere successful. She will certainly be successful with men, for it will teach her to make her intelligence feminine.

I believe that an intelligent woman is as intelligent as an intelligent man, when you come down to individual cases. But on the whole, I have found that men are more logical in their thinking than women.

I do not care for the intelligent woman who shows too much that she is intelligent. If she is really so, she will not show this. No man likes a woman who knows far more than he.

One Lone Equal Couple

I HAVE found in my world only one couple of equal intelligences, equal careers—and happiness. They are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. We are stopping with them at present and I have plenty of opportunity to know of what I speak. They are happy in their equal lives because they have found the perfect balance. Their intelligences match and one helps out the other. They are successful with their lives because they do balance.

A woman must be moderate in the use of her powers. Mary Pickford is moderate. She does not force upon you how clever she is. She is of a feminine intelligence, as well as of a feminine appeal.

Most of the women who write me fan letters are women of intelligence.

They do not, for the most part, write me silly letters. They do not write the letters one writes to a would-be lover. They write me as to a friend who has seen a great deal of different kinds of life and who will be able to tell them some of the things they like to know.

The Land of Open Faces

THE American woman shows more plainly than the French woman does, what she feels and what she wants.

If the American woman feels an attraction for a man, she looks it with her eyes, she says it with her words. There is no doubt about it. She usually does not mean as much as she looks and says, but most men do not know this. If a man is a bounder, he will cock his eye and say, "Ah, for me, *one more!*"

The French woman is more subtle with what she feels. She conceals where the American woman reveals.

As a man, I would say to women, "Do not



A match for her: Merna Kennedy's new chow fits into the color-scheme of her long bob

show too much of how you feel. Men do not understand this."

All men like the chase . . . for a time. They like to feel that they have worked cleverly and have succeeded where no other man could so well succeed.

If a man see a woman show too much to him, he will think, "But if she show this much to me, she will also show this much to other men at other times."

Men are suspicious of women until they know them very well.

It is the man-instinct about women. We do not any longer keep our women in caves and use great clubs to ward off rivals. But we keep them in caves of our minds and our suspicions are our clubs.

Men like women they do not understand —for a time. They do not like this for any great length of time. It grows tiresome.

When Friends Are Platonic

THERE is no such thing as what you have said as "platonic friendship." Unless the man or the woman is otherwise in love.

If an attractive man and a beautiful woman care to meet and to tell each other things and then do not fall in love in some way—well, there is something wrong with them!

I do not believe that most women like the hand-kissing, complimenting type of man.

I believe that many men believe that is what the women want and like, but it is not so.

I have seen Frenchmen over here, kissing the hands and acting like that and I feel ashamed for them. I know they would not act that way at home, in the best Parisian society. We do not act so over there.

I think that women like the steady, sincere, honest-to-goodness man.

I believe that men like the intelligent, clever and also attractive woman. They do not care for the silly little ga-ga who has nothing in her head to speak about. There is nothing more boring than to talk to anyone, man or woman, who cannot respond to you. It is a mutual matter and it is well that it is. Men like their own sort of women and women like their own sort of men.

I am not a ladies' man.

I know nothing about women . . . you must excuse, please!

Is a month too long to plan for LOVELINESS ?



1ST

The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test



31ST

"WOULD YOU try a thing once if you heard it was good?

"Would you try it twice if you found you liked it? Would you try it a week if you got results? And a month if you became convinced it was the grandest formula that had ever come your way?



FREE!

"What is it that every woman yearns for, hoards, and regrets most bitterly when it passes? Beyond all question it is loveliness. *Yet loveliness is within every woman's power . . .*"

The curiosity-arousing sentences above are from the opening paragraphs of one of the most interesting booklets published for women in many a day, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Most women know, or should, the principal things that contribute to feminine loveliness: like cleanliness of body, a clean and clear complexion, nice hands, nice hair, nice arms, immaculacy as to dress, accessories that are neat and trim. But where oh where to begin! . . . to find a definite program . . . a plan you *know* will bring you each day nearer to true personality, to poise and lovely charm!

If this has been your plea and problem, if you are interested in splendid information and in simple instructions that anyone can carry out, then we earnestly urge that you send for this most unusual booklet that is being offered *free*, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." But do not delay. Mail the coupon at once.

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Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock". These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

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Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test".

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Address.....



Notice the Kissproof lips of PATSY RUTH MILLER *when you see her in "Show of Shows"*

"At Last! a Lipstick that *really stays on*"

—says lovely Patsy Ruth Miller, screen famous for the beauty of her lips.

"Both on the set and off I can't be bothered continually retouching my lips. That is why I prefer Kissproof. When I put it on my lips in the morning, I know they'll stay 'put' and look their best until evening comes."

Miss Miller is just one of the Hollywood stars—one of the 5,000,000 daily users—who have found that Kissproof gives the lips a lasting perfection, as subtly alluring as Nature itself at her very best.

This modern lasting waterproof lipstick is available at toilet counters everywhere.

Kissproof

CORNS STOP PAINING



One drop does it immediately

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Acts like an anaesthetic. In three seconds pain is deadened. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No cutting—that is dangerous. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers.

Doctors approve it as safe. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Money back if not delighted.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Forbidden Topics

(*Continued from page 50*)

"People fancy that I am gentle, amiable and easy to influence. That is not true. On the contrary, I am very, very jealous and possessive. I have a strong will. I will not be crossed!

"More than anything else—I demand that she shall have perfect trust in me. Her faith in me must be so absolute that if I tell her one thing and her eyes tell her another—she will still believe that what I say is true.

"Blind, complete, perfect trust. It is essential.

"She must be willing to renounce her very individuality. She must not long for a career of her own (I would never permit that for a moment), any activities or interests which are outside of our mutual sphere.

"If she has money of her own, she must give it all away—get rid of it. I could never permit the element of individual property to enter into our relations. The 'your' and 'my' thing. That is very bad. Whatever we have will be 'ours.' And I intend to provide it.

Who Will Be Boss

"THERE can be only one head of a household—he who controls the finances and makes all the decisions. I intend to be that head.

"I shall decide everything—however small a question may occur. I shall consult her, of course. I shall ask her opinion upon many subjects, especially the ones which affect the welfare of both of us. But the final decision of all matters shall be mine.

"I do not believe in birth control. She must be willing to have as many children as she was intended to have.

"I do not demand that she be beautiful—although, of course, I hope that she will be lovely to look at. However, if I am in love with her, I shall think her the most beautiful of women, anyhow . . . so that is actually a matter of small account.

"I want her to be intelligent. Intelligent enough to discuss with me the things which interest me—to interest herself in worthwhile things, to lead a full and beautiful life.

"I want her to be mature. I should never think of marrying a woman who was under thirty. I cannot talk to them. They are stupid and uninteresting. They are frivolous and they giggle. It takes experience in living to ripen a woman and give her enduring charm.

She Will Be Home-Loving

"SHE must be willing to live without very much contact with outsiders. I do not care to go out very much and I do not like to have many people about me. She must care enough for me to be content with my companionship.

"She will have to be very tolerant and wise and understanding." (This remark was very wistful.)

"I shall bring her all my troubles and my worries and that will not be pleasant for her. I shall often be worried and depressed and harassed. I shall want her to soothe and comfort me. I hope she will not mind too much. . . .

"It is a part of a wife's function—a very important part—to help her husband to have faith in himself, to make him content and to try to bring out the best in him. She must watch and study him and help him to develop in the best way.

"I hope she will be a restful person—a woman whose very presence soothes and comforts and revives me. I hope she will smile easily. I hope that she will love me so completely that all she asks is to be with me.

His Fondest Hopes

"I HOPE she will not chatter and giggle and babble and jump about. I want her to be calm and sweet and poised. I want her to be dignified and cultivated.

"She must have a passion for music—a real passion. Else she will not understand me.

"She must be devoutly religious.

"I want her to be a good housekeeper. Not, you understand, that I expect her to do actual housework with her hands. But she must know how to run a house smoothly and efficiently. She must have that knack of creating the atmosphere of home. She must make an art of it.

"I want her to have exquisite taste in clothes and always to be dressed beautifully.

"I want her to have an educated taste in all the things which make life charming.

"I admit that the woman I marry will have to be rather exceptional. Not that these things of which I speak are too much to expect. But I fear that I shall not be able to do quite my share.

Hollywood Marriage Horrors

"MARRIAGE, in Hollywood—in picture circles—is a difficult undertaking. The life we lead is not normal. We are so wrapped up in what we are doing, we are so preoccupied and concerned with our work—and we are too prone to take it home with us.

"We are kept at an unnatural emotional pitch in all our activity and we are certain to have periods of depression—moods.

"It is not enough that we work all day at the studio. We must think about our work when we are at home. We must take exceptional care of ourselves physically. We must exercise, and watch our diets, and care for our health. We must think and study and reflect. We must always be in training, mentally and physically.

"For—this is a sad fact, but true—talent counts little, actually, in this profession. Art means little. What we have—our greatest assets—are personality and youth. and those things we lose, with the passing years—no matter how much we study and develop, no matter how much we learn or how much experience we gain.

Looking Ahead

"WE have just so long to last. It is bitter, but we may as well face it. It is never so long as we think it will be. We never can quite face the truth about ourselves. But we can appreciate, if we are intelligent, the fact that our success is transitory, fleeting. We can look at the people who have gone before us. And we can be grateful for what time we have.

"But when it is all over and we are finished, then is when we need the perfect companion. Then is the time when we turn to love and home and peace. These things mitigate the bitterness of our finales.

"It is because of the strain of these things that it is so important that a wife have the talent for wifehood. It is obvious that no family could support successfully, and without friction, the tension of two careers.

"Besides, a marriage is nothing at all without children. And children, if they are properly reared, take all of a woman's time and attention.

"I want a womanly woman—a woman to whom domesticity, motherhood and the duties of a wife are her greatest joys. Normal women are like that. You see them

when they are little girls. They play with their dolls and they play constantly at keeping house. They do not dress themselves up and play at being great actresses, or politicians, or office executives. They play at being wives and mothers.

The Successful Wife-to-Be

"THE woman who is a successful wife is the one who can lose herself in her domestic activities; who does not have a thought which does not concern the mutual interests of her husband and herself; who does not wish for anything more than to be everything to the man she has married.

"A man has the right to demand these things in a wife, as she has the right to demand perfect loyalty and devotion from him.

"A wife, to make a success of marriage, becomes one with her husband. She does not exist any more, by herself. She is but half a person.

"These things depend, of course, on love. And one of the greatest dangers in love is that there is always one person who loves more than the other. There is never a true balance of emotion. That, too, must be considered and that problem solved. The less-in-love one must not take advantage of his power over the other.

"You think I ask too much, perhaps. You will accuse me of being old-fashioned and domineering. I do not think it is too much to want. There are such women as I describe. I have known many of them.

"I shall meet such a one—and love her—and we shall be married.

"I know it!"

Upbringing Fathers

(*Continued from page 48*)

hire a German nurse with real training to guard her. That will keep her away from even her parents.

It Pays to Advertise

"HIRE an expensive one, so that when you get angry because you can't pick up the child or bounce her in the air or do any of the things which really go with babies, you'll think of the bank-roll you have already invested and not fire her.

"By all means advertise the child's arrival for several months before she makes her appearance. Then you're certain to get clothes enough to last through the first two years and save a large part towards the nurse's salary. Patricia Dolores was born in Chicago. It took two full-sized wardrobe trunks to carry her presents to Hollywood. That's what I call good press-agenting.

"Begin her musical education as soon as her mother is able to hold her at the piano. Especially if you wish her to be a stage performer or a grand opera singer. Patricia Dolores can play with both her hands and feet right now, without the least trouble.

"To show your baby off to friends, hire a nurse who likes celebrities. Then manage some way to get Bebe Daniels or Richard Dix to visit you. When ours heard Bebe was coming, she got the baby up at ten in the evening, dressed her in one of her most gorgeous presents and brought her down to the party. We'd slipped in everybody else whom we wanted to have a look and in that way managed a regular exhibition."

Important Details

BENNY RUBIN got so excited about this story and the possibilities for publicity for the first little Rubin that he sat down and wrote out the directions for us. We quote them herewith:

"First, convince the wife that you would make an ideal father. Then begin buying infants' furniture on the instalment plan.

(*Continued on page 99*)

New.. a feminine scent for a "Feminine Era"

ONCE more, you are your feminine loveliest. Again your silhouette is subtly revealing—agleam in silks—supple in velvets. Never before has a Mode more ably spoken your charms.

And so, too, for you is REVE D'OR—soft—fragrant—truly reflective of the "feminine" —fresh from Paris conquests.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created REVE D'OR for the new mode. It is here in America in REVE D'OR *Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee (an "after sun-tan tint")* at $1—REVE D'OR *Perfume*, $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—REVE D'OR *Toilet Water*, $2.50—*Talc*, $1—*Bath Powder*, $1. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.



At last!
a WHITE cream
Hair Remover
fragrant



SAFE and SWIFT

The first and only *white* cream hair-remover now on the market. Del-a-tone Cream — perfected through our exclusive formulas. Modern...convenient . . . tremendously popular with those women who demand that their toilet requisites be pleasant to use, as well as safe and effective.

DEL-A-TONE

The only *white* cream hair remover

As easy to use as cold cream. Removes hair in 3 minutes or less. Leaves your skin soft and petal-smooth. Society women, screen and stage stars are numbered among those who find this faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream indispensable in removing unsightly hair from underarms, forearm, face, back of neck and legs. One trial will show you its superior advantages.



Confirm your daintiness! Use Del-a-tone before putting on sheer silk stockings.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, $1. Money back satisfaction guarantee. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 76, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 76, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Adventures Off The Screen

(*Continued from page 42*)

contempt. 'I guess not—now,' he said cryptically. And turned on his heel and left without another word.

"The man in the corner made another futile attempt to rise. Even in that dim light, we could see that his face was purple and the veins were standing out on his forehead. I thought for a moment that he would have a stroke of apoplexy. But the spasm passed—and no remarks were made about it.

"In fact, it was six or seven weeks before the episode was mentioned again by anyone.

Unpleasant News

"THE next morning we learned (to the secret dismay, doubtless, of each of us) that the sinister individual who had thus appeared and vanished the evening before was to be our guide. He was a peculiarly wordless man and our arrangements were made with the least possible conversation. None of us felt like questioning him in any intimate fashion and he spoke to us only when it was absolutely necessary.

"Before setting out on our journey, we found that we must return to Flagstaff for a day or so to arrange for extra supplies. I was strolling along the street one day with my friend, Louis Burns, who was pretty well acquainted in that territory. We met a booted and sombreroed gentleman who sang out, 'H'lo, Lou!'

"'Hello!' I returned, thinking he spoke to me.

"'Not you!' he snarled. 'I'm not speaking to you!' And then he signalled Burns that he wished to speak with him privately.

"They drew off for a muttered conversation and when Louis returned to me he chuckled, 'You're going to get along fine in this country, *you* are! That's the sheriff and he doesn't like you. He doesn't like you at all! He asked me if I knew who the big blankety-blank with me *was*. I told him I did and he said, "Are you sure you want to go out into open country with that bird?" Say, Lew, have you anything on your conscience?'

"I was pretty bewildered, but nothing more came of it and we forgot the incident.

His Silence Is Broken

"WELL, the expedition finally got under way and our guide, Cow Stevens, turned out to be efficient, if not chatty. After two or three weeks, he got so he would talk to me briefly from time to time. And six or seven weeks after our meeting, we were riding along, side by side, one day when he said suddenly, 'I reckon you thought that was sort of funny—that that happened the first night you were in Holbrook?'

"I admitted that the incident had puzzled me slightly. 'Well, you see—that bird had sworn a good many times to kill me on sight,' he explained, 'and when I turned up there, all of a sudden, and came on him unawares—and him unarmed—he thought I had the dope on him and that I was going to get him first. He was scairt!'

"'And no wonder!' I returned. 'But why did he want to kill you?'

"'Well, we used to give him a good deal of bother, in the old days when he was sheriff, and I was with a band of outlaws—I'm not an outlaw any more,' he interrupted himself. 'I'm what you might call an outlaw from the outlaws.'

A Bandit by Force

"HE went on to tell me his story. It seemed that when he was a youngster on his father's ranch in Colorado, he had ambitions to be a real cowboy and to get down into the 'tough country' around Arizona and New Mexico and Texas. So when an outfit from the South came in with a shipment of cattle for Denver, the seventeen-year-old boy asked if he could 'throw in' with them. They consented to take him back with them and he ran away from home.

"He was somewhat disconcerted a short time after joining them, when they rode into a town and robbed a bank with high-handed and hard-shooting tactics.

"'Now, son,' the leader of the gang said to him, 'we brought you along with us because we need man power. You needn't think you're going to get away. From now on, you're one of us. And the less you talk, the healthier you will find our climate!'

"So Cow Stevens became what you might call an inadvertent bandit. He was with the gang for nearly a year, afraid to try to make his escape. The members of the outfit were well known to officers of the law in that territory and before long, he was identified as being one of them. They kept the countryside terrorized and every officer of the peace in several states was anxious to exterminate them, if possible.

From the Pan Into the Fire

"AT last the boy made a desperate attempt to gain his freedom—knowing that his mere appearance in almost any town would be the signal for flying bullets coming his way. But he managed to get his pony aboard a flat car and he traveled in that odd manner, to Flagstaff, where he disembarked.

"When he got off the car, with his horse, a man approached him. 'Stranger here?' he asked. 'Yes,' returned Cow, with apprehension. 'Want a job—at two dollars a day?' 'Uh! Huh!'

"The man took a badge from his pocket and pinned it on Cow's jacket. 'You are now a deputy sheriff,' he said. 'Now you go over to that saloon and tell the bartender that if any of his gang go fooling around the jail to-night—somebody's gonna get killed. His gang's planning a jail delivery. If I go in there, they'll shoot me because they know who I am—I'm the sheriff. They don't know you, so you can go. Get along, now?'

"Pleasant spot for the boy! If any officer recognized him, he would shoot on sight. If any of his former gang saw him, wearing a badge, then *they* would let fly! Dandy!

"However, having escaped his bandit companions, he decided to 'throw in' with the law. He worked for his new friend for a time and then confessed to him who he was, explaining the circumstances of his joining the outlaws and avowing his distaste for their company.

Where Revenge Is Sweet

"THE law adopted and protected him, but he was still identified in many parts of the country as belonging to the outlaws. And he knew the outlaws would get him if they could.

"As he was talking, I recalled the displeasure of the sheriff in Flagstaff, upon catching sight of me. I asked Cow what he made of that. He replied that undoubtedly I resembled some desperate character or other in the territory and that the officer had confused me—perhaps with one of Cow's erstwhile companions! I didn't feel so very safe, after that, either!

"Our 'outlaw from outlaws' was a good guide and, after his cryptic reserve was broken down, he became a pleasant and interesting companion—and a good friend. I did not run afoul of the law, despite my resemblance to some bandit or other, although it was sometimes apparent that I was viewed with suspicion in some quarters."

Upbringing Fathers

(*Continued from page 97*)

"Welcome your wife home from the hospital with a song of greeting and take the baby from her. Let the child down on an angle of forty-five degrees. This enables it to see everything going on in the room. No secrets can be kept from her. This immediately instills an idea of frankness in her nature.

"Place her milk in the ice-box so that it keeps cold; then heat it until it's warm. Cool it off so that it is not too hot, but be sure it is warm enough. Ring a gong three times to warn baby that the food is coming. She will arise to the occasion by giving three yells in answer. Repeat every four hours.

"Between times, allow her to sleep and never awaken her for visitors; unless of course, they are her personal friends, such as other babies she has hobnobbed with in the hospital nursery. They've already caught all there is to catch from one another.

"Don't allow strangers to handle the baby, as they may be foreigners and the baby might grow up with a dialect. Dialects are not bad, however, if they harmonize with the parents' faces.

"It is advisable to bathe baby. Take a broiling pan, lay the baby on top of it and turn hose, especially constructed for the use of fathers, upon her. The water will hit her and go through the broiling space to the receiver beneath. You can save money by using this overflow for the next bathing.

The Little Things Count

"THE atmosphere is most important. I spent hours procuring the correct nursery for her. On three sides of the room, in huge characters, I had the alphabet painted; on the fourth I have numbers to ten, ending with an extra-large dollar sign. My wife would have dolls and cats and pretty baby faces. I ask you, what's educational about that? (This is the absolute truth, ladies and gentlemen.)

"The influence of toys is also important. I have already given her one little cash register and an adding machine. Never give a child anything which subtracts. Likewise, never give her one rubber ball. Give *three*, keeping her in a business mood.

"I am now getting together a group of pictures for her nursery. I have, already, those of Lon Chaney, Louis Wolheim, Ernest Torrence, Wallace Beery and Victor McLaglen. This is to give her an impression, early in life, that her father is good-looking.

"Practice your singing upon the infant. I have been trying for years to make people think I could sing. It is the gospel truth that my child appreciates me. It is the only thing which will make her stop crying.

"As soon as she begins to talk, teach her as her first lesson that she is an American. Let her go to a half-dozen Sunday Schools. The one she likes best she can keep. That will be her religion.

"Her future is one thing she must choose for herself. We hope she will be theatrical and will give her every encouragement in that direction.

"Personally, I will never teach her to play the ukulele, however, because I would not have a female Cliff Edwards."

Bringing Himself Up

RAYMOND HACKETT believes the duty of a father is to set a good example. He has been confining his instructions, recently, to giving his son crawling lessons early each evening. "I have taught him to lift himself by his own efforts, through physical training lessons. He is really a very strong fellow. I also insist upon plenty of outdoor exercise for him.

(*Continued on page 103*)



Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its comfort and hygienic value, Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals.

IF you are one of the millions of women who prefer Kotex because of its marvelous comfort and convenience, you'll be delighted to know hospitals approve it from the health standpoint, too. More than that—85% of all the leading hospitals of the United States actually use Kotex absorbent in their hospital work!

Please note the list of hospitals at the right. Famous hospitals . . . where patients receive the finest care that medical science can offer. These hospitals select Kotex . . . just as you do . . . for the comfort it assures. But they have another reason, too . . . they know its hygienic value.

Why Kotex is more hygienic

Kotex is made of a remarkable absorbent, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than the finest surgical cotton. It absorbs *away from the surface,* leaving the surface soft and delicate.

Kotex is made of layer on filmy layer of this wonderful Cellucotton. These layers permit circulation of air and keep Kotex light and cool.

Kotex has many other advantages which dainty women know and like. Corners are rounded and tapered so the pad is always inconspicuous. Kotex deodorizes, thus removing another source of embarrassment. And Kotex is disposable . . . there's no laundry, fuss or embarrassment.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*

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UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL *of Baltimore*

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CENTRAL DISPENSARY AND EMERGENCY HOSPITAL *of Washington, D. C.*

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KOTEX IS SOFT...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure* . . . Keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes,* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable,* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

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If They Lived In A Small Town

(*Continued from page 53*)

the cracker barrel over at Emil Jannings' Meat and Grocery Store. He's a riot imitating ole Ma Mary Carr. One time, though, her sons, Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler, caught him at it and ducked him in the horse-trough over by Lon Chaney's livery stable. He's been carefuller since then.

The Mean Mortgagee

HOW Deac von Seyffertitz and Sexton Nagel hate those two boys. They went West, young man. And no one heard a word from them. The Deacon held the mortgage on the Carr place out by the cemetery. He was just about to foreclose and send Mary over the hill to the poor-house when the boys blew into town. They just tied the Deac to his own horse and whipped him down Main street, buggy and all. They threw Sexton Nagel in for good measure and they made 'em both drink to their own damnation over to Lon Chaney's livery stable.

Lon ain't been doin' so good since Fords come to stay. Guess that's why he took to bootleggin' and odd jobs of carpentry. He gets away with it great, though. The way that feller can do a disappearing act or make you think he's a ground-hog is something outlandish. The Beery boys, our town constables, have been threatenin' to get Lon for a dawg's age. All they have managed to do so far is to keep Tully Marshall outta Lon's place so his wife, who was Emily Fitzroy, won't keep chuckin' him into the gutter. They steer Harry Langdon away from there, too. He's supposed to be the Village Idiot, but he ain't so dumb.

The Town Has Religion

OUR Reverend, Alec Francis, says that God is in all of us, even Harry. Louise Fazenda is almost always with him. Louise is always doing good for someone. She even has good words to say for those furriners down below the tracks: Lupe, Greta, Dolores, Gilbert Roland and that crowd. They're fireworks, that bunch. They used to be kitchen help up to the Commercial House. But when Dick Barthelmess, Prop., ran for Selectman on the platform of "Keep King George Out of Hickville," he hired all-American help. He's got Richard Dix as clerk, George K. Arthur as bell-boy, and Mary Nolan helping Polly Moran in the kitchen. Dick's wise in business. He knows his stuff. He's got Alice White and Clara Bow dealing them off the arm in the dining-room. They hand out nifties with the hash. Even when Douglas Fairbanks complained about the service, Alice told him, "Listen, Big Boy, you got hungry; I didn't send for you." But that was before Al knew how well Doug stands with Governor Will Hays. The Governor appointed Doug our County Attorney, you know, and there's talk hereabouts that he's going to run for Judge next election.

Doug's boy has spliced up with that Crawford girl. Nothing wrong with Joan even if May McAvoy and that Sunday School crowd do snub her a little. Joan holds her head mighty high since she's been harnessed to young Doug. They do say that someone in her family eloped with Big Boy Williams. But that's just beauty parlor gossip.

The Bijou Attraction

YOU talk about your big cities—Hollywood, Hoboken and the like. Why, say, there's more local color right here. Take down to the Bijou Theatre right now. They got a new girl down there in the ticket-selling booth. And she's sure putting a permanent stave in Colleen Moore, our town's perpetual flapper. Her name's Billie Dove. And boys, she's a wow. Smiles at everyone so purty and gentle. Why, young Buddy Rogers, Banker Bosworth's son, who's home for a vacation from college right now, was sitting inside the theater and went out six times to buy tickets in again. And all just to look at her eyes.

Buddy's sort of cut out Jack Gilbert. Jack's the good-looking lad who jerks soda over to Lucien Littlefield's Drug Store. He gets all the high school trade, Mary Brian, Anita Page, Lois Moran and the other kids. They're all crazy about him. He does fancy tricks with the soda glasses, and the way he looks at the girls—hot *dog!* He can do more fancy tricks than Bill Powell used to, when Bill was tending bar over at Farrell MacDonald's saloon, B. P.

When Jack's off duty, Buster Collier "spells" him. Buster's got a way with the girls, too. But he has to watch his step when Marie Prevost is around. She made a terrible scene and nearly ripped him up with her manicure scissors when she caught him making eyes at the city gal, Mary Duncan.

Adolphe Trims Them

JACK spends most of his time off over to B and M Barber Shoppe chinning with our tonsorial artists, Adolphe Menjou and Warner Baxter, and swiping bay rum for his hair every time Adolphe looks in the glass to fool with his mustache. The other day, Sid Grauman got a haircut and now Kathryn Carver, Mrs. Menjou, has a new hair pillow with "California, Here I Come" embroidered on it.

Bill Powell's running the Élite Pool and Billiard Academy now. He sure does chalk a wicked cue himself. The talk is, though, that he shouldn't be betting with Jimmy Hall and Charlie Farrell and those boys, and winning all their spending-money. Lewis Stone, cashier at the Last National Bank, will be firin' Charlie if he doesn't look out.

Had a lot of excitement a while back. That Swanson girl came home for her annual visit. She married a Marquee, you know, and bought the old Blankton place up on the hill. Every year she comes back and gives a party for her old friends. Now she's gone back to her Chateau in France and has taken Miss Aileen Pringle with her. Miss Pringle taught Elocution here in town, but she didn't do so well. When she comes back, she's going to teach us to parley-voo, with gestures. She's always had elegant ideas, Miss Pringle.

Gloria had another furriner with her, too, this trip. His name is Rod La Rocque de la Tour, but he only uses half of it. He got chummy with Ronald Colman and they've opened up a shop called "The New York Bazaar," and they get all the carriage trade.

Working Girls

IT'S given employment to a lot of local girls, too. Much better pay than at Bodil Rosing's Wet Wash Laundry. Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer are the head salesladies. And Marion Davies has a fine chance to work her way up if she'll stop chewing gum. Little Janet Gaynor and Sue Carol are cash-girls since they quit school. And Nils Asther is what they call an "aisle manager," which is just New York for "floorwalker."

They've got a swell-looking dame in charge of the "French Salon," which is just an alcove off the Ready-to-Wears. They call her "Modom," and her name is Lilyan Tashman. She always looks like she was poured into her clothes and all her cus-



Bruno

Lounging pajamas may be all the fashion, and parrots may not, but Sharon Lynn is training her cockatoo not to be a feverish talker

tomers figure they'll look the same if they trade with her. She did fix up Flo Vidor to suit the Queen's taste. Now, even Charlie Chaplin is making sheep's eyes, even though he does like his kindergarten kiddies. Charlie's the town's Perennial Bachelor. He was spoiled while still a young man. He's the dudiest feller you ever saw, always patting the children's hands and givin' 'em lollipops. He's still spic and span, even though his swallow-tail isn't so stylish any more. But he's still kind to the kiddies and always stops to pat Harry Langdon and Buster Keaton on the head. Buster's kinda . . . well, you know, too. They say their nurses dropped them on their heads when they were babies. . . .

Well, we could keep on going forever, but if we do we'll feel as though we'd been dropped on our heads, too. . . .

Night-Club Substitute

OF course, there's Ivan Lebedeff's Dancing Class. You ought to hear him calling, "Now, ladies, one-two and *one*-two-three"! A dame named Compson beats the ivories for him. She's his accompanist, he says. But Hedda Hopper says *different*. She's the one who hinted that Ed Lowe had had to leave town *again*. In a hurry.

Then there's Laura La Plante's Manicuring Parlor. She's got Connie Talmadge and C'rinne Griffith in there, tintin' and polishin'. You ought to see Sam Hardy and Lew Cody when they leave our town! Their hands look like a Tiffany show-case. . . .

And don't think those signs about goin' fast in our town don't mean anything—with Will Hays our police force and justice of the peace. . . .

Now, try it yourself! Call in the neighbors to help you. Who's mayor of the town? Who'd make a better High School Principal, Milton Sills or Ernest Torrence? Would John Barrymore be a better soda-jerker than John Gilbert? What place shall we give Sue Carol? What's that? She can have your place? You're going home?

All right. It's over. Transplant 'em back again to the Enchanted Gardens of Hollywood in the Land of Make Believe. But, anyway, it's a swell game for fans and fanatics. That is, played with equal portions of enthusiasm and discretion and all in good, clean fun.

The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . .
which are used once, then discarded



Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.



SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: *"I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."*

Sally Eilers

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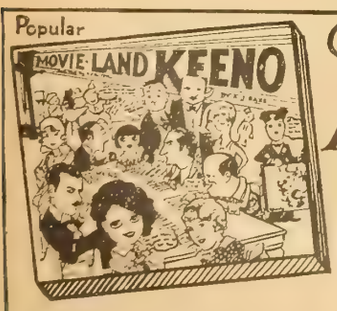


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L. H. Jorud

Owning a ranch like this—and this is only one of several—Gary Cooper might readily be pardoned for saying, "Hollywood is a terrible place to spend your life in"

At The Foot Of The Class

(*Continued from page 55*)

Gary is interested in more elemental things.

I hesitate to say that you feel toward him as you would toward a brother, because it's a big lie. But I don't know how else to express that comradely quality he has.

His preoccupation with whatever takes his attention is delightful. There's something nice about a boy who can forget himself completely in absorbed contemplation of whatever it happens to be—guns, or eagles, or chocolate cake. He gives everything the same intense concentration that he lavished on his sewing as a youngster.

"You've noticed his long, slim hands," Judge Cooper told me. "He was very adept with the needle when he was a boy."

What He Thinks of Women

GARY admits he's not much more sophisticated than he was when he first reached Hollywood. But he doesn't realize quite how far behind he is in worldly wisdom. Really, he's at the foot of the class.

He firmly believes that all women are subtle, clever, and witty, and that they can outsmart any man in any encounter.

"Love is a battle," he said, "and the victory always goes to the woman. Because she's always a few jumps ahead of us. A woman thinks, when she's in love, and schemes, and contrives. But men don't use their heads at all. That's how they lose out.

"This picture of mine, 'Seven Days' Leave,' is going to appeal much more to women than to men. Because it's full of little subtle, intricate things that will escape men entirely, but that women will love. They're so much quicker and keener."

No wonder Gary shies away from the topic of women, since some of his former comments about them have been misunderstood and resented. He's about the only man left who holds out for women as they would really like to be—good, protected, and adored. So any girl who complains about Gary is just abusing her best friend.

Addicted to Open Spaces

GARY occupies himself with plans for his chain of dude ranches in Montana, Arizona, and other open spaces. There is a ranch near Los Angeles to which he retires when he can't stand Hollywood any longer.

"This is a terrible place to spend your life in," he said. "Nobody in Hollywood is normal. Absolutely nobody. And they have such a vicious attitude toward each other. You'd think that in a place that's criticized as much as Hollywood is, the people would stick together against the rest of the world. But they don't. They say much worse things about each other than outsiders say about them, and nobody has any real friends. I've heard the most amazing, incredible stories about myself. They were probably started with the best intentions, but have been twisted beyond recognition."

One of the rumors that has circulated around is that Gary is "dumb."

"Some people think Gary hasn't much sense," said his father, and then had a good laugh at the expense of those people. "You think he's not paying any attention, but you find that he's taken in everything that was said, and digested it. He doesn't say much, but when he does, he just seems to have reached the nubbin of the situation, in a few words. He has a sound business head, and I'm inclined to listen to him carefully."

Modest and Domestic

JUDGE COOPER is also responsible for the information that Gary is sensitive, very affectionate around the house, that his modesty is unassumed, and that he's rather domestic.

Gary is not without humor, by any means. In fact, he made a personal appearance at a theater in Los Angeles recently, and simply brought down the house with his brusque and homely wit. The manager was running around in circles, hysterically announcing that he'd found another Will Rogers.

In short, Gary is what he seems. If as *The Virginian* he stirs your emotions, don't let them be bridled by the fear that it's all a delusion. After watching him on the screen, I assure you, you know as much about him as you would after talking to him for a few hours.

Upbringing Fathers

(*Continued from page 99*)

"However, a mother has the greatest influence upon a young child. Women are experienced in raising children even before they have any, because they are continually rearing their husbands. A man does not defeat himself by admitting it, either.

"Since he is a boy, he will not be forced onto the stage; but I hope he will choose that profession. But he'd better be a good one or his father will manhandle him. I should like to have him go to college for athletic training, if he needs it.

"Fathers say, 'I wouldn't want my boy to go through what I have been through.' That is a sort of back-handed compliment to themselves, inferring they had much to overcome and did not do so badly at it. I want my boy to go through things, even hardships, which mean valuable lessons.

"But, above everything else, a father's duty is to be an example. I find myself checking up on my actions as never before in my life. 'What I want my son to see me do and hear me say,' is a good motto for any male parent."

Playing in the Nursery

JOHNNY MACK BROWN is a stickler for environment. His wife is a violinist, and she practises each day in the nursery. He advises that friends be brought in to play and sing for a child, if neither the father or mother is musical.

"Every father should realize that a baby is intelligent; very intelligent. She understands things in the home of which the parents have no conception.

"A man should see that his wife eliminates the ten o'clock feeding. Jane Harriet has gone to bed at six o'clock in the evening and slept until six in the morning since she was two months old. This gives a husband a chance to take his own wife out in the evenings.

"Every father should study the cries of his baby. The cry will tell him whether the child wants his mother for cradle necessities or is calling for his father to play with him. A good time to give the girl a little whoopee is when you are shaving. Improve this time by making faces; her coos will prove her appreciation."

Trained Parents

THERE are, of course, old-timers in the raising of children in Hollywood. These new fathers might well seek such folk as Monte Blue, Lupino Lane, Basil Rathbone, H. B. Warner, Alan Hale, Hallam Cooley and Lloyd Bacon for instructions.

Monte would tell them that regularity is the watchword in his family. There is a time and place for everything in the life of Barbara Ann, three, and Richard Monte, aged one. He would say, 'We make no fuss over our children and allow no one to kiss and fondle them. They have a definite program which is as definitely followed. It is because we love them that we watch for their welfare rather than our pleasure. They have an outdoor dog. We do not allow pets in the house."

Director Lloyd Bacon would advise a code of honor. Walter Pidgeon, with a girl eight years old, would throw up his hands and say, "Give them their own way."

None of them is a disciple of the spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child doctrine. Perhaps the reason is that no good actor could have a bad actor for offspring.

But what's the use? These are new fathers—who are not out to get hints, but to give them. They've made of fatherhood a second profession and they'll tell the world any time, anywhere, just how to make a success of it.



"Why should I be so tired?"

TOO tired to go shopping! Too tired for the bridge invitation in the afternoon! Too tired *to feel* like getting dinner and to be a real pal to *him* in the evening!

The energy that gives zest to the day's activities must be protected. It arises from a well-cared-for body and from good health. Feminine hygiene is modern science's great safeguard. Do you know the facts about it?

For 40 years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon by women throughout the world for feminine hygiene. Likewise, for 40 years, doctors and hospitals the world over have depended on it at childbirth—when any possibility of infection or injury to tender tissues must be prevented. "Lysol" has been proved safe, *effective*.

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Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. Specific rules and advice come with each bottle. Send for the booklet offered below. It is by a prominent woman physician and is for women. It is enlightening. And it is free.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

Lysol Disinfectant



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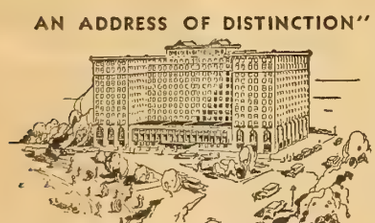


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The Sanative, Antiseptic Healing Service
Unexcelled for fifty years
Soap • Ointment • Talcum • Shaving Stick
25c. each at all Druggists

Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 39*)

method of a grown-up talking to a five-year-old. "I suppose you'll be telling me you are going to college!" The small person returned his gaze coldly. "No-o," he admitted at length. "I'm not going to college, but I'm married."

Business Manners

"I KNOW THAT Lawrence's first picture was a great success," said Mrs. Tibbett sagely, "and I'll tell you how I know it. Because Mr. Thalberg speaks to me so cordially now when I go to the studio—"

Five to Three—She's Rich

"I'M GLAD YOU'RE RICH, Daddy," small Gloria Lloyd said to her father the other day. Harold, the most democratic of men, was seriously disturbed. "But, Gloria," he protested, "what makes you think I am rich?" "Because," replied Gloria, with satisfaction, "I have five sunsuits and the little girl next door has only three."

Not Ill Unto Death

EVEN ON SUCH a picture as "All Quiet on the Western Front" they have their little jokes. It was during a hospital sequence. The dialogue director was rehearsing the convalescents as they lay in their cots. He said to Lew Ayres, the lead, "Now Lew, remember you're supposed to be awfully sick. Remember—awfully sick!" Lew groaned in the approved sick-room manner and they tried it. But it was no dice. They repeated it several times, but evidently Lew still didn't sound sick enough. After the fifth or sixth try, Lew, exasperated, sat up in bed and addressed the director. "Hey, you," he said, "are you sure you're not trying to get rid of me?"

Bessie and Bossy

PITY THE POOR publicity photographers—always having to think up new things to click. Out at M-G-M they had Bessie Love posed with Bossy Gillis, the wild-haired mayor of Newburyport, Mass. He's the man, remember, who defied an ordinance of the city fathers and, during part of his first term, ran things from behind the bars of the local hoose-gow. He was recently in Hollywood, and was mistaken for Jim Tully.

The Wrong Tri-Color

UNIVERSAL HAS shut up shop to await the release of three huge pictures. "Captain of the Guard," in particular, has taken a long while to make. We heard the other day that they shot forty thousand feet before they discovered that they were using the Polish flag instead of the French one. Both have three stripes seamed vertically, and—the picture being in Technicolor—the wrong color was on top!

It's Home To Him

SPLENDID HOME OR NO, Harold Lloyd is as folksy as ever. Mildred was complaining that she had been showing people around the grounds until her feet hurt. "Keep a pair of bedroom slippers in the hall closet, why don't you?" asked Harold. If you could *see* the baronial entrance hall, you would better appreciate the incongruity of bedroom slippers and hall closet!

Gone, But Not Forgotten

ALISTER MACDONALD was another visitor whom Hollywood showered with welcomes last month. He is the handsome son of Ramsay MacDonald, come to look us over, on behalf of British talkie producers. When he left town, it was noticeable that something was missing from his general aspect, but only a few who were present at the ceremony realized that what was missing was the natty little goatee MacDonald had worn on his arrival. They say that the farewell dinner given by several film celebrities to the young Britisher, among them being Charlie Chaplin, resulted in Hollywood's getting MacDonald's goatee.

Too Good to Be False

"I NEVER WORRY ABOUT TONY," says Zelma O'Neal of her handsome husband, Anthony Bushell. "The girls never go after him. He looks too nice!"

He Heard a Siren

THE FIRE ENGINE was dashing down the Boulevard at midnight, screeching and clamoring. The slightly inebriated director at the party rushed over to the window, threw it open and leaned out. "All right, dearie," he shouted. "I hear you! I'll be right home—"

A Multi-Colored Gentleman

WHEN ALISTAIR McINTOSH, former husband of Connie Talmadge, arrived in Hollywood the other day, only a Technicolor camera would have done justice to him. He wore a brown Fedora, an orange-and-red-striped necktie, a basket-weave coat, a cinnamon-colored topcoat, yellow gloves, checkerboard trousers and gray spats.

The Finishing Touch

THEY SAY that they are considering, at Universal, changing the name "All Quiet on the Western Front" to "Junior's End."

Catherine Dazed Owen

CATHERINE DALE OWEN, by the way, had to wear cotton in her ears during the ten-minute singing of "What Makes the Sunshine Brighter?" number of "The Rogue Song." If the expression on her face has been criticized, remember that even with cotton in the ears the voice that rocks the Metropolitan Opera House may be a bit painful at such close quarters!

In Other Days

MISS OWEN, by the way, was in the movies four or five years ago. At that time Lydell Peck, now Janet Gaynor's husband, was quite attentive to her.

A Little Money-Maker

SNITZ EDWARDS was up for a part at Paramount, but finally the casting director decided against him. "The script calls for a big financier," he explained, "and a little guy like you could never look the part." "See that little chap coming through the door?" said Snitz. "Well, he's about my size and he hasn't done so badly as a financier. That's Adolph Zukor." Snitz got the job.

A Retiring Lady?

AND NOW CORINNE GRIFFITH IS announcing her retirement. She plans to live half the year in a chateau in France and half the year in a Colonial cottage beside the sea. But we are old hands at this movie game. Retirements seldom "take." We simply will not believe that we have lost the one whom no less an authority than Gloria Swanson has publicly called "the only beautiful woman on the screen." And, by the way, this gracious tribute of one star for another brought Corinne more press-clippings than anything else ever has!

(*Continued on page 106*)

He's Funny *that* Way

(*Continued from page 66*)

with the handiest blunt, or not so blunt, object at hand.

Our voyage was one of those on which the captain "couldn't remember when it's been so rough." Everyone was sick. If we stayed in our rooms, we got sicker. If we went out on deck, we got Oakie. Most of us stayed in our rooms. If Oakie hadn't been so all-fired healthy, it would have been all right. But in fair weather or foul you'd find that guy, smiling his tooth-paste-ad smile, all set to bring a little happiness into your life. There was really nothing left to do but sock him. Except that the boat never stopped rolling long enough for us to wind up.

I remember one night during an amateur performance. The lady in charge of the show was a retired schoolma'am from Boston, interested only in "nice people," who, in selecting her talent, omitted "that Oakie person" from the program. She thought by this to omit him from the show, but she thought again the moment the show had started. Jack, together with some of his "vulgar companions" (the only good guys on the boat, as a matter of fact) sat in the last row and put on a little show of their very own.

Stopping the Show

THE lady from Boston did a bird-whistling act. After explaining that she had just imitated the robin red-breast, she asked for requests. "Now," piped Jack, "please imitate the robin red-breast." The lady repeated that that was precisely what she had just done. "Oh, excuse me," he begged. "I thought you were imitating the robin red-breast." A steady barrage of such cracks from Oakie, and soon the passengers were spared the ravages of still another amateur performance. And then, near the finish of the trip, when an enormous woman with an enormous voice, who had sung at us every chance she'd had, announced: "And now, dear people, this will probably be my last song," Jack hooted: "Don't believe her till you see it in writing!" Or another time at dinner, with everything especially quiet, when Jack chortled: "If the lady in the green dress will give only two minutes a day of her time, I'll show her how to hold a fork so it doesn't look like she's going to commit mayhem. Only two minutes a day, lady, and satisfaction or your money back."

And perhaps the "lady in green" would be the Duchess Melisande. Or Lady Von Money. One of those fun-loving gals who, if she smiled, would have a permanent scar. Of course, a crack like that from Jack would make her want to give him a good big hug. A good *big* hug. And then drop him over the side.

Not Such a Scourge

ALL this may make Jack out as a sort of a scourge in your eyes, but that's not quite correct. As a matter of fact, I'd hate to make a trip like that without a Jack Oakie or his equal along—someone to kid the people back into their right senses. And come to think of it, that seems to be his mission in life; his *motif* in motion pictures.

Hollywood is a pretty self-important place. Nearly everyone here has taken the entire responsibility of the world upon his shoulders. If pressed (and not much, at that), nine out of ten stars and directors will confess that they are most of, if not the whole cheese. Just one thing will wreck their complacency and smug self-satisfaction. That one thing is a snicker. Gurgle just the teeniest eeniest little gurgle at them and watch them fly for cover. Jack has quite a lot of fun doing that; quite a lot of fun telling them to forget their elegant manners and elocution-teacher language and get natural.

(*Continued on page 107*)

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO WIN $1000.00

Of course, this contest has proved tremendously popular. Yes, we've received lots of entries. Some days the mail has been pretty heavy, we'll admit. But there's almost a whole month left; you still have plenty of time; a letter is easy to write; you have a splendid chance of winning; sit down right now and write us that letter!

Read the rules printed below. Notice that you can enter all or any of the three divisions of the contest. Remember, too, that no special literary talent is required. The judges are plain, ordinary human beings just like the rest of us . . . talking our language . . . living on our street . . . thinking and acting just like millions of fine, splendid people all over this country. Simply imagine yourself in any of the situations given and put down what you would say.

You may win $10 . . . $20 . . . $150 . . . $250 . . . and if you're the grand prize winner, $750 extra! Judging will not begin until after the contest closes, May 31. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield. Mass.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

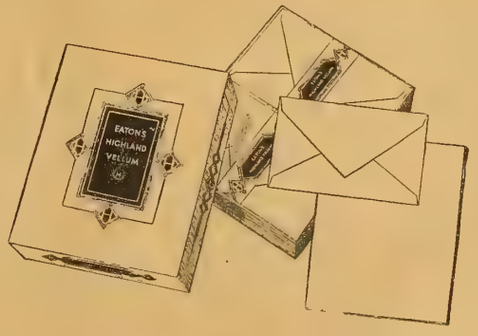
Types of letters: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread and butter" letter (a letter expressing appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter sent to some friend who is going away).

Closing date: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

Identification: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

Winners: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

Final judges: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



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Richard Dix

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You, too, may have *lustrous* hair by using Hennafoam—the shampoo that contains a pinch of henna. Buy a bottle at your dealer's or send 10 cents for a generous sample to Dept. 6MP, The Hennafoam Corporation, 511 W. 42nd St., New York City.

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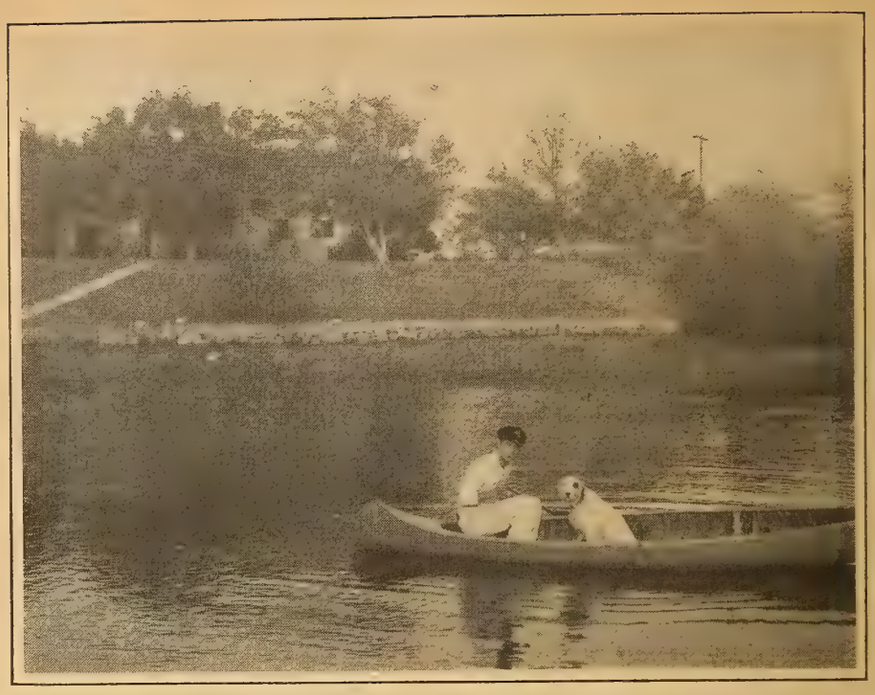


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Paddling his own canoe: Charles Farrell finds the sailing smooth, with an old sea dog for company. His home is in the background

Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 104*)

Silence May Be Golden

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IS not going to eat his words. He announces that he will form a company to make nothing but silent pictures. It is said that John Gilbert has been approached as a possible star for such a company. Meanwhile "City Lights" nears completion. Can anyone remember who the leading lady in this picture is?

One of the Girls

AND MARY LEWIS, world-famous opera star who has just made the first verbal contract ever recorded by a talkie camera, with Pathé, is not a stranger in Hollywood. She was one of the first bunch of Mack Sennett's bathing girls!

He Wants What He Wants

"BILL HAINES," said Marie Dressler "wants a lot of things. Some of them are good and some not so good. But he's like Madame Melba. Someone once remonstrated with Melba for the flirtation she was having with a violinist in the opera orchestra. 'Do you want me to sing better than I have ever sung before?' queried Melba, with flashing eyes. 'Yes? Then leave me my little violinist!' If you want Bill Haines to give a good performance, he has to have what he wants."

Words and Music

THE THEME-SONG WRITERS who infest Henry's and The Brown Derby these days are always on the alert for material. "Why didn't I see you—" some friend will start to say to them. A wild look comes into their eyes, "Why didn't I—tum-ti-iddy-tum-tum," they murmur. Or they will reply, "Because I went away—hold on there! That isn't so bad—"*Because* I *went* a-*way*—" Everything suggests a song in Hollywood these days.

Once Is Enough For Him

FRED KERR, veteran English stage actor in Ronald Colman's "Raffles," is having his first experience with pictures. The first scene in the picture had just been taken for the first time. The cameras had been moved to another angle for the second of the numerous "takes" necessary. "That was just fine, Mr. Kerr," said Director Harry D'Arrast. "Now we will do it again." "Again?" queried the actor, stalking off toward his dressing-room. "I've just done it!"

No Tools to Work With

ACCORDING TO THE TRADITION of the studios, the property department can locate, rent, buy or build anything from a dinosaur to a facsimile copy of Magna Charta, but an order for a bundle of burglar's tools finally stumped this resourceful department. No store in Hollywood stocks equipment for the modern burglar, neither can they be rented. Los Angeles police refused to surrender outfits. Unless some kind-hearted burglar comes forward within the next few days, the studio will have to build *Raffles'* burglar outfit—

Keith's Circuit

IAN KEITH IS playing his fourth lead with Gloria these days. His first was in "Manhandled"—which has a quaint old-fashioned flavor. It is said that Keith is the foremost Shakespeare an scholar in the country. You can open any volume of the Bard and read a line at random and he can go on and finish the entire speech for you! Oxford University offered him a Shakespeare scholarship several years ago.

A Memory For Faces

DICK BARTHELMESS and Jack Gilbert were once traveling together Eastward, and en route, got into a friendly argument as to their rival celebrity. At Salt Lake City, a station newsie passing the window of their compartment, glanced at the two faces gazing out and called, "Hullo, Mr. Barthelmess! Glad to see you!" "You see?" chortled Dick. "Knows me at once, but doesn't recognize you!" Then to the boy, "Well, well, Sonny, so you're one of my fans are you?" "You bet I am," said the newsie, earnestly, "I go to see all your pictures. But the one I liked you best in was 'The Sea Beast.'" His words were drowned by Jack's shout of delight.

He's Funny *that* Way

(*Continued from page 105*)

Some of them are smart enough to realize that the boy is right, while others—I suppose the others feel much as we did during those rough days on the trip. But all, I believe, have benefited by having Jack among them. None would deny that his is the healthiest influence to hit motion pictures in years.

Thinking Fast—Naturally

IF the average actor, about to start on some dialogue with all cameras going, suddenly realized he had a wad of gum in his mouth, what would he do? He'd signal the cameras to stop, remove the gum and start again. Not so, Jack. Caught in that predicament, Jack parked his gum on a sugar bowl, recited his lines, retrieved his gum, said, "I'll be seein' yuh" and moved out. And that stunt, all Oakie and so obviously natural, brought the biggest laughs wherever the picture was shown. It was so good that thirty different directors will probably use it in their next thirty pictures. But none of them could think of it. Oakie, a natural, had to come along and show it to 'em.

Because they have been sticking Jack in sap rôles, you've probably got the boy down as one of those. If so, you're not to blame. It's only natural to associate players with the parts they take. But just to show that our Jack is, instead of a sap, a very, very bright boy, let me cite a little trick he's just put over on his very own.

In the beginning, when he was brand-new at the game, Oakie signed a long-term contract at not-so-much-a-week. Came a day (yes, I used to write sub-titles) when the fans claimed him for their very own. Producers learned that bad pictures could be changed to good ones by simply allowing Jack to wander through them. His personal popularity increased at a rate faster, probably, than any star's before him. Other studios clamored for him, and he was loaned to them for a price three or four times his salary. But not a nickel of the big money came Jack's way.

Another Bright Idea

"OH, he won't mind!" the Big Boys argued. "Jack's such a happy-go-lucky fellow (which, freely translated, comes to 'sap') that he doesn't care what we pay him."

Which system worked all right until a few days ago. A certain studio's biggest picture of the year was nearly finished. Add some tricks by the Oakie boy, and it would be on its way to the cutters. A messenger knocked at Jack's dressing-room, "All ready for you, Jack." No answer. Nor, when 'phoned, did his mother know where he was. Neither did the landlady at the boarding house where Jack reaches for the catsup ("to give the maw a break," he told me. "She's cooked all her life"). Jack had done a fade-out, and he knew that the studio officials knew why. He was just giving them a little time to think over their sins.

It's all over now and already in the history books. Someone else is parked in Jack's old dressing-room. Jack himself has moved downstairs next to Clara's. You've probably heard of Clara Bow and the pin-money she gets for salary. And now that Jack is her official next-door neighbor—

I wonder if you'd mind figuring the rest of it out for yourself. I got work to do.

Speaking of kidding, there's no kidding about the statement that there is no older, newer, better magazine of the screen than

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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.



There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

239

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Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.

If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores, 50c.

Write for free booklet. Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them."
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Pep up your eyes! Revive their brilliance and charm. Relieve that tired feeling, ache and inflammation. EYE BLISS soothes, rests and heals.

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Tired eyes make you look years older. EYE BLISS refreshes, renews your beauty. In 3 days it works wonders. Heals sore, discharging eyes. Rests tired and aching eyes. A famous European prescription brought to this country for the first time. Sold only by mail. Send $1.00 for full size bottle with dropper. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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The Girl Said "Yes"

(*Continued from page 76*)

"I got talent," replied Leila, graphically, if not in keeping with the strictest rules of grammar. "Besides, I'm going in the movies."

"It's just as hard to get in there," went on the pessimistic Buster, who was an avid reader and admirer of the struggles of Mary Pickford and Maurice Costello.

"Pshaw!" scoffed Leila. "When I want to get in the movies I won't have any trouble. I'll have pull. The folks know everybody in the movies from playing vaudeville on the Coast. They even know Adolph Zukor!"

Buster was properly squelched.

Beginner's Luck

AFTER all, talent is only talent. But "pull" is a sure job in the theater.

Leila delayed her career just long enough to grow up a bit. By way of working off the rough edges, she played a couple of months of vaudeville with her parents; but she was anxious to be back in New York, the root of contact and the necessary pull. She literally rode her parents back to the Big Town, and with beautiful daughterly docility accompanied them to all social functions, laughing gaily with the crowd with one eye and searching out Adolph Zukor with the other.

One evening at a theatrical benefit dinner the opportunity materialized. The Hyams' and their lovely daughter sat at the same table with the object of her search. With movies aforethought, Leila was looking her very prettiest.

To the rest of the crowd, Mr. Zukor may have been just an unassuming Little Big Man. But to Leila he was Opportunity with a capital O! It was beginner's luck that the meeting should have turned out the way she had always expected. Before the little dinner party broke up, Mr. Zukor had invited her out to his studios to take a test for the movies. "Hmmmm," said Miss Hyams to herself, not finding it necessary to confide the exciting observation to anyone else. It is to her credit, however, that she paused to feel a tinge of pity for the girls who had nothing but talent to begin with, whereas little Leila had *entrée*. Before she went to bed that night she had designed the entire wardrobe for her first starring picture and worded all of the reviews. She knew where she was going!

A Pull Backwards

THEY took the test and Leila waited around an hour or so. Somehow or other, they permitted her to leave the studio that day free of a contract. When five days passed and there was no communication from Mr. Zukor, Leila figured they had lost her telephone number. So she called the studio and asked for Mr. Zukor himself.

Yes, said a courteous, but busy voice at the end of the wire, he remembered Miss Hyams. He had seen her test and thought it very nice. The first time a suitable part came up he would be glad to refer her to the director. In the meantime, he wished her much luck.

You could have knocked Leila over with a feather. Her first reaction was to sit down and have a good cry. The second was to map out a new campaign with a lot of silly ideas about "pull" in the discard. One thing she advised herself was to begin at the bottom and forget the prestige of her parents and her friends. But with all her sorrowful reasoning, never once did she swerve from the idea of the movies.

She went to work as an extra in the New York studios.

It was a terrific and disappointing grind. Up at six o'clock in the morning to make a nine o'clock call at the end of a long subway ride. Hundreds and hundreds of tests that never materialized past the vague promise of "remembering her if anything came up." She spent her days as one of the mob and her evenings in the company of the most famous stars of Broadway. It was a curious existence.

Then Came Offers

IN the meantime, she attracted the attention of two people who were to play an important part in her life. One was a young man named Phil Berg who wanted her to marry him. The other was a smart little agent named Rebecca, who wanted to take her out to the Coast where there was a larger market for Leila's particular brand of beautiful blondeness. After careful consideration, she accepted both offers. She worked at Fox. She supported Monte Blue at Warner Brothers. It was not long before she was definitely established as a feature player and signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was a big year for contracts with Leila. Mr. Berg also succeeded in getting her name to a marriage license.

And here she is as the stunning Leila Hyams of William Haines's pictures, and the equally stunning Mrs. Berg of Hollywood, for you and all to see.

Because Hollywood is not a fairyland of strange sights and people, but a familiar place of one's friends and relatives to her, Leila has not "gone movies." She does not find it necessary to attend every provocation of a movie première with a raft of orchids afloat on her shoulder, in order to be seen by the right people. She has known the right people all of her life.

She can do without anybody's old night-club, preferring to spend a quiet evening at home with the more sanely living residents of Broadway and Hollywood—the "old guard" to whom the theater is the breath of life, and not a passing fad achieved by accident. To William Collier, Sr., she is still his little girl and Buster looks on her as a sister.

Practically Inclined

CONVERSATIONALLY, she does not point out studio miracles that make up the shop-talk of the novices. She is far more interested in the practical than the romantic side of pictures. A good title appeals to her tremendously—even above a good wardrobe. She believes "The Girl Said 'No,'" her latest picture with William Haines, is the most intriguingly titled picture of the year. Now that the talkies have come upon us, she is studying singing and cultivating her voice, not because it is "too exciting for words," but because it is the only sensible thing to do.

The day we lunched on the First National lot, where she had been loaned from M-G-M for the second feminine lead with Billie Dove in "Other Men's Wives," she was amused at a newspaper clipping which questioned her wisdom in accepting the rôle. The paper wondered why Leila, who is a featured player herself, should play "second fiddle" to another woman star. To which Leila, as lovely a vision as you would care to see in her smart afternoon gown which trailed the ground, merely shrugged.

"I like the part. A good part is a good part. Any actor knows that. It's just the people who don't know this business who want to grab the whole show for themselves," said the girl who has learned from environment and her own experience the way of getting and staying in the movies.

High, Wide and Handsome

(*Continued from page 72*)

sound problem, the wide film requirements knock the average theater galley-west. The ordinary picture screen is fifteen by twelve, or eighteen by fourteen feet in dimension. Nice and comfortable for the eye to roam over it. But with wide film the situation changes, and we must consider a screen forty feet wide and twenty feet high, which is quite a stretch of distance. In regular theaters the proscenium opening is seldom over thirty-five feet wide or twenty feet high, and in the ordinary picture house, it is likely to be less.

Well, says some one, let it stick over each side. But that won't work, because with added width the audience has to be farther away from the screen. All right, move it against the back wall of the stage space. But that means tearing out the proscenium, width and height; or possibly the screen is there now. Shove the auditorium the other way, or take out a few of the front seat rows. Not so good, for you might find youself without a lobby, and losing seats means losing revenue. You see how the problem stacks up. For, whichever way we turn, the thing is complicated. Frankly, there is plenty of grief on the horizon.

They Had to Broaden

BUT why a wide film, anyway? It simply had to come. In the silent picture days, the situation didn't prove so troublesome. You could move back to long shots, and for accent you'd simply come up to a close-up; but with talkies that won't work. You can't have a stentorian voice emanating from a tiny figure on an ordinary screen. It doesn't hitch with reason. If the voice is to reach the back rows, it must have volume. The ordinary screen figure in a long shot is probably two or three feet tall. In a medium shot or close-up, it reaches six or ten feet. In a wide film, the figure may reach a height of eighteen feet. You can *see* that! And he can have a voice you can hear, too!

But there's another side to this story about distance between screen and audience. Eye muscles can travel just so far. Beyond that stretch, you move your head. Now, sit in the seventh or eighth row and try to watch a complicated action on a forty-foot screen. Do you recall your youthful troubles in trying to keep track of the entertainment in a three-ring circus? There's the idea. You see, the business of putting new wide talking film into an ordinary old standard-type theater has more to it than just paying the bill.

Outline of Its History

THE Editor asked me to be sure to mention who invented the new wide film. To begin with, it isn't new. George K. Spoor of Chicago says he has been advocating it for a dozen years or more. William Fox has been developing it over a period of years, and the Paramount technicians have not been idle. I'm sorry to take priority from these good folk, but wide film goes back thirty-four years, or perhaps more. The first Biograph machine used film two-and-three-quarters inches wide, and that was in 1896. A European named Skladowsky in 1899 used film a little over two inches in width, and the English Prestwich film of the same year was two-and-a-quarter inches. Also in 1899, one William Bitzer—the same who photographed "The Birth of A Nation"—"shot" the Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island on two-and-three-quarters-inch film, and the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City in 1897 was pictured on the same width.

Among the claims for wide film are their

(*Continued on page 114*)



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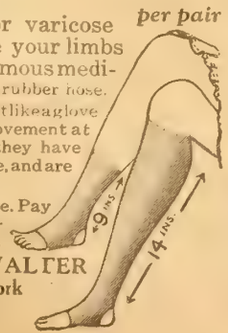
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It Pays To Be Panned

(*Continued from page 40*)

ing her. The situation today is that Benny, who is one of the few in Hollywood clever enough to see the advantages of being panned, is the only person in pictures who can get his name in this particular column whenever he wants, simply by sending in a rude wire.

Barnum, of course, remarked frequently that he didn't care what they said about him as long as they said something. The truth implicit in this dictum is absurdly obvious, but hardly any of the movie crowd, whose very life-blood is publicity, have had brains sufficiently advanced from the amoeba stage to see it. Only recently has a report come to my attention that one very famous star offered an Irish writer one-thousand dollars if he would write a good roasting of her. If this is true, I doff my hat to the lady. She knows more about publicity than ninety-five per cent. of Hollywood's professional press-agents will ever learn.

Poison-Pen Pushers

AS a matter of fact, there are one or two writers, including the Irishman referred to, an Englishman, and at least two American women, who have been instrumental in building the fame and fortune of numerous stars whom they have made a target for invective. Yet their reward, if they may expect any, shows no signs of materializing this side of heaven. They have been looked on with dark suspicion, if not actually denied entry, at the studios. Movements have been set on foot to drive them from Hollywood—even from the United States itself. The fact that their tirades have done more for the objects of them than all the conceivable sweet-nothings could do, is ignored.

For what does a good panning do for a person in the public eye? Inevitably it works on the readers of it in one of two ways. Publish abroad, for example, that a certain star has a habit of throwing the piano at his grandmother. The very least it can do for the star's popularity is what Pygmalion did for Galatea—turn stone into flesh-and-blood; and whether it is believed or not, it must add a distinctly human note to what before was a mere oft-printed name. But this is nothing compared with its effect on those who previously admired the star in question. For them, the star at once becomes a martyr—the surest way of all to the mob's heart. Their lackadaisical interest in him expands into a veritable frenzy of adulation, the fires of which are fed by their wrath toward the writer who so brazenly libeled him.

Barnums by Luck

AMONG a number of high-priced stars and directors who have profited immensely by being panned, very few have done it on purpose. They have merely fought a losing fight against the tendency in certain writers to lampoon them, not realizing that what they were fighting was their own chances of success, or of a prolonged continuation thereof. But the effect has been precisely the same. By luck, if not by design, they have managed to do a successful Barnum.

People like Roy D'Arcy, to take an example at random, got over because they were perpetual objects of sarcasm, sneers and ridicule in the press. Consequently the public cannot fail to be intrigued. Whether they believe what is written about D'Arcy or not, they all want to see for themselves; whereas if his publicity had consisted merely of photographs of him watering his tulips, no possible reason for paying money to see him would have occurred to anyone. The day on which a lady interviewer lunched with him at the Algonquin, afterward writing in her magazine that "when he entered the room, waiters looked up as if the aurora borealis had burst forth"—that day started Roy on the glorious path to fame.

C. B. and Gloria

CECIL B. DeMILLE and his erstwhile pupil, Gloria Swanson, both got themselves firmly entrenched as popular successes by being ridiculed and panned. Everything about DeMille, from his cranium right down to his golf knickers and even lower, has been laughed at for years—and the more pannings he got, the higher rose his salary and the more popular became his pictures. Gloria was for a long time known as the most high-hat girl in the movies, and endless were the anecdotes told of how she ritzed electricians and directors alike. At the time when this reputation was most widespread Gloria was the highest-paid star of them all. But Gloria mistakenly thought the pannings were doing her harm, and saw to it that they stopped. Today she is demonstrating to all and sundry how democratic she is. DeMille, on the other hand, goes blithely on being laughed at, and still earns about sixteen times as much money as he knows how to spend.

The late Jeanne Eagels saw the necessity of being panned from the first, and quickly rose to stardom by the very simple method of turning thumbs down on all flattering comments about her in the press. The public immediately saw that here was a human and interesting person who, instead of spending all her spare time watering tulips, was possessed of human vagaries which everybody could understand.

Another director who has done very well out of being panned is Fred Niblo, whose widespread fame as Hollywood's champ back-slapper put him right up among the first half-dozen directorial salaries, and has kept him there securely. His friend Conrad Nagel has also been panned by a writer or two and is probably sitting about as pretty as anybody in the leading man class in consequence.

Tulip-Waterers Lose

CERTAINLY the ribald comments that have often been passed about Clara Bow and Alice White, mostly concerning their turbulent love-lives, have done them anything but harm. They have climbed to fame on this very thing. Other girls who have striven and are still striving to get places in the sun in the Red Hot Mamma class have all failed to make a showing because of too much tulip-watering. They have never managed to strike a genuine human note in the minds of the public for whose dollars they are competing.

Among the more recent arrivals in pictures, I take special fancy to the chances of Ruth Chatterton. Miss Chatterton has shown in her two years on the screen that she can be panned with the best of them. Her affected English accent, which has been the subject of steady badinage, has also, and in consequence, been the principal reason for her success—as one might have expected.

In Hollywood—if nowhere else—it pays to be panned. In other places it usually pays to be praised. And in MOTION PICTURE every month it pays a number of people to tell what they think about the screen and the stars. For proof, turn to Page 6.

Honeymoon Horrors

(*Continued from page 35*)

paced the floor frantically. Beads of nervous perspiration stood out on his forehead. As for myself, I felt unnaturally calm and collected. It rather appealed to my sense of humor that Bernie should be the one so upset. In a whisper I told him he was usurping my rôle—but he didn't seem to see anything funny in that.

"As we stood side by side taking our vows, I could feel Bernie shaking. His voice faltered when he attempted to say, 'I do.' In comparison my own answers seemed unnecessarily loud and determined. That was one hectic ceremony!

"I didn't realize until it was all over that Bernie was a very sick man on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I insisted that we stop and engage a trained nurse for a few days. Bernie protested—but in the long run he was too ill to be effective in his veto; and so we began our honeymoon in a hotel suite with a nurse and a specialist in attendance. As a groom, Bernie made a splendid patient!"

Not So Gay Deceivers

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart were married three months before Hollywood became aware of the fact, and in the meantime the young couple engaged in a secret honeymoon that was fraught with every danger under the sun—principally discovery.

For a day or so after the ceremony, Nick continued to live with his own family while Sue returned to her big house on the hill alone. As a honeymoon it was not so good. So Nick moved secretly to Sue's house. Then did the honeymoon horrors really begin.

There were all sorts of problems, including what to do with Nick's car late at night. If it stayed out in front, it looked bad, and if he put it in the garage, the neighbors were scandalized. His clothes must be carefully hidden, and it was a high point of the day to remember to take his shaving cream out of the bathroom before Sue's girl friends began dropping in to powder their noses. The attempt to be married and appear single was a hectic one.

In order to avert suspicion they spent a good part of their honeymoon stepping out with other people. They actually helped "frame" dates for one another. Sue ribbed Nick to taking out Dixie Lee, while Nick thought Walter Ramsey was a good dancing partner for Sue. "It was goofy while it lasted," admitted Sue with a sigh, "and I'm glad it's over."

Parental Protection

JAMES AND LUCILLE GLEASON spent the best chaperoned honeymoon in history, having two sets of parents in attendance. The folks seemed to feel that as neither of the kids was of age they should have escorts to see that they weren't molested as elopers. The actual honeymoon trip consisted of a short jump from Oakland to Portland, where they went to work the night of their marriage in Jim's dad's stock company.

"I don't think Jimmy and I have ever had a honeymoon, if that word stands for being alone for any length of time. By the time our parents felt we were old enough to navigate for ourselves, little Russell had made his appearance on the scene, and there's nothing like a new baby for upsetting privacy. We've been promising ourselves a honeymoon for the past twenty-five years. Maybe in the next twenty-five we'll get around to it."

Honeymoon Indigestion

LOUISE FAZENDA and Hal Wallis made a three-months' attempt to get a leave

(*Continued on page 113*)



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A Great Big Family Man

(*Continued from page 33*)

as well as major, told me a little tale that tells a tale within a tale.

Some time back, Paul Whiteman sent a band to Sing Sing Prison. To play to the boys inside, make them forget for a little time, widen horizons tinted gray and barred and striped. He told the leader of the outfit to talk to the boys for him. He said, "Tell them that if any one among them is a musician and if, when he gets out, he still feels that life is worth while, to look me up."

A Man Remade

A YEAR or two elapsed. Paul was playing in some mid-Western city. There came to the door a man who announced himself as "Mr. Smith." He wanted to see Paul Whiteman. Jim Gillespie wouldn't do. He had to see Mr. Whiteman. He didn't seem to have any doubt that he would see him and he was right. He did. He told him that he was "just out." That he had got himself a job in a theater in Des Moines. He had told the manager of the theater that he was waiting for his sax from St. Louis. He didn't, of course, have any sax. Would Mr. Whiteman, as he had said . . . ? He came back the next day and got his sax. He is still playing in the theater. He has never gone back to the old ways. He has erased old times. And there is no doubt about it that crime—he was a burglar—will never again lure him to that nether world, unless it might be a crime in defense of the King of Jazz. For that robust potentate of modern American music extended the liberating word of hope to "Mr. Smith." And then made good on the hope.

Paul has a priceless twenty-five-thousand-dollar violin. The boys want to play it. Paul hands it over to them to play. What father do you know, who would part with so much as his choicest fishing tackle to gratify the whim of a boy?

When Paul is playing in the home town of any one of his boys, he goes to the boy's home for a home-cooked dinner, "the pie that mother used to make," and the endless tales that mothers always spin about the days when Johnny was a little boy.

Santa Claus

ELEVEN years ago Paul ran across banjo-playing Mike Pingatore. In San Francisco, I think it was. Mike was making a precarious thirty dollars a week. He was having a struggle to keep his soul and his twisted body together. For Mike has a bum back and a bum leg, and no one much wanted him. They thought his appearance was bad business. Paul Whiteman saw Mike with a keener and kindlier eye. He saw that Mike Pingatore not only knew his banjo but had, to boot, human interest appeal. People would feel for him the priceless reaction of sympathy. That was eleven years ago—and to-day Mike Pingatore and his banjo are earning five hundred a week and it's something to see his eyes when they rest on the King of Jazz.

It is such subjects as these who make empires powerful and keep them so.

On the Universal lot at Christmas-time Paul spent six thousand good round musical dollars. He didn't forget the least of these. He bought eighteen wrist watches alone at ninety-five dollars per ticker. Each one of his boys sported two new neckties and three sporty handkerchiefs.

Proud—And Not Proud

FIVE of his boys have gone air-minded. Flying is their hobby. Paul bought them a plane. And when the hottest saxophonist in the land, Frank Trambauer, took and passed three tests in one morning, no father with a boy reading the valedictory at his Alma Mater could have known a finer glow of pride.

"Old Frank . . . " Paul Whiteman will chuckle. "Whattya know? . . . old Frank!"

Not long ago he staged a big stag party for his old pals—the boys he had bummed about with in days gone by, when one man's chance was as good as another's. There were taxi-drivers and plumbers and bank clerks and salesmen. There were musicians of rank, and musicians of no rank at all. They came in sweaters and in khaki, in working-clothes and in soups-and-fishes. There was no feeling of the Royalty of Rhythm with his suzerains. It was ole Paul and his gang got together again.

Paul is a man's man. He is happiest when he is with men. He likes a lusty story and a lusty drink. And a lovely woman, *en passant.*

Plucky, Hence Lucky

PAUL'S boys come to him via many routes. And most of the routes are paved with human kindness. First and foremost, of course, the boys must know their instruments. For the most part, they are already musicians of note when they join the Whiteman band. Most of them know from two to five instruments. But along with their prowess as pianists or violinists, 'cellists or horn specialists, there is often woven a human interest story.

One boy came to Paul Whiteman in St. Joseph, Mo. It was after a performance. Paul was taking off his make-up, preparatory to entraining with the band within the hour. One of the townsladies came to him and told him she had a "find" for him. A lad who would be the coming pianist of the age, etc., etc., *ad infinitum.* Could Mr. Whiteman listen to him play? Would Mr. Whiteman?

Mr. Whiteman would, but couldn't very well. The men were striking the set and there was a cacophony of hammers and protesting nails. The boy came in and played. He played and played, and then he played again. Not a phrase came through the din to Paul's strained ears. The music didn't come through, but the boy's courage and tenacity did. The grit of the lad who was playing, whether well or ill, playing against all the odds for his chance. Paul went out to him and asked him if he knew any nearby house where they might have a piano and a few moments of quiet. The boy, eager-eyed, did know. Paul went with him. The boy played again, and when the Whiteman band left St. Joseph that night, a new pianist was added to the royal roster.

Rhapsodies In Blue

ONE of the boys in Paul's band has lungs that act up. He spends most of his time up at Banning and Paul spends most of his spare time at Banning, too. He sends for the boy only when a shot with the full force is imperative. No father of an own flesh-and-blood son could manifest a greater solicitude, a greater care, than Paul Whiteman does for the lad "up there."

When one of his boys was killed last summer in an auto accident, Paul paid all hospital expenses. Every care that science could give was given in an effort to save the shattered life. And every night Paul, or Jim Gillespie for him, had the distracted Italian parents on the 'phone from Hollywood to New York so that they might know just what conditions were and just what was being done. When science and care had failed, Paul sent the boy home with a lyre of roses at his feet and a harp of roses at his head.

There is the "boy" who, seasonally, gets the fishing fever. No matter where, no

matter what, as has been said. Perennially, he comes to Paul and resigns from the band. He is "the compleat angler" while the fever lasts, and when it has run its course, he comes back to Paul and says, "I'd like to join the band again, but I suppose my place is gone." But, of course, it isn't gone. It's his place, isn't it?

Regal Discipline

PAUL WHITEMAN is far from being all sentiment and no hard sense. He couldn't have nothing but heart and be the King of Jazz against all contenders.

If one of his boys misses an afternoon performance, for any reason save that of illness, that boy is fined twenty-five dollars. If he misses an evening performance, he is fined fifty dollars, and there are neither exemptions nor appeals from this rule. The fines go into a benefit for other musicians, but they do go out of the erring one's pocket and they stay out.

And if he cossets and plays with them, considers them and cares for them, he also cusses them, too, in round, stringent, pungent terms. We would quote, if it were not for the women and children.

Paul Whiteman is father and mother, sister and brother to his band. In such a family there is trouble and there is happiness. There are favors shown and punishments meted out. There are births and deaths and marriages. It is a complete little cosmos all by itself, and all of it, all of this human world, revolves about Paul Whiteman, rests its burdens on his broad shoulders, finds in his capacious heart the strength of iron and the milk of human kindness.

And always, music.

Honeymoon Horrors

(*Continued from page 111*)

of absence from the Warner Brothers Studio so they could be married. In that time they had not even a twenty-four hour vacation.

"We had come to the conclusion," said Louise, "that we could never be married—there wasn't any time. If it hadn't been that Thanksgiving is a national holiday, I don't think we would have ever been married.

"We seized that opportunity of the one-day close at the studio to get married, move into the same quarters, and celebrate with a turkey dinner and a wedding cake. It was the most hectic moment of our lives. The rushing around made us so nervous that when we ate a heavy Thanksgiving dinner it gave us both indigestion. We reported at the studio promptly the next morning at eight-thirty, a slightly dispirited bride and groom. But we were married—even if the honeymoon was more like the rush hour in the Five and Ten, rather than a quiet, secluded moment to ourselves."

Work-Day Wedding

KEN MAYNARD was in such a hurry to get married that he sent for his fiancée while on a location trip at Arrowhead. Ken was making a picture with Rin-Tin-Tin, and the famous dog was one of the witnesses to the ceremony.

"I didn't have any clothes, other than the costumes I was wearing in the picture," Ken reminisces, "and my wife was equally short of What-The-Well-Dressed-Bride-Will-Wear. We wandered around in knickers and old sweaters most of the time. We spent our wedding day on the set, and it was a good working day after the ceremony before we had the opportunity to hold hands. It may have been a little unusual—but it was a wonderful honeymoon. I would advise any couple to be married at Arrowhead—even if they are on location."



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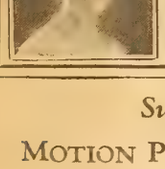
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on page 89

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High, Wide and Handsome

(*Continued from page 109*)

alleged stereoscopic effects: the appearance of objects standing out from their background, in a third dimension. Well, *cum grano salis* is the prescription here, which might mean that it will be well to take the salt-shaker to the cinematographic picnic. Depth to objects on the screen? Possibly, maybe, and also, questionably. Don't count much on it, for it's difficult to get a two-eyed result from a one-eyed camera, no matter how you jiggle the lens.

Big Little Grains of Silver

IT has been argued that it is possible to make a standard film fill the large screen. Possible, but a little doubtful, unless the film-makers can produce a finer emulsion. You see, the emulsion on the film is made up of tiny grains of silver which need a microscope for their detection, but when you magnify the little film image one hundred thousand times or more, these grains show, and if you go much further your favorite screen features will begin to "crawl."

Whom does the cost hit? The producer will probably have to spend more money for bigger sets, and in some pictures must employ more people, while his raw film stock will cost him twice as much as with the standard size. He will have to rebuild his cameras and film printing machines, reconstruct some sound apparatus, and so on. He is not too gravely worried. Sound hit him hard and hit the theater man, too. Color came along and jumped production costs up in the studios, but didn't effect the theater man. Now, wide film will make some difference to the producer, but it will jolt the theater owner terribly.

To the fan it means that theater prices may increase—unless the producer can afford to cut his production costs down and the theater manager can find a way to extract more revenue from a given film rental (usually, this will mean longer runs). But I can see several millions' more investment for the studios—the sixty million dollars I spoke of earlier for new theater equipment, and very probably, in the next five years, at least two hundred million dollars for new theaters to meet the new conditions! So, this motion picture business is not getting much simpler. At least, not in 1930–31.

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

John Considine, Jr., in the near future. Anticipating yet another marriage of an actress and a production official. (They both are with United Artists.)

Life Goes On

AND what is to become of Carmen's hope chests, filled with exquisite lingerie and fine linens? What is to become of the Greer trousseau?

Has she, losing Johnny, lost all reason for living?

But real life stories, like screen stories, seldom end on a tragic note. Ol' Misfortune does not insist on that. Ol' Misfortune has too fine a sense of irony.

Johnny Considine and Joan Bennett were together at Edith Mayer's wedding. And that same night, at the Biltmore, Carmen Pantages was with Tommy Lee, Sally Blane's boy-friend for the past three years.

Tommy gave Sally an expensive roadster for Christmas, and now he's going riding with Carmen.

If finders can be keepers, losers apparently are not weepers.

At this point, a plaintive little melody comes drifting into the picture. And somewhere someone's singing, "What's To Become Of Sally?"

Fade-out.



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Did he or she do that?
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And why people call

Motion Picture CLASSIC

"The Magazine With the Personality"



Dairy Mary: in "The Light of Western Stars" the cows come home and, moreover, stand for Mary Brian as a milkmaid

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 93*)

sidered it a great favor when the school board fired her after two weeks' tryout. She is now enacting her latest rôle opposite **Richard Dix** in **"Lovin' the Ladies."**

A FRIEND—Yes, it's remarkable what fine poker hands you can get when you are playing bridge. **David** and **Ernest Torrence** are brothers. **Richard Arlen's** real moniker is **Van Mattamore,** he is of **Dutch-English** and **American** descent. **Nick Stuart** was born in **Roumania,** twenty-four years ago. Let's hear from you again sometime.

PENNY—They make dollars. **Dorothy Lee** is about twenty years old, five feet one inch tall, has brown curly hair and blue-grey eyes. You will see her again in **"The Cuckoos," RKO Studios. Jeanne Eagels** died **Oct. 3, 1929. Kay Johnson** is about twenty-six, five feet four and has blonde hair, blue eyes. Married to **John Cromwell,** director and actor.

HELENE—Grant Withers' hobby is collecting pipes. His collection now numbers about **300.** Included in it are rare pipes from **China,** old peace pipes of the **Navajos,** fine specimens from **Europe.** His next picture, is **"Back Pay." Tom Mix** was born **Jan. 6, 1879. Louise Fazenda, June 17, 1895. Sally Blane** is not married.

SANDY—Scotch eh! Well, that won't be held against you. **Ann Pennington** was born in **Camden, New Jersey. Ann** received most of her education at the **Cooper School** there and later completed her schooling under private tutors. When **Ann** was the star of the **1919** "Scandals," **Nancy Welford** was her understudy. This same situation occurs in the story of **"The Gold Diggers of Broadway,"** in which their rôles are identical with that of their first meeting in real life. **Ann** is four feet eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs about **106** pounds, long brown hair, dark brown eyes. Send along a self-addressed envelope for the list of pictures in which she has appeared.

BEAU GESTE FAN—Gary Cooper, Evelyn Brent, Noah Beery, William Powell and **Arnold Kent** appeared in **"Beau Sabreur." Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Alice Joyce, Mary Brian, Norman Trevor, Noah Beery** and **William Powell** in **"Beau Geste."** One thousand yards of **Japanese** silk were used to make the costumes worn by the **eighty** chorus girls who appear with **Maurice Chevalier** in the **"Rainbow Revels"** number of **"Paramount on Parade."**

FLORENCE AND JIMMIE—David Lee played the rôle of *Billy* in **"Frozen River." David Durand** was the little boy in **"Innocents of Paris." David** also appeared with **Belle Baker** in **"Song of Love." Winifred Westover, Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon** and **Cosmo Kyrle Bellew** have the leads in **"Lummox."**

ME OF DETROIT—All roads might lead to **Rome**—but what we want to know is, where in the world do all the detours lead? **Wallace MacDonald** was born in **Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, May 5, 1891.** He is five feet ten, weighs **150** pounds, has black hair, dark brown eyes. Married to **Doris May** since **Dec. 12, 1921. Doris** hasn't appeared in pictures for quite some time. **Walter Miller's** latest picture is **"The Man Hunter,"** starring **Rin-Tin-Tin.**

ONLY FIFTEEN—Lucille Mendez was appearing on the stage last I heard of her. **Gary Cooper** was born in **Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Gary's** character name in **"The Texan,"** is **"The Llano Kid"** and is pronounced **"Yahno Kid." Irene Franklin,** musical comedy star who has made two **Vitaphone Varieties,** is a

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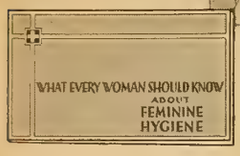
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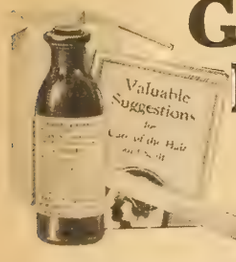
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song composer. She has written more than **300** compositions, one of which is the famous **"Red Head, Gingerbread Head."**

ROBERT MONTGOMERY FAN—This is only one of the thousands of answers that have been given on this chap. Many will agree with you, that he is some **Romeo. Robert** was born in **Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904.** He is six feet tall, weighs **160** pounds, and has brown hair, blue eyes. Not married and receives his fan mail at the **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.** There is no club in existence for him at this writing.

PUG-NOSE LITTLE GIRL—I wouldn't feel bad about that. If it comes right down to brass tacks, we were all given our share. **Rudy Vallee** was born **July 28, 1901. Joan Bennett, Regis Toomey, Jason Robards** and **Kenneth MacKenna** have the leads in **"Crazy That Way," Fox. Beryl Mercer, Robert Armstrong** and **Barbara Kent** in **"Dumbbells in Ermine," Warner Brothers.**

JOE BRONN—**Sally Blane** and **Polly Ann Young** are the sisters of **Loretta Young,** their real name is **Young. Loretta** was born in **Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912.** She is five feet two, about **98** pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Appearing in **"The Right of Way." Stanley Smith** is twenty-five years old, six feet tall, weighs **155** pounds, light brown hair and blue-grey eyes. Single, appearing in **"Queen High." Greta Garbo** is not married or engaged. Playing in **"Romance," Gavin Gordon,** new-comer to the screen, plays opposite.

NEWSY—**Ramon Novarro** was born **Feb. 6, 1899. Charles Rogers, Aug. 13, 1904. John Boles, Oct. 28, 1898. Richard Arlen, about** thirty-one. **Richard Barthelmess, May 9, 1895. Mary Brian, Feb. 17, 1908. Antonio Moreno's** latest picture is **"Rough Romance."**

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—People who live in pent-houses shouldn't throw flower pots. **Mary Brian** is still single. **Marian Nixon** was married on **Aug. 11, 1929,** to **Edward Hillman, Jr.**; her most recent picture is **"Courage," Warner Brothers.** Glad you liked her in **"General Crack." Bert Wheeler** was born in **Paterson, N. J.** When **Bert** was fifteen, **Gus Edwards** opened the door of opportunity to him. **Edwards** liked **Bert's** voice and made him a member of his **Newsboys' Sextette. Bert's** motto is, "Laugh at Trouble." You may write him at the **RKO Studios.**

MYSTERIOUS MERRY MAKER—**"Chant of the Jungle"** was the name of the theme song in **"Untamed." Robert Montgomery,** not **Robert Armstrong,** appeared as **Joan's** leading man. A lullaby is a tune sung or played to keep the baby and the folks in the next apartment from going to sleep. **Jack Holt** was born **May 31, 1888.** Latest picture is **"The Border Legion." Billie Dove, May 14, 1903. Bessie Love, Sept. 10, 1898.**

JUST ANOTHER QUESTION BOX—Do you know that in order correctly to record the thunder of airplane motors and the staccato crashes of machine-guns in the air, **Paramount** sent microphones into the skies in captive balloons for **Charles Rogers'** picture, **"Young Eagles." Mary Brian** was born in **Corsicana, Texas, Feb. 17, 1908,** and is five feet two inches tall. **Nancy Carroll, New York City, Nov. 9, 1906,** five feet four. **Jean Arthur, New York City,** about eighteen years ago, five feet three. **Neil Hamilton, Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1899,** five feet eleven.

ADMIRER OF RAMON NOVARRO—Perhaps you haven't given **Ramon** enough time about the photo, you know he has thousands of requests, and each has to wait its turn. **Ramon's** latest picture is **"The Singer of Seville," Dorothy Jordan** and **Renée Adorée** play opposite. **Emma Dunn,** who became famous on the **New York** stage as **"Old Lady 31,"** is playing a **Spanish** señora in **"The Texan."**

TAFFY—Salt water or butterscotch? Don't eat your hat, **Buddy** is six feet tall, weighs **165** pounds. **Robert Montgomery** was born in **Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904,** six feet tall, weighs **160** pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Not married, receives his fan mail at the **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.** Latest picture is **"The Big House."**

BUFFIE—**Rudy Vallee** has a sister, **Kathleen Marie,** and a brother **William,** who goes to **Fordham College. John Holland** hails from **Kenosha, Wis.,** he is twenty-seven years old, has brown hair and eyes. He entered pictures in **1925** and was soon discovered by **Henry King,** who gave **Holland** his first important rôle in **"She Goes To War."** This was followed by a number of other productions, including **United Artists' "Hell Harbor"** and **Columbia's "The College Coquette"** and **"Black Sheep." John** was formerly known as **Clifford Holland** when he appeared in pictures for **Fox.**

SARAH K.—Well! here you are, **Saree,** I told you I'd find room for your answers. **Marion Byron,** whose nickname is **"Peanuts,"** one of the youngest and smallest actresses in motion pictures, is a graduate of the comedy lots in **Hollywood,** and her first big chance came when she was chosen leading lady for **Buster Keaton** in **"Steamboat Bill, Jr."** She also played the baby vamp in **"His Captive Woman,"** with **Milton Sills** and **Dorothy Mackaill. Miss Byron** formerly was in musical comedies in **New York,** playing with **Fannie Brice** in **"Music Box Revue"** and was chosen for the lead in **"Tiptoes,"** being taken out of the chorus for that honor.

CHESTER PRICE—I would suggest you read the article, **"Stepping into Their Shoes,"** which appeared in our **March, 1930, Classic,** for the size shoes the various stars wear. **Ramon Novarro** is five feet eight inches tall. **Richard Barthelmess,** five feet seven. **Nick Stuart,** five feet nine and **Anita Page** five, two. **Maurice Chevalier** will appear in three separate song and comedy sketches in **"Paramount on Parade."**

PAL—**Stanley Smith** is still a bachelor. You may reach **Stanley** and **Helen Kane** at the **Paramount Studios. Ronald Colman** is not married, his latest picture is **"Raffles," Frances Dade** plays opposite. **Renée Adorée** is playing a rôle in **"The Singer of Seville,"** starring **Ramon Novarro** and **Dorothy Jordan. Alice White, David Manners** and **Kenneth Thomson** in **"Sweet Mamma."**

CLUB FANS—You may write **Billie Daniel, 809 Lamar St., San Antonio, Texas,** in regard to a **Carlotta King Fan Club. David Rollins Club, Martha Schuierer, 5643 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill. Lola Lane, Philip Geraci, 2235 Chartres St., New Orleans, La. Arthur Lake Club, Donato R. Cedrone, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass. Eddie Nugent, Irene Brettman, 25 East 73rd St., N. Y. C. Dixie Lee, Anthony Centobi, 2234 Chartres St., New Orleans, Louisiana.**

Food for Thought

(*Continued from page 82*)

That is known in the vernacular as horse-sense.

The Hollywood Diet

SO far as making the best of Hollywood is concerned, Lowell seems to me to make a very fine job of it.

"The food?" he said, when I started cross-questioning. "Well, of course, it is pretty bad nearly everywhere in Los Angeles. But there are at least two places where I find you can get a very good meal, well served. One is the new apartment house, 'The Town House,' and the other is right here at the Beverly-Wilshire. I nearly always dine here when I am working. I should be too tired to go out, in any case. Then they give you a really very nice lunch here—nice cold duck, and so on.

"Jack Barrymore and I both love good food; so does my mother. Jack has a wonderful cook and generally eats at home. My mother often gets a sudden desire for something or other and takes the next train to San Francisco, where they know what good food is. A few hours later she calls up to tell me about the marvelous crab-meat she's having. Then I often follow on—can't resist it.

"In the old days in San Francisco, I used to go often to the Fisherman's Wharf, where they cooked the fish, fresh-caught, in iron caldrons on the sidewalk, and took them right out ready to eat. Then there's a place there where you can get turbot—the only place I know of, outside England. It's exclusively a sea-food restaurant, where you pick your fish out of the tank on the counter while you're having your crab-meat cocktail.

Where Cooks Are Chefs

"OF course, there are times when I feel I'd give anything to be in Paris, and to have some *lobster thermidor* or *sole marguery* such as they have at Larue's. Or go to the *Cheval Pie*, where they have just one big stew-pot containing the chief dish of the day. The only way to do in Hollywood is to have your own place and your own cook. I'm going into a house again now that I am married, and then I shall probably eat at home nearly all the time. Later in the year I shall go to Europe and enjoy myself.

"I don't mind making a bit of a journey, if I can get something really good to eat. I often go to San Francisco. Another place I go sometimes is Lake Tahoe, where you can get wonderful duck and often trout out of season."

Lowell lit his ninth consecutive Turkish cigarette and wrapped his oriental lounging-robe about his legs.

"As for Hollywood, I look on it more or less as a place for hard work, so that the lack of good food and of interesting things to do doesn't worry me very much. Since the talkies started, this picture work has become so hard that it leaves no time for anything else. Hollywood has grown up; it has an air of 'strictly business' about it. And the development of talkies is marvelously interesting. It's very bromidic to say so, but I don't think the talkies have even started yet. There's no end to what we shall be able to do with them. Sometimes I sit up all night discussing the future of the thing with some of the picture people who live in this building.

Still Developing

"MY idea is that we're just about at the stage where we don't know if it's a boy or a girl. But I honestly think the producers have a desire to do something really good with it. They want the thing as fine as they





Patented

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap

AND BRINGS AGENTS UP TO $6 AND $8 IN AN HOUR!

HERE is a truly revolutionary invention! Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans automatically the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine.

Women universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet practically in every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine, then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—the automatic way of doing their most distasteful job.

"Million Dollar" Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a ten-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen have sold to every house in the block and have made up to $10 an hour, either spare or full time.

Frankly, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible. So I've worked out a special advertising plan by which you can examine the invention and test it without risking one penny of your money.

AGENTS

Full or Part Time

We instruct you and furnish everything. Under our plan Ornoff of Va., made $265 in a week. Gregg, Wyo., made $10.75 in 3 hours. Barclay, N. Y., cleaned up $117 in only 2 days. Send today for full details and FREE TEST OFFER.

GENEROUS FREE TEST OFFER

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. Get my Free Offer. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now. Address:

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.,
Dept. G-2063
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.,
Dept. G-2063, 4500 Mary Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Rush me your FREE TEST OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

( )Check here if interested only in one for your home.

Buying for Contentment

IT IS not uncommon to buy something that momentarily attracts your attention and to scold yourself afterwards for buying it . . . .

Advertising helps you to use your family budget carefully—wisely—and saves you from after-regrets.

In the advertisements of this magazine you see the worth-while enduring products spread before you—

Knowing them before you buy—you are able to judge intelligently your needs. Never are you rushed into buying; into having first—and scolding afterwards—

Advertising gives you honest information before you buy. You have a reliable guide and index to help you plan your purchases wisely and carefully.

Read the advertisements! You will find that they make your money go farther—and that you will be satisfied with your purchases long after you have bought!

DANGERS IN DIETS

TO END FAT

A BETTER WAY



MANY more people would fight fat in the right way if they did not fear some harm. The slender figures, multiplied in late years, could be multiplied again.

But the danger lies in starvation or abnormal exercise. The right way is to combat the cause. It usually lies in an under-active gland. That scanty gland secretion lets too much food go to fat. Modern physicians, in treating obesity, feed the lacking substance.

That method is the basis of Marmola prescription tablets. They are prepared by a famous laboratory, to offer this right method at its best. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. The results are seen in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who can show and tell the many good effects.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. Each box contains the formula, and all the good results are explained. The user who gains new youth and beauty, new health and vigor, knows exactly why.

If you suffer from excess fat, combat the cause. It is a blight to beauty and to health. Don't starve, but feed the system a substance that is lacking. Marmola tablets do that.

Consider how many have employed this method, and for 22 years. It must be right. Go learn what they have learned. Watch the results from a box or two of Marmola, and let those results decide. Start now. Don't delay appearing at your best.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce

Be The Man Behind The Camera



Earn $60 to $250 a Week

Prepare NOW for a well-paid position as ( ) Motion Picture Cameraman, ( ) Projectionist, ( ) "Still" Photographer or ( ) Photo-Finisher. Big pay, fascinating work. FREE Book tells how we quickly train you at home or in our studios. Send for it NOW!

New York Institute of Photography

Dept. M-715 10 West 33rd St. New York, N.Y.

Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Abolish ugly hollows



Miss Gonzales of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, can abolish sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No dieting or tiresome exercise is necessary. Simply apply and massage Tiffany Tissue Builder wherever you want to develop more flesh.

Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES, Inc.
Tanna Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Photographs of Your Favorites

Original genuine gloss-print studio photographs of all Motion Picture Players, latest poses, size 8x10 inches. Send 25 cents for any picture or subject you want. Five for one dollar or twelve for two dollars. Pictures sent by return mail. Send your order to-day to

The Answer Man
Motion Picture Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York City



A complete set of 128 movie actors containing such stars as Novarro, Rogers, Cooper, Arlen, Nagel, and all the rest. The entire set for only 50c coin, money order or 2c stamps. Send now.

King Studios 25 West Broadway New York, Dept. MP.

can get it, and they listen to suggestions—which is more than they used to do. The last three pictures I've made for Warner Brothers have all been like that. In the last one, I told Darryl Zanuck that I couldn't believe my scenes as they had been written. He said: 'Have it the way you believe it.'

"One thing they're just beginning to get away from is what they call 'production values'—the sort of thing they did in 'The Great Gabbo,' where every time you got interested in the story they brought on a troop of chorus girls and spoilt it. These 'production values' are like the old gentleman who always insisted on wearing a black string tie. They laughed at him so much that he finally changed. The public is beginning to laugh at the whole idea of holding up the story for the sake of a lot of big sets and chorus girls.

"Most of the trouble with talkies at present is bad writing. They have to be written *for*, not *at*. In silent pictures, you could write *at* them; if you were hard up for a scene, you could always bring in an Irish cop, or something. But no actor ever did anything unless he had something to say.

Shaping the Talkies

"NEARLY all the good writers are out here now, and they are rapidly developing a real form for talkies. There's hardly a playwright left in the East. A year ago a manager used to say 'Call up So-and-so and see if he's got a play.' But now—try to find him. He's living in Alhambra, or somewhere in this neighborhood, and writing talkies.

"There's only one way to make a talkie—get a finished script and play it as written. You can't monkey around with it during production as you did in silent pictures. Take 'The Virginian,' which I saw last night. They got Wister's script, pinned it on the wall and played it. Result—a good talkie. Half the talkies they're making are written as they go along, and the dialogue consists of people talking *at* instead of *with* one another.

"The same with the actors. Silent picture actors who were unprepared simply acted *at* instead of *for* the talkies—the same as they used to do before the day of microphones. Those are the ones who have disappeared from view. But take people like Gloria Swanson. She was ready with real acting ability *for* the talkies. And it won't matter when things begin to show on her face. She's prepared. She can act."



Going far: Marguerite Churchill, whose fame is traveling fast, looks as if she has even gone Far East

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**At the last minute, little Janet Gaynor** was found to be among those sailing—and you know the public mind!

2—**Gilbert called Tully a "this and that"** and Tully called Gilbert a "these and those," and then our idol kissed the floor.

3—**Tom Mix always considered that TONY** had as much credit coming as *he* did. So he used the front lawn to prove it!

4—**The bowing and scraping gentry are** sometimes called Joe Schildkraut and Ivan Lebedeff.

5—**It's merely a translation from the Bul-**garian—The two Doloreses—Costello and Del Rio.

6—**That very charming girl, Katherine** McDonald. She is now running a cosmetic manufacturing business.

7—**Joan Crawford first saw the light of day** under the name Lucille Le Sueur.

8—**That he will become associated with** Chaplin and never make another talkie. Just the good old silents.

9—**Greta Garbo, who was known as Greta** Gustafsson to the customers in her native Sweden.

10—**I'm speaking of all the Lees on the** screen. They are Lila, Dixie, Dorothy, Francis, Davey and Gwen.

11—**Maybe Richard Dix will kill me for** this—but he didn't want the sordid publicity, even if he *was* guiltless.

12—**Only a physical examination could** have kept Julian Eltinge out of the cast. "He" would have added the color.

13—**Think hard. Don't you remember** Jean Hersholt in all of those parts?

14—**Aw go on—you wouldn't want me to** name them *all* would you?

15—**They say that every single picture** Colleen Moore makes has to be retouched for that very reason.

16—**The two politicians are Dick Arlen** and Will Rogers.

17—**At least, that's the only garb we've** ever seen Jack Oakie parade around in.

18—**Shame on you—Sally Blane and** Loretta Young, Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil, and Viola Dana and her sister Shirley Mason.

19—**Bodil Rosing is not only one of the** most popular actresses, she is the grandmother of Monte Blue's little girl, Karen.

20—**I hate to tell this one on Grant** Withers, but I thought you ought to know.



Get This Album FREE!

This Large Black Seal-Leatherette Album—100 pages, loose-leaf, size 8½ by 10½ inches, weight two pounds, is specially made to hold the 5½ by 8-inch pictures that so many of our readers are collecting.

All you have to do is send us a one year subscription to Motion Picture Magazine—at our rate of $2.00 for twelve big issues—and we send you this Big Album Free! Subscribe to-day for some friend, or extend your present subscription. Money back if you are not delighted.

Please use this order blank

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You Have it coming To you . . .

MOTION PICTURE
ON THE AIR

Happier quarter-hours are coming.

And no longer will Fridays be dull.

From now on you will have something to think about, talk about, sing about, over the week-ends.

For the best that Hollywood has to offer is coming your way.

Music and songs all America will soon be playing and singing.

Fast scenes from fast-moving films you will want to see.

New sidelights on the stars and players.
New news of Hollywood.

From these stations:

WNAC	Boston
WEAN	Providence
WJAS	Pittsburgh
WJR	Detroit
WTMJ	Milwaukee
KMOX	St. Louis
WFAA	Dallas
KLZ	Denver
KFRC	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles

■

Watch for the MOTION PICTURE program, each Friday morning, beginning May 2nd, from the station nearest to you. Watch for this all-talking, all-singing, all-new attraction—miraculously compressed into fifteen fleeting minutes—presented as only MOTION PICTURE could present it.

. . . MOTION PICTURE

The Progressive
Magazine Of The Screen

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

than the majority of musical comedies with their more artificial atmosphere can do. We like variety but not always the "variety show." *E. N.*

From Sea to See

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., N. Y.—Have you ever been cooped up in a sailor's forecastle or an officer's room, of a tramp steamer or windjammer, for days, weeks or months, seeing the same faces, eating the same grub, sailing—through the seven seas? "No fun, no sweet women's faces to feast the eyes upon, nothing to break the monotony of watch—and watch, and then come into port." Well, the old way was for the boys to seek the nearest gin emporium. Those days are past. It is now for the movies, which are to be found in the most out of the way places, and the next day, discuss their favorites of the screen. Enough said; but the movies are a godsend to the sailors. *M. Severin Johnston.*

A Gift to the Deaf

EVESON, WASH.—Like hundreds of other "movie fans" the world over, I am hard of hearing, so I felt the "talkies" had ruined my pleasure. However, Colleen Moore in "Smiling Irish Eyes" recently came to our small-town show house and I could not resist going. I haven't words to express the joy and pleasure I received from this picture, for even though I may have missed a word now and then, the music was wonderful. Also, you may imagine my surprise in finding I could hear and understand at all.

I received such a feeling of having participated in this film, rather than merely having witnessed a moving picture as heretofore, that I attended "The Trial of Mary Dugan" soon after and was fully as deeply impressed as with the first one.

I now find I am living for each change of pictures as I never did for the "silent drama" and I come home with such a lasting impression and satisfied feeling.

J. W. G.

From Adult Intellect

MONTREAL.—When the talkies came into vogue, I looked forward eagerly to a new era of intellectual and educational entertainment. The vast wealth of plays and novels which had, hitherto, been too unwieldy and impracticable for the silent screen, were now, through this new medium, in a position to be utilized with comparative ease and success.

But, during the past two years in which the talkies have been in full force, there has not yet been any noticeable trend in this direction. Instead, we have been swamped with a lot of vapid so-called "musical" comedies and pictures about racketeers, gunmen and backstage life.

All these are no doubt proving highly profitable, but the success of the one or two really intelligent pictures, such as "Disraeli" or "General Crack" prove that the public can be just as appreciative of this type of picture as of the aforementioned.

I have always harbored the impression that the producers credit the average moviegoer with the inferior intelligence of a twelve year old. The trash with which they feed us certainly gives that impression. It is my firm belief that the majority of the movie fans will stand behind any movement which will tend to raise the present low standard of film entertainment. *Irving Matis.*

Free Beauty Analysis 30 Days Only



By the World's Most Famous Beauty Authority

Lucille Young

For the next 30 days I am going to give, free, to every woman who writes me, a professional beauty analysis. By this offer I hope to save thousands of women the wasted effort of trying to correct beauty defects without really knowing how. This isn't a reflection upon your intelligence, Many, many beauty nostrums are so convincingly described that it really takes an expert to see how they are skilfully worked to deceive. The result is that women spend actually millions of dollars for beauty aids that I *know to be utterly useless.*

Another important point is the *incompleteness* of undirected beauty effort. In my famous beauty salon we *completely* beautify, correct *every* defect, bring out hidden beauty. The results are actually amazing. I take women who are dull, drab, lacking distinction and make them vivacious, sparkling, gloriously attractive beings. And my clientele includes all the way from young girls to women of mature age. There are those who are pretty, or even beautiful, but who want to add just that marvelous something that *supremely beautiful* women possess. Famous screen celebrities are an example. On the other hand I have women come to me who are ridden by the most terrible fear in the world—the insidious, creeping advance of age.

Now all my personal clientele, every woman I *see* at my Salon, has her beauty needs analyzed *before anything else is done.* And when this is done, my clients invariably realize that I can do tremendously more for them than they expected. The result is enthusiasm such as they never knew before. It is all so different, so sane, so sure. It is a new *viewpoint.* The viewpoint of doing *all* that can be done, instead of just some *one* thing that the mind has exaggerated—wrinkles, or bad complexion perhaps.

Tell Me About Yourself. I'll Tell You What Can Be Done

You, whoever you are, whatever your age, no matter what the extent of your beauty problems of face and figure can be given new beauty that will astound you, and *everyone who sees you.* And you will be told how absolutely free, entirely without obligation. All you need do is give me the information upon which I can *give you* a full, correct, scientific beauty analysis.

No Trouble to Fill in The Chart

Just notice that while the Analysis Chart in this advertisement asks many questions, it can be filled in by merely *checking* questions that apply to *you.* But answer all the questions you can. They are based on my more than fifteen years experience and will give me just the information I need to advise you so that your utmost desire for beauty can be fulfilled.

Important! Send TODAY!

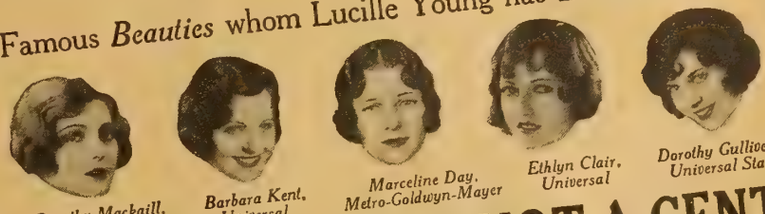
In order that I may *personally answer* the many women who will take advantage of this highly unusual opportunity, I have had to make *special arrangements* to delegate my *regular* work in my Beauty Salon to my assistants. Therefore kindly fill in the Analysis Chart on this page and send it in promptly. You will then be sure to receive it back without delay.

A Warning to Every Woman

My Analysis TODAY may save you loss of beauty *prematurely*—of face and figure. Know your true condition and how to remedy it NOW. Don't wait—get all the facts. Stay young—or regain youthful, wonderful good looks. Neglect is fatal to beauty. Time's ageing effect *must be fought.* My expert, personal advice costs you nothing—not one penny if you send the Analysis Chart Today. No obligation—everything to gain—nothing to lose. *So act!*

LUCILLE YOUNG

Some Famous *Beauties* whom Lucille Young has *Beautified.*



Dorothy Mackaill, First National Pictures — *Barbara Kent, Universal* — *Marceline Day, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* — *Ethlyn Clair, Universal* — *Dorothy Gulliver, Universal Star*

SEND TODAY

WORTH $5.00 COSTS YOU NOT A CENT

Fill in and Mail This Chart Today Positively No Charge
Simply Place Check Mark (✓) to answer questions applying to you

SKIN: Oily___Dry___Normal___Wrinkles___Lines___Acne___
COMPLEXION: Fair___Ruddy___Dark___Sallow___
Pimples___Blackheads___Enlarged Pores___
Muddiness___Redness___Liver Spots___

MUSCLES: Soft___Sagging___Flabby___
in Cheeks___Chin___Neck___Body___
TISSUES: Tight___Hardened___Shrunken___
in Cheeks___Neck___Shoulders___Body___

HEIGHT_____WEIGHT_____AGE_____MARRIED_____SINGLE_____
BODY: Overweight___Underweight___Normal___
Thin___Bony___Fat___Bulging___

IF FAT IN SPOTS, STATE WHERE:
Arms___Legs___Hips___Bust___Calves___
Bust Measure___Waist Measure___Hip Measure___

DISPOSITION: Nervous___Irritable___Ailing___
Even Tempered___Worried___Impulsive___
Active___Optimistic___Steady___Healthy___

ARE YOU TROUBLED by Constipation___Headaches___Insomnia___
EYES: Tired___Drooping Lids___Wrinkled Lids___
Eyelashes Heavy___Eyelashes Thin___Brows Heavy___Brows Thin___

HAIR: Thick___Thin___Gray___Oily___Dry___Lustrous___Dull___
SCALP: Oily___Dry___Loose___Tight___Dandruff___
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR: On Face___Arms___Legs___
HANDS: Roughened___Red___Dry___Moist___Thin___Wrinkled___
ARMS and LEGS: Shapely___Thin___Fat___Flabby___
ARE YOU Socially Inclined___Retiring___Self-conscious___
Do You Want to ATTRACT: Men___Women___Both___



Irene Delroy, Musical Comedy Star

FREE
$5.00 BEAUTY ANALYSIS
SEND TODAY!

LUCILLE YOUNG, 515 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Illinois

Miss Young: I want to take advantage of your remarkable offer. I understand that there is absolutely no charge or obligation of any kind.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Robert Franklin Koons
Lyons, Wisconsin



Ruth S. Reichelderfer
Trexlertown, Pennsylvania

Mellin's Food—A Milk Modifier

? *Why does Mellin's Food hold such a prominent place in infant feeding* ?

Because it is used with fresh milk—a scientifically correct basis for bottle feeding.

Because it acts upon the casein of milk, making the curd flaky, soft and easily digested.

Because it favorably influences the digestibility of the cream of milk.

Because it adds carbohydrates in the highly assimilable form of maltose and dextrins.

Because it adds mineral matter in a form readily utilized for the development of bones and teeth.

Because by its use infants thrive and mothers find contentment as they record the satisfactory progress of their babies.

Mellin's Food Biscuits — Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle — **Mellin's Food Biscuits**

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Company - - - Boston, Mass.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW



Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliancy natural!

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to the palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possible beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Shade of Princess Pat Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights.



Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. A-1016
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

Name (Print).....

Address.....

City.....State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

"SHADOWS HUGER *than the shapes that cast them"*

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892)

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)



AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

• by refraining from over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.



When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY *instead*

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Motion Picture

JULY

25¢



e Die *out of* Diet

A *true Story of Hollywood* as told by MARION NIXON

"...And so the extra was *fired*... *she had fussed with lipstick once too often!*"



See Marion Nixon's Kissproof Lips
—in Warner Bros.' "Show of Shows." "Say It With Songs," and "In the Headlines."

"Even our hardened director caught his breath when she walked out on the set," dainty Miss Nixon reminisced recently, "she was that stunning! Even while the camera was grinding, he kept watching her. I felt sure she would not remain an extra very long. Suddenly, without warning and while the picture was being taken, she started to make up her lips.

" 'Cut—retake!' the director yelled. She hastily put her lipstick away, but half an hour later, from force of habit, she was using it again. Once more the scene had to be taken over. At the third offense, he waved her off the set and never used her again. She had fussed with lipstick once too often."

USING lipstick "once too often" has undoubtedly marred the good impressions countless other women have made. Making up the lips in public *is* often disconcerting or annoying to others.

The 5,000,000 users of Kissproof, the new modern lasting lipstick, are never forced to risk making up their lips in public. The natural loveliness which Kissproof gives their lips lasts an unbelievable number of hours.

Nor is the illusion of naturalness shattered by the need of retouching. Kissproof always stays on long enough to make public retouching absolutely unnecessary. It does more than make your lips beautiful—it *keeps* them that way.





The
Mod
Last
Make-

The exquisite Kissp cosmetics in all wanted sha are found at toilet counters everywhere. Ki proof Lipstick, 50c and 75c; Kissproof Fa Powder, 50c and $1.00; Kissproof Compa Rouge, 50c; Kissproof Lip and Cheek Roug 50c; Delica-Brow lash beautifier, black brown, in liquid or cake form, 75c.

Film Stars Favor Complete Kissproof Make-up

Stage and screen stars and beautiful women everywhere realize that the colors of the cosmetics they use must not only harmonize, but *each* must *last*. Otherwise the entire effect is destroyed.

That is why they recommend a complete Kissproof make-up. Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Face Powder, Kissproof Compact Rouge, and Delica-Brow, all possess the same lasting qualities which have made Kissproof Lipstick famous.

Here is the complete Kissproof make-up they endorse. *First*, give the cheeks the natural blush of youth with Kissproof Compact Rouge. How it lasts!

Then, for that soft, satiny, marble-like beauty, gently rub on Kissproof Face Powder. Soft, exquisite, *clinging*, it will seem to become a part of you.

Next, a perfect Cupid's Bow with Kissproof Lipstick, an unfailing giver of lasting natural beauty. If you prefer, you can use Kissproof Lip and Cheek Rouge, equally beautifying to lips or cheeks. Natural and permanent, too.

As a final touch of loveliness, flick the lashes and brows with Delica-Brow, the waterproof lash and brow beautifier.

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"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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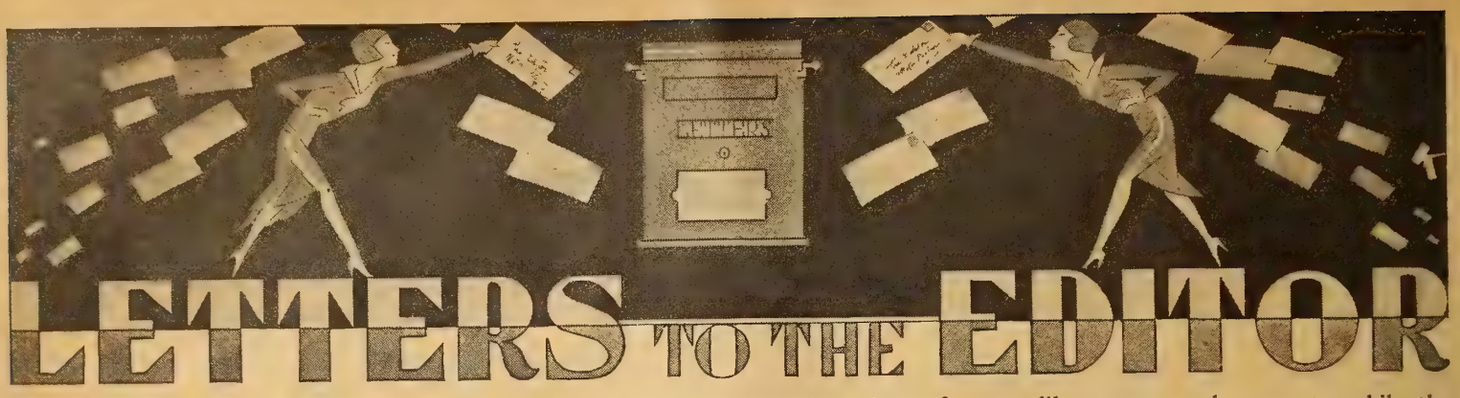
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TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

Now They Speak!

WEST LIBERTY, W. VA.—How often I've come away from the silent movie wishing only that I could have heard the characters speak, for then the artist on that screen would have appeared not merely as a figure moving before my eyes as trees seem to pass from one's view when seen from a train window.

One year ago I saw my first talking show. How I thrilled to it! Those people seen on the screen were real, with voices, expressing the depths of human emotions. Why, they felt that which I felt and thereby helped me to fill a vacancy in my soul. They were my friends, seeming almost to extend their hands to me in an effort to help me conquer my inward loneliness.

After seeing and hearing "Anna Christie" last week I felt as if I didn't care to see another for a long, long time, for it seemed to contain so much. How great these characters are—not by what they do but by that which they feel. Each character gives us separately a distinct individual, made what he is by what he has lived.

The greatest service of the talkie has been in behalf of us who have not the gift of expression—the talkie has become our spokesman. *Dorothy Bonar*

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

Anent Movie Manners

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—Sometimes I think if it weren't for the movies I wouldn't want to live. I always go to the movies alone, so that I can dream I am in a different world, a different someone, not my self, forget every one and every thing around me. The one thing I despise when I'm seeing (and hearing) a good photoplay is to hear someone near me "make fun of" or "criticize" the players, that spoils every thing and wakes me up from my "dream." Last week I went to see "Their Own Desire," in which I thought Robert Montgomery gave a "good" performance, I was just admiring him when someone near me was criticizing him (if they must, I don't see why they can't keep their thoughts to themselves). I think the movies are a godsent gift to us people here on earth and every one should appreciate them. I've also found out that the movies are the best entertainment anyone can have, and enjoy. *Carrie De Rosa*

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

More Publicity Please

DETROIT, MICH.—Why is it such pictures as "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "The Mysterious Island" are lost in the rapid growth of silly, non-interesting pictures?

The direction, scenery, and acting in both pictures was superb. But they aren't advertised enough, so people just naturally think the picture is no good.

The education in Jules Vernes' "The Mysterious" may be fantastic to some people. But is it? There is no proof that there are such water creatures and there is no proof that he has not brought up an unknown fact.

The "Isle of Lost Ships," has true facts discovered by scientists. The "Saragossa Sea" is supposed to be so thickly populated with weeds no fish can swim in it.

But do give us more educational pictures for our own good. *Isabelle W. Jordan*

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. We will also pay one dollar for every other letter published.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

ONE DOLLAR LETTERS

Live in Hope

SAN FRANCISCO.—I had hoped that the coming of the talkies would give the public a finer type of pictures and necessitate a higher degree of acting. True, they did give us "Disraeli," "Anna Christie," and "The Street of Chance," but the artistry of George Arliss, Greta Garbo and William Powell would make most any picture worth while. Besides those and a very few others, the offerings have been woefully weak both in material and acting.

It seems that instead of making an effort to learn the fine art of acting, nearly all of the so-called "stars" are going in for musical comedy and forcing the public to listen to them trying to sing lousy songs of puppy love while they gaze wistfully into each other's eyes.

I often wonder what George Arliss, Richard Mansfield, Eva Le Gallienne, Otis Skinner, and others who have helped make acting a real art, think when they see the efforts of some of our sweet-boy Buddies and hot-mama girlies to portray life in its subtle forms.

It is strange to me why people will prefer to see pictures in which the heroes look and act like overgrown boy scouts, while the heroines seem ill at ease because they cannot be chewing gum.

The producers seem to think that the public wants simple little love stories that always end with a kiss and prospects of six darling children. Is life like that? *D. M. B.*

We Want Our Hart

MIDDLESBORO, KY.—I am another Hart fan that would like to see Bill come back to the screen. I don't think there ever can be any one who can take Hart's place. O yes, they speak of Mr. Gary Cooper as if he could do it. Gary is a real he-man, I must admit, and also a fine star. But I don't think he can sit in Bill's saddle.

Why not give Bill a break now that the talkies are here. He might fool you, for he is a real two-gun man and knows the plains like nobody's business. I am sure there are lots of fans that feel the same about it.

Now I ask you. "Why can't we have William S. Hart, real son of the plains again?" We are not tired of him. We are now learning how well we liked him and how we miss him.

If some of the other fans will write in, there might be a chance to get old Bill back again. What do you say? *J. L. C.*

Youth Speaks

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—May a "kid" in her early teens give her idea to the world? I hope so, for I'm speaking for the young people in the United States.

Why can there not be a few pictures which children would be allowed to see and understand? There are movies without number that have the same monotonous repetition of "mushy" love scenes, the usual triangle, and stories that convey no thought, leave no impression, beyond a few gorgeous scenes.

How about some educational pictures, clean, wholesome love stories, and thrilling mystery tales; not gory murders.

If the great classics were put on, many grownups would flock to see them, too.

For the benefit of the tiny youngsters, why not a few of the more delightful fairy tales. The concern that did it would be doubly repaid by fascinated, starry eyes, parted lips gasping with wondrous joy; and it would go over big.

If these much needed reforms were carried through, a whoop of thankfulness from American parents and children would be heard all the way to Hollywood. *S. J. R.*

Broken Atmosphere

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I have heard that in pictures atmosphere is the all-important

(*Continued on page 122*)

VITAPHONE

JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL



Funniest thing on four feet—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner . . .

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Georges Carpentier ★ Sally O'Neil ★ Dorothy Revier

Abe Lyman and His Band

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Hot-Spot

OF THE MONTH

Married Life Was All Work, And No Play, To Betty Compson

By DOROTHY DONNELL

ON April 1, 1929, the newspapers carried the story that one of Hollywood's happiest marriages was about to break up in shipwreck. Betty Compson had left her husband's home in Flintridge and was living in an apartment of a bungalow court she owned. The reason she gave for her act was that "Jim was too hospitable." She further explained that their home was like a roadhouse—she never knew whether she was to have twenty people, or a hundred and twenty to dinner on Sundays.

On April 13 Hollywood breathed easier. Betty had gone back to Jim and the famous Flintridge open-house Sundays were saved, to the hungry—and thirsty—hordes.

Now on April 18, 1930, almost exactly a year later, the newspapers announce that Betty Compson has filed divorce papers against James Cruze, using what was practically a carbon copy of her former complaint. Jim was a fine fellow. But too hospitable. And he would never take her anywhere. It caused her humiliation to go to parties and premières without her husband as escort. She understood that people were laughing at her on account of it. She asked for a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty.



Betty Compson and her director husband, James Cruze, have come to the parting of the ways all because he was too hospitable. Flintridge was always "open-house" for his hundreds of friends and Betty could not make herself at home

Looking For The Man

BOTH of these moves on Betty's part came as a complete surprise to her closest friends, as well as the public. Indeed, the guests at the charming home dinner party at the Cruze house on Tuesday evening, April 15, did not suspect domestic difficulties between their lovely hostess and their genial host. Perhaps there weren't any at that time. Much can happen between Tuesday and Friday in Hollywood.

Among these dinner guests on Tuesday were Roscoe Arbuckle, Jimmie Fidler and Glenn Hunter. People are remembering now that Glenn has been substitute escort for Betty at a number of places lately. Other people have overheard him say that it was foolish for Betty to waste her youth, sitting at home, because Jim wouldn't go to parties. Might he have said the same thing to Betty? Yet Glenn has worked in several of Jim's pictures, and recently Cruze has been trying to persuade him to give up the stage and come back to Hollywood for good.

A year ago, when Betty first departed Flintridge, Hollywood sniffed over her complaints that Jim was "too hospitable" and murmured, "Find the man." She had just finished a picture opposite Grant Withers; Grant had escorted her to several parties, so—what could be likelier? Hollywood does not like to find itself mistaken, but in four days the Cruzes were reunited, and in a few months Grant was the hero of a romantic elopement with Loretta Young.

Stay-At-Home Jim

AS for Cruze, the most ardent gossip has never coupled his name with any of the pretty movie actresses he has directed. The Compson-Cruze friends were Betty's friends as well as Jim's—the von Stroheims, the Fitzmaurices, Roscoe Arbuckle, Jim Tully.

Now, reluctantly, Hollywood wonders whether perhaps after all Betty is only telling the simple truth, when she says that she is getting a divorce because Jim has too many people at his Sunday parties and will never take her anywhere.

Jim Cruze is notoriously a stay-at-home. No one can remember seeing him in a tuxedo. He never goes to parties. He never goes to premières. When his own great epic, "The Covered Wagon," was first shown at the Egyptian Theater, everyone in the movie world was there—except the man who directed the picture. When Betty's first big talkie, "The Barker," opened, she went to the première with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice.

On Sunday, Jim likes nothing so much as to put on a pair of disreputable white duck trousers and a sleeveless shirt, and play mine host to friends, a dozen or a hundred—it's all the same to him, so long as they are happy, noisy, have a lot of stories, and can entertain themselves.

The Cruze servants never stay long.

(*Continued on page 121*)

Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb..

When You Ought to Talk?



How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

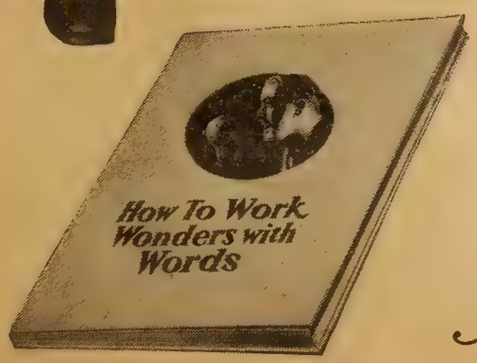
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert — playing in *Not Damaged*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard — playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Dumbbells in Ermine*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—recently completed *The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *Common Clay*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barthelmess, Richard — playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—recently completed *The Cisco Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Belle—playing in *Fame*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Common Clay*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Crazy That Way*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—recently completed *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *The Bad Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Moonlight Madness*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *True to the Navy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed *The Social Lion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Top Speed*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Billy, the Kid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Burgess, Dorothy—recently completed *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Byron, Walter—playing in *Not Damaged*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *She's My Weakness*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Follow Thru*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaney, Lon—playing in *The Unholy Three*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Lady of Scandal*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed, *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Bernice—playing in *Top Speed*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *What a Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Collyer, June—playing in *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *The Czar of Broadway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Courtney, Inez—playing in *Not Damaged*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *The Concentratin' Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Rosalie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Women Everywhere*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dove, Billie—recently completed *The Devil's Playground*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—recently completed *Dangerous Nan McGrew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.,—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Liliom*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Rain or Shine*—Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *For the Defence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—recently completed *The Social Lion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta — playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—latest release *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gibson, Hoot — playing in *The Concentratin' Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Way for a Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gray, Alexander—playing in *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Gray, Lawrence—recently completed *The Gay Nineties*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Hackett, Raymond—playing in *On Your Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Haines, William—playing in *Easy Going*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—recently completed *Dangerous Nan McGrew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *The Girl of the Golden West*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—recently completed *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *The Bad Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Janney, William—playing in *The Dawn Patrol*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Johnson, Kay—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *The Singer of Seville* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—recently completed *Dangerous Nan McGrew*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)

A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team

Marie DRESSLER and Polly MORAN *in*

CAUGHT SHORT



with

ANITA PAGE

Adaptation and Dialogue by WILLARD MACK
Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER
Suggested by EDDIE CANTOR'S book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn — and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, *don't,* DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Talking Picture Studios Want Story Ideas

♦ ♦

"I can write a better talkie than that," you have often thought. Then you wrote a scenario, sent it to Hollywood and got it back! If you are writing, if you have story ideas and cannot sell them, there may be one simple, little secret you have to learn. The test of success in writing for the "talkies" is to find the proper market for your story or idea.

Get Past the Mail Clerk

To sell your picture story or idea is to present it in the right form, to the right person, in the right studio. Studios return unsolicited manuscripts UNREAD. We can show you how to get consideration of a good idea or story, how to get past the mail clerk.

Send No Money

We sell no books—offer no writing course. Our service is based on years of experience, in and out of the studios. Send 4 cents—stamps, no money—for our free, twenty page illustrated booklet on Talking Pictures.

TALKING PICTURE STORY BUREAU

Box 830

Hollywood, Calif.

JUST WIPE OFF Superfluous Hair



Banish unsightly hair *instantly* Nofuss—no mess—NO ODOR. Just apply dainty Mystic Stone. No acids, no burning chemicals just clean, harmless Mystic Stone. Will not smart or injure delicate skin.

Try This New Way SPECIAL OFFER NOW

Mystic Stone is the easier—quicker—surer way to rid yourself of unsightly hair growths. Send only $1.00 for large size Mystic Stone Combination and instructions. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write NOW. COLEE Dept. K-7] 853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Motion Picture Magazine

Read Page 95

Latest Model



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U. S. Supply Co. Dept. PY36 Greenville, Pa.

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Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help you, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-827 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Kent, Barbara—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kohler, Fred—playing in *The Right of Way*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—playing in *Cheer Up and Smile*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Rocque, Rod—recently completed *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lebedeff, Ivan—recently completed *Hawk Island*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—playing in *The Unholy Three*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leonard, Barbara—playing in *Monsieur Le Fox*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lillie, Beatrice—playing in *Are You There?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loff, Jeanette—playing in *Moonlight Madness*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Love, Bessie—recently completed *Good News*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Good Intentions*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—recently completed *Man Crazy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—recently completed *The Devil's Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *What Men Want*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *When We Were Twenty-One*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Bride 66*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—recently completed *She's My Woman*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maris, Mona—playing in *Dust and Sun*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Maynard, Ken—playing in *The Man From Monterey*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Dust and Sun*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miller, Marilyn—playing in *Sweethearts*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Owen—playing in *What a Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *Soup To Nuts*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mulhall, Jack—recently completed *The Road To Paradise*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, J. Harold—playing in *Women Everywhere*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Flame of the Flesh*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Courage*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Elliott—playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *The Sap From Syracuse*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Last of the Duanes*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Owen, Catherine Dale—recently completed *Born Reckless*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *Forever Yours*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pidgeon, Walter—recently completed *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *For the Defence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—recently completed *The Lady of Scandal*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *On Your Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Follow Thru*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *So This Is London*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rollins, David—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roth, Lillian—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Queen High*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Scott, Fred—recently completed *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Segal, Vivienne—playing in *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—recently completed *Midnight Mystery*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Smith, Stanley—playing in *Queen High*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Starke, Pauline—playing in *What Men Want*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Flame of the Flesh*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—playing in *When We Were Twenty-One*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *Facing the Law*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Trevor, Hugh—recently completed *Midnight Mystery*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tryon, Glenn—playing in *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *Swing High*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Storm*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *On Your Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—recently completed *Man Crazy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

White, Marjorie—recently completed *Follies of 1930*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Whiteman, Paul—recently completed *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Woolsey, Robert—playing in *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, John—playing in *The Czar of Broadway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *When We Were Twenty-One*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, or *Brownette!*

Do You Know Your Color Harmony *in*

Make-Up

as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?



Jeanette Loff
Universal Star—Blonde



Sally O'Neill
R-K-O Star
Brunette



Myrna Loy
Warner Bros. Star
Redhead



Sue Carol
Fox Film Star
Brownette

Permit Filmland's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret . . . the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

IN HOLLYWOOD, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

And now it is offered to you.

A Society make-up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, created in varied color harmonies to blend perfectly with every variation of complexion coloring.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up . . . and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony . . . free.

An Amazing Discovery

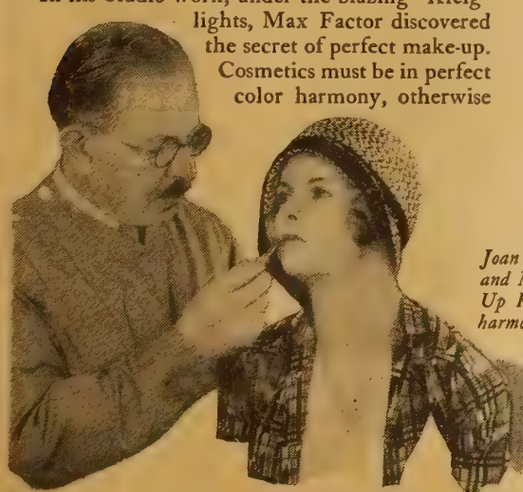
In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result . . . and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types . . . for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

What a wonderful opportunity! . . . to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free . . . and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.



Joan Bennett, United Artists star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King approving the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's lipstick.

Not Every Blonde . . .
should use the same color harmony in make-up.

Not Every Brunette . . .
should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.

Not Every Redhead . . .
should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.

Not Every Brownette . . .
should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.



MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

***"Cosmetics of the Stars"** . . . HOLLYWOOD**

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-7-24

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer with Check Mark	

Name _____

City _____

Address _____

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*



THE GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**What woman in Hollywood is** paid four hundred dollars a week for beating up the movie stars?

• ● •

2—**What actor acquired a famous** wife, a two million dollar contract and a trip to Europe within the same twelve months—and counts it the most disastrous year of his life?

• ● •

3—**What blonde actress, other** than Anna Querentia Nilsson, has a three-word name?

• ● •

4—**What flapper bride of the film** colony still makes dates with her own husband?

• ● •

5—**Who are the principals in Hol**lywood's most-discussed "broken engagement"?

• ● •

6—**Which famous beauty of the** screen is making it a point to say nice things about her estranged husband?

• ● •

7—**To which recent film wedding** did President Herbert Hoover and Ex-President Calvin Coolidge send elaborate gifts?

• ● •

8—**What is the basis for the ru**mored understanding between Mary Pickford and Joan Crawford?

• ● •

9—**Which actress has spent the** first six months of her married life denying an impending divorce?

• ● •

10—**What phenomenally silent** star recently made his talkie début in a newsreel?

• ● •

11—**Can you name the only girl in** Hollywood who is unable to obtain a divorce?

Favorite Indoor Sport

Between scenes on the sets, over studio luncheon tables, at Hollywood parties, everyone who pretends to know his movie personalities is playing the game. Stars and directors, cameramen and extras, newspaper reporters and chauffeurs have been seen trying The Gossip Test. "Know your Gossip Test, and you know your Hollywood," has become the watchword of Talkie Town.



Psychology test—to be tried in daylight only: gaze intently at this silhouette of Corinne Griffith, while you count a SLOW forty. When you have counted this number, glance quickly at the ceiling, pick out a spot there, and look at it intently. If in a few seconds you see the same image there, you have, among other things, imagination

12—**What world-famous celeb**rity has succeeded in separating herself from a $12,000.00 per week salary and a husband during the last month?

• ● •

13—**What is reputed to be the** largest divorce settlement ever made on a motion picture star?

• ● •

14—**Can you name the one ac**tor in Hollywood who returned to the "extra" ranks AFTER he reached stardom?

• ● •

15—**Who is the renowned Broad**way celebrity who has offered his services to Hollywood FREE?

• ● •

16—**What is the most sensa**tional card game to occur in Hollywood during recent months —so far as the stakes are concerned?

• ● •

17—**What tragic-faced man of** the screen is also well known about Hollywood as more than a fair baseball player?

• ● •

18—**What ex-stage actress has** "stolen" so many pictures from stars this past year that she now has a reputation of being a panic?

• ● •

19—**Can you name the two ac**tresses in Hollywood who have the shortest surnames ever to appear in a cast?

• ● •

20—**What actor, with a famous** name, once said to Marian Nixon upon completing a picture, "I enjoyed working with you—I hope you have the opportunity of playing in another picture with me some other time"?

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.



Daring, Dramatic!
All-Color, All-Powerful!

"Bride of the Regiment"

Her bridegroom's life, or her own disgrace—*which should she choose?*

Torn from her royal husband on her wedding day, must she give her FIRST KISS to the handsome rogue who held her bridegroom captive?

You'll find an amazing answer in this story of the strangest wedding night any bride has ever known!

All-Star, All-Color, All-Luxurious, prepare for entertainment extraordinary when the sign on your theatre says, "Here comes the BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT!"

VITAPHONE Picture

7 Stars for the price of one!

★ ★ ★

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ALLAN PRIOR
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FORD STERLING
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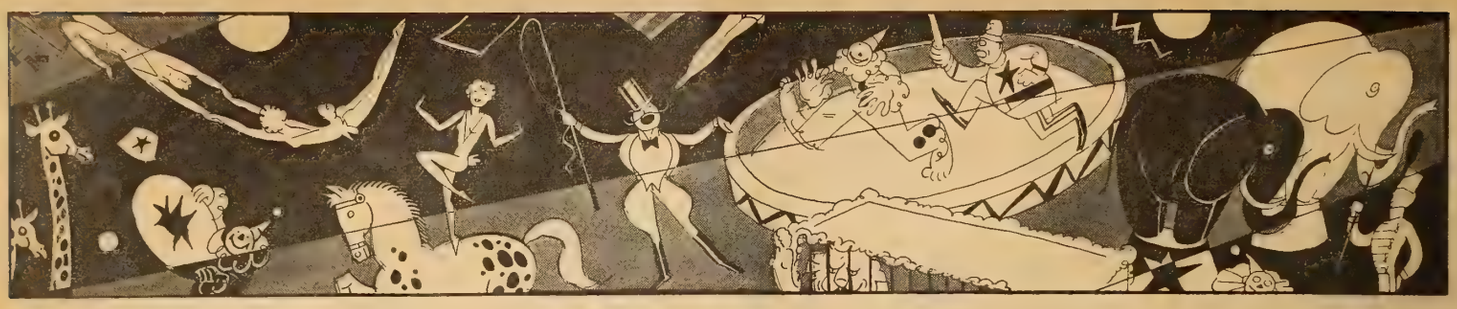
★ ★ ★

A John Francis Dillon production, based on the operetta, "The Lady in Ermine" by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

First National Pictures



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
WITH 100% TECHNICOLOR



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

IN the good old days, when a movie star was someone to write home about, those poor, quiet souls who had no connection with the **Motion Picture Industry** thought that the **"Movies"** were a hell-raising outfit. Why, even a **LANDLORD** wasn't safe in renting his place to an actor. The movie crowd seemed to have no conception of the value of anything. Just as liable to throw a party some night and break all the landlord's furniture up into small pieces for the fireplace. And throw gin bottles through the windows. And pull the plumbing out by the roots—the sky was the limit. Or **was** there a limit?? Well, nobody could find out.

Then, when property got so expensive that no one **ELSE** could buy it, the picture stars began making "wise investments for the future." They stocked up on houses and lots of all kinds—plain and fancy. Of course, they couldn't live in **ALL** of them—so they became landlords. Even **THAT** was fun in those good old days. It **HAD** to be . . . they couldn't even **GIVE** the blamed houses away.

Then along came **Broadway!** Where to live? Where to live? It was a burning question all right, all right! But **Hollywood** wasn't going to pass up such a chance as **that.** No, sir! They raised the rent and started out hunting homeless stage stars to become landlords over. And **Broadway** liked the idea . . . renting from movie stars. Wasn't that just like a movie star? Always trying some new racket!

Then the payoff started! **Hollywood** began to see itself as others had always seen it. Why, those darned fools from the waste spaces east of the city limits of **Los Angeles** were **RUINING** their swell property. Absolutely ripping it to pieces, my dear. And the poor movie stars couldn't cope with the new and slightly reversed condition.

Just yesterday I sat in the **Brown Derby** (one of the places **Broadway** put over for **Hollywood**) and listened to a movie star give a piece of her mind to a cute little blonde trick from the land of the dark **White Way:**

"WHY . . . I'm flabbergasted with more words than I can **USE** to express my sincere congratulations to you for the way in which you've been doing away with my house and gardens," stormed the **Movie Star** in her best **Broadway** tone. "Did we sign a contract whereby you were to **CLEAR** the ground for me . . . or am **I** silly? If I leave you to yourself for another twenty-four hours, I can probably sell the ground as **'VACANT.'** The lawn hasn't been watered since you moved in . . . you've burned holes through all my 'imported' furniture . . . all the **SETS** of dishes are running around lonesome-like, hunting for mates . . . the **Linoleum** is all singed off the kitchen floor . . . and besides . . . etc., etc. . . . "



P. & A.

Star aboard: the *Bremen* breaks another record, by coming across with the first German invader of American talkies—Paramount's new attraction, the English-speaking Marlene Dietrich

And when she finally cut off the steam, the **Broadway** star raised her eyebrows a shade higher and said languidly, "Well . . . ? ? . . . what did you **expect** of professional people ? ? "

And **THAT, Kiddies,** was the blow that frilled ***mater.*** You couldn't have fazed our movie star with a whiff of a brick . . . she was out like a **LIGHT** on the floor of our favorite watering-place, **The Brindle Kelly,** where you can get the cutest little hamburger sandwiches for a dollar and a half. Can you **Bear** it??

We found this very interesting little item headlined in one of the local evening **Blats:** "Fickle Mike Makes Star Over Night." Now **WHAT** do you make of that, **Watson?** Why, it even rhymes!!

Hollywood is becoming more and more bridge-conscious every minute. What with a new **Bridge Club** with its dues of $80.00 per month and everyone burning up the wires each evening for a fourth—it's becoming quite the thing. But it took the younger set to find the most novel spot in which to gather for a "quiet game." This little group, with such members as **Marian Nixon, Sue Carol, Claudia Dell, Helen Twelvetrees** and a flock of others, decided that they might just as well kill two rites with one motion—so they set up a bridge table in the **Turkish Bath.** They play for hours while they are cooling off . . . the hot mamas! Thus they are able to reduce not only the excess avoirdupois but the average pocketbook . . . at one and the very same time.

TYPICAL HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY: This one was first related by our friend and **Master-of-Sermonies, Jack Benny** But since it's about **Joe E. Brown,** I think you should hear it.

It seems that **Jack** was standing around the corner of a building, eavesdropping on a conversation between **Joe** and a young lady in the cast. **Joe** talked for twenty minutes without a break, during which time he mentioned **nothing** but **"Joe E. Brown**—with antics, revelations and success thrown in." Suddenly, however, **Joe** became aware that he had talked about himself just a wee bit too long and strenuously, so he turned to the girl and apologized for his rank egotism and ended up with the remark "Now I want **YOU** to have a chance to talk about your**SELF.** Take as much time as you like."

"But I have nothing to talk about," said the shy young thing. "What would you like me to use as the subject of the long discourse I am about to commence?"

"Well . . . , " answered **Joe.** "What **CAN** we have you talk about? Wait a minute—wait a minute—**I** have it. What did you think of **ME** in my last picture?"

Free Beauty Analysis 30 Days Only

By the World's Most Famous Beauty Authority



Lucille Young

For the next 30 days I am going to give, free, to every woman who writes me, a professional beauty analysis. By this offer I hope to save thousands of women the wasted effort of trying to correct beauty defects without really knowing how. This isn't a reflection upon your intelligence, Many, many beauty nostrums are so convincingly described that it really takes an expert to see how they are skilfully worked to deceive. The result is that women spend actually millions of dollars for beauty aids that I *know to be utterly useless.*

Another important point is the *incompleteness* of undirected beauty effort. In my famous beauty salon we *completely* beautify, correct *every* defect, bring out hidden beauty. The results are actually amazing. I take women who are dull, drab, lacking distinction and make them vivacious, sparkling, gloriously attractive beings. And my clientele includes all the way from young girls to women of mature age. There are those who are pretty, or even beautiful, but who want to add just that marvelous something that *supremely beautiful* women possess. Famous screen celebrities are an example. On the other hand I have women come to me who are ridden by the most terrible fear in the world—the insidious, creeping advance of age.

Now all my personal clientele, every woman I *see* at my Salon, has her beauty needs analyzed *before anything else is done.* And when this is done, my clients invariably realize that I can do tremendously more for them than they expected. The result is enthusiasm such as they never knew before. It is all so different, so sane, so sure. It is a new *viewpoint.* The viewpoint of doing *all* that can be done, instead of just some *one* thing that the mind has exaggerated—wrinkles, or bad complexion perhaps.

Tell Me About Yourself. I'll Tell You What Can Be Done

You, whoever you are, whatever your age, no matter what the extent of your beauty problems of face and figure can be given new beauty that will astound you, and *everyone who sees you.* And you will be told how absolutely free, entirely without obligation. All you need do is give me the information upon which I can *give you* a full, correct, scientific beauty analysis.

No Trouble to Fill in The Chart

Just notice that while the Analysis Chart in this advertisement asks many questions, it can be filled in by merely *checking* questions that apply to *you.* But answer all the questions you can. They are based on my more than fifteen years experience and will give me just the information I need to advise you so that your utmost desire for beauty can be fulfilled.

Important! Send TODAY!

In order that I may *personally answer* the many women who will take advantage of this highly unusual opportunity, I have had to make *special arrangements* to delegate my *regular* work in my Beauty Salon to my assistants. Therefore kindly fill in the Analysis Chart on this page and send it in promptly. You will then be sure to receive it back without delay.

A Warning to Every Woman

My Analysis TODAY may save you loss of beauty *prematurely*—of face and figure. Know your true condition and how to remedy it NOW. Don't wait—get all the facts. Stay young—or regain youthful, wonderful good looks. Neglect is fatal to beauty. Time's ageing effect *must be fought.* My expert, personal advice costs you nothing—not one penny if you send the Analysis Chart Today. No obligation—everything to gain—nothing to lose. *So act!*

LUCILLE YOUNG

Some Famous *Beauties* whom Lucille Young has *Beautified.*



Dorothy Mackaill, First National Pictures



Barbara Kent, Universal



Marceline Day, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Ethlyn Clair, Universal



Dorothy Gulliver, Universal Star

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SKIN: Oily___Dry___Normal___Wrinkles___Lines___Acne___
COMPLEXION: Fair___Ruddy___Dark___Sallow___
Pimples___Blackheads___Enlarged Pores___
Muddiness___Redness___Liver Spots___

MUSCLES: Soft___Sagging___Flabby___
in Cheeks___Chin___Neck___Body___

TISSUES: Tight___Hardened___Shrunken___
in Cheeks___Neck___Shoulders___Body___

HEIGHT_____WEIGHT_____AGE_____MARRIED_____SINGLE_____

BODY: Overweight___Underweight___Normal___
Thin___Bony___Fat___Bulging___

IF FAT IN SPOTS, STATE WHERE:
Arms___Legs___Hips___Bust___Calves___
Bust Measure___Waist Measure___Hip Measure___

DISPOSITION: Nervous___Irritable___Ailing___
Even Tempered___Worried___Impulsive___
Active___Optimistic___Steady___Healthy___

ARE YOU TROUBLED by Constipation___Headaches___Insomnia___

EYES: Tired___Drooping Lids___Wrinkled Lids___
Eyelashes Heavy___Eyelashes Thin___Brows Heavy___Brows Thin___

HAIR: Thick___Thin___Gray___Oily___Dry___Lustrous___Dull___

SCALP: Oily___Dry___Loose___Tight___Dandruff___

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR: On Face___Arms___Legs___

HANDS: Roughened___Red___Dry___Moist___Thin___Wrinkled___

ARMS and LEGS: Shapely___Thin___Fat___Flabby___

ARE YOU Socially Inclined___Retiring___Self-conscious___

Do You Want to ATTRACT: Men___Women___Both___



Irene Delroy, Musical Comedy Star

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Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia



A FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC beauty, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern, Miss Elizabeth Altemus of an old Philadelphia family prominent since before the Revolution . . . an expert horsewoman and dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides her colors, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other. The Cleansing Tissues take the cream off easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named! And the Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base, especially good for evening."

YOU, too, should follow the four steps of Pond's swift, sure Method:

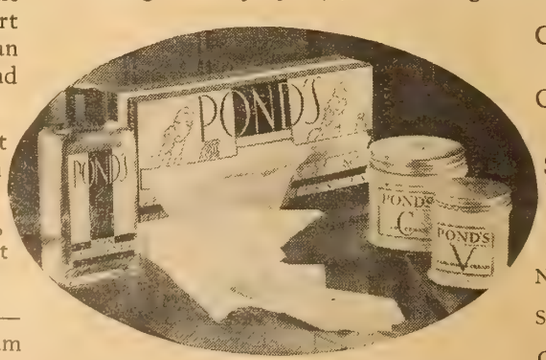
During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Wait to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



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The little girl who gave a new twist to smiling has turned about and revealed another sort of smile. And "High Society Blues" having been a happy venture, Janet Gaynor has been given a vacation in her own idea of Seventh Heaven—Hawaii

Autrey



Exhibit A at the Flower Show—a blossoming young actress with rosy prospects. But Jean Arthur, who is seldom ruffled, cannot help being a little wistful—looking ahead to what is in store for her in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu"

E. R. Richee



Chester Morris knows a trick or two about attracting attention, as note the points of the collar and the way he keeps his necktie from flapping. Not to mention his fine performances in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" and "The Big House"



Edward Thayer Monroe

When Evelyn Laye came over from London in the musical "Bitter Sweet," New York drama critics (hesitant until then) promptly called the season a success. And now she is making Hollywood a more attractive place



Bachrach

Being one of Hollywood's most versatile athletes, Hugh Trevor believes that when a man has a white-collar job, he should, as much as possible, keep that collar open. Which he is doing at present in "Hawk Island"



Hal Phyfe

Whether in New York or Hollywood, Marilyn Miller is invariably entertaining—which explains her looking so much like a hostess (and not of the night-club variety). In her latest sally on the screen she is making "Sweethearts"



In plain black and white, Claudia Dell is happy, as well as attractive. And again it is written that what Mr. Ziegfeld loses, Hollywood gains. She has been signed for the lead in the cinema version of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"



Preston Duncan

Inseparable friends are Alec B. Francis and his briar, both growing mellower as the years trundle by. In Hollywood there is no one who can portray so well mellow old gentlemen, old in wisdom, young in spirit

JUN 10 1930

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

July, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

THE PRIZE PEOPLE in Hollywood in 1929, according to the recent announcement of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (which is Hollywood's consolation for not being recognized by the Pulitzer Prize Committee) were:

Acting (female): Mary Pickford, for "Coquette"

Acting (male): Warner Baxter, for "In Old Arizona"

Directing: Frank Lloyd, for "Weary River," "The Divine Lady," "Drag"

Photography: Clyde De Vinna, for "White Shadows in the South Seas"

Art Directing: Cedric Gibbons, for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Writing: Hans Kraly, for "The Patriot"

Production: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for "The Broadway Melody"

The Academy's awards were little gold statuettes. The press notices were proportionately small. Only Hollywood's *surprise* people interest the newspapers.

• • •

NOW THAT "SMELLIES" have been invented (and, moreover, registered in the U. S. Patent Office—No. 1,749,187) the censors are going to have their hands full. If the producers think they are going to get away with any more saloon, speakeasy or night-club scenes, they are off on the wrong scent.

• • •

WHEN LOUIS B. (METRO-GOLDWYN) MAYER'S daughter, Edith, was married recently, the event was estimated to have cost $25,000, and was admitted to be Hollywood's biggest wedding to date. Now Irene, sister of Edith, has announced her engagement to David O. Selznick, assistant general manager of Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky. This wedding, it is stated in unofficial circles, will be a million-dollar production.

• • •

ALL REVOLUTIONISTS ARE ALIKE, one concludes, upon seeing Universal's version of the French Revolution, "Captain of the Guard." For the most vociferous of the revolutionary leaders asks, like Patrick Henry, for Liberty or Death. Nor is this the only proof in the picture that history repeats itself. In another scene, the *Captain* (John Boles) paraphrases a second famous American remark, proposing a toast to "His Majesty—may he be ever right; but, right or wrong, His Majesty."

• • •

NOW THAT COLOR FILMS are an actuality, Hollywood dance directors are saying, shapely screen ladies may be expected to take off more and more of their clothes. This explains the report that the name of the industry will be changed to removing pictures.

• • •

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has announced, with some emphasis, that he will make no talking pictures—at least, for five years. But the public is not to infer from this that he will not be heard from during that time. His pantomime is still the most eloquent accomplishment in Hollywood.

• • •

STRONG, SILENT MEN may still be strong, but no longer can they be silent. The talkie-newsreels will get you if you don't watch out. They got Calvin Coolidge, and now that paragon of silence, William S. Hart, hath also spoken. In New York the event was billed as "William S. Hart's Talkie Début." Since then the gentleman in question has said nothing.

• • •

SPEAKING OF THE COOLIDGES reminds us that their recent visit to Talkie Town was a huge success, so far as the press-agents were concerned.

• • •

YOU HAVE HEARD rumblings from Hollywood about "the menace of the stage." Long and intensive investigation reveals that the reference is to Marie Dressler. It isn't safe for a star to be in the same picture with her.

Taking *the* Die *Out*

Hollywood, After Some Costly Experiments, Now Knows How To Reduce In Safety

A recent visitor to Hollywood severely states that the natives have but two topics of conversation—the movies and bootleggers. Clive Brook remarks defensively that he has heard Hollywood gatherings discuss other subjects, among them dandruff! But there is one topic of unfailing interest and charm, suitable to any place, any company, both sexes, ever fresh, ever thrilling—and that is "diet." There is probably no place in the world where so many diet experiments are tried. In Hollywood, if you take care of the pounds, the pence will take care of themselves. The camera has a way of exaggerating size without mercy. One potato, recklessly indulged in, may cost a contract. "If I eat a chocolate cream, it shows in my next picture," moaned a film flapper recently. Almost all studios include a "weight clause" in their contracts. If the player passes the prescribed poundage, the contract is void. In succeeding issues of MOTION PICTURE we shall give our readers the benefit of the stars' experiences with successful and safe dieting, and publish menus, schedules and rules which have been tested and proved. In this article we point out some of the sad results, also learned by hard experience, of unscientific and unbalanced dieting in Hollywood.—Editor's Note

"ARE the movie stars in earnest about their jobs?" said someone recently. "When a person is willing to go without *food* for a cause, that person is in earnest. And half of the women—and men, too—in Hollywood deny themselves food. Most of the stars are hungry; only they call it by a more expensive name—dieting."

Two years ago Anna Q. Nilsson, then triumphantly carrying her blonde beauty from one important rôle to another in the movies, was thrown from her horse and broke her hip. The doctors promised that she would be about in three months at the latest. Several productions were postponed to await her recovery. But the broken bones did not knit as quickly as they were expected to. Months passed in treatments, X-rays, diagnoses; the surgeons were frankly puzzled. Finally, they gathered for a consultation. They asked Anna for a full history of her case.

"Before I begin," she said, "perhaps I ought to tell you that I have practically starved myself for years . . ."

They listened, horrified, to her history of rigorous diets to which she had subjected her healthy Swedish appetite, for the sake of keeping a slender figure for the films. They heard of days of total fasting. And at the end they shook their heads gravely. "It is no wonder that your hip refused to heal properly," they said. "The wonder is that you are alive at all."

Eating to Live

"AS they explained it," Anna says from the bed where she has undergone a recent and drastic operation, which it is believed will be successful, "I might have gone gaily along to the end of my days without any trouble from my wrong dieting—if this accident hadn't called upon my system suddenly for reserves of strength, and material for making new bone. And I had so depleted my reserves by years of careless dieting that there literally wasn't anything to repair the bone with. The lime and minerals I needed weren't there, that's all. Now I'm helping the operation with proper food and I'm going to walk as well as ever. But I've had two dreadful years—and I've learned my lesson! People simply can't get out of the habit of eating."

Acidosis, tuberculosis, heart failure, anemia—these are other bogies waiting for the too adventurous dieter. All of these have had their victims in Hollywood. Stills from Greta Garbo's pictures made in



Science made them different girls: extreme left, Helen Kane when she went to Hollywood, and behind her, Helen Kane minus twenty pounds; left, Clara Bow last winter, and, above, down to 108

of DIET

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Sweden show a different girl, with plump arms, full bosom and what looks suspiciously like the beginnings of a double chin. The flat-chested, fleshless, almost haggard beauty of Greta Garbo to-day was purchased at the cost of months of strenuous and ill-balanced dieting which, it is admitted at the studio, brought on pernicious anemia and nearly made a lifelong invalid of one who had been a buxom young Swedish girl a few months before.

Diet Tragedies

BY nature, Barbara La Marr was of the ripe, full-blown type of beauty, all soft curves and dimples. By movie code she was a vamp; and vamps, according to the specifications of the same code, were gaunt, sinuous creatures who wore slinky gowns. Plump ladies could not be imagined as harboring evil designs. So Barbara began to reduce, not wisely but too well. The gentle art of dieting was in its infancy in Hollywood at the time, and the few women who practised it swore by strange combinations of food which were supposed to form a "thinning acid" in the stomach. One ate three meals a day of lamb chops and pineapple, or tomato and hard boiled eggs. Whatever it was that Barbara La Marr ate, or didn't eat, she soon sapped her reserves of strength so that her body could not respond to the terrific double strain of her screen work and her hectic private life. At thirty, with most of life before her, her beauty became haggard and tragic, Barbara La Marr died of tuberculosis, still crying gallantly to her friends, "Don't worry about me! I'll be living and making big money when I'm seventy."

Other victims of vanity and bad advice come to mind. There was Marietta Millner, imported from Germany by Paramount. In her native country they liked their women plump and femininely curved, but America was different. Very well, if they wanted her thin, she would be thin! Again, it was a matter of self-starvation, of deliberately robbing her system of necessary elements. The result? A figure fleshless enough to satisfy American directors, and last year a grave, a very narrow grave, in a cemetery outside of Berlin. "Improper dieting," the papers said.

But against this list of stars on the black books of diet, there are a hundred others who have fought the good fight against flesh and have won it to the benefit of their looks and health. You might not think of Paul Whiteman as an example of successful re-



Diet tragedy: Barbara La Marr, to meet the requirements for a movie vamp, changed from the woman of soft curves above to the slender and sinuous woman at the right. She lost her life—a victim of vanity

What price picture popularity? Above, Greta Garbo as she appeared before she came to America, and, at left, as she is to-day. At top (right) Alice White before, and (left) after, dieting

Those Who Live Are The Ones Who Diet

ducing, but Paul (who weighed nineteen pounds at birth, and went right on from there) recently took off almost one hundred pounds in ten months. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He announces proudly that he is barely over two hundred now, and feels like another man. What did it? Massage? "Nonsense," sniffs Paul. Exercise? "Too much like work," grins Paul. It was diet, and nothing but diet, that did it—a sane diet of red meats and green vegetables and foods of low caloric content.

"Diet?" says Sylvia, the most famous masseuse in Hollywood, whose walls are decorated with hysterically grateful (and slim) photographs of the greatest stars of them all. "Diet is dangerous! They come to me after they have been dieting, with their glands so starved that their faces hang down and their necks are wrinkled, and their pores all enlarged with acidosis." But Sylvia, cornered, admits that she prescribes for her clients a "common sense menu" to accompany her massage. In the near future we hope to give you Sylvia's "common sense menu," which reads remarkably like a "diet."

Dozens of Daily Dozens

THERE are a dozen expensive methods of reducing practised in Hollywood. There are massages, and vapor baths, and strange machines that pound and roll the too, too solid flesh. There are all forms of exercise. There are other stranger methods suggestive of the practices of Roman orgies—whispered about rather than proclaimed, by their devotées. Molly O'Day even had slices of fat carved from her legs, when the scales threatened to swing over the "weight limit" mentioned in her contract. The names of confirmed movie diet addicts are known to a "reducing ring" in Hollywood, which floods them with folders and letters praising weird methods of "Reduction by Thought Control," or "Weight Loss by Vibration," or enclosing samples of magic lotions "Guaranteed to Melt Fat Away." Louise Fazenda recently received a package of wafers through the mail, with a booklet promising an instant sylph-like figure. She laid them on a chair for a moment and her chow dogs ate them. "An hour later they were taken deathly sick and I sent them to the hospital," wails Louise. "I suppose they'll come back Dachshunds!"

(*Continued on page 112*)

Are You Sympathetic?

If you know what it means to have to keep at a certain weight—or very close to it—you will appreciate what it means to some of the well-known Hollywoodians listed below to keep within the weight limits prescribed for them.

How do they do it? Mostly by scientific diet. The list is full of surprises:

Player	Weight	Player	Weight
Richard Arlen	155	Dorothy Jordan	98
Jean Arthur	105	Helen Kane	119
George Bancroft	195	Dennis King	155
Clara Bow	108	Fred Kohler	200
Evelyn Brent	113	Gwen Lee	128
Mary Brian	110	Lila Lee	120
Clive Brook	149	Harold Lloyd	156
Nancy Carroll	116	Bessie Love	100
Ruth Chatterton	110	Jeanette MacDonald	110
Maurice Chevalier	160	Dorothy Mackaill	112
Bernice Claire	125	Jack Oakie	152
Gary Cooper	170	Catherine Dale Owen	125
Joan Crawford	118	Anita Page	119
Marion Davies	116	William Powell	178
Mary Doran	108	Charles Rogers	175
Kay Francis	112	Lillian Roth	118
Greta Garbo	120	Dorothy Sebastian	115
James Hall	148	Norma Shearer	118
Neil Hamilton	155	Raquel Torres	110
Hedda Hopper	125	Alice White	110
Leila Hyams	121	Fay Wray	117
Kay Johnson	122	Loretta Young	100



Contrasts: left to right, below, Paul Whiteman, who took off nearly one hundred pounds by excellent dieting; Marietta Millner, who died from improper dieting; Anna Q. Nilsson, who now knows one must eat to live; and Molly O'Day, who reduced through surgery



Hurrell

Can *oo** Come Over

You often have heard of the river Jordan, and here she is, using her craft. And it's a shore bet that Dorothy doesn't want to paddle her own canoe, or there wouldn't be two up with only one to go

* *Spoken ever so lightly like the double o in Goose*

The BAD

The Survivors In The Passing Of



Harold Brown

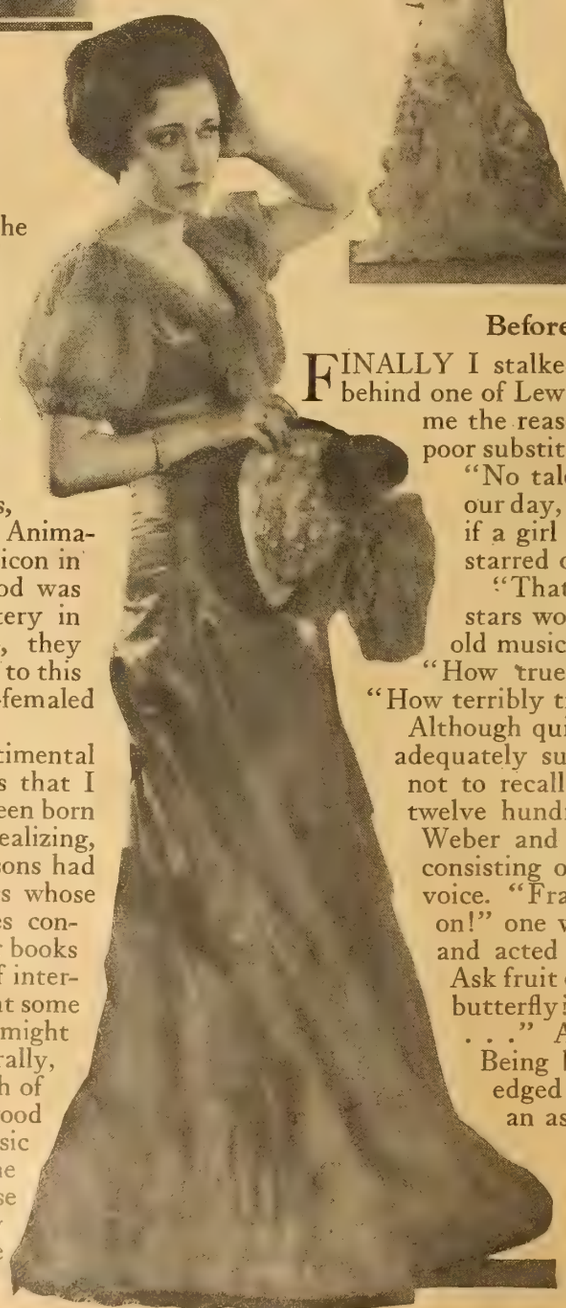
By
HALE HORTON

IF you prefer "The Chant of the Jungle," "My Love Parade" and "Charming" to such lilting old zither-bait as "An Intimate Friend of a Friend of Mine," "With a Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin" or "Put Me Off at Buffalo," you are nothing but an uncouth modern. Hence: *doomed.*

Now back in the Gay Nineties, when it was necessary to pronounce Animatograph, Cinematograph or Kineopticon in order to take in a movie, Hollywood was nothing but the name of a cemetery in Richmond, Virginia; but even so, they were great old days, and far superior to this modern age of riotous youth, de-femaled women and—the talking picture.

In fact, I had heard so much sentimental reminiscing concerning the Nineties that I was beginning to regret not having been born some thirty-five years sooner. Realizing, however, that most of the comparisons had been drawn by bright young critics whose intimate knowledge of the Nineties consisted of running jaundiced eyes over books written by people quite incapable of interpreting the modern scheme, I felt that some proof of a more reliable nature might possibly be in order. So, quite naturally, I cheered the filming of "The March of Time" and the descent upon Hollywood of the original Weber and Fields Music Hall cast, simply oozing with the aroma of the Nineties. Surely these people could substantiate my theory concerning the decadence of the present age!





Before Legs Were Assets

FINALLY I stalked out Joe Weber, who was hiding behind one of Lew Fields's legs, and begged him to tell me the reason for talking pictures' being but a poor substitute for the old music hall days.

"No talent," was the quick response. "In our day, we had to be able to act. Nowadays, if a girl has a good pair of legs, she can be starred overnight. Ain't that so, Lew?"

"That's so, Joe. Not one of these modern stars would have stayed ten seconds in our old music hall."

"How true!" a fresh little actress crooned. "How terribly true!"

Although quite pleased to hear my contention so adequately supported, it was impossible for me not to recall that Frankie Bailey had received twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week from Weber and Fields back in '98; her "talents" consisting of a pair of legs and a thin, piping voice. "Frankie Bailey whose legs go marching on!" one writer cries. "Frankie sang a little and acted not at all. But what would you? Ask fruit of the magnolia? Horse-power of the butterfly? Calories of the Golden Apples? . . ." And Frankie wore tights.

Being broad-minded, Joe finally acknowledged that her legs had been something of an asset. "But it's different nowadays.

At top, Robert Edeson, one of the few happy survivors. At left, Dorothy Sebastian takes off her 1890 hat; opposite, down to petticoat and corset cover, she still is fully dressed

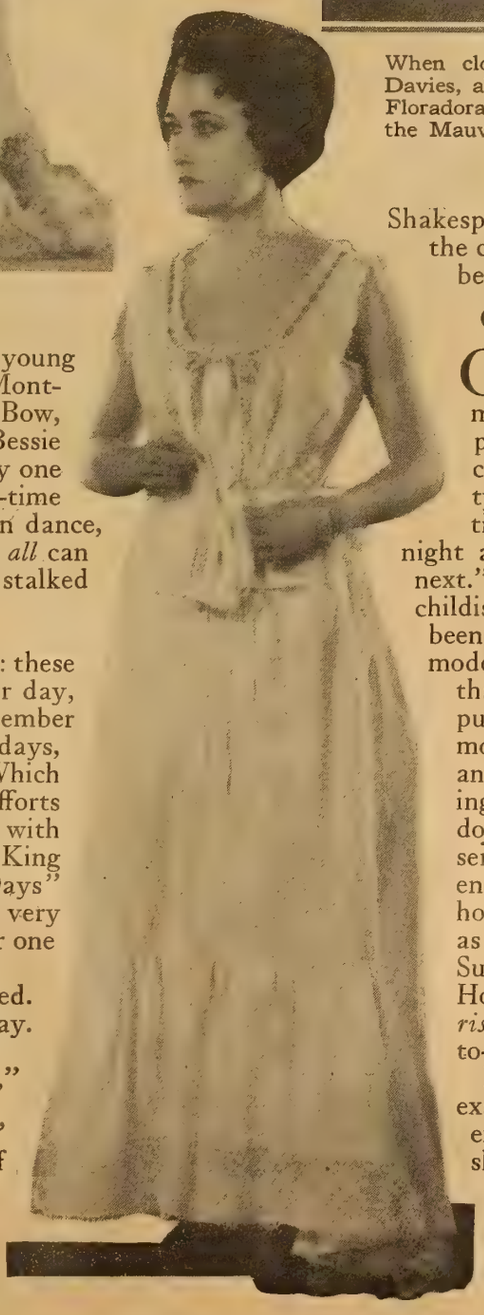
OLD Days

Hollywood Bemoan Actors And Corsets





When clothes made the woman: Marion Davies, alone above, and in the van of the Floradora Sextette at the left, brings back the Mauve Decade in "The Gay Nineties"



Actresses Act Nowadays

"I'LL say it's different nowadays!" a brash young actor exclaimed. (I think it was Robert Montgomery.) "We have Swanson, Lila Lee, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Mary Brian and Bessie Love, not to mention a few hundred others, any one of whom has more beauty than all the old-time stars tossed into a hat! Some of our stars can dance, others sing, but more than anything else they *all* can *act*." Then, muttering disagreeably, the fellow stalked away.

"But it's not the same, is it, Lew?"

"No sir, it's not the same. And another thing: these new stars take themselves too seriously. In our day, we were just one big family. Why, I can remember shows in which we had ten stars at once! Nowadays, they're too conceited to divide their glory." (Which was more or less true—outside of a few minor efforts such as the million-dollar "Show of Shows" with seventy-seven stars and featured players, "The King of Jazz," "Paramount on Parade," "Happy Days" and five or six others, our producers had done very little in the way of corralling a group of stars for one picture.)

"That's right, Lew," DeWolf Hopper nodded. "There was no professional jealousy in our day. How about it, Joe?"

"We pulled together just like a football nine," Joe affirmed briskly.

"But not quite as rough as a football nine," Lew reminded him with an admonishing wag of his finger. (It looked for a moment as if Joe would be spanked.) "And while in our day we preferred burlesque, we had to be prepared for opera, drammer, or anything. We would do Shakespeare one night and work in the chorus on the next. We had to be versatile."

Overlooking Some Things

OF course, there are those who insinuate that our modern stars should be more proficient in their art, since they can concentrate on a particular type, being under no obligations to "do Shakespeare one night and act in the chorus on the next." But we'll overlook such childish prattle. Then, too, I have been greatly pained by the ultra-modernist who flippantly asserts that "back in the Nineties the public enjoyed nothing but the most God-awful slapstick humor; and they spent their time lounging about in music halls, sloshing down cheap beer and leering sensuously while ponderous women pranced about like excited horses—hence their minds were as coarse as the Variety Theater." Such unforgivable ignorance! How these scoffers overlook the *risqué* talking picture revues of to-day!

Let us dwell upon a trenchant example: You trot into a movie, expecting to see and hear a show at least comparable with the good old days, and what do you find? Nothing but Alice White, scantily but ex-

(*Continued on page 88*)



Modern Version

No painter has been so fascinated by backstage life, and none has captured it on canvas as has Edgar Degas. He has immortalized the least permanent of all settings. And above, you see one of his most famous paintings, "The Rehearsal," transposed back to life in the backstage world of 1930 Hollywood. The scene is a rehearsal for "Mlle. Modiste"—the dancing master, Larry Ceballos—and the dancer in the center of the stage, Bernice Claire

. . . Not *On The* Dotted Line . .

Hollywood's Best-Kept Contracts Are The Unsigned Ones

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS



Residents of The Promise Land: top to bottom, Buddy Rogers, for whom there is no whoopee; Mary Pickford, nevermore co-starring with her husband; and John Boles, never pictured as happily married

NOT all Hollywood contracts are signed on the dotted line. There are "understandings" that passeth all understanding when you stop to reckon in that cynical slant of "put it on paper—or you can't hold them."

Covering many items overlooked in the studio contract, oft-times more important than the salary remuneration, or the all-important dressing-room clause, these *ex officio* agreements are strangely inclusive of marriages,—babies—divorces—publicity.

And even more strangely, they are kept to the very letter of the understanding.

No official record filed away in a lawyer's vault contains the agreement that is rumored between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and Joan Crawford and Dodo, concerning Joan's having a baby. And yet Hollywood believes that the young people have promised that such an event shall not take place so long as Mary and the senior Fairbanks are actively engaged before the camera.

The rôle of grandparents, even a step-grandmother, is not a happy one to players who still delve into the problems of youth via the screen. The blow is a psychological one that would lurk behind every fairy-tale of Doug's. Every sweetheart rôle of Mary's. It could doom two careers.

"We've put the idea of a child of our own out of our minds for a long time," said Joan not so long ago, when the customary rumor of an heir was going the rounds. "Motherhood and my hey-hey rôles don't jibe, somehow, and then—there are so many other reasons." Not the least of which are two famous relatives who are still sweethearts of the world.

A Bachelor Husband

CHILDREN . . . John Boles is not supposed to be photographed with his two little girls or his wife. Nothing legal about it. Just understood between the dashing John and the company that holds his contract. The contented fireside plays havoc to the romantic fires that fan in the bosoms of the sweet sixteens. A romantic actor, too insistently happy, is not the box-office bonfire he might be. Let the nursemaid Lotharios deny it as they will. It has been proved before.

"I don't want the children or myself to feature in John's career," explained the wise Marcelite Boles herself. "Why should we? We are no part of it. I want every girl to feel that she has a romantic ideal in him. Heroes are made in dreams, not in continual broadcast of a reality. I know," she laughed, "because I've had imaginary crushes on actors myself.

(*Continued on page 108*)



Elmer Fryer

If the cigarette war is ever filmed, Bernice Claire (above) hopes to go to the front, and in Sevillian attire



Makin'

Gossip of the

IT WAS AT ONE of those Hollywood parties. An actor was indignantly denying that he had had just a wee bit too much to drink. "Why," said he, "when I am drunk nobody but my wife ever can detect it." "Hm," said Glenn Tryon. "I believe you. Everybody else thinks you're dead."

Ball Play on Words

"IF," SAID RUSSELL BALL, the photographer, edging toward the door of the Swanson set, "you were a Radio star, what would you say you were professionally?" Gloria gave it up. "An R-K-ologist," said Russell. A roar of indignation arose. He stuck his head around the door. "Aw," said he, "that's Pathé-logical professional jealousy." "And," commented Ben Bard, who happened to stroll by at the moment, "if you'll take a Warnering from me, that's a Fox-pas to make such puns."

IT's Successor

THE LATEST TERM of approbation for a male star is to say, "Yes, he's got plenty of IF."

To the Boy Friends

FIRST NATIONAL has decided to make Alice White its best bet for the coming year, according to what we



Ball

The woman questioned: Jean Harlow (above) wonders whether she prefers a social Lyon (Ben) or would rather go to Hall (James) in Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels"

Kittenish: two of the regular profiles in Hollywood get together when Mary Lawlor and Stanley Smith (left) rub noses and prove they are members of the Glee Club in "Good News"

C. S. Bull

Talkie

Stars and Studios

hear. With this in view, they went to her and asked her to autograph five hundred pictures with something personal and appreciative, to send out to all the exhibitors. Alice accordingly nibbled at her pen and then wrote the following message across the corner of her picture. "Dear Big Boy Exhibitor, You Made Me—Sincerely, Alice White." And the pure-minded F. N. officials saw nothing wrong with the inscription and sent them out——

Belittling Themselves

LOUISE FAZENDA'S pet dogs ate by mistake a package of reducing tablets left on a chair and had to be carried to the hospital. "They went in chows," wailed Louise, "and now I suppose they'll come out dachshunds."

Not Gin to Him

"THIS," SAID THE PROUD HOST, "is real prewar, London gin." His guest tasted it and gazed at him wonderingly. "Why," said he, "isn't that remarkable? It doesn't taste like gin at all!" Which is what Hollywood does to one's taste.

Surprise Package

WHEN BELLE BENNETT'S cat died recently, she wanted to give it a decent burial. She 'phoned for



Fur from Broadway: she knows a taking trick or two, does Ginger Rogers (above), raising her hand with "Queen High"



E. R. Richee

A hand out: Buddy Rogers (above) decides that this is the right hand, but wonders if Josephine Dunn is the right girl, and in "Safety in Numbers" if his place is beside her



Happy days are here again: a couple of smiles, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell (right) once more join hands and, happily, are face to face in "High Society Blues"

Here, There And Everywhere



Dixie Lee (left) is not looking around for opportunities—any picture is an opportunity to her—but only to reveal what resulted when the hairdresser went over the top for "Cheer Up and Smile"

Edward Everett Horton (right) would seem about to talk through his hat, but he is, rather, saluting the ladies (of whom there are plenty) in the Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste"



Elmer Fryer

the S.P.C.A. to come up and give the deceased pet a funeral. Returning from the studio that night, she found the cat still on the back porch and deader than before. The next morning she hesitated to leave it for fear the S.P.C.A. would again neglect to call, and decided to take it to the studio and get a prop boy to bury it on the lot. The only box she could find to carry pussy in was one in which a beautiful piece of wedding present silver had been sent from the best jeweler in town. She placed pussy (most awfully dead by this time) in this box and tied it with the silver cord originally wrapped about it. On the way to the studio she stopped at a store for a bit of shopping. When she came out, the box was gone from the back seat of the car. Now Belle is wondering just what the hopeful thief said when he unwrapped his spoils.

Letter Perfect

THE G SISTERS are the belles of Hollywood at present, and there is a great rivalry among the movie Romeos for their favor. Joe Schildkraut is seen with one of the sisters so often that Hollywood is now telling the tale of How Joe Won His Letter. And a story is now going the rounds of the disappointed suitors that G stands for Gullible.



Don English Foods for thought: June Collyer (above) is apparently debating whether to do or diet—and whether or not she must eat and drink to be merry in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

Reduced

IT WAS AT A PARTY at Sampson Raphaelson's house. Someone mentioned the startling fact that Clara Bow had reduced her weight from one hundred and forty to a hundred and eight. "Ah," cried Sam, "they're selling Bow at 108 now, are they?"

Liquid Refreshment

THE LATEST SPORT, instigated at a recent Hollywood outdoor party, is the Highball Handicap. The swimmers race across the pool to one end, where a row of highballs awaits them. They toss these off and race back across the pool to where another relay of highballs is arranged on the edge of the tiles. The one who survives without drowning in the race gets the prize—a highball.

A First Nighter

THEY WERE DISCUSSING a recently imported musical comedy star from Broadway. "I wonder whether she would slap a fellow if he kissed her the first time he took her out?" mused one. "Hm, don't believe it. She looks like a quickie," said the blasé interviewer.

Birth Rate

AT LAST THE BARRYMORE BABY ARRIVED. Hollywood expected the event for some

With Those Who Talk And Play



E. R. Richee

His duel rôle: Barry Norton and another blade from Argentina (left) are prepared to run through a number of pictures. But he is not dressed to kill in the Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case"



Autrey

The more you see of her dog, the better you will like Jillian Sand (right), who has come all the way from Merrie England to help Beatrice Lillie act up and cavort in "Are You There?"

weeks. "But, I suppose," said someone, "that it takes longer to have a Barrymore than to have an ordinary baby." And now we hear the stork is expected at King Vidor's home and Norma Shearer's house, sometime in the next few months. It's going to be a big year for babies.

Brotherly Love

"DO YOU KNOW who the best husbands in Hollywood are?" Hedda Hopper said the other day (Hedda knows everything). "The Barrymores! Lionel calls up his wife every two hours and brings her home some kind of present every evening, and John is the same."

Two-In-One

WHICH REMINDS ME of the remark about John Barrymore someone made after seeing "General Crack." "He hasn't a face like you and me," said the critic, "only two profiles pasted together."

Golden Wedding

THE SHERMAN-COSTELLO wedding was, according to the bridegroom, "a very sweet little party. Very sweet little party, dear." The wedding of Louis Mayer's daughter was the most elaborate and expensive ever performed in Hollywood, they say. The bridegroom, William Goetz, is said to have prodded a guest after the ceremony and asked him to guess how much the bride's bouquet of white orchids had cost. "A whole week's salary," he added proudly. "One hundred and fifty dollars!" The altar was made entirely out of flowers, the bridesmaids were the prettiest stars in Hollywood. In short, it was a superlative occasion. On the guest list given the newspapers were the names of President and Mrs. Hoover and other well-known folk.



Not standing for nonsense: Conrad Nagel (above), going along at top speed in "The Right of Way," looks to be in a mood to reveal what the well-dressed man will swear

Little Newcomer

AND NOW THEY'RE CHRISTENING new oil-wells. It was Mrs. Conrad Nagel who cried, "I christen thee Number Five," and smashed a ginger ale bottle to give the new well a ritzy start.

A Gift for Words

GLORIA SWANSON is grateful for ideas. At a social dinner recently, she was describing the plot of her new picture, for which she had no title. "What a widow!" exclaimed the man across the table, as she finished. "There's my title!" cried Gloria. The next morning a smart new roadster drew up to his door, with Gloria's card tied to the wind wings. It pays to be witty, sometimes.

(*Continued on page 90*)

• Forbidden Topics •



Bachrach

Lady Racketeers Have Taken Richard Dix . . And Others . . . For Many A Costly Ride

By

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHAT is a poor boy to do? I mean, it really is rather a pathetic plight—that of the young, unmarried actor. Especially if he is handsome and inclined to be—er—sociable. Inclined to enjoy the company of young women. He is in what the scenario writers so aptly call "a tough spot."

It's like this. He meets a girl. She is pretty, vivacious, amiable. He decides that he would like to see her again and asks if he may call, or take her to dinner or the theater, or to dance at the Cocoanut Grove. The lady accepts graciously. Well, after all! A young, handsome motion picture star! You just *know* she does!

Anyhow, things go on like that for a few weeks and then the newspapers begin to scent a romance. Reporters call upon the lady and inquire whether the reports are true that she is to marry Mr. So-and-So. She is coy, perhaps, admitting that she "admires the gentleman in question very much. There is nothing to announce—just yet."

The motion picture actor reads these items in the press with some uneasiness. "Whoa!" he probably thinks, or something of the sort. "Not so fast! Not so fast!" Or maybe he just says to himself, "Oh, dear me!" (Though I doubt it.)

But he begins to get a little skittish. He either remonstrates with her, in a nice, gentlemanly fashion, in which case the inevitable scene takes place at once; or he merely shies off and ceases to call her. In the latter case, she begins instantly to call him. "I *must* see you! It's terribly important!"

Settling Up, Not Down

HAVING cornered him in one way or another, she weeps. She weeps a lot and she is pretty noisy about it and the actor is frightfully uncomfortable. What is worse, he is very, very apprehensive—and with reason.

She tells him that he is the only man she has ever loved, that he has captured her young and untouched affections—and now he wants to toss her aside, like a bro-oken plaything (sob! sob! sniff! sniff!).

And the poor young actor, very red in the face and knowing all these remarks by heart already, mumbles, "Oh, please don't be that way! Why, I thought we were just good pals—friends. We liked to be together—and—" A lot of useless stuff like that. And a lot of good it does him! She just wails louder and louder and yammers that he "led her on," and so forth.

The next day her lawyers come around and tell him that she is about to sue him for breach of promise or something. They are very grave about it and point out to him that it doesn't do to toy with the innocent affections of a pure young girl. Also, that all this is going to look pretty bad in the papers—???

So the actor "settles" (with a sigh), and it costs him a lot of money. He tells himself, "Never again!" He is through with women forever. But that doesn't last. The next one seems "so different"—and away they go again, and the actor is taken for another ride.

Magnetic Richard

RICHARD DIX has probably been subjected to such experiences more often than any other actor in Hollywood. Richard just seems to manage badly, somehow. He

(*Continued on page 104*)



There's no mate like a tee-mate, and no match like a golf match, as proved in "Follow Thru" by Jack Haley and Zelma O'Neal (above), Don Tomkins and Margaret Lee (right), and Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll (left)

From Par *to* Parson

Adventures Off The Screen

In The Old West, Hoot Gibson Saw A Man Hanged And A Woman Avenged

As Told By

Hoot Gibson

To

WALTER RAMSEY



THIS all happened back in the good old days when the West was tough and I was still a young fellow. I had been riding since early morning and, as this story begins, I was approaching the town of Mesa, Arizona. Seven hours I had been in the saddle—that's a long time—and I was so tired I was ready to flop.

When I had come in sight of the town, I gave the horse a bit of a spur and decided to get the thing over in a hurry. But about a half-mile from the outskirts I saw an automobile coming toward me at breakneck speed. Drawing my pinto over to the edge of the road, I prepared to wait until the danger of being run into had passed before resuming my trip.

As the car came closer, I could make out that a woman was at the wheel and driving as if her very life depended on it. I was forced to jump the pony over a deep ditch to avoid getting hit. The car passed in a cloud of thick dust and that was the last I saw of it.

The incident stuck in my mind as I drew nearer the town. What had been the reason for all the hurry? Why was the woman driving away so fast? These and many more questions were running through my fagged brain, when I came upon one of the most gruesome sights I have ever witnessed. There, ahead of me, a posse of citizens from Mesa had hanged a man from the cross-bar of a telegraph pole and he was swinging in the late afternoon breeze.



At the top, Hoot Gibson as he is today. Above, in a similar setting, he gives a modern version of his coming upon the "necktie party"

The Nightmare Face

IF you've never actually seen a "necktie party," you can't get the horror of the sight of a lynched body hanging at the end of a rope. It was enough to make a person's blood run cold at the very sight of it.

But my eyes weren't burdened by this horrible picture for long. As I came nearer, I could see that the posse was just about ready to cut the body down from its death perch. I was an unwilling onlooker to this stark undertaking. They finally succeeded in getting the dead man down from the pole and laid out on the ground. His face was a nightmare—one that I shan't forget for the rest of my life. I was powerless to ride past the scene of the tragedy, even if my youth and inexperience hadn't prompted me to stay and see the finale to this picture of quick death.

Upon a close inspection, I discovered that the victim had been an Indian. What had he done? No one seemed at all inclined to enlighten me on the subject. They all stood around with long faces and proceeded to dig a two-foot grave alongside the road and throw the man into it. It was a matter of a few minutes before they had covered him over, and clay had returned to clay.

Once this operation had been attended to, the men got soberly into their sad-

(*Continued on page 102*)



Bredell

• Bow and beau •

The fleet's in—and Fredric March has apparently lost those navy blues. And Clara Bow is seeing eye to eye with him on the question of their making it iced tea for two, since two can drink as cheaply as one. For even in "True To The Navy," it is the woman who pays

. women .



. By the great lovers of the screen .

Women have fallen from their pedestals, but no man is sorry, says Richard Barthelmess

as told by Richard Barthelmess

to Gladys Hall

"FEMININITY is, for me, the one, the only and the most appealing quality in a woman.

"For me, a woman might have the face of an angel, the body of a Venus and the brain of a Plato and, lacking that indefinable feminine factor, she would be without charm.

"I always look first of all at a woman's feet, ankles and hands.

"Hands, ankles and feet are 'points.' They are more than that, they are symbols of good breeding and that even more important thing, good taste.

"In a woman, the face is the least important feature of all.

"Femininity is, to me, a very special thing. Not necessarily obvious. For by femininity I do not mean the ga-ga type, the clinging vine, the sweet old-fashioned girl, or the sort of woman who purrs and leans and never is able to read a time-table or catch a train.

"I abhor futility in men. I abhor it equally in women.

"I believe that a woman can be feminine and mental at one and the same time. I am not among those who deplore the 'new' woman or who think that, because of the enlarged realm of women in every way, their charm is thereby decreased. It is not.

"I believe that the economically independent woman can be, and usually is, as feminine as the

(*Continued on page 100*)

Richard Barthelmess says:

I always look first at a woman's feet, ankles and hands. In a woman, the face is the least important feature of all.

I admire the woman who is at home not only in the parlor, but in the stable as well.

The siren who is always a siren is no siren at all.

Money certainly helps men where women are concerned.

Women who can wear clothes should have them.

Women do not want the cave-man type. Women want romance in the lover.

I do not believe, really, that men idealize women any longer.

Companionship is more important to a man than physical attraction. The latter is cheap, the former rare.

Home is more important to a man than to a woman.

Men are happier people than women are.

. men .

. By the great . sirens of the screen .

They are the fairer sex, but not every human male is a *man*, says Estelle Taylor

as told by Estelle Taylor

to Nancy Pryor



THIS is the most difficult rôle I have ever played in print. I'm required to be serious—and about men.

Whenever I attempt seriously to state my opinions on any subject, I feel mentally as clumsy as an elephant trying to make lace. But when it is men I must write about, and seriously—well, if you discern an occasional snicker, excuse please. It's just me, laughing in my sleeve.

Had not the shackles of seriousness been imposed upon me, I could have begun by saying that what I think of men can't be printed. This would have been a joke. In fact, it is still. And I hasten to label it so. One Joke—Exhibit A.

For—let's start right—one cannot be too careful about jesting with men, or at them. The poor dears possess very little sense of humor. What every woman knows is that woman was created from man's funny-bone rather than a rib. And, goodness gracious—or words to that effect—how they hate to be laughed at!

One must make a pretense, at least, of taking all men seriously. Many a romance, and many a happy marriage, has been ruined by a misplaced giggle. Men are never ridiculous in their own eyes. That's why Bobbie Burns wished some power would the giftie gi'e 'em to see themselves as others see 'em. By "others" he meant women. Keep your sense of humor well under cover when dealing with men. Even their jokes must be taken seriously.

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Estelle Taylor says:

If I mention some characteristics that fail to fit your own particular Tom, Dick or Harry, you may take it that he is a very remarkable fellow. An exception to the rule.

The only thing woman contributes to the world is man himself. All else emanates from him.

I have learned all I know from men. I think all women have.

We hate a man who really understands us. Fortunately, they are seldom encountered.

Conscience is a great handicap to the infidelities of man.

Men will give up much more for love than any woman ever gave.

To me, the mentality of men is their chief attraction.

It is a glorious thing to be a woman. She is more powerful than the strongest man.



Clothes

what can be two peas?

Carla (or is it Elinor?), looking into a mirror in which there is room for reflection, finds her double there—standing by herself, making both ends meet, seeing a removing picture, revealing two reasons why she is a dancer, and supporting her



harmony

more alike than the two G's

And Elinor (or is it Carla?) also sees a glassful—her born image proving her dress is low, wide and handsome, holding onto herself, and turning about in a bustle. Then they both rock with laughter, and stepping out, reveal it was all a frame-up

portraits posed exclusively for Motion Picture by Russell Ball

I'se Amos

By Louis Reid



Is ah blue? Lissen, Andy, is ah blue? Jes' gaze at dis lettah, Andy. Comes all de way from Hollawood.

Wat lettah, Amos?

Dish heah lettah, wiv Ah K. O. at de top and bottom. Ah knowed K. O. but Ah K. O.—hm, hm—da's new tuh me.

Oh, dat lettah! Why da's a——

Propolition. Das wat 'tis. Dey want us to come out tuh Hollawood and make a picher. Now ah knowed why yo was singin' is ah blue.' Yo' don' heah me singin'. We is ast tuh give up de Fresh Air Taxicab Comp'ny, Inco'pulated, at leas' temparily and make a talkie. Wat we know 'bout a talkie?

We don' need tuh know nuthin', Andy. Jes' ack nachel. Jes' be owsevves. We stan' tuh make a lot o' money. All dose talkie actahs got heaps o' money.



We stan' tuh lose a lot o' money, too, jes' as bizness is pickin' up. We done purty well las' two weeks wid all dis rain an' all dese buyahs in town. Ahs fer stayin' heah, Amos, 'stead of galvantin' out tuh Hollawood and makin' faces all day long.

P. & A.

"Is Ah blue?" Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) is now going to face camera as well as microphone

I'se regusted

Well, Andy, ah want to go. Ah sick of de taxicab bizness. Yo' pay out all yo' profits in gas an' tyahs and yo' ain't got nuthin' lef' at de end of de week.

I'se regusted. Din I tell yo' I'se all ready tuh make a deal wid de Kingfish? An' now yo' want tuh go tuh Hollawood.

Ah know w'a's matter with yo', Andy.

Wat?

Yo' don' want tuh leave Madam Queen or Susie. Yo' think dey's in love with yo'.

Think? Ah know dey is. Ah cain't keep wimmin f'om lovin' me, Amos. Dey all fall. Da's sumpin' 'bout me dey like. Ah jes' cain't hep et.

Well, Madam Queen, she don' love yo'. She loves dat travlin' man.

Lissen, Amos, Ah know de Madam loves me. She done tol' me so.

An' she tol' de travlin' man de same thing. An' now cause o' her yo' want tuh pass up a good propolition.

Ah don' pass up no good propolitions. Yo' know dat, Amos. But as Pres'dent of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Inco'pulated, ah think ah'm in a good sitchiashun tuh know a good propolition when it comes 'long. Ah don' think yo'd be so keen on it yo'self, 'cept yo' think yo'd see Ruby Taylah on de way out.

Sho, Ah'd see Ruby on de way out, but she wouldn' keep me f'om makin' a million dollahs.

Two 'n' two make fo'

Check and double check. A million dollahs! Yo's dreamin', Amos. Why da's as much money as Cha'lie Chaplin and Douglas Fa'bank make a yeah. Wat makes yo' think yo'd make a million dollahs?

It sez so in de lettah.

Wat lettah?

De lettah from Ah. K. O.

It didn' say no sech thing.

It said—well heah it is—it sez, Amos Jones and Andy Brown, pahty o' de 'fust paht an' pahty o' de sec'n' paht, will sha'h in de profits, if any, of de picher.

I'se Andy •

Is we regusted 'bout dat talkie propolition? no, *suh!*



Sho, sho. If any. Das whah de catch is. Supposin' dey's no profits. Supposin' we went broke an' could'n' get back tuh Hahlem.

Ah had'n' tho't o' dat, Andy. Ah don' want tuh think o' dat. Maybe Madam Queen would len' us some money tuh get back. Maybe we wouldn' want tuh get back. Maybe we cud staht a taxicab bizness in Hollawood. Dey's lots o' roads out dere.

Lot o' roads, but everbody own a cah. We'd stahve to death in de taxicab bizness. No, Amos, I'se fer stayin' heah and let well 'nuf 'lone.

An' ah's fer goin' out and gettin' rich.

Seein' yo's so set on it, s'pose ah call de Madam an' see wat she say 'bout it. . . .

De madam's propolition

hel—lo, honey. . . . How is yo', honey? . . . Oh, I'se all right, honey. . . . Ah got sumpin' tuh tell yo' 'bout. I'se and Amos have a propolition tuh go tuh Hollawood and make a talkie. De offah come dis mornin' and I'se callin' yo' up tuh reassuhtain yo' idea 'bout it. . . . De money? Yas, dey's money if dey's profits. Yo' see, honey, we sha'h in de profits, if any. . . . Ah knows dat, honey. Dey's all rich. . . . Is dat so? Well, da's mighty fine to heah yo' say dat. Ah'l come 'roun' tonight and talk it ovah. . . .

Wat she say, Andy?

She say dat as soon as ah get rich ah can send fo' her.

Awah! awah! awah!

Ah tol' yo' she loves me. Well, if de Madam'd come to Hollawood, ah don' know but wat ah'd go. Maybe we cud get her a job in de talkie, too.

Maybe she ain't got nuf sex repeal.

Oh, she got sex repeal all right. She'd make a big hit in de talkie. She's got class.

Uh, huh!

Amos, s'pose we cud get the talkie peepuls to make her mah leadin' woman?

Fo' all ah cah she can be yo' leadin' woman, but ahl take Ruby Taylah fo' mine. Somehow, it all don' sound real, Andy.

Yo' nevah can tell

Well, le's keep on dreamin', Amos. Dreams don' cos' nuthin. 'Ah nevah thought ah'd ever be de pres'dent o' the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, but ah am.

Well, it's a long leap from pres'dent o' de Fresh Air Taxicab Company to a million dollahs in de talkie. Ah hopes dey gives us a good theme song.

Amos, dey's nuthin' ah love so much as a good theme song. But it's got to be good. Maybe we cud write ah own.

How do yo' mean, write ah own?

Like everbody else does. . . . 'member a good tune.

S'pose yo' cain't remembah a good tune?

Don' yo worry 'bout me, Amos. Ah's a man o' talent. When we become stahs in de talkie, we goin' tuh see ah names in dose big releckit lights.

Ain't dat sumpin? Hm! Hm! Ah jes' goin' tuh stan' an' look at dat sign all night. "Amos 'n' Andy in—in—"

(*Continued on page 114*)



Not regusted now: Charles J. Correll (Andy) thinks Madam Queen will show up Clara Bow

P. & A.

She obeyed that impulse

Mary Lewis always knew when it was time to run away

by Gladys Hall



Russell Ball

Mary Lewis, born Mary Kidd, is a best-seller any way you look at her.

If she hadn't been a best-seller at the Metropolitan, in Europe, and now in Hollywood, she would have made a swell b.-s. for a writer of juvenile fiction. She would have put the garret-dwelling *Sara Crewe* into the discard and sent *The Five Little Peppers* back to their Little Brown House. Even now it isn't too late and if you think you can bear it and have your hankies ready, I'll tell you what she told me about her little-girl days . . .

When Mary was a golden-haired baby, her mother was left a widow and something of an invalid, as well. There was Mary, and there was a little brother. Three mouths to feed, and a very feeble hand to try to feed them. The small and needy family trekked from Hot Springs, Arkansas, (where Mary was born) to Dallas, Texas, in search of a livelihood which didn't come to life.

Mary began to grow thin and rickety. Her tiny treble was piping and uncertain. She had big hollows under her sea-blue eyes, and there was a pinched look to the red mouth intended for song.

There came a day when there was nothing for the ailing mother to do but put the little girl and the little boy into an orphanage. Mary knew dreary days as alike as the inevitable peas in the inevitable pod. Days when she wore gray dresses and ate gray porridge and looked out on a gray world, peopled with an unending monotony of gray days. There wasn't any Santa Claus in Mary Kidd's childhood. She didn't believe in fairy godmothers . . .

rescued

Gray wasn't the color on which Mary could feed either her gaily dyed soul or her naturally vigorous young body. But she didn't know what to do about it. The small brother revolted and ran away. For the first and last time in her life Mary stayed "put," and fell desperately ill of pernicious anemia. Her mother came and rescued Mary from the asylum. Rescued her for a life rather worse than better.

Mary ran the streets and played with the children of the green-grocer next door. The children of the green-grocer were millionaires to Mary. They had a father and they had lots to eat. The green-grocer's wife had children of her own, and she also had that often selfish virtue known as maternal pride. She didn't like to send her own little darlings to the corner saloon—there were saloons in Dallas in those days—for her bucket of beer; but she didn't mind sending Mary. So she sent Mary and rewarded the starving child with aged bananas too ripe and too far gone to sell to the most unwary. Mary says that to this day she can't look a ripe banana in the face.

The doctor told Mary's mother that the child could not live two years in the environment she was in. And because God feeds the sparrows and counts the hairs of our heads, a minister of the gospel came along and offered to adopt Mary. He had heard her sing. I forget where. On the streets or in Sunday school, on one of the rare

(*Continued on page 86*)



Von's big bertha

The war goes on—and Eric von Stroheim and two other Austrian iron men, still firmly entrenched in Hollywood despite the talkie bombardment, still are defending realism and prepared to shoot over the mob's head to hit the mark

They're all

The stars are, it brain of writers

by

Helen

Louise

Walker

Hollywood, as has been remarked once or twice before, is a strange place. And, as has been remarked equally as often, it is somewhat congested with people who are, to say the least—er—odd.

You get a peculiar sense of unreality, sometimes, in the film capital and often you begin to doubt whether you really see what you think you see. It is an eerie sensation.

You begin to feel that this isn't a real place at all—that it is purely imaginary and has sprung, full-fledged (if Hollywood can be called full-fledged), out of some author's fanciful brain. At first you think it is something out of the "Arabian Nights." Then you catch a glimpse of the *Duchess* or the *Rabbit* and you tell yourself that it is one of the more astonishing sections of *Alice's* Wonderland. Then, as you gaze, bemused, about you (and, boy! how bemused you do get some times!), you espy other familiar characters and you make the amazing discovery that you are in the midst of a sort of magnified Story Book Ball—that you are completely surrounded with people out of books.

in and out of books

Some of the books have been written. Some of the people are merely living their stories and wandering about, waiting for an author to put them on paper.

It is bewildering at first. But you get used to it. And it is quite a diverting game—picking them all out and deciding who wrote them. Sometimes you can tell in exactly which book you made their acquaintance, and other times they appear to be composites of several people in one author's stories. But you can nearly always tell, at least, who invented them.

Take George Bancroft. He will probably be very cross with me for telling—but he is really the *White Knight.* Vague, kindly, sentimental and not very coherent—I have always thought him one of the sweetest characters in all literature. And to find him walking around and pretending not only to be a person, but also to be an actor—You can imagine one's feelings!

He is still fighting absurd and prodigious battles, still telling wistful, pointless anecdotes, still letting you in on naïve secrets about himself, waiting with the same engaging eagerness for your



It is an eerie sensation in Hollywood to see characters step out of story books and try to keep you from guessing who they really are, by assuming names like "George Bancroft," "Mary Brian," "Lillian Gish," "William Haines," "Joan Crawford," "Ronald Colman"

out of the mind

and players seems, children of fiction



Illustration by Alan Murray

applause and appreciation—just as he did in the book. He is just lovely!

The *Red Queen* is here, too, tearing along, yelling, "Faster! Faster!" and not getting anywhere with all her running. But I promised I wouldn't tell her name. So I really can't.

hide-and-seek

You see, they are all pretending to be real, mortal people who eat and drink and get married and buy shoes and go to the dentist and all that. They play a sort of game with you, trying to keep you from guessing who they actually are.

Lewis Carroll seems to have had quite a hand in assembling Hollywood. So many of his characters are here. For instance, the *Mad Hatter* appears to have multiplied all over the place. Sometimes he claims to be Norman Kerry, sometimes Rex Lease; and once or twice I have suspected him of trying to get me to believe he was Bess Meredyth.

Then, imagine your surprise and delight at meeting that old friend of your (and your grandmother's) childhood—*Elsie Dinsmore!* If you ask her name, you will be told that it is Belle Bennett. But you can't mistake her. She is just as she used to be—even to the blonde hair and the earnest, blue-eyed, spiritual gaze. And if you only talk to her a little, you will realize that you could not be mistaken.

You suspect her of being somewhat concerned for your spiritual welfare—in fact, she gives you a sort of *prayed-for* feeling, if you get what I mean.

But who would ever have thought that *Elsie* had it in her to be so fine an actress?!!

barrie creations

It must be an odd feeling for an author, when he comes here, to meet his characters at parties and on picture lots. He can recognize numbers and numbers of his brain children riding right up and down Hollywood Boulevard.

Why, when Barrie was looking at tests of people who wanted to play *Peter Pan*, the moment he saw Betty Bronson, a little unknown then, among all those famous actresses, he knew her. Of course! Because he had written her. And Betty has never had much luck trying to be anything else but a Barrie character.

Mary Brian, too, has remained *Wendy* to this very day. A pretty, soft, unimaginative little girl, untouched by the glamour and the madness all about her, who would delight in darning socks and sewing on buttons for some little boy, nodding and smiling with sweet lack of comprehension at his swift-soaring dreams and his rebellions, content to be the gentle reward at the end of the picture of all his deeds of valor.

those responsible

Joseph Hergesheimer, I am sure, wrote Aileen Pringle. Which probably explains their much-publicized friendship. He recognized her as one of his own inventions.

I think it hardly possible, though, that Mr. Hergesheimer wrote Lillian Gish. However, there is no reason why he should not admire the handiwork of some other author. And it seems pretty certain that Charles Dickens was responsible for Lillian when he created *Little Nell.*

Elinor Glyn was always recognizing her people when

(*Continued on page 96*)



Her view points

exclusive portraits by Russell Ball

she's looking up these days, is Lola Lane—keeping her chin up (lower right) and praying she won't have to diet (lower center). and when she sees a few things over her head (as at lower left), she makes a few changes (top right) and doubles her resources (top center). result: she climbs to the top of the screen (left center) and at last is in a position (top left) to ask for what she wants

She finally got the blues

But Lillian Roth had to wait a long, long time

By Elisabeth Goldbeck



Dyar

"PARAMOUNT has a blues singer," said Lillian Roth, "and I guess they thought they might as well make me work at it."

She had just returned from a personal appearance tour of the West coast.

"I had a marvelous time in San Francisco. Every morning the manager of the hotel sent up a huge bunch of roses with his compliments.

"Then we go to Portland. The first morning I was there, up came three red apples—with the compliments of the hotel. I was to be there three days—I suppose the manager figured on an apple a day.

"I don't know whether I'm just vain, or what it is, but I get a great kick out of all that. I guess it's because on the stage, no matter how good you are, people never get excited about you in person.

"But you should see what they have to do to get the people in the theater up there. They have a whole lot of checkerboards that the patrons can use before, after, or during the show, and music playing, and puppets dancing. The lobby is a regular playground.

"I had to appear at about fifteen department stores every day. People would crowd around and ask me things. 'Is Clara Bow's hair really red?' 'Is Buddy Rogers as sweet off-screen as he is on?' and all sorts of questions about everyone but myself. One woman said, 'How do you keep so unaffected? Or is that just put on?'"

Her Pre-Destination

LILLIAN is undoubtedly the most unaffected actress that the world has ever known. It's impossible to imagine anyone less assuming, less conceited. Probably it's because she has always been an actress, and consequently it doesn't impress her. There's as much difference between Lillian and the average actress, as there is between people who have had their money for generations, and the *nouveau riche*.

Lillian started her career, formally, at the age of six. But she was working at it even before she was born.

Her mother wanted to be a blues singer. One of those thwarted careers. She had the voice, but none of the other qualifications. So, like all disappointed women, she turned to matrimony. And she insisted, as many mothers have before her, on grafting her ambitions onto her innocent offspring.

"It sounds silly," Lillian confided, "but a few months before I was born, my mother used to take me to the theater. She used to listen to Sophie Tucker and Nora Bayes and all the other women with the deep voices, and think, 'Oh, if my child can only do that.'"

No Answer to a Prayer

IN fact, Mrs. Roth had her mind firmly made up. She wasn't expecting a baby—she was expecting a blues singer.

But as a perverse fate would have it, she didn't get one.

(*Continued on page 94*)

. . . First and some present their past



When *Peter Pan* first played the piper in Never, Never Land, and vowed he would never grow up, Maude Adams (above) had another Barrie feather in her cap. But Bessie Love (right) proves that Maude Adams was neither the one and only *Peter Pan* nor the one and only Maude Adams







When curls and crinolines were both in style, and Charles Dickens was the world's greatest make-up man, Lotta Crabtree (above) made herself and the *Marchioness* famous in "The Old Curiosity Shop." And Dorothy Jordan (right) proves to be not only Lotta's type, but prototype





A mellow, but not at all mild *Cigarette* was Blanche Bates (above) in "Under Two Flags," proving that somewhere east of Suez there *are* some Ten Commandments. And now Raquel Torres (top) turns aside to show that she could be either Blanche Bates or her Turkish *Cigarette*

second editions

stars reveal possibilities



In the Gay Nineties gentlemen preferred a blonde, and her name was Lillian Russell (above). A light touch she had, and a style all her own, and beauty to measure other women by. And Anita Page (left) not having been born, men said that there was no one to compare with her





It was not often between 1906 and 1920 that *The Charm of Paris,* Gaby Deslys (above), was off her feet—for Frenchmen insisted there was no dancer like her, not even Isadora Duncan. But ten years pass by, and Dorothy Sebastian (top) grows up to be similarly restful





Eleanora Duse (above) wore the robes of tragedy, but happy was her stage career, for the only actress ever mentioned in the same breath was Sarah Bernhardt. Men said her like would never again be seen—but that was before Norma Shearer (left) proved history repeats itself

Betty Compson

registers delight in her new modern silverware with VIANDE *Knives and* VIANDE *Forks.*



On the screen a flashing revue dancer in "The Great Gabbo," a demure peasant violinist in "The Street Girl" . . . But a very modern young hostess in her own charming home.

Very gay, and modern, and up-to-date, that home . . . and naturally the silver service doesn't lag behind.

The new VIANDE Knives and VIANDE Forks found immediate and eager welcome on Betty Compson's table.

The long-handled, short-bladed knives, the forks with their long handles and short tines cast a glow of modernity over Betty Compson's entire silver service . . . even to the tea and dinnerware. Matched in modernity her new china, linens, and crystal. Matched in modernity the young lady herself.

Naturally it is 1847 ROGERS BROS., the original, the finest of all silverplate . . . America's oldest company in point of years . . . newest in freshness of style.

Covers for Six, 26 pieces, $38.00. "Pieces of 8" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. Patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Argosy, Ancestral, Anniversary, Ambassador, and Heraldic. Regular shape knives and forks are offered, as well as the VIANDE shape, if you prefer.

Write for booklet U-53, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware." Address letters to Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.



3-Pc. Tea Set, $65. Tray, $25. Ambassador.



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VIANDE KNIFE & FORK

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6 VIANDE Knives, $15...6 Forks, $8.25. Ambassador Pattern.

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SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Discoveries About Myself

Lon Chaney Will Tell You That In Reality He Is Not What He Seems

AS TOLD BY LON CHANEY

TO GLADYS HALL



R. H. Louise

"I HATE to talk about myself. Which is no discovery, for I always have.

"Not long ago I swore that I would never give another interview. I believe that most publicity does far more harm than good.

"I believe in the illusion of the stage as it used to be in the days of Maude Adams, of Duse and Bernhardt. The illusion is far more valuable to the players and far more interesting, in the long run, to the public than the elaborate details of what the stars eat for breakfast and what kind of shampoos they use.

"Maude Adams will never die. She will live forever. Her name will go on when most of our names are completely erased. She will be immortal because she made of herself a legend and a myth. Few people ever saw her. Less than few people ever talked with her or knew anything about her personal life. She was naturally a recluse. She was naturally reticent. She was, also, very clever.

"I am not a recluse. Nor am I reticent among my own friends or with my family. I am not, I suppose, the modern school of actor. I am not, I discover, an actor at all.

"I never make personal appearances.

"I am never more uncomfortable than on the rare occasions when I am in public and someone pokes someone else and says, audibly, 'There goes Lon Chaney!'

"It is not policy—but my inclination is to shout back, 'Yes, and none of your ——— business!'

What He Fears

"I AM very much afraid of my own vanity.

"We all have some of it. We have to have. It is necessary. It is not necessary to have that vanity catered to and enlarged.

"It isn't success that kills us, that spoils us. It isn't the having of a great deal of money. It is the parasitism that goes with success and with money. It is the effect upon us of the 'yes-men'—and women. The effect of the men and women who fawn upon us and tell us we are greater than we really are or ever could be. I have seen more than one screen celebrity tumble from real ability to a sickening complacency and from there to failure and oblivion for no other reason than an inflated ego. It is the most dangerous foe we have. It is what makes us believe that we are so good, so infallible, that we no longer have to strive. I wouldn't trust myself not to be affected by this thing. And so, I stay away from it.

"So far, I have discovered, money has not affected me. Success hasn't changed me. I am the man I started out to be as a boy.

"I want now what I wanted then—when I was struggling and unknown and having a pretty bad time of it, judged by worldly standards. I have, to-day, the same desires, the same habits, the same tastes, the same beliefs.

"I believed in the essential goodness of people then. I still believe in it.

(*Continued on page 106*)





SWING HIGH

GOOD CIRCUS STORY

A good circus story. Plenty of atmosphere has been created in it by a fellow who must have loved circuses when they meant a grand parade and the performers traveled over the road bringing gaiety to the little hamlets of the late nineties. Helen Twelvetrees and Fred Scott, he of the fine tenor voice, do well in their second co-starring piece. An excellent supporting cast has been assembled, too, and many old-timers as well as the newcomers to the screen provide you with some first-rate characterizations.

"Swing High" has a good story written by Joseph Santley, who also directed. It's about a girl trapeze performer, who falls in love with a worthless chap with a wonderful voice.

One of the biggest moments in the picture is provided by a negro chorus that puts over two great song numbers.

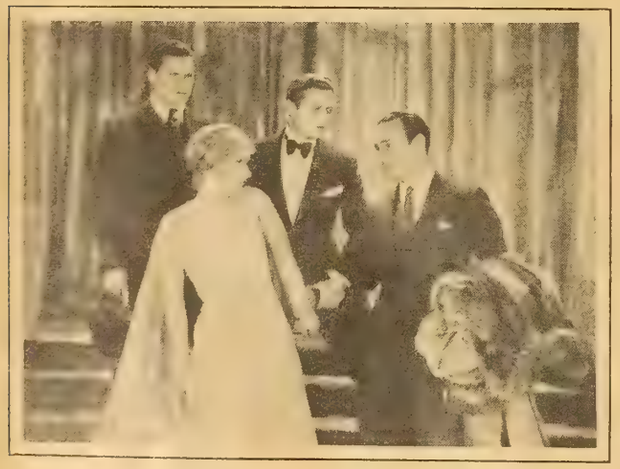


SAFETY IN NUMBERS

LIGHT BUT AMUSING

Ah youth, youth! This is a story of charming and incredible young people, the heir to many millions portrayed by Buddy Rogers and three beautiful (and good) Follies girls to whose chaperonage his uncle entrusts him.

Buddy, looking more mature than hitherto, has a chance to toot his sax, and sing several not particularly catchy songs, while the girls appear in an amazing succession of beautiful gowns which they presumably are able to buy on a salary of $175 a week. Yet in spite of a pleasant evening we wish to register a protest against tagging Buddy with the hall-mark "youthful." He is more—much more—than a male ingénue, and pictures such as "Safety in Numbers" merely mark time for him. Kathryn Crawford who plays opposite him has a charming voice, but she should count her calories.



BORN RECKLESS

FAIRLY EXCITING

Exciting but not exciting enough. More shots are fired in "Born Reckless" than probably at any time since the late unpleasantness in France. But so threadbare is the plot that you will ho-hum your way home long before it's half way through. It's a gang picture (yes, they're still making them) and Eddie Lowe is the strong silent man. He's plenty tough but evidently that hard-boiled stuff has had its teeth pulled. At this late day, audiences just snicker and giggle when before they used to be frozen to their seats.

Soon after the first ten feet of film the plot loses itself, and the actors, with all that time on their hands, commence shooting at each other. The result is a tiresome conglomeration of all the gang picture gags you've ever seen. You can pass this one up.



THE DIVORCEE

BE SURE AND SEE IT

The mad fantastic story of "Ex-Wife" has been made much more credible and vastly more entertaining in its screen version. It whirls through the years and across continents, never letting up its fast and amusing pace. It is the story of a girl who believes she can live like a man, tries the theory out to the ruination of her marriage, and then tries it out some more to forget. There's a complete victory for femininity and the double standard in the end, but before that is reached you have seen a good deal of high life in New York, orgies in Paris, and love and suffering and sacrifice.

Not only sensational but really moving is this crazy story, largely due to the very fine performance of Norma Shearer, who completely eclipses all her past triumphs.

Parade



SINGER OF SEVILLE

NEAT ENOUGH

Ramon Novarro continues on the high road to success with these singing pictures, and "Singer of Seville" is a grand mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. As a cantinas singer of Seville, Novarro is handsome and audacious. Dorothy Jordan is almost unbelievably lovely as the little novice of the convent who climbs over the wall to follow a golden voice.

It is because of her unworldliness that trouble enters and both she and Ramon must languish until they are able to convince their small worlds that they have the great love. From a street singer Ramon rises to be an artist of the opera but when his lovely flower is taken from him he almost dies. Ernest Torrence comes into the kind of a rôle we like to see him do. He is the broken down opera singer, who sponsors the lively, irresponsible boy in his career. The others are good.



ROUGH ROMANCE

LIKE AN OLD-TIME THRILLER

We're awfully sorry, but here's still another that will yawn you to death. It concerns George ("Get Your Man") O'Brien and his struggle in the dog-sled country to save his honor. Except that it talks, "Rough Romance" is a dead ringer for the old Vitagraph thrillers that used to make us gnaw our knuckles. It has a sweet innocent girl of the woods (Helen Chandler); a foul villain who sneers and twirls his mustache; a comic (but not too comic) relief (Eddie Borden) and other musty reminders of "End of Reel I—Reel II Will Follow Immediately" days.

Just to make it funnier (we guess) they slapped on a bang-up ending in which everyone, including the dog-teams, start running in different directions. Our Helen jumps in the river, with the villain hot after her and George hot after the villain.



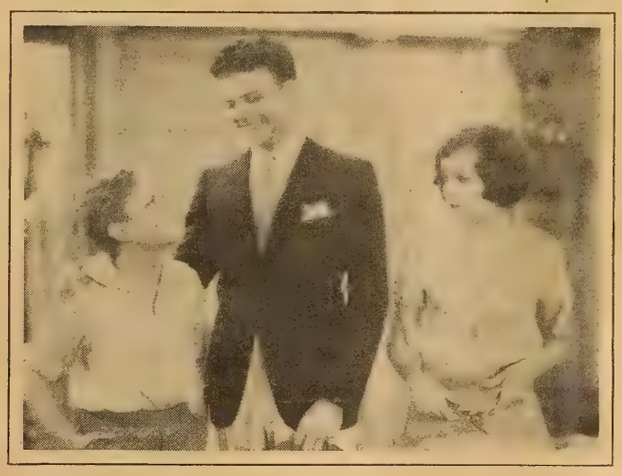
YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

CLICKS ALL THE WAY

This is not, as the title might lead you to ex- pect, another tour of the no-longer Great White Way. There are no nightclub interiors, no dance numbers, no theme song. It is, in other words, something you shouldn't miss.

The story is light, yet believable. The Young Man is an easygoing reporter, with repressed ambitions to write the Great American Novel, who marries in haste and develops complexes, the Young Woman having modern ideas and earning more than her husband. The dialogue clicks all the way.

The cast is all ex-Broadway. Norman Foster is **Toby McLean,** and Claudette Colbert (his real-life spouse) has a rôle as his story wife. Charles Ruggles is **Shorty, Toby's** newspaper side-kick. And Ginger Rogers, as the Spirit of St. Louis, is the best little menace Broadway has given the talkies to date.



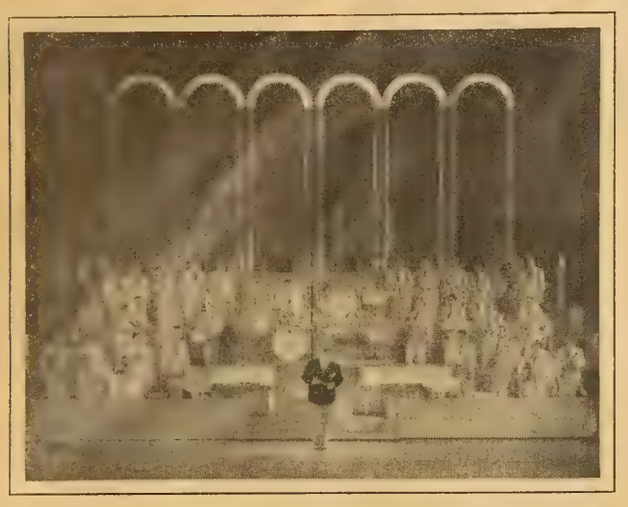
COURAGE

RECOMMENDED HOKUM

Highly recommended for all lov- ers of good, classy hokum. It is pretty silly stuff, if you come to analyze it; but the average fan who keeps his pores open will find plenty of entertainment. The special interest here is the splendid rôle of Belle Bennett, who with intelligent dialogue to help her, romps home with a performance only second to "Stella Dallas." Belle has a long and meaty part which was just made to her order, and she does it justice in a big way.

Marian Nixon and Rex Bell have very minor rôles. Blanche Frederici, as an eccentric and old-fashioned female done up with whalebone, earns hearty plaudits. The best and most natural talkie performance yet given by a child comes from Leon Janey, who all but steals the picture.

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic



THE KING OF JAZZ

WHITEMAN'S SCREEN BOW

The long awaited screen début of Paul Whiteman will discourage musical revue producers for some time to come. It sets an almost impossible-to-pass standard in extravagant effects, gorgeous costuming and dazzling color. Yet to Whiteman fans it will be disappointing. There is too little of rotund, human, pleasing Paul in it. The few glimpses we get of him in the dizzy whirl of sights and sounds show a very real, very delightful screen personality, lost in crowding numbers, which, while they are ambitious, are reminiscent.

John Murray Anderson, always an originator on the stage, has not discovered any new possibilities of the screen, the old faithful revue tricks are all brought *verbatim* to the new medium. Even the blackouts seem chosen because they have been looked over by generations of theatergoers. The Wedding Veil and The Melting Pot merely show that the screen can do things more extravagantly than the stage.



THE FLORADORA GIRL

GOOD ALL THE WAY

An amusing revival of the Gay Nineties—"The Flo-radora Girl"—with Marion Davies, as one of the famous sextette that made history during the mauve decade, at her best in comedy that borders on the burlesque.

It will take the dear elders to tell if the picture is correct in details but the younger generation is going to get a mighty wallop out of it without any tender recollections. Marion is the gay and sprightly, though, let it be well understood, very innocent member of the sextette. To win the affections of a certain young blood about town (Laurence Gray) she adopts the pose of a siren. You find out that his intentions are not honorable before Marion becomes aware of his baseness in the traditional plush-curtained-private-dining-room.

Of course there is a deep-dyed villain who aspires to pluck the fair Floradora flower for his own, and Sam Hardy is great as the mustache stroking menace. Some of the mirth provoking scenes include an outing at the beach, and a picnic.



LADIES LOVE BRUTES

DOING RIGHT BY GEORGE

Featured by considerably more characterization than the usual Bancroft opus, and excellent supporting performances by Mary Astor and two charming little boys, "Ladies Love Brutes" will do much toward consolidating the burly George's position with the movie-going public. Bancroft is still the cinematic diamond in the rough, but this time is a contractor, confronted by the problems of social advancement and the advancesof a racketeer.

Stanley Fields, who made such an elegant menace in "Street of Chance," plays the head of one of those "protective associations" which are the grief of every **entrepreneur** in the building game. He is about the hardest egg that has come down the picture turnpike in many moons. Much more might have been made of the conflict between Fields and Bancroft, as symbolizing the opposite sides of one of the most curious gyps ever to fasten on American industrialism. Paramount certainly is doing right by our George.



THE TEXAN

ALL TO THE GOOD

Derived from "The Gay Deceiver," Gary Cooper's new vehicle gets off to the same sort of excellent start as "In Old Arizona." That is, an O. Henry story. As a Western bandit who tattoos his wrist in order to deceive a wealthy woman into thinking that he is her long-lost son, Gary is perfectly cast. In spite of his evident charm, however, we cannot refrain from wishing that he had chosen for his personal theme song another than "It ain't no sin to take off your skin and dance around in your bones." He looks as if he must move in two directions to cause a shadow, and as for full length shots—! Well, anyone that tall and thin should be photographed in sections.

Fay Wray, in slicked hair and a most charming Spanish accent, proves her versatility. Odd, Paramount doesn't give this pleasing girl more to do! She seems to handle each different type of rôle with an increasing grasp on the technique of the talkies. "The Texan" is excellent.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



THE SECOND STORY MYSTERY

GRAB IT AND LAUGH

Here's a rose of a picture; a pip! If there's a more pleasing young couple on the screen than Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers (Loretta Young is the Mrs.), they must be hiding out somewhere. There is a charm and naturalness about them that wins popularity.

The picture gets off to a good start and proceeds like any other mystery until, nearly half-way through, the audience suddenly realizes it is being kidded. Every formula used in the past to create chills and thrills is employed in as nice a spoofing of mystery plays as we've come across. Instead of not being able to find the murderer, Inspector of Scotland Yard, H. B. Warner, is swamped with confessions. Everyone committed the crime. Even Inspector H. B. Warner!

Applause, please, for director Roy del Ruth, who succeeded in stringing together a bunch of farcical, completely cuckoo circumstances into one of the smoothest, sweetest comedies yet out of Hollywood. Grab this one and laugh.



CAUGHT SHORT

MUCH JOLLITY

Among the "Oh yeah—sez you—sez me—" teams of alleged male comedians, that grand cinema pair of ladies, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, stand out like lighthouses in a very dull fog. "Caught Short" is the first production in which they actually have starred—after having enlightened innumerable pictures in unfeatured spots—and it gets them off to a magnificent start. As the proprietors of rival boarding-houses, they have an opportunity for that mingling of tenderness and slapstick which makes for the best in comedy.

"Caught Short" is spiritually based on Eddie Cantor's little book dealing with the stock market crash. Whoever made the treatment did a masterly job. Their parts—Marie is the cautious individual who grows increasingly jealous over Polly's success in the market, and at last invests her own savings—are tailored to a fare-thee-well. Charles Morton and Anita Page supply the love interest, but who cares for lovers when Marie and Polly are about?



THE RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU

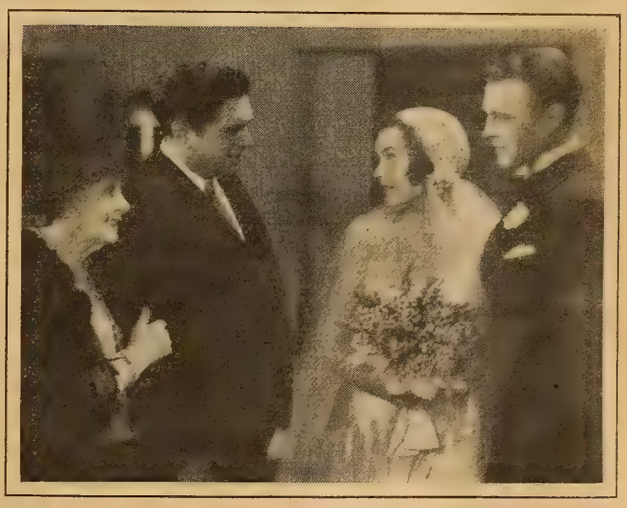
HAS ITS MOMENT

So-so only more so. Smooth villainy on the part of that finished actor, Warner Oland but little else. It's getting just a little late in the year for mystery thrillers. We in the audience don't scare as we're supposed to. Trouble is we know what's coming next. And next and next and next—

There's a very pretty romance going on all through the picture, with Jean Arthur and Neil Hamilton as its principals and very romancy they are too. But we've seen this kind of thing before: many times before.

Nice boobery is contributed by William Austin. You saw him as the ever-excited head-master in "Sweetie." Here he is a hysterical character, forever on the verge of collapse through fright, and manages to draw many a guffaw from the audience.

This department has a hunch that Warner Oland would do a lot with a really important part if Paramount should give him as good breaks as Warners give George Arliss.



SONG O' MY HEART

McCORMACK SINGS

This expensive and much-publicized John McCor- mack picture is charming. I hope you get the tone of surprise in which this comment is made. One had expected it to be soppy. One thought that John would be continually taking little children on his knee and singing them whimsical ditties.

John is seen as a famous singer who has returned to his native village in Ireland in order to be near his long-beloved who is unhappily married to another. He goes away to make a triumphant concert tour in America when he finds that she needs financial aid which he can furnish only in this manner. He returns too late to help her but just in time to play fairy godfather to her children.

The thing has been handled deftly and with good taste. McCormack is at his best and the recording is the finest we have heard. Alice Joyce, as the beloved, has never been more fragile and lovely. There is some beautiful photography of the Irish countryside.



Bad Boy Bickford

Ex-Hobo, Ex-Sailor, And Ex-Burlesquer, He Is Extra Hard

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

IN less than a year's time, Charles Bickford has achieved a reputation as the Bad Boy of the movies, a rôle he thoroughly enjoys.

Around Bickford, the smoke of battle never clears—not if he can help it. He inspires the terms "difficult" and "incorrigible," and some others less academic.

And he cherishes those adjectives the way most actors take to "magnificent" or "notable."

"I was always squawking when I was on the stage," he said, "but theatrical producers, I find, are marvels of intelligence compared to the men who run the movies."

Charlie does have principles. It's true he often starts his riots to defend what he thinks is right. He has a cause, some of the time. But part of the time he just does it to annoy.

Bickford is as inconsistent a he-man as ever I saw.

He has the stature, the muscles, and the coiffure of a Samson.

He has a scalding contempt for everyone, a complete irreverence, a derisive humor, and a ruthless quality you can't help admiring.

A Bostonian Samson

BUT those muscles are encased in perfectly tailored garments. Those shaggy locks are carefully brushed, and tinted the exact shade of red that best sets off his blue eyes. And he talks with a Boston accent.

He has been a hobo and a coal-stoker, but his first job on the stage was as an effeminate man, and he's the first to admit he gave a swell performance. Biceps and bulk notwithstanding, he has fastidious tastes, and he loves vanilla ice cream.

I caught him taking time out for lunch in the midst of a battle with the M-G-M officials—the biggest one to date. He sat, a sulky Bolshevist, sucking his ice-cream spoon (which he had carefully wiped off before using), his face dark with resentment.

"They say I'm difficult," he grumbled. "Difficult! That means that I say 'No' once in a while. No producer has ever been said 'No' to before. They just never experienced such a thing. No one dares talk back to them. Well—" his voice rumbled ominously, and you had a good idea what was in store for the producers, if they hadn't received it already.

Some Scripts Are Tearable

"PICTURES could be marvelous, if the people who made them had any sense. Naturally, an actor with any intelligence knows better than anyone else what he can do and what sort of part he should play. But he is never consulted. No, indeed.

"They have three or four different sets of authors working on the story; they appoint the director and the entire cast; then they call up the actor and say, 'Report tomorrow for rehearsal.'

"'Rehearsal for what?' you say, and then you tell them to bring over the script and you'll see what can be done about it. Then you read the script and find it's something you wouldn't be seen dead in.

"This picture I'm doing now was a fine plate of hash. I tore it up and rewrote the whole thing from the time I came in."

Bickford's path through Hollywood has been strewn with torn-up scripts. He gives himself full credit for every picture he's done so far, with the exception of "Dynamite."

(*Continued on page 118*)

Theme Songs *of the* MOVIES

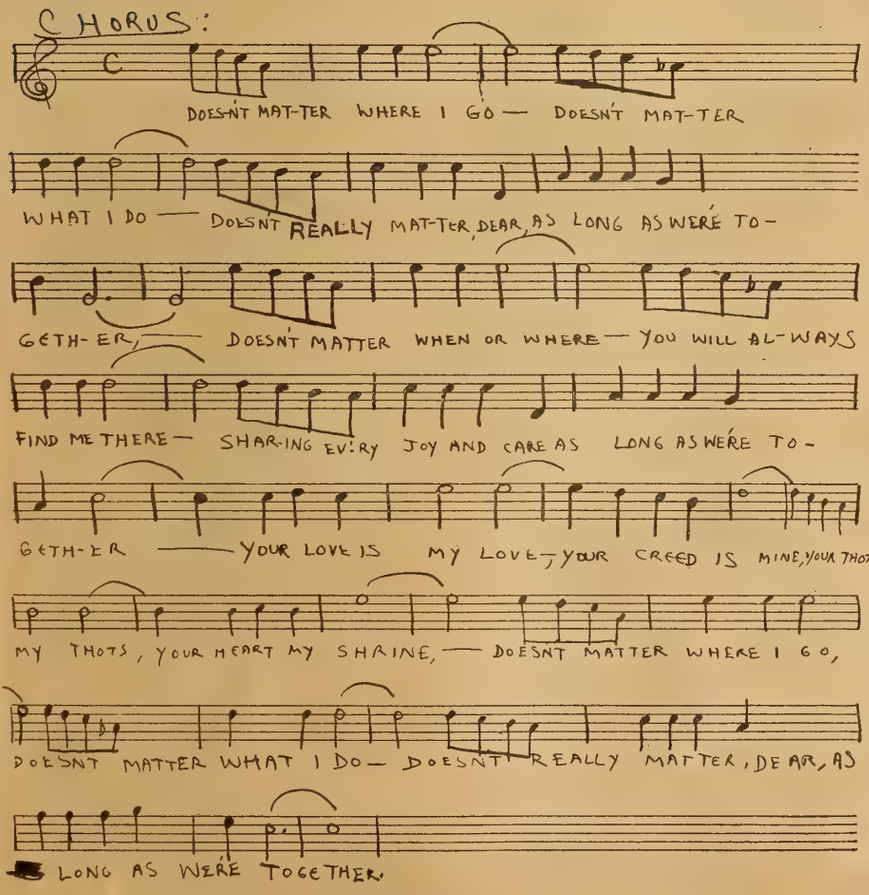
The Melody And Words
Of
"As Long As We're Together,"
Sung By Ruth Roland
In "Reno"



In rhythm with one another: Ruth Roland, who returns to the screen at long last in "Reno," sings while her husband, Ben Bard, plays "As Long as We're Together," for which he wrote the lyrics

AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER.
(AS FEATURED BY MISS RUTH ROLAND IN THE SONO-ART PRODUCTION "RENO")

CHORUS:



"Reno," the talking picture which brings Ruth Roland back to the screen, is based on the story by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and is a revelation of life in the divorce colony, where mates are dispensed with without bloodshed—or, for that matter, tear-shedding. Some go there to forget they have loved; others go there because they have found new reasons for living. In either case, they have cause to sing. At the left, you have the words and melody of the song Ruth Roland sings. The words are by her own undivorced husband, Ben Bard; the music by an anonymous composer—anonymous because of his affiliation with another producing company

Printed by permission of Shapiro-Bernstein Music Company



Dinner Is Served

Betty Compson Reveals Enough About Setting A Table To Explain Her Reputation

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"BETTY COMPSON" has become almost a synonym for "hospitality" in Hollywood vocabularies of the best circles.

"She is a perfect hostess," a visitor to the Cruze home at Flintridge exclaimed recently. "Why, you wouldn't know that she wasn't one of the guests herself!"

Everything at one of the Cruzes' open houses is apparently casual, unplanned, informal. The party seems just to have happened, and yet whatever a visitor needs—a cigaret or a match, a drink, a salad fork or a cube of ice—is always right at his hand.

This combination of apparent effortlessness and perfection of detail is a triumph of hostessing. It is hers because Betty knows that everything is correct to the last bouillon spoon and salted almond and because she is able to throw off that preoccupied air of strain which distinguishes a hostess and tells



At the top, Betty Compson makes husband James Cruze feel at home; above, the hostess and her well-set, modernistic table

the guests that her thoughts are in the ice chest or warming oven. Scallops and creamed chicken served at Betty's table come on piping hot; salads are always crisp and cold; and there are always enough napkins to go around, and silverware for every need.

The Magic of Comfort

"IT'S magic," envious feminine friends say—and most of Betty's feminine friends *are* envious.

"It's planning," says Betty. "After all, it's just as easy to have things right as wrong, after you've once discovered the correct ways. And by correct I don't mean necessarily book-of-etiquette ways, but the ways of setting the table and serving meals that make people the most comfortable.

"For instance, take the absurd rule that salads can only be cut with a fork. Haven't you seen people wretchedly struggling

(*Continued on page 109*)



Unconventional Portraits

Eeeeeek! squeaks Zelma O'Neal, suddenly sighting a cameraman in—of all places—the ladies' locker-room, and finding herself in one of those gym jams she has heard about. And she is on the point of choking herself and turning up her toes—for the whole world will know what the well-dressed tomboy is wearing

Patterning After The

Three Ways To This



At the left and below, Lila Lee shows off to good advantage both front and back of the simply made chiffon frock she wears in "Under Western Skies," and which is herewith described. This is the most formal aspect of the gown, which may easily be converted into an informal dinner gown or evening dance frock



ANOTHER attractive adventure in economy is the flowered chiffon dress worn by Lila Lee. It is an ideal summer "all occasion" frock, having three possible futures. With the large cape sleeves it is an afternoon gown, suitable for bridge, luncheons, garden parties and other afternoon occasions. With the shorter sleeves (as seen in large sketch on opposite page) it becomes an informal dinner dress. The removal of the sleeves (as shown in center sketch) makes it into an evening dance frock for the country club.

The pattern requires six yards of chiffon, forty inches wide, for Size 36. The back and front of the dress are only one piece each, gathered with a belt of the same material at the waist, and with the godets hung from the skirt, as indicated by the x's on the pattern. The piece marked "shoulder" forms the open sleeves. By adding six inches to the ends of the shoulder piece of the pattern in cutting, one may have the longer sleeves of the formal garden frock. By leaving out the shoulder piece entirely and picoting and hemming the edges at the armholes, one achieves the dinner and dance frock.

The edges of the square godets which form the flounces of the skirt may be picoted or hemmed with a tiny rolled edge. The neck is to be cut out according to the taste of the wearer.

The sixty-inch measure pictured in the patterns gives the length of the pieces; by using the same measurements the width of each part of the pattern may be determined. A half-inch more in all measurements increases the pattern a full size. A half-inch less gives you a pattern an entire size smaller.

Each Month

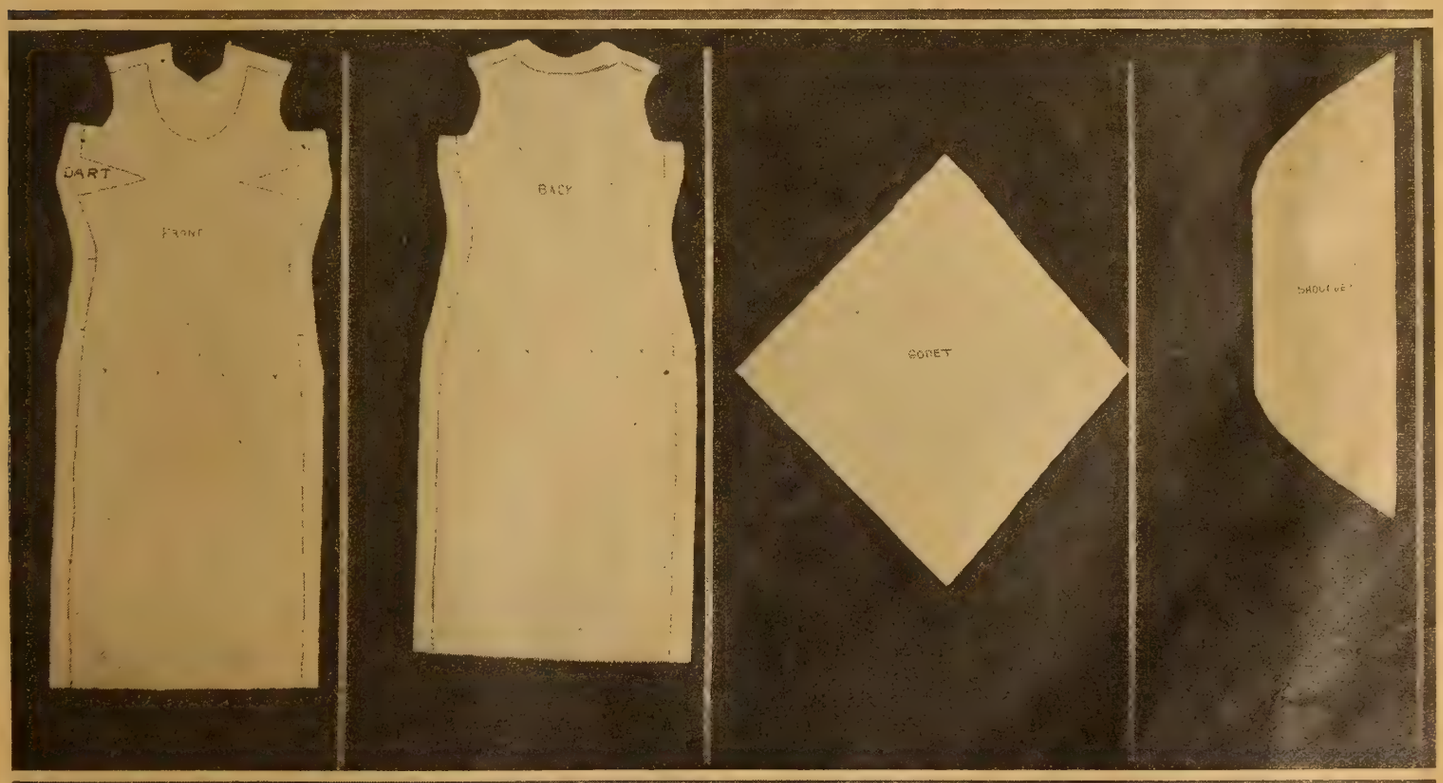
STARS

Attractive Keep Cool Summer

As is revealed by the patterns below, the dress is simply fashioned, and should present few problems, even to the amateur dressmaker. Perhaps the simplest way to cut out the patterns would be to measure the pieces shown below, and allow for four and a quarter inches of material for every quarter-inch thus measured. Each of the four patterns is plainly marked—"Front," "Back," "Godet" and "Shoulder." The front of the pattern is marked for the seam line, and the darts are likewise marked, allowing for the necessary fulness over the bust. The crosses marked are for the godets, which are tacked to the skirt at one corner so that they fall to the hem in points. The back pattern is also marked for seams and places for godets. The godets (which are perfectly square) should be picoted all around, as should the shoulder pieces—Patterns by N'Wass McKenzie.

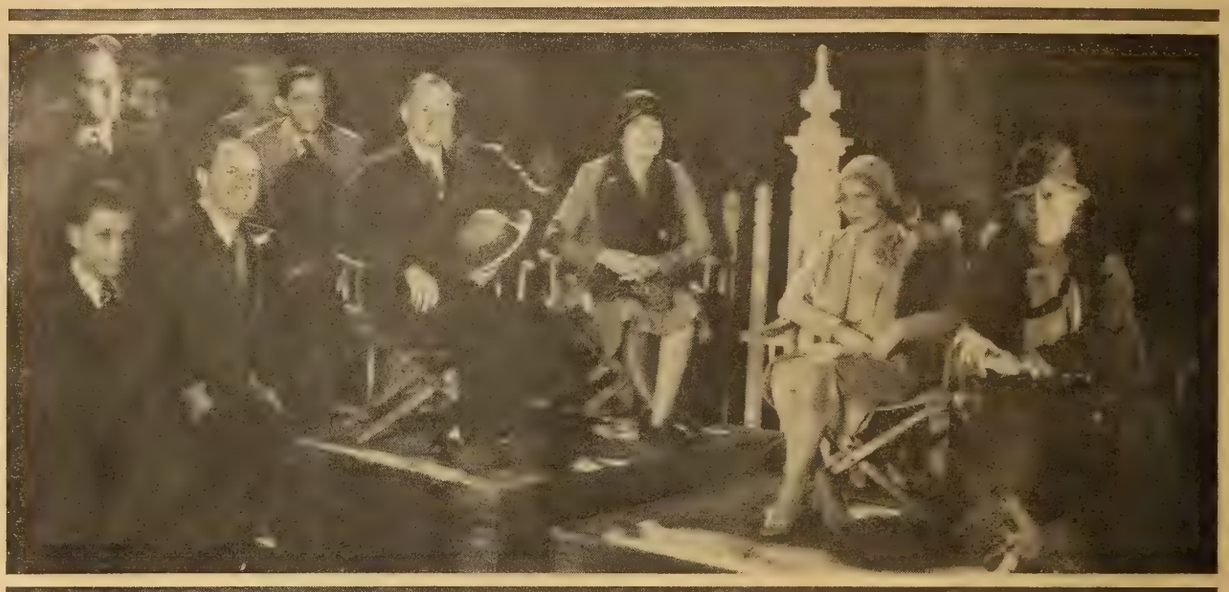


Above, Edward Stevenson, dress designer for First National. At right, his sketch for Miss Lee's gown; at left, for evening gown. The large sketch reveals it as an informal evening dress



A New Dress—Yours For The Making

Taking You



The Coolidges put in a hard day's work when they toured the studios. Here they are seen at Warner Brothers, with (left to right) Jackie Warner, Jack L. Warner, Will Hays, Mary Pickford, and Mrs. Thomas G. Winters

If You Are Worth Will Insist Upon

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

ONE of the very first things you have to do, when you become famous for swimming an ocean, discovering a pole, writing a book, winning a bicycle marathon or otherwise amounting to something in life, is pay a visit to Hollywood.

Ah, but Hollywood insists! Hollywood will not hear of your refusing. Hollywood is yearning, is pop-eyed with eagerness to entertain you and pay homage to your genius. By all means bring the wife and heirs apparent. Hollywood has wide-lens cameras which can get the lot of you in a picture and still leave room for two or three stars. Oh, *do* come!

They come.

And, of course, there are those who actually enjoy having their hands pushed in a dish of ham and eggs, and being photographed with the arms of Mexican hams around their necks. At least, I am told so.

There are, they say, those who can be nonchalant when executives sputter after-lunch speeches and blow cigar smoke into their faces. They tell me there have even been those in Hollywood's steady stream of famous visitors who have actually been amused when, after dinner, they were called on to participate in one of the colony's screaming parlor sports such as apple-pie kiss-me.

This may quite well be true. I won't argue the point. It really isn't vital.

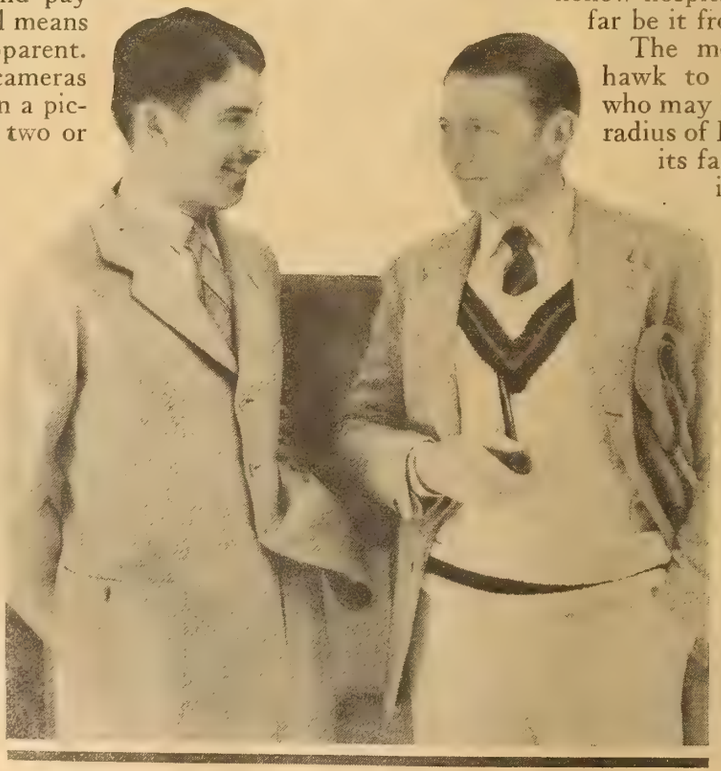
That Certain Feeling

IT is, however, more or less certain that many, if not most, of the celebrities who visit Hollywood feel like about two cents' worth of potato chips after the experience is over; in brief, they find Hollywood's hectic and hollow hospitality a little unsettling. And far be it from me to blame them.

The movie colony watches like a hawk to pounce upon any celebrity who may be within a five-hundred-mile radius of Hollywood. It lures him with its fascinating sugar-plum of coming face-to-face with the stars in the flesh. It puts out feelers, octopus-like, gently draws the victim to its jaws — and pounces. It sings a *Lorelei* song, wondrous seductive, and then laughs when the mesmerized victim wakes up to find himself on the rock-like benches of the Breakfast Club.

It coos pæans of praise of the victim's greatness and genius. It charms him, in the manner of the *Snark* hunters, with smiles and soap.

With the result that the celebrity is apt to pay his Hollywood visit suffering from painful delusions. He is apt to imagine that all Hollywood knows about his greatness and is merely



One instance when the visitor asked to meet the star: Alister MacDonald, son of Premier Ramsay MacDonald, seen with his fellow-countryman, Clive Brook

For A Ride•



Colonel Lindbergh also had the spotlight of publicity turned his way when he visited Hollywood. Left to right, Bebe Daniels, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, the Colonel, Marion Davies and Louis B. Mayer

The Trouble, Hollywood Entertaining You

desirous of bestowing a collective kiss on his foot, desiring nothing in return. Could he but know the truth, he would in most cases turn tail and flee. He is unaware that very few people in Hollywood have more than the haziest idea what he is famous for, completely absorbed as they are in the world of celluloid.

What's In a Name?

NOT until it is too late does he realize that nobody gives two hoots for what he is or what he has done; that all they care about is his famous front-page name, and all they want of him is to use his name to get publicity and prestige and reflected glory for themselves. They want his name as passionately and as ruthlessly as a woman wants a Cartier bauble on which she has set her heart. Photographs taken alongside of him will get national display. Parties which they can stampede him into attending will be in the big-league society columns. And the thousand and one other kinds of Southern California racketeer will all try to get in on the *cachet* which that name can add to their particular racket.

First, the weird and wonderful "Breakfast Club" gets him, as it gets every celebrity who ever visits Hollywood. At the positively *macabre* hour of eight A.M., heavy with sleep, he sits through the strange rituals devised by a gentleman named Maurice De Mond. Complete strangers take him by the hand and call him an egg. Others clasp him about the neck and push him from one side to the other while a dirge about the sea is chanted. Pemmican preachers preach the gospel of pep, dancers in pink tights whirl, and then once again he is seized and his hand is pushed into a dish of ham and eggs, after which he is seated on a toy horse and photographed, surrounded by vacuous-looking gentry wearing grins.



The Hon. Winston Churchill, British statesman, seen above with John Barrymore, was, like most distinguished visitors to Hollywood, camera-shy

The Day's Work

NOW this is hardly the average sane person's idea of a pleasant way to spend the hours between eight and ten A. M. But every Hollywood visitor, from Coolidge, Lindbergh and Lauder down, has been inveigled to the Club, to this matutinal slaughter of all accepted canons of comfort, sanity and good taste. Which goes to show how powerful and how numbing to a person's normal sensibility Hollywood's *Lorelei* song is. Something in the atmosphere makes suckers out of the very cream of the earth; and they don't wake up until it's too late.

After the egg stains are washed off, the round of studios begins, with its endless procession of introductions to stars great and small, who chat with or stare at, the visiting celebrity long enough for the still photographers and the newsreel men to do their

(*Continued on page 117*)



Makin' Hoopee

A street scene in 1840, revealing a hoopee girl stepping out. Girls were not without clothes in those days—nor technique. But all the same, it's a bold step Bebe Daniels is making in "Dixiana," the screen's first original operetta

"Palmolive is *the* soap which thoroughly cleanses the skin

. . . and at the same time reveals *natural* loveliness"

says the celebrated

LEON DESFOSSÉ

—one of the best known of all Parisian beauty specialists





Desfossé has a most unusual salon in Paris . . . mosaic floors, marble walls, lend an elegance of background women delight in.

"Palmolive is so effective because of palm and olive oils which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

L. Desfossé

IF you've been to Paris . . . if your friends have been to Paris . . . you probably know of the chic beauty salon of Desfossé on the Rue St. Honoré. The establishment Desfossé has been a training school for many of the now famous French specialists, including Emile Massé of the Rue Daunou.

This expert of international professional importance urges you to use Palmolive Soap. He says: "I always advise my clients to wash with Palmolive Soap and warm water, making first a lather with both hands, then thoroughly rinsing with warm water and with cold, thus toning up the complexion."

Desfossé is not alone in his opinion of the tonic effects of palm and olive oils in soap. Today, a tremendously impressive group of more than 19,800 beauty specialists—throughout the world—advise Palmolive.

Ordinary soaps won't do

Beware of using crude soaps, soaps made of undesirable fats, soaps artificially colored or highly perfumed. They may be harmless. But to experiment is dangerous. Palmolive is made of no other oils but those of palm and olives. It is these oils which give it Nature's own green color. They make unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

"The skin must be thoroughly washed, but care taken to employ only the soap which gives the greatest benefits with the least inconvenience," the great Desfossé warns you. So many soaps are irritating.

You should not experiment when it is so easy to buy Palmolive. Millions use it for the bath as well as the face. Try it and you will understand why.



Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5248

From *Gloria to* Glory



After Three Years, Everything's Jus' Fine With John Boles

By

HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

"HELLO, boy, old boy, old boy, old boy, how does it feel to be a big shot?"

That query, with its Bert Lahr intonation, is what has greeted John Boles from coast to coast—and back again. And John, grinning that pearl-toothed smile of his, and blushing like a technicolored ad for a schoolgirl complexion, lets out that soft Southern drawl of his.

"Fine, jus' fine," he replies. Then he blushes some more. Stalls around. Asks after the folks. And finally, in a perspiration of embarrassment, smiles an "I'll be seein' you" and makes his escape.

Times have changed for our John. It's been just about three years since he kind o' sneaked away from Broadway to try his luck in Hollywood. Well, he didn't sneak, exactly. But the only send-off he got was from the redcap who helped him put his other collar aboard the West-bound choo-choo.

As the train slid silently from the station, Boles felt that he had crossed his Rubicon. The well-known die was cast. His bridges were burned. After years of privation spent in the study of song, he had abandoned his career to the lure of pictures—silent pictures.

Blame Gloria Swanson for that. For it was La Marquise, herself, who took Boles from "Kitty's Kisses" to be one of "The Loves of Sunya." That's been just about three years ago. And things are different now.

You know the story. John did this and that in Hollywood. Fair. Middlin'. Then those dice of destiny threw a great big seven for him instead of ace-deuce and pimples. Dolores Costello asked some guy if he had no thithter of hith own. Sound had come to the cinema.

Pleasure Before Profit

I ASKED Boles the other day if he had realized what this must mean to him. "No," he said, "I didn't." And he went on to tell how he came to sing the first of those literally golden notes which have carried him right up the scale of the do-re-mi until his pay envelope is crowded with high C's and G's, too.

As might be expected, John is wild about music—about song. Between shots on the silent sets he'd drift over to the musicians, whose playing creates moods for the actors. He'd ask them to play this or that number. And he'd hum it. Soon the others, stars, directors, executives, extras, came flocking to hear. Every time there was a lull, they'd get John to sing.

The word spread from set to set. From studio to studio. From Beverly Hills to the Ambassador. Everywhere picture people met. So, sure enough, when they wanted a hero for "The Desert Song," the palms, the roses, the birds, the very seas of Malibu murmured the name of John Boles. He got the part. That was pre-ordained.

(*Continued on page 113*)

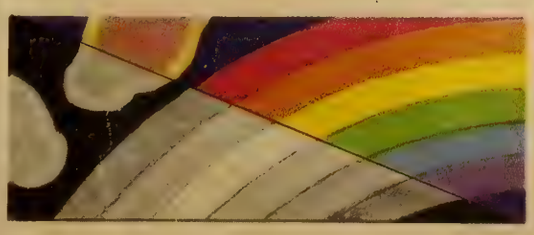


SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

MAURICE CHEVALIER — whose personality wooed and won the whole United States in his sensational Paramount successes — stars again in "Paramount on Parade."

Maurice Chevalier was a sensation in the drab black-and-grays. But in TECHNICOLOR . . . he steals your heart for *keeps!* For it is the *real* Maurice who carries you along on the crest of many emotions . . . talking, laughing, dancing . . . singing his newest hit, "Sweeping the Clouds Away," from "Paramount on Parade." Technicolor, too, you realize, has "swept the clouds away." The dim shadows of yesterday's "movie" today glow with *life.* Scenery, costumes, the characters, all seem to *awaken* as Technicolor imparts a personality that is fresh, life-like, enchanting.



Technicolor *is* natural color



SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR MOTION PICTURE BY M RLAND STONE

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Making Gay In A Big Way



Hurrell

In Hollywood, When Parties Are Given, They Are *Staged*

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

"ONE of the most brilliant affairs of the season," to quote from the Hollywood social columns, "was staged at the Embassy Club last evening when Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith) entertained two hundred guests in honor of Miss Edith Mayer and Mr. William Goetz.

"The week has also celebrated a dinner-dance fiesta at the famous Blue Room of the Ambassador Hotel at which Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) were hosts to one hundred and fifty guests in honor of the popular young couple."

And then, in equally bold type not more than a column removed:

"Miss Marion Davies was hostess at a formal dinner party for seventy friends, and honoring Lady Mountbatten, at her beach home." A guest list of the chosen seventy follows, leaving just enough space on the page to record prominently that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) were equally busy with a little party of their own for Lady Mountbatten, to which one hundred people were bidden.

Hollywood has just closed a non-stop social season comparable only to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and guaranteed to make a Roman holiday look like a Rotarian Picnic.

Our only regret is that Louis B. Mayer has but two marriageable daughters, and then again, we must not forget Lady Mountbatten, whose "informal visit to her friend, Mary Pickford," resulted in two such noteworthy testimonials.

Cathedral in an Orchard

NEVER in the span of the palmy days has manna fallen so elaborately.

Climaxing in the Mayer-Goetz wedding, the society sisters have had their hands full just printing the skeleton of those who attended, and I only wish you could have been with us, Hetty, as a very good time has been had by all, even those who weren't invited. Six hundred were invited to attend the ceremony in the Mayfair rooms of the Biltmore Hotel, and fully six times that many surrounded the entrances of the famous hostelry and jammed the "peacock" lounge room to cheer.

(*Continued on page 110*)

▪ MENU ▪

Edith Mayer - William Goetz
Wedding Banquet

Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel — **March 19, 1930**

Avacado Pear Fond' of Artichokes Hearts of Palm
Lorenzo Dressing
Olives Hearts of Celery Almonds
Chicken Broth, Viennoise
Brook Trout Saute
Cucumbers, German Style
Stuffed Breast of Whole Squab Guinea Hen
With Fresh Mushrooms, Perigueux
New Asparagus, Hollandaise-Potatoes, Gaufrette
Buttered Toasted Soft Rolls
Endive, French Dressing
Fancy Form Glacé
Petits Fours Coffee

A bigger and better wedding: at top, the bridal party (left to right) Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, the bride, Irene Mayer, sister of the bride, Carmel Myers, Catherine Bennett and May McAvoy. Above, the menu of the wedding banquet

You can keep *your* skin *lovely* just

98% of the lovely complexions cared for with



JOAN CRAWFORD, lovely M.G.M. star: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy."



SUE CAROL, vivacious Fox Films' star: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."



BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for smooth skin."



BETTY BRONSON, delightfully winsome star: "So wonderfully soothing!"

NO SINGLE BEAUTY touches hearts as a petal-smooth skin does. People are subtly *drawn* to the girl who has it . . . cluster about her admiringly.

Nobody knows this better than do the girls who have won the hearts of millions . . . on the screen. For Hollywood directors found out long ago that unless a girl has the smoothest of skin for the all-important close-up, she can never hold her public.

As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, puts it: "Smooth, beautiful skin is the most potent charm a girl can have . . . and an absolute essential for stardom on the screen."

And you can keep *your* skin just as lovely as the screen stars do! Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. First, five or six of them began to use it . . . found out how perfectly smooth and soft it keeps the skin . . . and it wasn't long before 9 out of 10 famous stars were using this delightfully fragrant white soap.



above BILLIE DOVE, lovable First National star.

right BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star.





MAY McAVOY, popular little star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so refreshing."

MARY ASTOR, charming star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so soothing to the skin."



LUX Toilet Soap

as 511 *Hollywood Actresses* do . .

you see on the screen are Lux Toilet Soap . . .

And, under the glaring lights of the close-up, only the slightest amount of make-up can be used . . . the skin of the stars must be *naturally* lovely.

9 out of 10 lovely stars use it

Not only in their own luxurious bathrooms do they use it, but on location. For at the actresses' request all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

The loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, are enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for their skin . . . and oh, so grateful to it since so many of them have successfully passed the screen test for talking pictures!

And the European stars are now using it! In France . . . in England . . . in Germany.

If *you* aren't one of the millions of women who are already devoted to this dainty soap, order several cakes today. You will be delighted with the way it cares for *your* skin.



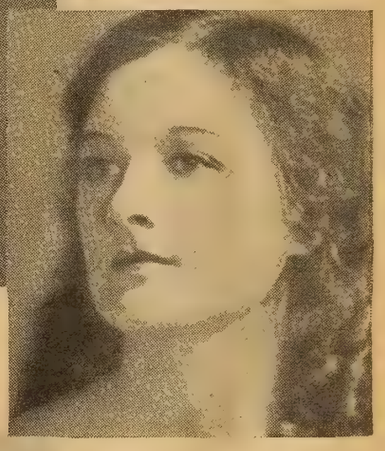
MARION DAVIES, charming M.G.M. star: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



EVELYN BRENT, fascinating star: "Lux Toilet Soap is pleasing and soothing."



JANET GAYNOR, Fox Films' adorable little star: "Lux Toilet Soap has the caressing quality of fine French soaps."



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, appealing beautiful star: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent".



DOROTHY* MACKAILL, enchanting star: "It's certainly a wonderful soap."



MARION NIXON, Warner Brothers' exquisite star: "As marvelous as French soaps."



CLARA BOW, Paramount's scintillating star.

MARY BRIAN, ever beloved Paramount star.



First sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European capitals . . . 10¢

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City



CLARA BOW FAN — Clara has lost quite a few pounds as you will notice in her new flicker, "True to the Navy." She also did a song and dance number in "Paramount on Parade," is five feet three and a half, weighs 108 pounds. Merna Kennedy, five two, 105. Shirley Mason, five feet, 100 pounds. Viola Dana, four feet ten, 105. Sue Carol, five four and one half, 120. Lillian Roth, five three, 115. Fifi Dorsay, five seven, 125.

GENE—George Fawcett was born in Alexandria, Va. Was graduated from the University of Virginia. After leaving college, went on the stage. Appeared on New York stage, and stock in practically every city in the United States and abroad. He has been prominent in theatrical work for more than fifty years. You refer to Roland Young, who appeared as *Lord Montague* in "The Unholy Night." "Skeet" Gallagher is married to Pauline Mason. Billie Dove and Sidney Blackmer playing in "The Devil's Playground."

BILLY—That is Ronald Colman's real moniker. When war was declared, he enlisted in a London Scottish regiment and was ordered to the front as one of Britain's famous "First Hundred Thousand." At the first battle of Ypres, Colman was struck by the fateful piece of shrapnel, which splintered his ankle and placed him in a hospital for many weary months. First appearance in pictures was in Lillian Gish's "The White Sister."



MARY—The radio announcer was not given credit in "Sweetie." June Clyde, Hugh Trevor, Ivan Lebedeff, Betty Compson, Lowell Sherman and Rita LaRoy head the cast of "Hawk Island." Radio picture. That was William "stage" Boyd who played the rôle of *Gray* in "The Benson Murder Case."



BINGY BUNG—Why! Bingy, Nancy Carroll has natural red hair, is married and has a daughter about five years old. Wait until you see her in her new picture, "The Devil's Holiday." Charles Morton's latest flicker is "Caught Short." Ruth Chatterton is now playing in "The High Road."



AL K. HALL — Be careful about drinking it, you never know what you're getting these days. Lilyan Tashman has been appearing in pictures since 1923. Before embarking on a theatrical career she was a model and has appeared in Ziegfeld Follies. Born in New York City. Sorry she does not tell her age. That is Ruth Chatterton's real moniker. Claudette Colbert's real name is Chauchoion. Dennis King, Pratt. George Arliss can be reached at the Warner Brothers Studio.

NANCY—Neil Hamilton was born at Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1899. Irish-American descent, married to Elsa Whitner. Playing in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." Mary Pickford in "Forever Yours." Ruth Taylor was married to Paul S. Zuckerman, broker, Mar. 18, 1930.

BABE THE DANCER—John Holland, leading male star of "Guilty," Columbia's all talking drama, was born at Kenosha, Wis., about twenty-seven years ago. He attended Fisbourne Military Academy and the Webb School. He left Webb to join the navy. From then on Holland tried his hand at various vocations. After the war he entered the North Carolina Engineering School. Wanderlust seized him and he came to New York to try his hand at theatricals. Has brown hair and eyes, and is still a bachelor.

A NOVARRO FAN—Ramon Novarro's parents are both living. His hobby is music. Did you read the article in our June MOTION PICTURE, about his Ideal girl? If not, I would suggest you secure a copy. Lupe Velez and William "stage" Boyd have the leads in "The Storm."



QUERINTIA — Will Rogers was born at Oolagah, Indian Territory, on November 4, 1879. Educated at the Willow Hassell School at Neosho, Mo., and at Kemper Military Academy at Booneville. Has three children: Will, Jr., Mary and Jim. Will, the eldest, is seventeen. Marguerite Churchill at Kansas City, Mo., about nineteen years old, five feet six, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Alberta Vaughn's real name is Gladys Murgatroyd. Gilda Gray, Maryana Michalska. Aileen Pringle, Bisbee.

JUST SIS—Phillips Holmes is playing opposite Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday." Mary Brian was Buddy Rogers' leading lady in "More Pay Less Work," "Varsity," "Someone To Love" and "River of Romance." Marian Nixon in "Red Lips." "So's Your Old Man," Alice Joyce. Sue Carol and Arthur Lake are playing in "She's My Weakness," Pathe Studios.

LAUGHING BABY—Let me in on the joke. Yes, there is a slight resemblance between Jack Egan and Buddy Rogers. John Garrick was born at Brighton, England, Aug. 31, 1902. Has blonde hair and blue eyes. Real name is Reginald Dandy. Hobbies, outdoor sports, fishing and golf. Possesses a notable tenor voice. Don't forget to tell me who you are, next time.



TOMMY—Nick Lucas was born in Newark, N. J. Five feet one, weighs 150 pounds, has dark hair and eyes, married and has one daughter. William Powell next will be "Facing the Law," Paramount. John Mack Brown, Lucille Powers, Wallace Beery and Karl Dane, "Billy the Kid," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



BUD—How's the Fox and the Ambassador these days? Loretta Young played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Forward Pass." The song you refer to is "I Gotta Have You." Gloria Swanson was born Mar. 27, 1897. Helen Chandler at Charleston, South Carolina, about nineteen years ago. Miss Chandler appeared on the stage at the age of nine. Some of her pictures are "The Music Master," "The Joy Girl," "Salute," "The Sky Hawk" and "Rough Romance." She is five feet three, weighs 102 pounds, has blonde hair and bluegray eyes.

H. M.—You refer to John Loder, who played in "The Sunset Pass." Gertrude Sutton was *Hilda* in "Navy Blues," starring William Haines. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Lawrence Tibbett hails from Bakersville, Cal. Tibbett is about thirty years old, six feet one, weighs 187 pounds, dark hair and gray eyes, married, has twin boys.

QUEENIE—Dorothy Burgess, who is playing a rôle in "Swing High," Pathe, is the niece of Fay Bainter. Dolores Costello is Spanish and Irish descent. Her daughter, who is to be named Dolores, was born April 8, 1930. Kay Francis is not married. William Haines, Leila Hyams, Cliff Edwards, Polly Moran and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., are playing in "Easy Going," this being a tentative title.

HOUSTON FAN—One nice thing about buying a radio on the instalment plan—if you don't like what comes in over the air, you can turn off the payments. Carroll Nye was the chap in "While the City Sleeps." Clara Bow was *Kitty* in "Children of Divorce." John Mack Brown, Eddie Nugent and Nils Asther, male leads in "Our Dancing Daughters." Evelyn Brent "Underworld." Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg.

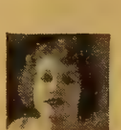
SWEETIE—If the city would put all the fire plugs together, say in one block, then there would be more parking spaces elsewhere. Mary Brian is still single. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, April 8, 1893. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., May 23, 1883. Joan Bennett, New York City, about nineteen years ago. Appearing in "Crazy That Way."



MONTGOMERY FAN— Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Still a bachelor. Appearing in "The Big House," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Send along a self-addressed envelope for the new list of pictures I can supply. Freddy Burke Fredericks, no relation to Pauline, was the little boy in "Evidence." Gladys Brockwell died July 2, 1929. John Mack Brown is about twenty-six years old, married to Cornelia Foster, they have a daughter Harriet Jane.

M. FAN—You refer to Richard Keene who played in "Happy Days." He was born in 1899, five feet nine, weighs 145 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios. Joan Crawford's latest picture is "Our Blushing Brides." Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901.

V. V.—Betty Compson is five feet four inches tall, weighs about 118 pounds. Latest picture being "The Czar of Broadway." Jean Hersholt, Kathryn Crawford and LeRoy Mason played in "The Climax." Richard Arlen's next will be "The Border Legion." Warner Baxter, five feet ten and three quarters, 165 pounds, married to Winifred Bryson. Recently completed "The Arizona Kid."



PANYOLITO—Marion Byron has played in the following pictures: "Broadway Babies," "Show of Shows," "Golden Dawn," "Song of the West," "Hold Everything" and "So Long Letty." Jean Arthur, who appeared with Charles Rogers in "Young Eagles," is the same girl who played the rôle of *Ann Playdell* in "Cameo Kirby," starring John Gilbert, which was released in Oct., 1923.



X. Y. Z.—I see you've fallen too. John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898. John was the star pitcher of his high school baseball team. His chief interest seemed to center in athletics of every sort, and it was only under protest that he could be dragged away from the playing field to practice his music. All during his schooling he was the noted southpaw not only of his own team, but of the entire countryside. He has appeared in a number of musical comedies and pictures. He is six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, married, has two children, boys.



INTERESTED — That's fine. George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, Cal., about thirty years ago. O'Brien, the son of Daniel O'Brien, former Chief of Police of San Francisco, was destined by his father to be a physician. He attended Santa Clara University with that in view, and divided his time between studying materia medica and following all forms of athletics, developing a virtuosity in sports, which came in handy in "Salute," in which he played a West Point fullback.

(*Continued on page 120*)

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.



MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

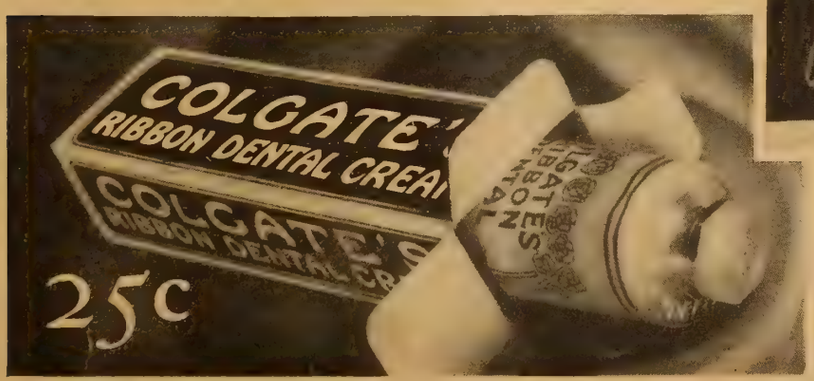
Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World



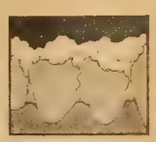


If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-623 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

She Doesn't Play

Ann Harding Is Only A Bystander In The Game Of Hollywood Politics

By

CEDRIC BELFRAGE



MY afternoon has been passed—no, it has been experienced—in the company of a lady named Ann Harding. I have decided that Ann Harding shall be my latest passion. In a state of high exaltation, I sit gnawing my finger-nails because I cannot manufacture a golden typewriter to fit my mood, a typewriter capable of pouring out a stream of fresh-minted words unsullied by use in connection with less worthy mortals.

Everybody should meet Ann Harding. If the railroad people had any souls, they would offer special low round-trip fares to Culver City from all points on the globe, so that everybody *could* meet her.

Now what do you suppose I found Ann Harding doing? She was in her dressing-room making up for a test. Nothing odd about that? No, but it was not her own test. A perfect stranger, a young man new to the movie business, was getting a trial for one of the leading parts in her new picture, "Holiday." Normally, the test would have been made with the young man speaking his lines into thin air, and the director sitting behind the camera, reading the lines supposed to be spoken by the actor. Ann Harding has nothing to do with the casting of her pictures; but out of kindness to the young man, she spent an entire afternoon playing opposite him in the test scene, thereby making it a hundred times easier for him to give his best work.

The situation was not dinned into me by any press agent, nor was it alluded to by anybody during the afternoon. I just gathered it.

Hollywood Rarity

ANN (the familiarity is all mine) did not regard herself as a heroine, and strike noble poses for a still cameraman. She clearly regarded what she was doing as the natural, human thing to do in kindness to a fellow being—as, indeed, it was. I am not trying to make a saga out of the episode. If Ann were not a movie star, the thing would be too commonplace to be mentioned. But such humanity in the bearer of a one hundred-candle-power Mazda name is so rare that to find it makes the heart leap.

When the poet said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," he was not thinking of movie stars. But Ann is an exception who can rise and take a bow on the line.

Even as she herself is a joy for ever, because she is both beautiful, clever and kind, so the joy of life seems to be coming her way in large and positively unfair doses. For here we have an example of that human specimen which long sojourning in Hollywood often makes one think does not exist any longer—the specimen which knew what it wanted, has attained it, and is happy. But she is more, even than that; she is one who deserves what she has won.

Her Winnings

WHAT has she won? A contract with Pathé, to begin with, whereby both she and her husband get a fat check every week, work or play. A home, or what is going to be a home, on a hill just far enough away from Hollywood to be unattractive as a haunt for lounge-lizards

(*Continued on page 115*)





This twelve-year-old girl will suffer through life because both her lower six-year molars were lost. Her teeth came in crooked and her lower jaw failed to develop. She will always have a "weak chin." This could have so easily been prevented by proper care of the teeth.

DON'T LET NEGLECT OF JUST ONE TOOTH MAR YOUR CHILD'S APPEARANCE

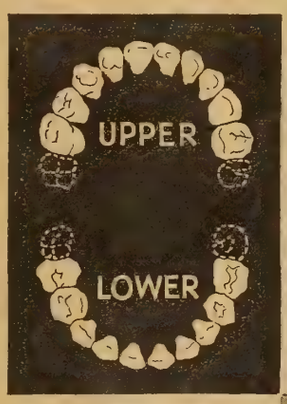
Did you know that around six years of age a child cuts the one most important tooth of his life—which directly affects the shape of his face?

The chances are your parents didn't know the true importance of the six-year molar. And maybe, by good fortune, your appearance didn't suffer as a result. But take no such chances with your child.

Actually, there are four of the six-year molars. Two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. Nature sends them in advance of the rest of the permanent teeth—to hold the jaws in proper relationship and to guide the even placing of the permanent teeth.

So, if any of the six-year molars are lost, your child's permanent teeth may come in crooked, his jaws develop improperly and the appearance of the whole lower half of his face may suffer. The so-called "jimmy jaw" or protruding jaw is an example.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is thought to be one of the "decaying baby teeth"—and the child's face is affected. Is not that too great a price to pay for neglect of baby teeth? Indeed their condition directly affects the development and health of *all* the permanent teeth.



How to locate the six-year molars

There are ten lower baby teeth and ten upper. The six-year molars erupt just back of the baby teeth, one on each side of the jaws; they are shown by the dotted lines in the chart above. Count back from the middle of the child's teeth and if there is a sixth tooth, it will be the six-year molar.

Squibb's Dental Cream is a wonderful dentifrice for children. It is mild and safe and its formula definitely recognizes the *cause* of decay and the best ways to *combat it*. Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia — plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate the crevices and fissures of the teeth and render harmless the destructive acids given off by germs *which cause tooth decay*. It penetrates where the tooth-brush fails to reach — where ordinary dentifrices are ineffectual.

In addition, Squibb's soothes irritation and so helps the gum tissues keep sound and firm. It safeguards The Danger Line, the vital gum edge. You'll find it greatly lessens the pain of shedding the baby teeth. See that your child uses Squibb's twice each day. And you can be sure that this dentifrice so good for children is also safe and effective for you — for all your family. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons





Fred R. Archer

Resting Her Sea Legs

When Lotti Loder stopped dancing in Vienna, she knew she was going to be launched in the movies, but she didn't anticipate how literal Hollywood would be. And she didn't know that even the skipper of a ship leads a sea dog's life

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

Beauty that is envied everywhere



LORETTA YOUNG
First National Pictures, Inc.

STRIKINGLY smart sports costumes, trailing evening gowns so alluringly feminine—such fashions as these were made for beautiful women. For women who possess that much-to-be-desired "rounded slimness" of youth.

Today, graceful curves and the radiant glow of health are necessary to look well in the new modes.

And most women can achieve this fashionable figure by wise dieting. . . .

But avoid strenuous, starvation menus. They often destroy beauty. No doubt you know girls who complain of dizziness while dieting. Of headaches, of listlessness. Often they lose their color, the complexion becomes sallow and tiny lines of age appear.

The reason for this is that most reducing diets lack roughage. Without roughage, the symptoms and evils of improper elimination are inevitable.

Yet they are easy to avoid. Just add two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to the diet daily. It is not fattening—yet it is guaranteed to relieve and to prevent all danger of improper elimination.

In addition, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps prevent dietary anemia. It contains iron. This mineral restores color to the complexion, bringing the glow of radiant health. Eaten with fruit juices or milk, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You will like the many ways Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can be eaten without adding many calories to the menu. In clear soups—in fruit juices—on salads. Cook it in muffins, breads.



Isn't this better than taking pills and drugs that only bring temporary relief—and are often harmful? Keep healthy by making Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your diet every day. It is recommended by dietitians. You'll like the improvement in both texture and taste. Ask for it in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. M-7
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____

She Obeyed That Impulse

(*Continued from page 50*)

days when Mary's mother could starch and stiffen her sufficiently to appear in God's house.

She Discovers Souls

MARY went to Little Rock, Arkansas, to live with the minister and his wife. In a joyless home where there was enough food for the body and too much food, of a kind, for the soul.

The good minister and his well-intentioned wife (of the same pattern as the missionary's wife in "Rain," if you remember her) had trained another girl before Mary's time. This girl had become a missionary and a credit to them. They hoped for the same results with Mary. They told her of the devout joys of the missionary life, bringing the light of salvation into the lives of the heathens. They gave her piano lessons toward this end. Mary rather fancied the idea herself. She says now that she can't believe she had any interest in inflicting her religion on the Chinese, but she has always had the wanderlust and—China was a long distance from Little Rock, Arkansas.

Mary wasn't sent to school. The minister's wife felt that she had had enough contact with this sinful world. She kept her at home and taught Mary herself. She was a college graduate and had been a teacher, so Mary's three R's did not suffer.

Driving Out Satan

EVERY day, for the good of her soul and for the subjugation of the flesh, the minister's wife gave Mary a smart beating. For this worthy purpose she kept, always at hand, a switch cut from a nearby and fragrant peach tree. The switch was slight and stinging and resilient, and served its misbegotten purpose punctually and well.

As Mary's health improved under the regimen of good food and plenty of sleep and clean clothes and soap in her mouth, she began to sing. Hymns poured forth from her tiny throat as naturally as a bird pours forth his unconscious psalming. Now and then she essayed a dance step or two to the beat of her own voice. Dancing was considered a snare of the Devil's, and every time Mary's feet were caught in dance motion they were severely rapped into immobility.

Hymns were different. They were a means to the end of converting the heathen. Mary was encouraged to raise her voice in prayer. She sang in church every Sunday and the very first thing she ever sang ("my first opera," says Mary) was called "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." And the grown-up Mary, overcome by memory, took little steps about the room and trilled in the voice that has thrilled the world, "A sunbeam . . . a sun-beeeeam . . . "

Rebellion

THE minister's wife had quite a vocabulary. She called Mary "shanty-Irish" and other epithets of a less tolerant nature.

Mary, to-day, is very tolerant toward the poor hide-bound woman. She says, "She meant well. And, actually, she did well, too. She did save my body and she believed that she was saving my soul, and maybe she was right. Who knows? Who knows what I might have been, what might have become of me, if she had not taken me and cared for me according to her lights? She fed me and kept me clean and gave me good clothes to wear and, as for the rest . . . it was the way she was made. She believed it was for my own good."

As Mary grew into her teens, however, rebellion started to foment. She threatened to run away if the beatings did not cease. She knew that they were undeserved. Her sense of justice was as badly violated as her shrinking body. The minister's wife didn't take the threat very seriously. She thought, with reason, that the peach switch, plus her well-muscled arm, had tamed that turbulent spirit to the work of God and the gratitude due God's servants.

She warned Mary, however, that if she ever *did* commit such a cardinal sin as running away, she had better not leave the house with one thing more than she had on her back.



"Oh, I was as bad as any of them—once. Moreover, I was one of those dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers. But that was six months ago, and I've changed. Now I have a secret dread. I'm afraid that some day I may have to—but I'll tell you all about it in the August MOTION PICTURE"

Ruth Chatterton

The Sunbeam Vanishes

MARY was a literal child. She felt that there was a certain debt to be paid. When the morning came on which she walked from the house never to return, she had with her only what she had on her back. And what she had on her back was three sets of underwear, two pairs of stockings, two dresses, and her little trinkets, stowed away in the middy of her Peter Thompson suit under the pleated folds of which she had been able to don the other, the extra garments.

Mary was about fourteen, the morning she walked out of her foster parents' home. She felt no fear. She says she didn't feel anything at all, and never does feel anything when the decisive moments of her life are upon her. She doesn't plan for them or scheme or think things over. Suddenly, there it is . . . the decision . . . full-fledged and ready for action, and she immediately acts upon it. There is an inner compulsion to which she can give no other name.

She had, on that summer morning, two dollars in her purse, the savings of seven or eight years. She could play the piano and the organ. She could sing, but she didn't really know it. She thought she would go into town and get a job playing in the local movie theater. Beyond that she hadn't thought out her future at all.

The Good Samaritan

ON the way to town she met the leading lawyer of the town and also one of the pillars of the church. He had often heard Mary sing. He knew that she could play. He recognized—*music*. He offered Mary a home with his family. He offered her a musical education and . . . high school. And so, for two years Mary lived in the home of the good lawyer and his wife. She went to high school. She studied piano and voice. She began to think she didn't care very much about saving the heathens . . .

A musical comedy came to town. Mary slipped away and watched the bright lights and the fun and the singing and the pretty girls. A door opened wide to her. An enchanting vista stretched before her. So life *could* be like this! And no one had ever told her . . .

It occurred to her that she could sing as well as the girls in the show and could also dance; and she had bright golden hair and blue eyes and well-formed legs, which seemed to be the three main requirements.

When the show entrained out of Little Rock that night, Mary Kidd was with it. And the first great step in the evolution of Mary Lewis had taken place. She had had to run away again, too. She dared not tell the lawyer and his wife. Liberal as they were, show business was considered the work of the devil by most of the good citizens of Little Rock and a girl with a show—well, no better than she should be!

She Loses Her Voice

THE show went broke in San Francisco and Mary got a job singing at Tait's. The work was strenuous and Mary hadn't enough voice culture to know anything about saving her voice. One night she went to look for it and—it was gone.

Mary says, to-day, that she has always made it a business to be ready for opportunity to show its face to her. She prepares for its arrival and it has never disappointed her. It didn't then. Fanchon and Marco had seen her dance. They had estimated her decorative appeal. They taught her to talk her songs in place of singing them. And they gave her a job. And so to Los Angeles, and the movies . . .

Al Christie saw the tall golden blonde in a Fanchon and Marco number. He also estimated her decorative possibilities and without half-squinting his eye could visualize her in a one-piece bathing suit . . . which costume was making a bald-headed row out of the entire male population. The one-piece bathing suit, from the springboard of which such First Ladies of the Fans as Gloria Swanson have swum to prominence. None, however, who have swum into the sacred precincts of the Metropolitan Opera House . . . except Mary. Only Mary could do that . . .

Her Voice Returns

MARY'S heart was never in custard pies. She wasn't very accurate and she says that she never felt she was a screen type. Somehow, she was out of her element. She hankered for mellower materials. And one night at the end of the six months during which Mary fell down stairways and tripped over shoes she discovered—her voice again!

(*Continued on page 88*)

CHOOSE YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way



Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer*-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



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Princess Pat Lip Rou[illegible] -nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ev[illegible]t Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well [illegible]ve this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap ar[illegible]ent. Dainty enameled metal box.

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Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

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One sample free; additional samples 10c each

The Bad Old Days

(*Continued from page 33*)

quisitely gowned, dancing to the music of the spheres and surrounded by a hundred ravishing women, any one of whom dims the glory of the lovely Lillian Russell. *That's all!* Would you even sit through the thing? Well, then, I'll put it in another way: Think of the devastating effect such sheer beauty must have on the morals of our young! Imagine, if you dare, how much more emphatically our esthetic sense reacts to the gruesome burlesque of the music hall days—especially when our nostrils are assailed with the stench of stale beer. On second thought, you had better not consider it.

A Mannish View

IT was while deciding not to consider it, that I heard Louis Mann, whose endless curtain speeches so delighted the audiences of the Nineties, explaining to Director Sam Wood how a scene should be shot. Since Wood had directed some twenty successes, I naturally felt that Mr. Mann must be a pretty bright boy; just the one, in fact, to prove my theory that the actor of yesterday was in no way comparable to his brother of 1930.

"The modern actor," Mr. Mann began eagerly, "is not vers'*teel*. And besides that," he added, falling, strangely enough, into pig-Latin, "he never seems to find his *meet-chay*. And, as for the stars of *my* day, let me say confidentially that there is no one to be found, living or dead, who can play Shakespeare better than I . . ."

"Anyway, not among the dead," somebody grunted. (I peered sharply at Sam Wood, who appeared to be immersed in a script.)

"And at the risk of sounding just a wee bit conceited—*ha! ha!*—I must admit that I'm quite an actor . . . a great actor, I might say. But I've worked," he added deprecatingly, "and so I deserve my renown."

"But what of Fay Templeton, David Warfield, Lillian Russell, DeWolf Hopper and Robert Edeson? Not to mention Maude Adams, Willie Collier, Pete Daly, Sam Bernard, Joe Cawthorn, J. C. Nugent, Marie Dressler, May Robson and that exquisite Epicurean, Hobart Bosworth? Weren't they around in your time?"

Lew Was Not a Mann

"AH, yes, I recall the names," he whispered, with no regard for the current bridesmaid propaganda, "but just take my picture, 'Father's Day.' They picked *me* for the part," he averred, "because they knew . . ."

"That it was right up your *meet-chay*, I mean alley?"

"Precisely. Now here *I* am, about fifty feet from the camera . . . er . . . that's rather far, isn't it? I say, Sam, isn't that rather far?" (And Sam Wood grunted without looking up.) "Ah, well, here I am . . ."

"So you are," I assured him. "And now that you've told us all about the stars of your day, please explain what's wrong with modern youth, and why talking pictures are so deplorably inadequate, especially when compared with the old music hall extravaganzas of Weber and Fields."

"Lew Fields," he muttered. And his face underwent a Shylockian metamorphosis that would have startled Shakespeare himself. "Lew Fields," he repeated, unctuously, "would back me up to the footlights, attempting rather pathetically to steal the stage. Now, while he's a fair producer, I'm much the superior actor—but I don't want to sound conceited, if you know what—"

Betraying Her Age

"I'LL say the casting office always knows where we are!" a voice complained. "God . . . *bless them!*"

"That's Marie Dressler," someone pointed out. "Wasn't the timing perfect?"

"Ten seconds more," I agreed, "and blood would have been shed."

But as much as I appreciate Miss Dressler's interruption and thirty-five hundred dollars-a-week salary, I must say that she turned out to be a great disappointment.



"There's one sure way to a man's heart—and it isn't via the kitchen. I specialize in it. It's my only vice. And it's my life work. I'll tell you what it is in the August issue of *Motion Picture*"

Mary Brian

For, according to her, nothing is wrong with the younger generation, talking pictures or women. How traitorous to the age that nourished her!

After talking with her, I was so completely discouraged that it was not until George Fawcett had indorsed at least one splinter of my sociological plank that I again took heart. "The morals," he said, "of this younger generation are awful; absolutely no conception of dignity. Now, in my day . . ." Which was enough to frighten me away; and I sought a more explicit condemnation from Hobart Bosworth, who was found gesticulating over his luncheon.

The Loss of Taste

"THE greatest fault with this generation and year," he averred, "is that the New is God. Everything over two days old is discarded." (Obviously Mr. Bosworth had never ordered head lettuce in a Hollywood so-called eating-place.) "Now back in my day, we never rushed. We were Epicureans of the old school. We knew when to leave the gross and vulgar alone. We, for instance, never kissed the maid when the mistress was about. We wanted the refinements of indecency without its grossness. And, as for the modern woman . . ."

Mr. Bosworth shrugged significantly.

"Ah well, she deserves what she got. Do you recall what that suffragette, that horrible cockatoo, said to Senator Lodge? She said, 'At last, Senator, we stand beside you!' And the Senator said, 'Yes, Madam, you have descended so far.' Ha! Ha! Women! Women! Ah, where are the physical delicacies of yesteryear? Vapours, pale cheeks, tremulous voices and fainting fits? I tell you," he added, piercing me with a steel-blue eye, "the women of my day were great finessers—and we men had the decency to keep clothes on 'em! Why, a modern boy doesn't know when a woman is stripped!

Covered Dishes

"HAVE you read Balzac's 'Cousin Pons'? Well, do so immediately, and in particular the chapter entitled 'The Mystery of the Covered Dish'; then you'll understand why the undraped body of today is not one-two-three with an ankle of the Nineties. But I wouldn't go so far as to say this generation is doomed," he continued rather disappointingly. "Of course, there is no immediate hope, but perhaps in the future, due to this sudden lack of clothing, this new freedom, women will lose all false modesty and boys all pruriency of mind; the process, however, will be very gradual. And in the future, desire will be engendered by pure, unadulterated instinct and not by the sight of an ankle. And again," he added dreamily, "they might return to the feminine clothes of the old days . . ."

For a moment his eyes burned brightly. He played with a piece of avocado. He seemed to be contemplating Heaven. Then his shoulders slumped.

"But they won't go back," he sighed—and the fire went out.

Clothes to Come Back

I WAS quite excited. This business of the Covered Dish seemed like a fascinating subject—so I broached it to Dorothy Sebastian, who claimed that only the more modern business woman would retain the three-piece, slip-on afternoon gown. "The rest of us, the more feminine of us, will get all panicky and go back to the Nineties for a more seductive dress. Good Heavens, if we women care nothing about our bodies, the men certainly won't! Judging from the way we're taking off clothes, it won't be long before we have nothing left with which to intrigue men except our brains; and won't *that* be a nice catastrophe!"

"So there *is* some hope of women returning to this?" (I indicated a costume in which she was posing.)

"Absolutely."

Delightful!

"But what's it composed of?"

And when she said she would show me, I remonstrated, amazingly enough, a moment too late.

The dénouement went something like this: First the pompadour with a couple of pounds of rats, then the dress, innumerable petticoats, knee-length "panties" (ah, delicate word!), corset-cover, corset, underwear. . . . But I could stand no more. Frankly, I was becoming confused. Just how good were the good old days? The evidence was bewildering; especially with this business of the Covered Dish. Desperately, I determined to catch a statement from Robert

(*Continued on page 107*)

inconspicuous



MODESS COMPACT

Thinner—
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THE SLIM, classically long, unbroken lines of evening and afternoon frocks render doubly acceptable the concealing thinness of Modess Compact. Its inconspicuousness is attained without sacrifice of efficiency or the gracious softness which has so commended Modess to women.

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material, the same absorbency, the same yielding pliancy. Yet it is thinner by half.

This refinement is made possible by the wholly different construction of Modess and by the fluffy, cotton-like, disposable filler.

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World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

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"I never have FLEAS," says "PETE"



"Neither do I," says "FLASH"

"Nor I," says "LIGHTNING"

THESE famous screen dogs are all protected from fleas with Pulvex. Their owners, and leading dog breeders the country over, have selected it after testing many brands because they have found Pulvex is the one flea powder that actually kills fleas instead of merely stupefying them.

PULVEX

Actually KILLS *Fleas instead of stupefying them*

Pulvex alone contains what U. S. Bulletin No. 897 says is the only powder substance that actually kills fleas. When Pulvex is used, the fleas cannot revive to reinfest the dog.

One application of Pulvex not only kills all fleas, lice, mites, ticks, but prevents reinfestation for two weeks afterwards.

Pulvex is absolutely harmless, even if swallowed by the animal. Odorless, stainless, non-irritating. Pleasant to use, certain in results.

Keep fleas out of your home, away from your children, by Pulvex-ing your dog every two weeks. Your dog deserves the same protection that famous dog stars enjoy—you, the peace of mind that comes from using a flea powder on your dog that actually kills fleas. *Ask for Pulvex today!*



At all drug stores and pet shops, 50c; or direct.

William Cooper *and* Nephews

Dept. B-126, 1925 Clifton Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 39*)

A Double Life

BEN TURPIN announced to the cast on the "Swing High" set that he was a hundred and six years old. "You can't be," exclaimed Helen Twelvetrees. "Oh, yes," drawled Ben. "I'm really fifty-three, but I've been seeing double all my life."

The Well-Dressed Prince

"LISTEN," said Edmund Goulding to a well-dressed man standing among the extras waiting to go on in a mob scene in "The Devil's Holiday." "You're all wrong for this scene. Run over to the wardrobe department and have them give you different pants, and muss up that slick-looking hair."

A pale-faced studio executive interrupted. "This is Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, nephew of the former Kaiser," he explained.

Foreign Language

THE ENGLISH ACTOR was listening to an American newspaper interviewer as he described in robust American slang a story he had just obtained from the beautiful star of the picture. "Ah, very, very interesting," exclaimed the Englishman, "but one thing puzzles me. Whom do you get to translate your stuff, old chap?"

Makes 'Em Or Breaks 'Em

"WHAT I WANT TO KNOW is, what is this terrible thing, the Middle West?" asks Clive Brook. "I never find a grand story that I want to do but the Front Office says, 'Yes, it's great, but think of the Middle West.' Whenever we do a particularly hot love scene, it's cut—to save the feelings of the same Middle West. There's just one way to make a producer shrink and turn pale. Sneak up on him and whisper, 'Hst! Remember *The Middle West!*'"

Mother Love

JACK OAKIE, strolling along Hollywood Boulevard a recent afternoon, met his mother coming out of a movie where one of his pictures was showing. "Ha!" said he, ferociously, "what do you mean by sneaking off here, going to shows when you ought to be getting your son's dinner, eh?"

"Well, Jackie," said his mother guiltily, "I thought it was my duty to kind of keep an eye on your Box Office."

The Title Holder

THEY CALL Ivan Lebedeff the most perfectly groomed man in Hollywood. Rita LaRoy admits that it is impossible to "muss him up" in a love scene, though she tried hard enough. But when he came up from a ducking in the Pacific Ocean for a scene the other day with his trousers still creased and his hair as perfectly combed as when he went into the water, he cinched the title then and there!

This One Was on Him

BEN BARD was telling this one. A Chicago underworld king wanted a certain lawyer bumped off and sent for a gunman. The gunman agreed to do the job for a hundred dollars, which was paid him. "But how will I know you've earned the money?" asked the gangster. "Read tomorrow's paper," replied the gunman. The next day he dropped into the office. "Did you see the morning's paper?" he asked. "I did the job all okay." "Why, you big simp," the gangster growled, "you shot his *brother!*" The gunman was chagrined. "Well, well, how could I have made that mistake?" he mourned. "Never mind, I'll get the right guy to-morrow," and he turned to go. "Well, here's another hundred," said the gang king. The gunman struck an attitude of careless generosity. "It was my mistake," he said, "so keep your money. This one is on me."

Gesture

THEY WERE MAKING A SCENE in "Dawn Patrol" and the director shouted a warning to duck for cover, as it wasn't certain just where the airplane would crash. Doug Jr. extended a hand theatrically, "The name is Fairbanks. If anything happens to me, tell my Beloved I adore her!" It was supposed to be funny, but there was something in his voice—well, some of the onlookers felt their eyes fill with tears!

Family Party

AND NOW DOUG JR. is playing on the same lot as his step-papa, Jack Whiting, who is only four years older than Doug. Mrs. Whiting lunches with the two of them frequently. It's an odd-looking family group.

He Enjoyed Her Hardships

MARY LEWIS was telling her life story to an interviewer. She related how as a child she was beaten every day. "Splendid!" cried the writer. She told of going hungry and cold. "Great!" enthused the interviewer. "Beautiful!" She spoke of how she ran away at the age of fifteen from the people who made her life miserable. "Wonderful!" the writer exclaimed. "But, really," Mary pouted, "you aren't very sympathetic." The interviewer tried to explain that his delight in her misfortunes was purely literary and not sadistic, but Mary is still wondering whether writers are not a very hard-hearted lot.

The Woman Who Laughs

FIFI D'ORSAY is now Greta Garbo's bosom friend. "Greta ees not queer like people say," Fifi explains. "Only 'Ollywood and theez people seem so fonny to her. She get to thinking 'ow fonny eet ees when she walks along the Boulevard by herself, and she can't help burst out laughing. And people hear her laugh all by herself and they say she ees a queer girl."

A Pressing Matter

THEY MAY HOLD big jobs but they're still pretty young. Take Junior Laemmle, executive in charge of his papa's company, with the last word on the fate of thousands of employees, trusted with the spending of millions. The other day they called an executive meeting at Universal. All the heads of departments were there, everybody looked grave and worried and executive. Junior entered and they all turned to him with words of heavy import on their lips. "Wait, gentlemen," said he, holding up his hand. "Just a moment before we begin to discuss business." He pulled down his vest, squared his shoulders and turned slowly before them. "How d'you like this new Spring suit of mine? Pretty snappy fit, eh?"

Mother Knows

"I DON'T SUPPOSE you will listen to my advice," said Louise Dresser's dear seventy-year-old mother to her recently, in gentle reproof. "You'll have to learn from experience, the way all girls do."

He Went Disraeli, Instead

THE DOCTORS told George Arliss several months ago that he was working too hard and that if he didn't take a rest and have a change he would go insane.

(*Continued on page 92*)



By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

Now! A Way That Really *Rids* One of Arm and Leg Hair

''Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re=growth

-|-

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

Neet

Cream Hair Remover

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. *241*



Manage THESE *or they'll manage you!*

THERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are working too long hours . . . are being bullied by dirt.

Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves.

In those less happy homes, something must be wrong. Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of how *best* to use soap.

***Send for this book—it's* FREE!**

If, you, too, have days when work piles up, then we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.



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Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.



Meeting half-way: doubling for each other, Frank Albertson and Dixie Lee illustrate a new angle in Hollywood love-making. Incidentally, it is Frank's first screen kiss

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 90*)

"Gentlemen," said Arliss, who had just signed to make talking pictures, "I'm at this moment on my way to a place where the walls are padded. But I trust I shall still keep my reason."

Not Out of the Picture

"WHO'S IN THE PICTURE?" we asked Neil Hamilton. "Well, I'm in the picture," said Neil, "and—oh, yes, Barthelmess is in it, and there's Doug Jr. and Neil Hamilton, and Fred Kohler and Neil Hamilton and several others—and did I say I was in it? Well, I am."

Lost in Her Work

"WHAT HAPPENED to Virginia Cherrill?" asked a man from Chicago the other day. "Wasn't she in pictures out here?" "Virginia Cherrill," we repeated thoughtfully, "Virginia—Cherrill—let's see, she's in New York, playing on the stage in 'June Moon,' one of the Broadway hits." And yet Virginia is still to appear in her first picture, and hasn't been out of work since she came two years ago. She is still Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights."

Silent Dramatist

AND THEY SAY CHARLIE'S devotion to silent drama is so strong that he has learned the deaf-and-dumb language and talks it across the room with his friends in Henry's of an evening. But few people believe his announcement of a huge plant to make only silent features is more than a pipe dream.

Come-Back

JACK AND INA CLAIRE GILBERT are back under one roof. The carpenters must have finished their job in the Gilbert mansion, or perhaps Ina has disposed of some of her fifteen trunks. Anyhow, they looked like honeymooners at Joseph Cawthorn's birthday party the other night. Jack ate his supper on his knees beside her. It was a stage party almost completely. Jack Barrymore went from group to group kissing his men friends on both cheeks.

A Royal Family Man

AND THE BARRYMORE BABY turned out to be a girl. "We wanted a girl all the time," Papa Jack avers stoutly. Jack has changed greatly in the last year. He saves his money and refuses to play up to the Barrymore Legend any longer.

Beauty Before Sleep

UNDERNEATH MY OFFICE in Hollywood is a beauty parlor which announces "Open Day and Night." We often wonder who rushes in at three thirty a.m. for a facial or demands a manicure at a quarter-past-four a.m. Still, in Hollywood, people must be beautiful twenty-four hours a day.

Valentino Rests

AND NOW WE HEAR that it was all a mistake. Valentino's house isn't haunted at all. We believe that we added to the rumor when one of our writers slept overnight in the house and reported eerie doings. The executor of the estate was much displeased. People won't buy or rent haunted houses. When the Careys were house-hunting, the real estate girl mentioned the house. "But, of course, you won't want to live there," she said. "It's haunted, you know." In spite of her warning the Careys moved in and now have discovered that the noises were bats and shutters, and the sights were the shadow of cypress trees. Now with its reputation cleared perhaps the place can be sold.



"NOW... I can stand the Public Gaze"... *Can You?*

"SUMMER LEGS"...

—*require* the observance of this rule of refinement

BRONZED ... or white ... lithe feminine legs are lovely only when they are free of fuzzy hair-growth.

Shapeliness of limbs cannot diminish the ugliness of superfluous hair. The informality of the bareleg vogue can't excuse it. Gossamer chiffon hose cannot conceal it. That's why dainty, modern women turn to Del-a-tone Cream. There's nothing else like it, for Del-a-tone Cream, perfected through our exclusive formula, is the only *white*, fragrant cream hair-remover.

Can You Stand the Public Gaze?

If your skin is smooth and free of hair—you can meet curious eyes with poise and self-confidence. Confirm your own personal daintiness by using Del-a-tone before going barelegged, putting on sheer, all-revealing silk hose, or exposing your arms in a fluttery evening gown.

Faintly fragrant... snow-white, Del-a-tone Cream removes hair *safely* in 3 minutes or less.



Easy to use as cold cream .. Del-a-tone Cream is the most pleasant *modern* way to remove superfluous hair from the legs as well as from under-arm, fore-arm, back of neck and face.

June Clyde and Arthur Lake, supported by a clever chorus, prove how appropriate is the title of that sparkling Radio Picture, "Tanned Legs"

DEL-A-TONE

The Only *White* Cream Hair-remover

Del-a-tone has been used and recommended by physicians and beauty specialists for almost a quarter of a century.

Sales of Del-a-tone Cream during 1929 reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority; that's why.

Del-a-tone Cream and Powder on sale at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c. See coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Dept. 77, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.



Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor

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Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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NATURAL EYELASH BEAUTY

THE new Cake Winx *looks* as if it had come straight from the Rue St. Honoré in Paris...so smart, so sophisticated, so clever in its slim metal box. This silvery compact can't break or become messy . . . and you can carry it with you in an envelope purse.

But until you *use* Cake Winx you can't judge its truly French finesse: it lends a dark, enticing beauty to eyes...a beauty that is absolutely natural—and so different from the "make-up" look that ordinary preparations give.

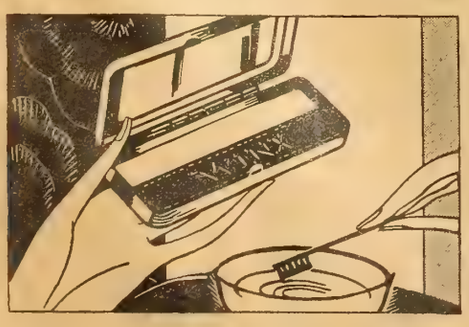
Cake Winx is easy to apply. It keeps eyelashes soft. It never burns the eyes. You must try it . . .

Liquid Winx—if you prefer...

Many women prefer a liquid—particularly for evening wear. Liquid Winx is the most popular—by far—because it gives a soft effect and is absolutely waterproof. Ross Co., 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

...WINX

FOR LOVELY LASHES



She Finally Got The Blues

(Continued from page 55)

As soon as Lillian was able to articulate, it became apparent that she couldn't pipe a note.

Her mother struggled and contrived. Lillian was given lessons, and probably spankings, but still she couldn't sing.

"You know how most children can learn little songs," said Lillian. "I couldn't carry a tune or even get anywhere near the right key. My mother struggled with me, but it didn't do any good. Still she kept on training me for the stage, and we moved from Boston to New York to be near the theaters.

"When I was six, I played my first part—in a picture over at Fort Lee, New Jersey. The office was full of curly-headed, smiling children, and I had straight hair and a solemn face. The director looked at me and said, 'This is the child.'

Too Sad to Sing

"AFTER that I did dramatic child rôles on the stage, and when my sister and I went into vaudeville, she was the comedian. I gave imitations of Lenore Ulric, and Ethel Barrymore, and Florence Reed—all the heavy dramatic actresses, because that's what I always longed to be. I was a very sad person at that age. I had the most serious face in the world, and I cried most of the time."

As she spoke, Lillian's face was wreathed in its now habitual good-natured smile. At that time she was a tragic young lady of twelve, but now, at the ripe old age of nineteen, she has learned that life is a huge joke.

While the sister act was flourishing, her mother had a greater sense of frustration than ever. For now there was no escaping the fact that Lillian had a red mouth against ivory skin, luscious brown eyes, and the most fascinating hair in the world. All the qualifications of a blues singer, except the voice.

"I kept trying to sing," Lillian went on, "but there seemed to be no hope. I'd sing 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles,' but every time I'd hit a note it seemed the bubble would burst. My mother was frantic. She'd say, '*Please*, couldn't you sing a note?' It hurt her to think that I couldn't sing as well as she could—especially as she believed that on the stage you were up against it unless you could sing."

The Tune She Carried

FINALLY she went to the Shuberts for a try-out. "I'm a dramatic actress," she announced (at the age of fourteen).

"What good does that do us?" came back the Shuberts. "We're casting for 'Artists and Models,' and we want a blues singer."

Her mother stood there, looking stricken. Then something extraordinary happened. By the alchemy of a great determination, Lillian suddenly, on the spot, became a blues singer.

"I don't know how it happened, but I sang 'Red Hot Mama' and I didn't go off the key. It was the only song I'd heard enough to remember the tune, and somehow, with the piano, I got by."

Mrs. Roth heaved a sigh of fulfilment. There was a blues singer in the family at last. Lillian was engaged at once, and was the hit of the show with some hot blue numbers—"because it wasn't a very good show," she explained.

"So you see I cheat a little bit. I'm not a real singer, because I don't know music at all. Even to-day I can't carry a tune very well, if I am unaccompanied. As soon as I hear the music, I'm all right. I've studied a lot, and I find I have a high voice, too, but no one will let me use it. I'm down as a blues singer, and that's what I've got to remain."

Getting a "Big" Reputation

SHE still yearns to be a dramatic actress. And her mother encourages that ambition, now that the blues are out of her system.

"When I came out here, I thought I'd have my chance. But look at me in 'The Love Parade,'" she said ruefully. "I do nothing but fall on my seat. I expected to have a wonderful leading man—and I got Lupino Lane. He's awfully nice, of course, but not my romantic dream come true. And besides, he was so small that everyone thought I was enormous. On the tour, people would come up to me and say, 'Why, I thought you were a great big woman, about six feet tall and weighing a hundred and sixty!'

"And when I was cast for 'The Vagabond King,' Mr. Berger, the director, said, 'Vat is this? They give me a Louise Fazenda and I want a Pola Negri!'"

It didn't take Lillian long to convince him that she can be Pola or Louise, at will.

Lillian is now slim and delicate. "But you have to keep changing your weight to suit your director," she said. "Mr. Berger said, 'I vant I should have a voluptuous woman,' which wasn't hard for me. But in 'Honey' I had to start dieting again."

Lillian is one of those delightfully weak women whose dieting is mostly conversational. "I mustn't have an éclair," she says feebly, but if you as much as say, "Oh, do!" she hurriedly helps herself to an éclair, with a pleased smile.

Before Paramount discovered her, singing on the Ziegfeld Roof, Lillian was turned down by practically every movie company.

"You've no idea how many tests I had," she said with her funny abashed smile. "I must have had at least fifteen, but it seemed as if no one wanted me.

"Metro sent for me. They said, 'Stand up. Take your hat off. Look right. Look left. Say something.' I was amazed, because I really had quite a big name then. I said, 'If you want to look at me, come over to the Ziegfeld Roof.' But they never came."

Fox turned her down on account of the droop of her lower lip when she smiles. Paramount considers that her most intriguing feature.

No Stars by the Stars

ON the night before her Paramount test, an astrologer whom she had consulted for years told her not to take it, for it would be a failure.

"I believed her," said Lillian, "because she had told me so many things that came true. She told me to keep away from water, and it's true that every time I dive I always hit my head. So I decided not to go. I cried, and said to my mother, 'What's the matter with me? Am I so homely? I can sing, and I can dance, but nobody wants me.' Mother said, 'Go on and take the test, anyway.' So I did. And I've never listened to an astrologer since then."

Lillian was the only person on the Paramount lot who could get on with Dennis King. They used to ride on roller-coasters while he told her about his wife and his children.

The only person who is disappointed in her is Ernst Lubitsch, her director. Mr. Lubitsch formed his opinion when he heard her singing those blues in New York, and since knowing the real Lillian, he never fails to give her a reproachful look. He can't forgive her for turning out to be a nice little girl instead of a red hot mama.



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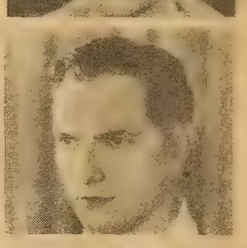














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Grant Withers	Catherine Dale Owen	Lila Lee
Dennis King	Jean Arthur	Jeanette Loff
Lawrence Tibbett	Bernice Claire	Jeanette MacDonald
Jack Oakie	Claudette Colbert	Chester Morris
John McCormack	Marion Davies	Lupe Velez
George Arliss	Alexander Gray	Stanley Smith
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Longworth

Cabbage ballads, or cabbage salads? In another field besides the movies, Bernice Claire wonders if she will have to sing to get a head

They're All Out Of The Mind

(*Continued from page 53*)

she was in Hollywood. And when she did, she knew just what to do with them, not only what kind of stories they should have to bring out their peculiar personalities, but lots of other things as well. She spent hours and days with them, sort of getting them set in the Glyn mold, polishing off the rough edges, as it were, and teaching them just how a Glyn character should think and do and look.

That probably explains the enigmatic term, "It." When she sees one of her own people, she perceives some familiar quality. She doesn't like to come right out and say that she wrote them (probably she is too modest)—so she says they have "It."

Jack Gilbert, Clara Bow—even Rex, the wild horse—do not exist at all. Elinor Glyn made 'em up!

No Doubt About These

SINCLAIR LEWIS would certainly recognize Conrad Nagel. He has written about him so many times and called him by so many different names.

And who but Ring Lardner could ever have thought of Billy Haines? Nobody! Yet here Billy is, romping around, pulling Lardner wisecracks and behaving, for all the world, like any number of that author's pen-and-paper creations.

Suave, sophisticated, witty Bill Powell is certainly one of Michael Arlen's "charming people," and you just know Dumas invented Douglas Fairbanks. I'll wager Doug would even admit it, if you asked him. In fact, he *has* tacitly admitted it by his choice of rôles and stories.

Ivan Lebedeff told a story at a dinner party one night of himself—and a lady—which everyone recognized as having been written by no less an author than Guy de Maupassant. So, you see, there can be no doubt in the world of where *he* came from! We wondered what had become of the lady—and whether she was around Hollywood, too. Ivan did not say.

According to Doyle

LON CHANEY, of course, must have come out of the mystery-and-fantasy-loving brain of Conan Doyle. And I suspect F. Scott Fitzgerald of having devised Joan Crawford in some story or other of the younger generation.

Speaking of younger generations, wouldn't you be pretty sure that Buddy Rogers came out of one of Booth Tarkington's tales of youth?

Ronald Colman seems quite definitely a figment of John Galsworthy's imagination, and it seems to be settled that our own Cedric Belfrage (whose articles you have often read in these very pages) was written by P. G. Wodehouse!

Motion picture producers and their publicists are aware, sometimes, of the value of admitting the authorship of actors. Although, I fear me, they rather consider these matters as legends and do not admit them as facts—truth being often a trifle too fantastic for practical minds to embrace with complete whole-heartedness.

However, the gentlemen who are responsible for Victor McLaglen's picture fortunes have fostered the notion that he may have been written by Rudyard Kipling. They have really emphasized the thing so energetically that it is difficult now to tell whether he actually was or whether they just wish he had been!

Those Above the Stars

AND while we are on the subject of producers in general, it occurs to me that James Branch Cabell drew an excellent picture of one or two (or six) such individuals we have all known, when he described "Koschei, who made all things as they are" and whose power was "above all devils—and above all gods."

However, it is apparent that the fumbling power at the top of things consistently employs cleverness and puts it to its own uses. So there you are.

As for the people who are waiting for their authors—whose stories have not yet been written—there are swarms of them in Hollywood. Some of the characters need only farceurs to portray them, some of them will require satirists. But what fine, sensitive authors it will take to do justice to people like the Talmadges—or a Chaplin!

Some of them will belong in novels in the modern mood and some will fit, without a wrinkle, into the old-fashioned thrillers.

"Stick to singing!" *they said* as I offered to play...



but I gave them the surprise of their lives

"WHAT'S the big idea of leaving us flat, Bob—now what's my party going to do for music?"

"Sorry, Madge, I hate to go . . . but business before pleasure this time. If I don't make tonight's 10 o'clock train for the West I may as well look for a new job. So long, gang—see you all in a couple of weeks."

No Music—No Fun

"I suppose you're glad, Larry," said Madge turning to me. "Now you won't have to sing. Bob is such marvelous company, though, it's a shame he had to go. And of course our radio would develop a bad case of 'staticitis' at the wrong time. Well, who'd like to hear me murder the piano?"

"Nothing doing—you'll drive the guests home," broke in her brother. "Let's play bridge instead. Too bad, though, I was all steamed up to hear Larry sing a few numbers for us, and believe it or not it took me two hours to polish this floor for dancing."

"That's a shame," I said pretending to be sorry. "How would it strike you folks if I played my own accompaniment and then rattled off a few dance tunes?"

"Strike us," they roared, "why, Larry, it would knock us right over. You can't bluff us into thinking you can play the piano."

"Well you never can tell," I said edging closer to the piano.

"Stick to singing!" chirped a chorus of voices.

By this time I was sitting at the piano . . . looking over the sheet music . . . itching to play.

"Yes, for goodness sakes, stick to singing," jibed my pal George. "If you're a piano player—I'm a toe dancer."

"Well, get ready to dance then boy." And much to his mortification and amazement, I played the sprightly "Glow Worm" half way through and then with a simple modulation I swung into one of the latest Broadway dance hits.

In an instant the crowd had regained their pep. "Great!" "More!" "Don't stop!" they cried.

The Third Degree Starts

Then curiosity got the best of them. A cloudburst of questions broke loose. To their "hows," "whens," and "wheres" there was only one answer. "I learned to play by mail."

"What, without a teacher?" "Impossible!"

"Not in the least," I assured them. "You don't need a teacher when you learn the U. S. School of Music way—the lessons are sent right to your home."

Then I told them all about this famous course—how I set my own study period and played real tunes by note right from the very start—how the clear and simple print and picture instructions kept me from making mistakes and hastened my progress—why, in almost no time, I could play any kind of selections—jazz or classical.

. . . and then they kept me busy at the piano until the wee hours of the morning.

* * *

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MEN, by the Great Sirens of the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

Especially the old ones. Never laugh before the boy-friend gives the cue. It might be at the wrong place.

All Men Are Unlike

I HAVE a friend whose favorite line is "all men are alike." Perhaps she has found them so. But, so far as I am concerned, the statement is as ridiculous as to insist that all Ginsbergs have Sammy for a *Christian* name. Men differ one from the other far more than women. True, they all hold some qualities in common, and in a general article it is necessary to confine oneself to generalities. So if I mention some characteristics that fail to fit your own particular Tom, Dick or Harry, you may take it that he is a very remarkable fellow. An exception to the rule.

Men are the great givers in life—and of life. Women are always the takers. Upon the surface this may not appear true. Partially because of that great fiction that it is the woman who pays. But if you will pry a bit below the exterior, you'll agree that in the put-and-take of existence, it is man who does the putting. And I don't mean in golf.

The only thing woman contributes to the world is man himself. All else emanates from him. I have learned all I know from men. I think all women have. Never have I left a gathering of women with a single thought-kernel added to my mental store. But I have never failed to gather new ideas and gain fresh perspective from conversation with a group of men.

Wise in Women's Ways

I KNOW I'll catch it for that one, from the girls in whose company I spend most of my time. Therefore, just this much in explanation—the reason is that I know as much as any woman regarding the things of which women speak. Styles, for instance. Or, if we must get risqué, Sex. Therefore I learn nothing from them, delightful friends though they be. But the wide scope of masculine activities makes each man a vast unconscious storehouse of experiences, a constantly replenished lake of knowledge. I can always learn from men.

In line with my idea that men are always the givers is the conviction that they are far less selfish than the *un*fair sex. Women will plot, and scheme and connive for self-benefit. An ungenerous action on the part of a man is merely thoughtlessness. In a woman selfishness is calculated.

We have many such traits. And that is why we hate a man who really understands us. Fortunately, they are seldom encountered. Men, themselves, are much more transparent, and are much more constant in their reactions. Given a set of conditions, it isn't too difficult to prophesy what a man will do. Yet peering through the glass of their exteriors, there are visible qualities which command both respect, admiration and just a little fear. Perhaps I'd best explain that I mean *men*. Every human male is not a *man*.

They Forgive—And Forget

MEN forgive more readily than we; and unless faced constantly with a reminder, they forget more easily, as well. The only men who delve too deeply into a girl's past are very young men, or old-fashioned hystericals. They are never naggers. But they are irritatingly patronizing, condescending and inconsiderate. Old jokes are popular because of the underlying truth in them. Thus the one of the wife who glares "What have you been up to now?" when her spouse arrives bearing gifts, is really too true to be funny. Any indiscretion, he believes, may be squared with a present—the value of the peace-offering being in exact ratio to the enormity of his "crime." But even here, the likable quality of conscience is apparent. Conscience is a great handicap to the infidelities of man.

Strange to say, however, I would prefer feminine friendship in troublous times. Men are essentially blunderers. If proof is necessary, it is offered in the fact that men invariably conceive wars—and invariably mismanage them. That is one major example. The friendship of man is more steadfast, though. Like the affection of a great, rollicking St. Bernard pup that runs to bring a thrown ball to please your whim, and in doing so upsets the tea-table. Or the apple-cart, as the case may be.

Apropos of nothing at all, it occurs to me that men are baby-talkers at heart. It is only their dread of being laughed at that prevents them—when it does. Their emotions are simpler and more primitive than ours. They are easy lovers. Only women stop them from making amorous asses of themselves upon the slightest provocation—or without it. But these affections, and their objects, are quite forgotten in no time at all.

They Stray, But Not Far

THIS very peculiarity makes men fundamentally more faithful than women. Their philanderings mean nothing whatever. Their hearts they consider in the safe-keeping of their sweethearts—which should include every wife. All they give is some brief outward manifestation. Casanova, the greatest lover, with all his thousand affairs, never knew love. That was what he sought. And didn't find. One quality he shared with every man is that of self-sacrifice for love. Men will give up much more for love than any woman ever gave.

The sort of men women love are the world's champions. Whatever line of life he dangles on, to have and to hold her he must be respected by the world. Thus she respects him, too. And respect is the cornerstone of lasting love. There is no doubt but what physical attraction is an essential. But no woman can retain her man's affections permanently through mere physical blandishments. And the same holds true in the opposite situation. There must be compatibility, and most especially mental companionship. Nothing will take its place as the most binding of all ties. To me, the mentality of men is their chief attraction.

Whether it is because they are champions that the world's victors are also the world's best lovers, I do not know. It may be the other way 'round—that the great lovers are also great in all their activities. Whatever it may be, I believe that the qualities that make a lover also make a champion. Perhaps it is that the sex force, which is the force of life, itself, is dominant in those who triumph. That this vital power lifts those who possess their share—or more—to heights unattainable by ordinary mortals in the battle of love as in the battle of life.

Women Without Men

THE only women who ever wish they had been born men are those who have no men of their own, or, more pathetically, are in some way bound to one of those incompetent weaklings to whom I referred when I stated that not every human male is a *man*. It is a glorious thing to be a woman. She is more powerful than the strongest

man. She has more time and opportunity, not to mention capacity, for all the finer things life offers. It seems to me that the ancient bromide about its being a man's world must surely have been invented by a woman. Just one of our little subtleties. One of our little jokes. The kind we understand—and men don't.

If women are the tricky, scheming creatures some paragraphs of my story would indicate, it must be said in extenuation that men have made them so. What they have been unable to accomplish by brawn, they have been forced to accomplish by brain. Diplomacy, trickery—whatever you care to call it. Just as a race deprived of all careers, save that of commerce, eventually becomes supreme in the business of trade and barter. With the emancipation of the race, it gradually comes to excel in other endeavors. With the emancipation of woman, she will lose her femininity and gain some masculine traits instead. There is some slight indication of this, even now.

Balanced Men and Women

SPEAKING of the blending of masculine and feminine traits in a single individual, the hundred per cent. female is as uninteresting, as flat and unsalted a product, as the hundred per cent. male. The most attractive men, I should say, are blended about three to one—that is, their seventy-five per cent. of sheik, caveman stuff is made bearable by a twenty-five per cent. softening, understanding, appreciating, mentally exhilarating feminine influence. While the alluring woman has only a slightly lesser percentage of masculinity to offset the too cloying feminine qualities.

I believe that the perfect marriage is a union of two parts of a complete circle. This, of course, refutes the theory that the athletic man and the athletic girl are supremely suited—"made for one another." The mating may not be of opposites, but if the seventy-five per cent. masculine man weds a girl who has twenty-five per cent. male characteristics—and so on in varying proportions—the union makes one hundred per cent. the perfect circle.

You ask me what particular man I, personally, prefer? I've said that women love champions. And I have my own.



In plain black and white: Mona Maris looks as if she were in Hollywood for a long stretch

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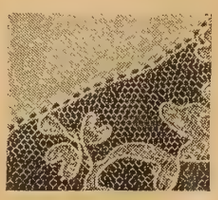
Lovely, soft colorful underthings—they make you feel so utterly *feminine.* Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—*for confidence is contagious.*

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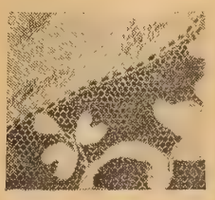
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Who will tell the young wife



the truth about FEMININE HYGIENE

EVEN the young wife who *thinks* she knows is likely to be wrong, especially if she has obtained her information from an older woman. Until recently there was little definite knowledge about feminine hygiene and the accompanying risks were too great for anyone's peace of mind. Why not learn the complete facts for yourself?

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WOMEN, by the Great Lovers of the Screen

(*Continued from page 44*)

old-fashioned wife and mother who rocked the cradle with one hand and had hysterics with the other.

Fame's Foundations

"LOOK at the famous women of history. DuBarry, Maintenon, De l'Enclos, Nell Gwyn. True, they were courtezans. They may have been more notorious than famous. But certainly they were feminine to the *n*th degree and certainly, also, they were powerful mentally. They knew how to make their brains serve their bodies and their bodies serve their brains.

"I admire the woman who is at home not only in the parlor, but in the stable as well.

"I do not admire the woman who is nothing but a clothes-horse for fifty-two weeks of the year.

"Clothes are important to a man if he knows that they are not all.

"The woman who is really a man's woman is the woman who can sweep into a drawing-room, the Opera or the theater, exquisite, groomed and confident; and who can also be at home in the stable, on the golf-links or sitting on the ground, shooting craps. The woman who can dance divinely in the ball-room and race along a windy beach without exclaiming over the potential loss of a permanent wave.

"I certainly do not admire the Bridge-playing, cocktail-drinking type of woman, either. A good game of Bridge is a social asset and an attraction. That is not what I mean. I mean the woman who is a Bridge addict, and who must play every day, excluding most of the other interests, not to say virtues.

Variety the Spice of Woman

"THE clever woman is the woman who can be self-conscious and un-self-conscious, as occasion demands. The woman who hides under charming and varied exteriors a regular person.

"The siren who is always the siren is no siren at all.

"I think that the most attractive women are by way of being gold-diggers for want of a better and more expressive term.

"Money certainly helps men where women are concerned. There is no use blinking that fact.

"But I also believe that women should be gold-diggers. Women who can wear clothes should have them. It's up to the man involved to see that they do. They should have jewels and motors and furs and beautiful homes and appointments. That's a man's job.

"This is no longer a man's world. It may have been, once upon a time, but that time is gone. The very job of which I speak makes it a woman's world. For the fundamental responsibilities of life are a man's. And if he accepts this responsibility and lives up to it, the biological burden, which is woman's, is made almost negligible.

What Every Woman Wants

"WOMEN do not want the cave-man type.

"I do not believe that women, past their teens, are attracted to actors. Or poets or dreamers.

"Women want romance in the lover. The tender romance that remembers anniversaries and favorite flowers and spots sacred to memories and old songs sung together; these are the important things to any woman.

"Women want the substantial business man of forty for a husband. The man who can feather their nests, protect their young—and looks it.® Which is a survival of the cave days, when the man who could provide the best shelter was the 'catch' of the forest primeval.

"All men are uneducated where women are concerned.

"Men seldom learn about women, except in theory.

"Men are as apt to commit woman-follies at forty, as they are at eighteen.

"Most men have an exhibitionist complex where women are concerned. These are the men who follow in the train of Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Company. The men who marry such women as these. They are of the same cut as men who might have a passion for owning the Hope diamond, even though they know the superstition attached to it.

"Men are hounds for punishment at the hands of women.

Goddesses Have Vanished

"I DO not believe, really, that men idealize women any longer. Not as they used to do. Not after they have left their teens behind them. The pedestal has fallen and the veil of illusion is rent. Men to-day regard women as fellow human beings, fighting joint problems, meeting mutual situations on a common ground. Equal give and equal take.

"Idealization of women is a part of adolescence. Young boys need a goddess vouchsafing divine favors. As we grow more mature, we tire of that sort of thing. We want a fellow human being with whom we can share things. Not a sphinx to whom we must burn incense and mutter prayers.

"I believe that the women who demand things from men—clothes, jewels, attentions—are the very women for whom men 'fall' the most readily. Men say they have no use for women of this type, but what they say and the way they act are two entirely different matters.

"While I admire the economically independent woman, the woman who is doing things in the world, and while there is, for me, no question of her feminine attraction, I am frank to admit I would not want to be married to her. It is not a question of pride nor of ego. It wouldn't matter to me whether a woman made more money than I. I wouldn't resent or begrudge her fame or success. I would begrudge the necessary sharing.

"The old possessive instinct of the male is not dead yet.

What Both Love

"ALL men love flattery and lap it up. Men are the vainest things in the world. They can stand any amount of it, thick and thin.

"But so do all women love flattery from men. There is not half the difference between the sexes that there is popularly supposed to be. I find that I can talk with women quite as interestedly as I can with men. Like most major questions, it is all, all of it, a matter of the individual, of course.

"Shaw, or someone, once said 'There is no sex in mind.' There isn't.

"I believe that the success of marriage depends solely on the basis of comradeship both parties bring to it. What a man and a woman have in common.

"Companionship is more important to a man than physical attraction. The latter is cheap. The former is rare. The combination is heaven.

"Home is more important to a man than

to a woman. Partly it is the land-owning instinct, which is more male than female. Partly it is because a woman may tire of home, become bored with it, grow weary of the responsibility. A man loves it anew every time he goes back to it.

An Exception to a Rule

CHILDREN mean more to most women than they do to most men. In my own case, I doubt that this is so. I have always had a strong paternal instinct and I still have. When I was a very small boy, I announced it as my ambition in life to 'be a father.' I haven't lost that ambition now that it is gratified. But no doubt the maternal instinct in the average woman is stronger than the paternal instinct in the average man.

"Men are more self-confident than women.

"Women depend more on men than men do on women.

"Women may say that they are no longer slightly embarrassed when they are on 'hen-parties.' They may say that the old feeling that a woman must have a man about after six in the evening is gone. They may even believe that this is so. Nevertheless, the average, normal girl feels pretty sore if she doesn't get a 'phone call or two.

"Men enjoy being together, by themselves. They always have and they always will. Men are more congenial with men than women are with women.

"Women are more jealous of other women where a man is concerned, than men are jealous of other men where a woman is concerned.

Both Could Be True

"IT is possible, if not probable, for a man to be true to one woman all of his life.

"It is equally possible, and perhaps a little more probable, for a woman to be true to one man all of her life.

"It all depends on what ages they are when they meet. If they are still adolescent, the chances are that there will be others. If they are more mature and the elements are all there, there is no reason why life-long fidelity should not exist.

"It depends on how much experience both have had. For a certain variety of experience seems to be necessary to us all. The more experience a man and a woman can bring to one another, the better understanding they will have and the better chance for prolonged happiness."



Van Damm

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Adventures Off The Screen

(*Continued from page 42*)

dles and we all started the ride to the small town. During the journey I became friendly with a short, thick-set old fellow who seemed to be more talkative than the others. He later turned out to be the deputy sheriff of the town. After asking him all the many questions that seemed to pop into my head, he told me to come to his office after I had registered at the little hotel and he would tell me the whole story as he knew it. I told him that I wouldn't be long.

After feeding my horse and arranging for the night's stay, I made my way to the man's office. He was alone. Shaking hands with me, he told me to take a chair near the fire and he'd get me some tobacco. And so, with our pipes going full blast, he commenced the story that had led up to the lynching. It was the most dramatic and horrifying story of a young woman's bravery that I have ever had the good fortune to hear.

He told the story somewhat like this:

The Man Who Was Hanged

"YOU see, pardner, this here fellow you just saw hanging from that pole out yonder was a good-fer-nothin' Indian. He hadn't been in Mesa but a few days before he got in all this trouble, and there ain't nobody that knows where he came from or what his name was. We just sorta called him 'Chippee.'

"Well, pardner, this here fellow was purdy good at lappin' up a whale of a lot of fire-water in a few hours' time, and he'd been drunk almost every minute since he come into town. That ain't nothin' new around these parts—most of the Indians get drunk when they get the chance. But nobody liked to see this here one get that way, 'cause he had a bad look to his eye. Nobody could trust him in back of 'em when he was full. We watched him all the time.

"Nothin' happened out of the way 'til last night. He got well-filled and wanted to buy another bottle. The bartender asked him for the money and he didn't have any more. O' course, he didn't get the licker and he stormed out of the bar with blood in his black eyes. Some of us boys who has to uphold the law around these parts had an idea we oughta follow him and see that he didn't get in no trouble—but we didn't do it. Wish we had of—then ol' man Brondick wouldn't have been laying in the little morgue now.

Bloodshed

"THE story from here on is just sorta pieced together from what his pretty young missus told us o'er the 'phone and what she gave us at the stringin'. Most of it, however, came to me direct over the 'phone the next morning. The way she told it was enough to make the shivers run up and down your back for a month o' Sundays.

"This is the way it all happened: 'Chippee,' our drunken Indian friend, musta gone right from the saloon to the Brondick ranch. He was seein' red all the way, too—'cause they hadn't let him have no licker after he run out of money. He staggered up the front porch of the main house and perceeded to all but knock the door off its hinges. The ol' man went to the door and asked him what he wanted and the Indian told him he wanted money—plenty much money. Brondick wasn't lying when he told the brown devil that he didn't have any, but the Indian only saw a little more red and drew a gun and let the poor ol' fellow have it right in the stomach. Killed him dead on the spot.

"Accordin' to the missus, the Indian just stood there and looked at the body for a few seconds and then walked into the house and closed the door. He didn't pay no attention to Mrs. Brondick at all for a while—he just went through the house lookin' for some more fire-water. There wa'n't none to be found, so he came back to the front room where the poor woman was still standin', stunned at the sight of her dearly beloved husband layin' there in a crumpled-up heap on the floor.

Three-Year Honeymooners

"I WANT to tell you right here that that there Brondick family was just about the best people in the village and they was both in love with each other like a couple of kids. Honest, them two was so in love that the whole town pointed to 'em as the model of what to do and how to act on a honeymoon. As a matter of fact, they was only married three year and it still *was* a honeymoon. She was just about the sweetest woman in these parts. So you can understand just what was a-goin' through the good woman's mind when she caught this here Indian lookin' at her as though he was just about ready to spring on her.

"But while she was standin' there she was thinkin' of a plan that might help her to get the Indian into town and arrested for the murder of her true love. It was a darin' plan she was a-thinkin' of, but it was the only thing she could do under the circumstances and expect to get away with her own life. She turned to the Indian and told him that she was certainly thankful he had killed her man—she had been a-wantin' to get rid of him for the last three year. You can imagine how brave she musta been in all o' her grief to make a statement like that, when her dead husband was still layin' in the same room. But she loved him enough that she was willin' to take any chance to see his death avenged.

Love Sacrifice

"THE Indian took the lie as she thought he would. He believed her so much that he perceeded to concoct a plan by which he and the young woman could make a get-away and live together in another town. She was to be his woman. Gad,—that musta made her shudder to think of it. But she was game!

"So she told him that she was all for the idea. She waltzed up to the half-breed and tells him that she wants to be his woman and asks him to put his arms around her. How she stood it to go through with her plans is more than I can understand. It was nothin' short o' heroic. And so, with her poor ol' man layin' there in the same room with 'em, she lets the Indian make love to her. If you can get the picture just right, you can see that it was one of those situations that you read about in dime novels. Real drammer, I calls it. And the Indian is fallin' fer her game like as if he was dead from the neck up.

"How they got through the entire night I ain't aimin' to tell you about. In fact, I don't know fer sure. But if you can guess real good, mebbe you'll get some notion as to how far she mighta gone for the memory of her man she had loved so much. As fer me—I've forgotten all about that part of the whole story. Understand? But you can get a fairly good idea when I tell you that the Indian was lulled into sech a false sense o' security that he was sleepin' sound at daybreak. It was the most dangerous part of the woman's whole plan—what she had to do next.

Working Out The Plan

"SHE slipped outa bed and ran to the little barn back o' the house, and after workin' fer a few minutes succeeded in drainin' 'most all the gasoline from the tank of the ol' flivver that the Brondicks saved fer goin' to church. When that was done, she rang up the sheriff's office on a little bell contrivance we had in use around town and told me the whole story.

"Her plan was to start out to town the next morning with her husband in the back seat under a large canvas. She and the Indian would be a-sittin' up front. About half-way to town they'd run out o' gas and the critter would have to go into town for a fresh supply. Then we'd catch him comin' back. She told me she knew the plan would work, because she had made the Indian promise to start out with her the followin' morning. The plan was to dump the body of her husband about forty mile the other side o' town. Then they was free to go to another section of the country and settle down as man and wife.

"And it all turned out just as she had planned. After the car ran out of gas, the Indian got out and started for town. We was hidin' in a clump o' bushes real close by, so when he's out o' sight we hurry over and get the body and send it back to the ranch on a saddle. Then we crawls under the canvas to wait. When he returns, we let him get the car started and then slip the rope over his head and around his body. We got him all tied after a struggle. And with Brondick's woman drivin', we starts out for Mesa.

Mob Justice

"ABOUT half-way to town we meets a posse o' boys who has heard the news and they perceeds to take our prisoner away from us. It wasn't no hard job for 'em to do that. They threw a rope over the pole and stands him on the back o' the car. We asks him if he has anythin' to say, and he shakes his head. Then we just drives the car away from under him with a jerk and leaves him hanging there by the neck.

"All this time Mrs. Brondick was a shakin' like a leaf. We asked her if she was afraid, and she just wagged her head. We couldn't get nothin' out o' her. And as soon as we started to cut him down she got in her car and started for the ranch. That's who you met on the road as you was a-comin' into town. She musta been hurryin' home to her man. She was the bravest woman I ever seen. I guess that's all the story."

After thanking the deputy for letting me in on the yarn, I went back to the hotel to see how my horse was bedded down. A few minutes later I was sitting in the lobby, thinking the thing over. I couldn't for the life of me understand why it was that, after this woman had gone through all she had for her man, she wasn't anxious to have a little personal revenge. Why did she just stand there and shake like a leaf while the boys were hanging the Indian? If she was brave enough to carry out such a plan, she was strong enough to get a little return for her bravery. Why hadn't she taken any?

The News-and-Views Men

JUST then a bunch of reporters from the next town came thumping into the hotel, and since I was alone in the lobby they asked me if I knew anything about the murder and the hanging that they had heard about. I told them the story that the deputy had told me. They were busy trying to take down all the details in their record books. Then they said they were going out and take pictures of the hanged man. I told them it was impossible, because the posse had dug a little grave beside the road and thrown the Indian into it and covered him up with dirt. But these newspaper boys

(*Continued on page 105*)



A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 minutes

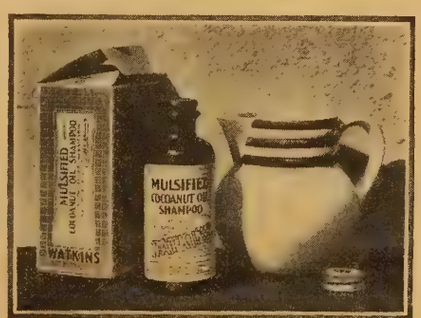
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Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.



Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.

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Lucille Young, 617 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago,
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
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Popular 50c and $1.00 sizes at Drug and Department Stores. Introductory sizes procurable at leading 5 & 10c stores.

BLUE WALTZ Perfume



JOUBERT CIE, Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Forbidden Topics

(*Continued from page 40*)

seems to be such a *trusting* soul. People are always getting the best of him.

Only recently a girl came to his door, selling handkerchiefs, "to work her way through school." Only too happy to help a young girl acquire an education, the amiable actor offered to buy all the handkerchiefs she had. There were nine and she asked a dollar each for them. Rich gave her a ten-dollar bill. She "couldn't make the change" and he told her that that was quite all right—the extra dollar could go toward her fund.

But the dollar weighed upon her conscience terribly, it seemed. She kept coming back to offer it to him. His man would tell her, over and over, that Mr. Dix meant her to *have* the dollar, and not to bother him any more. The only other time Rich saw her, he says, was one evening when he was getting into his car and she popped out from behind a tree to proffer that fatal bank-note. He declined, with some impatience, to take it.

Sequel

A FEW weeks later, he arrived at home at four in the morning, after some twenty gruelling hours on the set, to be told that a newspaper man was trying to reach him.

"Rich!" shouted the reporter, over the 'phone. "Get down here right away! Something has happened."

Wearily, Richard made his way downtown, to learn that the mother of the handkerchief-purveyor had sworn out a warrant for him in juvenile court, alleging all sorts of terrible and surprising things—among them, that he had kidnapped her daughter (who was a minor) and taken her to Mexico, keeping her imprisoned there for a week!

She wanted—I forget just how much money, but it was a lot—to withdraw the charges. Detectives were put on the case and eventually, after a great deal of trouble, they gathered sufficient evidence about the two women to prove that the thing was "a frame-up." The mother signed an affidavit, admitting the falsity of the charges and the matter was settled. But it was a troublesome and expensive episode.

Made-to-Order Victims

OF course, any man in public life—particularly any man whose earning capacity is influenced by the type of publicity he receives—is likely to suffer such annoyances from time to time. But the actor is peculiarly helpless under such attacks. He cannot fight these people. If such charges are brought against him—and get into the papers—the public stubbornly believes him guilty, or partly guilty, no matter what proofs of his innocence are brought out in court. Women's clubs take steps to have his pictures barred from the theaters, and then he must look for work in another profession. He is forced to settle such things out of court, no matter how unjust it is.

Dix relates that he was present in a night-club one time when a well-known prize-fighter klunked his lady friend on the ear. The next day the fighter paid the girl whatever it was she chose to charge for a klunk on the ear and the matter was dropped. Months afterward, after Richard had returned to California, the lady filed suit against him for a great many thousands of dollars, for being a "witness, accessory after the fact"—whatever those legal terms are. Anyhow, it meant that Richard stood by and allowed her to be klunked—or maybe helped a little bit with the process.

He Saw She Conquered

NOW Richard had friends who claimed to know about the lady in question. Their impression was that she made a habit of getting herself klunked and then making a tidy sum out of it. Dix was pretty irritated about it and proposed to fight the suit. But the studio to which he was under contract refused to allow it, averring that such publicity would injure his value to them. Moreover, they agreed to pay half the sum required to stifle the charges, if Richard would be good. So they each paid ten thousand, and the matter was kept out of the papers.

Then there was the woman who sympathized with Richard.

"She was older than I was," he says, "and she used to tell me how abused I was. I loved it. 'You poor boy,' she would say. 'Why don't you just come over to my house and relax? What you need is some good home-cooking.'

"So I went to see her. She sympathized with me in a big way and I talked about my troubles and had a swell time feeling sorry for myself. She would cook for me and make a fuss over me and I thought it was grand. I went to see her four or five times.

"Then the lawyers appeared. I learned that I was once more 'the father of the child' and those nice, chummy, mother-and-son conversations cost me plenty! Oh, well—"

It Paid to Advertise

RICHARD isn't the only one. No, indeed. Every actor has similar experiences at one time or another, although, as I said, Richard seems to attract misfortune.

Only a short time ago a young leading man told me that he was in love. He was really in love—in the nice, old-fashioned way. He blushed and stammered and told me how sweet the girl was—why, she even tried to help him save his money! He was going through all the proper stages and was positively sticky about it.

"I'll marry her if she will have me," he averred. "But I haven't the courage to mention it to her! I'm not good enough to tie her shoe."

A week later, pictures of the girl appeared in the papers, smiling coyly and admitting that the actor had given her a large and ornate ring. I saw him again. And never have I seen a more lugubrious young man.

"I didn't give her any ring," he mourned. "Though heaven knows I was willing to. She just couldn't wait to get publicity on it. And I thought she was different from other women."

Hermits With Reason

THIS probably explains the hermit tendencies of people like Colman and Bill Powell. I imagine that either of them would like to go about with young women sometimes. But they are cautious people.

In the days when Gary Cooper was just coming into stardom, he was heard to inquire plaintively, "Isn't there some way in which a man in my position can get along with people—without hurting them—and yet, without marrying them? How do men do it?"

One gathered that Gary was being taken for a little ride at that moment.

A director who is casting at present on a big musical production, said the other day that he receives an average of seven telephone calls every day from girls who are *so* friendly, *so* amiable, so very anxious to see him on any pretext whatever.

"They think that if they can only get me into some sort of a bad spot—I'll have to give them work in the picture," he remarked, with bitterness.

It's a great game—this one of taking actors for a ride. Or even directors and producers. A wife is some protection, of course. But then, even she may decide to take him for a ride, herself.

Adventures Off The Screen

(*Continued from page 103*)

were after the whole story. They decided to sneak out to the scene and dig the Indian up from his grave and take pictures of him anyway. So I said I would go along.

We all managed to get horses and start out for the spot where I had seen them bury the murderer a short while before. As we approached the place where the road curves out of town, we could hear shots coming from the direction of Brondick's ranch. We put the horses forward a little faster. I remembered that the road took a wide swing just as it came to the telegraph pole where the deal had taken place, so I advised the boys to get off their horses before we actually came in sight of the hanging tree, and walk the remainder of the way.

The Dead Brought Back

THE country was so well brushed that we couldn't see around that last bend in the road until we were within a hundred feet of the pole. As we walked around that bend we stopped in our tracks. There before us was the most dramatic picture I've ever seen.

The young woman—the woman who had refused to take any personal revenge—was standing with her back to us and looking at the pole. As we allowed our eyes to follow the line of her vision, we were astounded to discover that she had succeeded in unburying the Indian and now had him standing up against the pole. She was about ten feet from the pole, facing him. She didn't hear us approach.

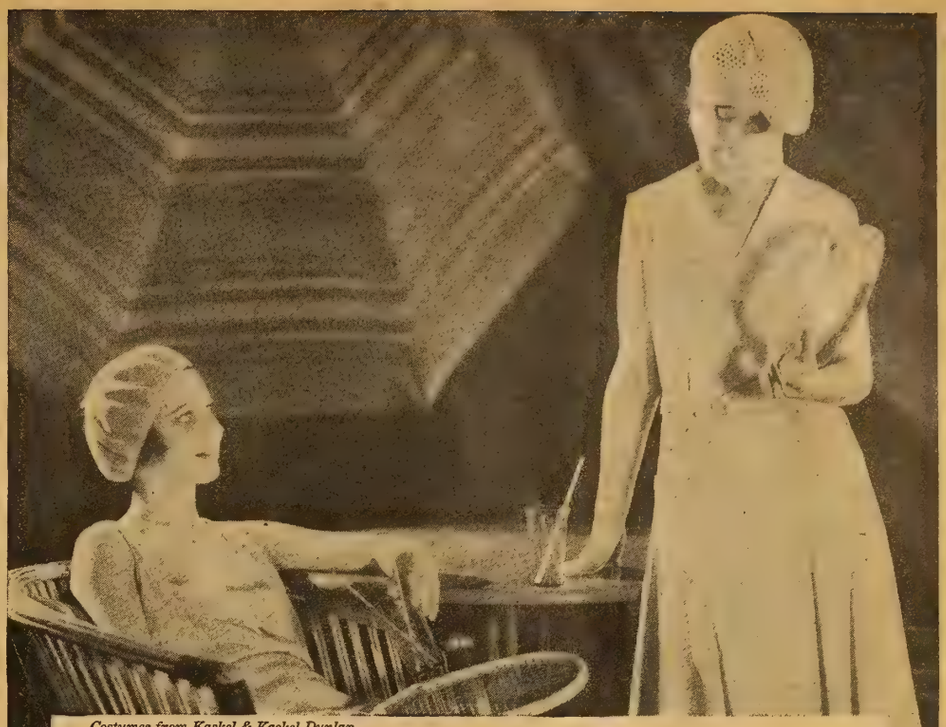
As we stood there hypnotized by the grim drama that was being enacted before our eyes, we saw a woman take revenge for her husband and her honor. And as she did so, I realized that it would have been impossible for her to have done it before all of those men earlier in the afternoon.

As we turned to walk back to our horses, she raised a large Winchester rifle and began filling the dead body with hot lead. Slowly and methodically. One . . . two . . . . three . . . .

As we rode slowly into town, we stopped to listen again. She was still shooting. Even slower than before. One . . . two. . . .



It's train-time in Hollywood: as Lois Moran illustrates in her white evening gown and her coat of tan



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YOU want a feeling of security and safety in sanitary protection. But you want even more than that, and Kotex gives you more.

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Kotex stays soft, stays comfortable, after hours of wear. It is made of a most unusual substance, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is the very same absorbent used by 85% of our great hospitals today. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton—with five times the absorbency.

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4. *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

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Lashtint—waterproof eyelash tint, $1.
Lashpac—eyelash and brow compact, $1.

KURLASH COMPANY » » » Rochester, N. Y.

Discoveries About Myself

(Continued from page 59)

The Vainness of Vanity

"PEOPLE in Hollywood are unhappy, their marriages fail and their lives grow more barren instead of richer and fuller because of this very vanity. They think that they are so good they no longer have to try to be clever, or to be liked, or to grow. They do not use their minds. A sort of fatty degeneration sets in. Vanity is a personal parasite that must be fed and fed until it is gorged and renders its victim—a failure.

"I care nothing whatever about fame. The less I have of it, the better for me, personally. I work for money and I work because I am interested in the things I do. If I were not, I wouldn't do them. I would not be interested if I had happened to be one of the screen's 'great lovers' or a handsome leading man unless I could have made of these parts, *characters*. I believe this can be done a great deal more than it is. Every individual, no matter who, has marked characteristics. If they would use their heads, if they would think for themselves, instead of running in one mold, they could be as sharply differentiated in all their rôles as it is possible to be in the parts I am fortunate enough to play. It is all—all of it—in the head.

"I did not refuse to talk on the screen because I feared the voice would lessen my own mystery. The voice is, or should be, the most mysterious of all the instruments an actor can use. I refused to talk because I am a business man and I did not care to pioneer. The thing was imperfect at the time. It was experimental. Why should I, with my box office as it is, risk all of that for something that might have died stillborn? Things are different now. The talking screen is here. And I can recognize the writing on the wall when I see it.

Not What He Seems

"I AM not a sad sort of person.

"I am not morbid.

"I am not influenced or colored by the parts I play.

"I am a very happy person. I am cheerful and I am always optimistic.

"Many people believe that I must have some mental warp because I play the rôles I do. That is not so.

"I am happy, but not satisfied. Optimistic, but not content. That is, only with my work and not with my personal life.

"I never finish a picture that I don't see things I wish I had done differently, don't wish I had a chance to do it all over again. It is healthy to feel like that.

"Besides, the parts I play point a moral. They portray individuals who might have been different if they had been given a different chance. They make people feel that life need not be like that and they also make them feel, very often, that sad as their lots may be the lot I depict on the screen is sadder.

"I always try for some sympathy.

"Then, too, every mind has several compartments. Mine has. When I am playing a part I am sometimes, while I am working, lost in the character I have to be. That means that I may be, for the time of working, sad or tragic or thoughtful or scheming. But the instant I leave the set I close that compartment of my mind. I turn, so to speak, the key in the office door and forget all about it. I have trained myself to do this. It may be some form of self-protection. We can all do it. It is necessary.

Life-Study

"I WAS a happy and a normal child. Contented.

"I was never given to introspection, to brooding about myself or about life. I was active and interested and healthy.

"I never even thought about becoming an actor when I was a boy. I started out to hang window-shades and do odd jobs 'in trade.'

"I always played at imitating people. But unlike most young people with theatrical inclinations, I did not act out plays for the benefit of the family and the neighbors.

"I did, as a boy, just what I do now and always have done. I watched people. I walked about the town, in and out of shops and garages and livery stables and churches and theaters, and imitated the people I came into contact with.

"I still do the same thing and a great deal of it. I walk about the streets at night. I wander about during the day. I am never conscious that I am getting anything from any particular person but I must be. For, often, when I am starting to work out a character I have never thought about before, the entire person will flash into my mind, complete. And I will remember a face, a gesture, a way of walking, a mannerism, sometimes a definite individual, sometimes a composite of two or three individuals whom I have met in my wanderings.

"I never read. For what I need I go to life, direct.

His Offstage Character

"I HAVE never been in the home of a motion picture actor or actress.

"I have never had an actor or an actress in my home. Not because I am not fond of the people I work with, but because I want to forget my work and everything connected with it when I am through for the day. And because I want to keep my work and personal-life-things entirely apart.

"I have discovered that most of us have very false values.

"When you talk to most of the actors or actresses who have slipped in their profession, they always say, 'I want to get back' or 'I want to come back.' They mean they want to come back to the screen. They want to be what they were, to have what they had when they began, in their heyday. They never want to go on from there, to come back as *people*, developing, changing and growing.

"I am often asked what it is that I get out of the work I do and the success I have met with.

"I have no show places. I do not ride about in Rolls-Royces. I never go to parties or give them. I have no expensive hobbies. I shun the thrill of publicity.

"Well, I get this out of it all—my family life. My home, which is the way I want it. My wife. My son. My grandson, who is eighteen months old, named after me and calls me 'Gramps.' My wife and I go off on trips together, by ourselves. I go on fishing trips and hunting trips. I am a normal man and I find that these things are enough for me.

"I am not religious in the church-going sense of the word.

"But I have my own faith. *I believe that we desert God, but God never deserts us.*"

The élite of Hollywood are discovering many things about themselves these days—and revealing them exclusively in these pages. Babe Daniels is the next to become confidential. Don't miss the big August issue of

MOTION PICTURE

The Bad Old Days

(*Continued from page 88*)

Edeson on the subject. He had been both actor and beau in the Nineties, and unless my eyes deceived me, his powers had remained acute.

It's All a Question

"WHAT about it?" I begged. "Why are the old-timers like Louis Mann so much greater actors than our modern failures like, for instance, Barrymore and Gilbert? What's wrong with the present generation of women and children, and why was the stage of the Nineties superior to talking pictures? Is the New our only God? And do you go in for the benefit of the Covered Dish with a liberal shot of false modesty and pruriency of mind, or are you tickled to death that women now lure us with nothing except their brains? Makes you feel a bit safer, eh, Bob? And have we fellows lost the refinements of indecency? Tell me, too: were you one big family in the Good Old Days or just a bunch of egotistical so-and-so's? And which, Robert, do you prefer, the corset, knee-length "panties" and rats—or the three-piece slip-on-as-slip-can with teddies and a wind-blown bob?"

"Don't ask so many dam' fool questions!" Robert Edeson growled. "Nobody but a bunch of weak-eyed old codgers incapable of progressing with the times gives a hang for The Good Old Days! And who wants women to torture themselves with those old-fashioned clothes? The people of the Nineties weren't educated up to anything but the burlesque they found on the variety stage, music halls or even legit. The modern actor is greatly superior to the old-timer; he has to be. And the talkies are the greatest medium ever offered to the public. Every day is a new adventure; I look forward and forget the past. And besides that, nothing is wrong with our younger generation!"

A Faint Likeness

SQUASHED, that's what I was! And yet there remained one subject over which I was considerably worried. To wit: The Mystery of the Covered Dish. And it so happened that an opportunity for giving the matter some thought offered itself out at First National. Lila Lee, in a costume *á la vertu* which rather paradoxically illustrated Mr. Balzac's famous chapter, was depicting a belle of the Nineties; while Alice White exemplified the modern girl on a warm day. It was difficult to decide between them, even though I realized my decision need not be irrevocable. Consider the test yourself:

"Now Miss White is the modern girl, while *you*," I added, indicating Lila Lee, "are the Covered Dish. All right, look mystified . . ."

(Lila looked mystified.)

"Now for the physical delicacies of yesteryear . . ."

Lila's cheeks paled; her lips quivered. "I'm going into a vapour!" she cried in a mounting crescendo of helplessness. And I caught Miss Lee as she fainted away.

"Acute Victorian queasiness," was the doctor's report. "A throw-back, no doubt, from the Bad Old Days."

Back in the Bad Old Days, belles were buxom, curves were corseted, and pedaling a bicycle was the way to reduce. Now plumpness, corsets and bicycles have all gone out—and the price of fashion is starvation.

But not in Hollywood. The world's best figures are kept that way by solid food. How? The story will be in the August issue of

MOTION PICTURE



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BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

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Helen Wright

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AGENTS WANTED

Not on the Dotted Line

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Every woman who admires a man on the screen must be allowed to feel that if she ever met him she might equally intrigue him—as he does her. It is a little vanity we women allow ourselves with men we don't know. John will remain a success as a romantic lover so long as every girl who likes him on the screen feels that if she ever came to Hollywood she might stand a chance with him. I want it that way."

Too Happy to Be Together

SOMEWHAT the same reason prompted the promise between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks that they would never again play in a picture together following "The Taming of the Shrew."

"As though it were not difficult enough," explained Mary to a reporter shortly after the release of the picture that both feel to be their most unsuccessful effort, "to find a story that offers equal chance to both of us! And we feel that our appearance together hits at the very appeal of the love story. Everyone knows how very happy we are together. Most of the world knows that we have just celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary. Of what interest, then, could our love scenes be to fans who realize, in the back of their minds, that no matter how hectic our screen tribulations, Douglas and I will hold hands on the drive home from the studio with nothing more exciting on the evening schedule than the family dinner? The romance before their eyes becomes unbelievable—and unimportant." And while it took no lawyer to bind the agreement, Mary and Doug will never make another picture together. They have promised each other.

Non-Talking Star

AS for Greta Garbo, well is it understood between the glamourous Swede and M-G-M that she shall not talk for publication. Her contract does not forbid it. No one has officially said "No" to the press, but just try to get to Greta through the studio publicity department. They understand one another.

Let stories be printed about her. They are still myths. No one knows Greta. A feature article printed in a national magazine started off with the startlingly frank confession: "I have never met Greta Garbo," and what followed was merely a surmise on the part of the writer. Little wonder that this strange new Queen of the screen remains so untouched in the minds of an adoring public. She is preserved in the illusion of a fictional character. The mystery of her appeal remains intact. And as long as Greta and the publicity department hold to their subtle agreement, she will remain a myth until "finis" is written to her screen career.

On the other hand, Buddy Rogers is unofficially pledged to remain as "naïve" as possible during his reign as the favorite Sonny Boy sweetheart of the screen. In other words, a story has been built up about him, the mantle of the "nice boy" has been draped over his personality—and he's to stick to it. For Buddy suddenly to take to late hours and Hollywood whoopee would not exactly break his contract, but the other idea is just understood between him and Paramount. That's all. They don't have to frame it into a clause.

Their Stories Agree

NOR did Billie Dove or Irvin Willat find it necessary to swear before a notary public their intention of saying only the nicest things about one another during the stages of their divorce. And yet, had they taken such a step, the idea could not be more fully understood and carried out.

"There is no other man, and no other woman," explained Billie sweetly at the time the separation broke. "We both decided that we would be happier apart—that's all. I think Irvin is one of the finest and most charming men I will ever know."

And from New York came the ex-husband's almost equally heart-felt agreement, with a few extra flowers thrown at Billie.

The beautiful Dove was terrifically upset at the printed story that Irvin had returned to an empty home in Hollywood during the Christmas vacation.

"Irvin knew the house was closed," she protested in pretty outrage at the insinuation. "We understood each other fully as to what was to happen before we decided to separate." And, somehow or other, you just know that they did. Almost the very essence of understanding, you might say, including a lot of things that weren't in the property settlement.

Silence Is Golden

GLORIA and her Hank made a promise, too, or so the wiseacres say, that needed no lawyer to phrase it.

They just weren't going to pay any attention to those "separation" rumors that were constantly cropping up. If they were ever divorced, they would attend to that little detail themselves—and not let the press do it for them. Even when Hank's "engagement" to Constance Bennett floated back to Hollywood, Gloria said nothing. Hank said:

"How absurd. Miss Bennett is merely my star. I arranged a contract for her. And I am still the husband of Gloria Swanson."

When Cy Bartlett takes it into his mind to don the grease-paint and play a minor part in one of his girl friend's pictures, it is all agreed between Alice White and First National that the fact isn't to be played up. Being a wise child for all her blondeness, Alice isn't so keen about playing up her romance. Neither is First National.

Five-Year Contract

"HOOT and I have made a funny agreement," said young Sally Eilers, referring to that dashing horseman of the plains, M. Gibson, her fiancé, "and even our marriage license, when we take it out, won't cover a clause we have made up for ourselves.

"We have merely promised each other that we are going to stay married for five years!

"That may sound funny. The marriage vow is supposed to hold for life. But we aren't kidding ourselves. We know Hollywood and we know how easy divorce is regarded. One good quarrel, and blooey—see a lawyer!

"But it isn't going to be so easy for us.

"We have promised that no matter what the misunderstanding may be we are going to weather it for five years. In other words, we are going to give ourselves plenty of opportunity to adjust any little differences we might have.

"Why not? Five years seems a short time when a player signs a movie contract. In that time he may bicker and quarrel with his company and they may hit many a rocky road together, but they both know that they are bound for the duration of that time. It makes their adjustments easier. And so they kiss and make-up—

"Marriage is the most important contract of them all. Why not give it an equal chance? It isn't necessary to sign any papers. It just goes as a sporting proposition between two people who should know their own minds. And I think Hoot and I do."

Dinner Is Served

(*Continued from page 66*)

with hearts of lettuce or endive, scared to death that it is going to slip and slide into the lap of the dowager opposite, and finally giving up the whole thing as a bad job? I always have served knives with my salads, and now I am glad to see that the silly social ban against them has been lifted and silverware companies are actually making salad knives as well as forks."

Some of Betty's rules for making hospitality painless for those who give parties (and also those who go to them) may be of help to would-be hostesses. Not that Betty considers herself the Emily Post of Hollywood, by any means!

First of all, she believes that the service in entertaining is just as important as the things served. Early in the morning of a party day she has the salad plates, the fruit-cocktail glassesand water glasses put into the ice box to chill. It takes much longer to get dishes cold than to get them hot—says Betty—and is no less important.

Next in importance is the setting of the table. Open house on Sunday afternoons is the Cruze habit, and on these occasions the food is arranged, buffet style, on the dining-room table—with plates, napkins and silver in piles—and the guests help themselves. For luncheons or formal dinner parties, however, Betty chooses a lace cloth; a china service of gay design; crystal white glassware and silver of an ultra modern pattern, with long-handled, short-bladed knives which prove pleasant to the fingers; and forks of the same style. Her table is set carefully. You may believe you know everything there is about setting a table—but listen to Betty Compson!

"I have my covers at least twenty-two inches apart," Betty says, "—it's so uncomfortable to sit too close to one's neighbor. You can't talk so well if you are crowded, and the talk is more important to any dinner party than the food. Then I don't try to put all the silver to be used during the meal on the table at once. The dessert spoons or forks and coffee spoons are brought in when they are needed, just before the dessert is served; and that saves space. Of course, the forks go on the left of the plate and the spoons and knives on the right hand, with the butter spreader—if hostess and guests aren't all dieting!—laid across the small plate at the upper left of the cover.

"I am awfully particular about my coffee. If you serve good coffee, half of your hostess cares are solved. It's the highlight of the meal, and so I make quite a ceremony of serving it. My coffee pot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl are the same pattern as my silverware. I pile the cups and saucers in two's on my left, with the coffee pot on my right, and the sugar and cream pitcher in front of me. The sugar is served in lump form on the saucer and the coffee spoon is laid on the saucer, too. If the guest takes cream, I add that before passing the cup. The less passing of pitchers and bowls back and forth, the more comfortable people are, I think.

"It may be more formal to serve demitasse without cream, but men—and women, too—like big cups, and I want my guests to have what they like."

For table decoration Betty uses flowers and candles in glass holders of irregular shape and size. She buys non-drip candles in pastel shades that harmonize with her flower color scheme, and—here's a trick that is Betty's own—she also keeps the candles in the ice chest for twenty-four hours before the party begins! This hardens them so that they burn slowly and steadily throughout the longest dinner.

"Betty does things so *easily*," her guests marvel. "Why, she actually seems to *enjoy* giving a luncheon or a dinner!"



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Making Gay In A Big Way

(*Continued from page 77*)

on the noble six hundred. Not that I want to be statistical and drag in money matters, but this wedding of one of the daughters of a czar of motion pictures is reputed to have cost in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars. An estimate on the gifts, which include magnificent presents of silver from President Hoover, and also from ex-President Coolidge, runs into double that amount.

The lounge room of the Mayfair had been transformed into a bower of Spring. An improvised altar at the far end of the room contained not one block of wood foundation, but was literally built of costly spring blossoms and gardenias. Ropes of lily-of-the-valley and fern decorated the "pews." Great branches of peach, cherry and apple blossoms formed an arch for the bridal aisle. When Earl Burnett's famous recording orchestra broke into The Wedding March, the effect was of a cathedral in an apple orchard.

Wedding Sequence

DOWN the aisle came the wedding party. The bride, Edith, in luscious white created by Adrian, carrying a bouquet of one-dozen-and-a-half white orchids massed in lily-of-the-valley! The bridesmaids: May McAvoy, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies, Catherine Bennett in shimmery blue satin, each with a garland of two-dozen pink camellias wired over her arm! The maid of honor, Irene Mayer, sister of the bride, in pale pink, carrying sweetheart roses.

Celebrated producers and directors lost among the mob might easily have sighed. Here was a production! Not even the wedding sequence of the Paul Whiteman "King of Jazz" Revue was up to this.

One hundred tables in the supper room seated six people each. More masses of Spring blossoms. Centerpieces of pale roses. At the long bridal table miniature dolls, in exact replica of dress and appearance, served as place-cards for the bridesmaids and their escorts. Alternating orchestras of dance and dinner music played continually. As for the guests, here are a few: Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, Lady Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg and five hundred and eighty others of Hollywood's first, foremost and finest.

Though the pre-nuptial parties could not be said to equal this climaxing event, they were well worth their details. Twenty-five hundred dollars for an evening's entertainment is not to be ignored even in Hollywood, and this is the reputed cost of Corinne Griffith's party for two hundred at the Embassy, where a nice little meal may be obtained at ten dollars per plate.

Entertainment De Luxe

EQUALLY elaborate was the Thalberg-Shearer party at the Ambassador, where ten acts of Orpheum vaudeville were engaged to entertain the guests. Abe Lyman's forty-piece band alternated with the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove Orchestra in musical honors. The Albertina Rasch ballet (you've seen them in almost every "back-stage" story produced this year) offered their famous "white wig" ensemble number. Blue, white and green spotlights in pastel rays flooded the dance floor like a pale rainbow. A silver-voiced announcer introduced the highest-priced talent of the Coast, one number after the other. But such a very good time was being had that the guests supplied most of the entertainment themselves. While several headline acts were left stranded high and dry because no one was watching, Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire) and a prominent executive of M-G-M did an original tango that was the "hit" of the evening.

And thus it was that with celebration and fiesta a young princess of Hollywood entered into matrimony, with famous names of all cinema land paying her tribute.

But Hollywood is not one to forget that there was real royalty in our midst; nor do the entertainments for Lady Mountbatten suffer in comparison.

Grand Gestures

NO one gives a party like Marion Davies and perhaps her dinner for Her Ladyship was one of the most elaborate that even Marion has sponsored. The "buffet" dinner has long been the custom in Hollywood when entertaining over twenty-five guests; but Marion's spacious dining-room at her beach home *seated* seventy people at one mammoth T-shaped table. A cobwebby lace cloth covered the entire table, which was lavishly decorated in white orchids and silver. Soft lights were reflected in tiers of shining goblets. In keeping with Marion's color scheme of white-and-silver, even the moon was obliging enough to shimmer on the deep blue waters of the Pacific, glimpsed through the large French window. Marion herself wore white. So did Lady Mountbatten. Norma Talmadge was in deep rose. Hedda Hopper in coral. Norma Shearer was exquisite in blue, which was also favored by Joan Crawford. Paul Whiteman was there as a guest. His band had been engaged for the evening. Incidentally, they tell a little story concerning Marion and Paul that evening:

When the festivities were over, Marion, in an aside to Paul, suggested that he send a bill for the "rental" of his band the following morning. "Oh, forget it, Marion," said Paul, "the boys had a great time. There isn't any bill."

And that was the end of that, except that two days later Mr. Paul Whiteman received at his hotel a little gift from Miss Davies. Just a little thought of appreciation—*diamond* studs for his dress shirt!

Believe It or Not

THE next evening, Mary Pickford entertained at Pickfair. Practically the same guests attended, plus about thirty youngsters like Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen, and yes,—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Not only was this a brilliant social affair, but it was the official paternal blessing on the union of Doug and Joan, who have been conspicuously absent from Pickfair since their marriage. There was laughter and music and people, people, people. Nor was this evening without one of those little anecdotes which make Hollywood parties such interesting bait for relay gossip for those present or absent.

"My dear, did you hear what happened to Joan Crawford at the Pickfair party?" is the way it begins.

Whereupon everyone becomes all ears.

"Well, she was simply gorgeously gowned in white with a long, long train. Don't forget the train. It really extended."

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"And don't forget that it was Joan's official recognization back in the Pickfair fold."

"Please——"

"Who do you suppose put her foot in the train, or rather got it caught there, and accidentally tore it off the dress!"

"Who, for heaven's sake?"

"Lady Mountbatten!"

She Obeyed That Impulse

(*Continued from page 86*)

The very next day she went to New York. She had a couple of hundred dollars. She knew a couple of people. She got a job as a chorus girl with the "Greenwich Village Follies," presided over by that discerning expert, John Murray Anderson. Rehearsals were not finished before Mary was made a principal in the show. John Murray Anderson had heard her sing . . .

It was only a couple of steps from the "Greenwich Village Follies" to the "Ziegfeld Follies." Mary occupied the proud post of prima donna for two years. Some girls, prima donna-ing for Ziegfeld, would feel that they had attained Nirvana. But not Mary. All the while she was delighting the eyes and ears of the discriminating butter-and-egg men and the equally discriminating out-of-town sightseers, she was studying voice under William Thorner, one of the best-known coaches in America. And in due course of time, as the story goes, she attracted the attention of that Croesus of Music, Otto Kahn. An audition was arranged for her with Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan. And this impeccable authority told Mary that she had "an opera voice." She needed, he said, some European training. Languages. An acquisition of an opera repertoire.

Another Departure

MARY had saved up about two thousand dollars. She knew no one in Europe. She was under contract to Mr. Ziegfeld. Well, what of it? Life had another great plan nearing completion for her. All she needed to do was to walk out to meet it. She did.

Which brings my suggested best-seller to the point where it became a very best-seller, indeed, and familiar to all readers about celebrities and their rises to Fame. Triumphs in Paris and Vienna, in Czecho-Slovakia, and in Nice and Monte Carlo. Vienna heard her sing *Marguerite* in "Faust" and in Monte Carlo she was *Musetta* in "La Boheme." She sang "The Merry Widow" at the Casino de Paris at the special request of Franz Lehar, who had consented to the performance only on the condition that the young American singer fill the leading part.

News of Mary's success had filtered back to America. The Press was laudatory. And the Shuberts offered her a thousand dollars a week to sing the title rôle in Sigmund Romberg's "Princess Flavia." Mary was tempted. Money hadn't been movie-plentiful. But she refused to shelve her operatic aspirations. The propulsion didn't work that way. And to prove how accurate is Mary's Inner Voice, she was rewarded six months later when the Metropolitan Opera signed her on contract as one of its stars.

And now . . .

Now Hollywood wants her for a sunbeam and Mary has signed a contract with Pathé for two years under the terms of which she will receive a salary approximating four thousand dollars for each minute she actually appears on the screen.

Not bad . . for a fiction story of a little girl who began life in an orphanage . . .

An Irish Viking

MARY has brooked no obstacles. Defeat is not in her vocabulary. She is of Irish origin, but her spiritual fatherland might be Scandinavia, for there is more than a little of the intrepid Viking in Mary. Daring and adventurous and resourceful. The courage of her own convictions. The courage to obey powerful, sometimes obscure, promptings and to go forth to meet new calls.



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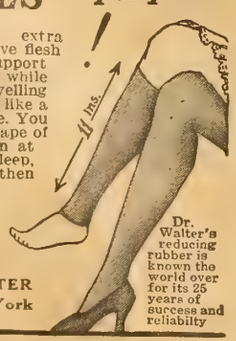
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International Newsreel

Youth regained: Mary Miles Minter, before and after losing thirty pounds recently. She says, "There is nothing unusual about my diet. I have plenty to eat, play tennis and other wholesome sports, and above all stay happy"

Taking the Die Out of Diet

(*Continued from page 30*)

But, in spite of all these "quick," "easy," and expensive methods of losing weight, Hollywood has come to the reluctant conclusion that the only effective way to reduce is through the menu card. While some stars still sit in electric torture chairs, and patronize sulphur bath establishments, the great majority of those whose waistlines threaten to get out of control practise dieting in some form or other. Hollywood restaurants print various diets on the reverse side of their bills-of-fare. Hollywood hosts and hostesses serve diet dinners and diet luncheons.

The Three Ways

THERE are three main methods of dieting. One is to fast entirely, or to cut down the amount of food to a minimum. (Since this is likely to result in anemia and general weakness, it is not popular.) Another diet method—that of subsisting on one article or combination of articles of food entirely, such as lamb chops and pineapple, hard-boiled egg and tomato, or nothing but fruit or vegetable juices—has proved to result in acidosis, stomach trouble and other ills. The favorite diet procedure is a low caloric regimen in which, however, all the food elements necessary to health are furnished. This varies with individual cases. Men (oh yes, men players in Hollywood, as well as the women, have to diet) require a somewhat different diet from women; young players in their teens need a different balance of fats and minerals from that of older people. Stars whose work is strenuous outdoor drama require more heat-producing elements than those who play in society pictures.

But there is a certain similarity in Hollywood diets, nevertheless. Certain items appear in nearly all the diet menus. Bran, for instance, is a favorite food for dieters, because it furnishes the necessary roughage without which reducers fall heir to stomach disorders. Fruit juices, vegetable juices, salads (with "reducing dressing"), gelatine (for bone health), milk, soups, bacon, and many other foods appear on practically all the safe Hollywood diets. It will amaze some of you to learn that many of the stars include candy on their diet lists!

Since a starvation regimen is bad for the voice, the singers in the talkies reduce as much as possible by massage and exercise, and maintain their loss of weight by an ample, but non-fattening menu such as Mary Lewis has adopted to supplement her loss of twenty-three pounds in three weeks.

Diet in Hollywood has passed beyond the experimental stage and has become a fairly exact science. While all rigorous diets should be carried on under the advice of a physician, the picture people and their dieticians have proved that it is not only safe, but often beneficial to health, to take off unnecessary weight. Clara Bow returned from a trip East minus twenty pounds; Helen Kane took off as many in her first three weeks in Hollywood. Alice White's dieting threatened her health for a while, but saved her picture popularity.

We shall pass on to our readers the experience of these and other famous screen dieters. We shall give them, not the freak menus which remove weight at the risk of health, but the successful diets which have been proved over and over again in Hollywood.

From Gloria to Glory

(*Continued from page 74*)

Others followed: "Rio Rita" and the rest. And three years after the beginning of his Great Adventure, he bowed from the stage of the world's greatest cinema cathedral in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic cheers of thousands. The theater was the Roxy, in New York. The first film it ever presented was "The Loves of Sunya." Which was John's first, too.

Questions and Answer

"HOW does it feel to be a big shot, John?" That's what they asked him when the train stopped in Chicago and the photographers and reporters piled aboard.

"How does it feel to be a big shot, John?" That's what they asked him when the train pulled into New York.

"Fine, jus' fine," he smiled. And thought the while of meals eaten in one-arm lunchrooms. Of park benches. Of thin-soled shoes. And thin, worn dimes. Yes, take John's word for it, it's jus' fine to be a big shot.

He wired from the train asking that Universal get him a room from which a tree would be visible. "I'm just a country boy," he added, "and I like the out-doors." So they engaged him a ritzy suite overlooking the city's swankiest park. There's still a tree in it. And between visits from a constant line of callers, John kept his perspective clear by gazing from the window down at the park in the city's noisy heart.

After three years of quiet in the Hollywood hills, the staccato tumult of the metropolis beat in upon his being like the rat-tat-tat of a riveting machine. That's what impressed him most—the driving power of the master monster that knouts its millions to never-ending feverish activity—on—on—on. To-day's achievements. To-morrow's ruins. The accomplishments of one hour, the débris of the next. No rest. Always onward toward goals obscured in a haze of half-formed dreams. Unattainable, but always striving and struggling.

Homesick for Hollywood

"I'LL be glad to get back," he told me. "A few weeks of this go a long way. I'd like to be walkin' in the hills right now. It's been theaters, night-clubs—this and that—ever since we arrived. I'm plumb tired out.

"Once I thought I couldn't live without the theater. But now I know I can. It's changed, somehow. Maybe because most of the big personalities of the stage have migrated to Hollywood. It will take a long time to replace them.

"It's doubtful if they'll ever be replaced. Even the most 'artistic' artist likes recompense for his work. It's the most substantial form of recognition, after all. And there's more gold in the silver screen than there ever was on Broadway stages. The best—writers, directors, actors—will go to Hollywood.

"The screen—the talking screen—will do more in ten years to spread culture and beauty than the stage—histrionic or operatic—has done in centuries. Europe, for instance, has a musical background which has been built during hundreds of years. America will have it in a decade, despite the country's enormous proportions, through the medium of the singing cinema.

"Opera, now notoriously on the decline, will experience a renaissance through the screen. Not in its old, labored form, but in bright, new raiment. There will be evolved a new form in which dialogue and music are skilfully blended. The finest arias and phrases of the old operas will be preserved, and even greater musical beauties will be

(*Continued on page 115*)



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Ah call yo', Amos. Wat yo' got?
Ah got a pain, dat's wat Ah got. It say heah in dese cahds dey's 'not'ah fish 'sides de Kingfish heah'bouts

I'se Amos, — I'se Andy

(*Continued from page 49*)

In what?

In w'atever de talkie's goin' tuh be.

W'atever it's goin' tuh be, Amos, it's goin' tuh be good. Say, Amos, I'se got a name. Ah'd retile it "Amos 'n' Andy in Check an' Double Check."

Well, Andy, Ah cain't wait tuh get dere. Ah's always wanted tuh see this heah Cla'h Bow in de pusson. Hm! hm!

When yo' see Cla'h Bow in de pusson, Amos, yo'll disremembah all 'bout Ruby Taylah. Now yo' take de Madam. She can stack up wiv Cla'h Bow.

Ain't yo' 'fraid Madam Queen will steal de picher?

No, no, Amos. Nobody can steal de picher from Andy Brown. Ah s'pose we'll hab tuh do a powful lot of work. Get up early in de mawnin' and ack all day undah a reculah light.

Don't mess wid dat.

I'se not messin'. I'se tellin' yo'. An' we'll have tuh ack in front o' de cam'a and de micophone at de same time.

Well, Andy, we's used tuh de micophone. Dat'll be easy. Ah don' know 'bout de cam'a.

Dat'll be easy, too, Amos. All we got tuh do is tuh do wat de darectah say. If he say I gotta kiss de Madam, ah kiss her, das all.

Ah think we'd bettah see de picher men to-day an' sign de contak.

If der's any signin' to do, ah'l do it, Amos.

Well, les go down now. Ah cain't wait. Ah'l drive de taxicab down.

Sho, sho, an' we'll leave it dere. Wat do we want wiv a taxicab an' a million dollahs? We can buy one of dem Roll Royce. . .

In Person

AND so we leave Amos 'n' Andy on their way to the heavy sugar of Hollywood, to new fame and new fortune in the talkies.

Thus a new and glowing chapter is added to American romance. Less than a year ago Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) and Charles J. Correll (Andy) were earning one hundred dollars a week as radio entertainers. To-day they are the most popular and highest salaried stars on the microphones.

The life history of Gosden and Correll is embraced within a span of forty years. It was in 1890 that the latter was born in Peoria, Ill. Gosden, nine years younger, is a native of Richmond, Va. He was raised among Negro servants and comes by his dialect naturally. He taught Correll the dialect after they had met in Durham, N. C., in 1919 and formed a partnership for the production of amateur shows.

They also appeared on the vaudeville stage. With the advent of radio, however, they saw new opportunities and in 1925 they made their début on the air in Chicago. A year later they created the blackface characters of Sam 'n' Henry, and in 1928 they presented Amos 'n' Andy on the air.

Amos 'n' Andy are authentic. It is their genuineness, their ability to reflect with uncanny humanness the bewildering life of two Harlem Negroes that has made them the outstanding figures in the amusement world. They do not set traps for wisecracks. They neither exaggerate nor burlesque. Their fun proceeds, as it should, out of their characterization and the blundering situations into which they fall.

The telephone companies report fewest calls during their microphonic appearances. Motion picture theaters have installed receiving sets to hold their patrons during the Amos 'n' Andy periods.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood is hard upon their heels? Hollywood, in its spendthrift way, captures them all sooner or later. We think Hollywood is especially fortunate to have now . . . Amos 'n' Andy in person.

Here they are!

From Gloria to Glory

(*Continued from page 113*)

composed primarily for distribution to the people via the movies.

A Disciple of Romance

"AMERICA has suffered cultural decline in the last twenty years. I speak particularly of the South and West with which I am most familiar. The old-time love of beauty has somehow dwindled to nothingness. The youth of the land has been hurried through an educational process calculated to enable it to earn bread and butter. The finer things have been grievously neglected. The music of the screen will supply this deficiency.

"Modern economic pressure is stifling the romance, the imagination, the cultural civilization of the nation. The trend is too greatly toward realism, commercialism, materialism. There is too little appreciation of fantasy, beauty, the lofty ideals without which life must become a pretty sordid business. Motion pictures will provide an essential relief to the disheartening, depressing, soul-slaying seamy side of existence.

"When I work in a song cinema, it is not my thought that I am merely making another picture. No, there's something more than that. In itself such labor would be insufficient. But there is the great idea that when the product is completed it will do its small share toward accomplishing the things of which we have spoken.

"That's the thing that makes it jus' fine to work in the talkies. And that's what brings happiness. Personally, I don't know of a thing in the world that I want which isn't mine. After all, a fellow can't have more than a home in that California sunshine, a wife he loves and a couple of kids to grow up strong and healthy in the open air. These things—and work which is as fascinating as mine—are as much as life holds."

And that, perhaps, is why John Boles replies "fine, jus' fine," when the hosts that crowd around success slap him on the shoulder and ask:

"Hello, old boy, old boy, how does it feel to be a big shot?"

She Doesn't Play

(*Continued from page 82*)

—her first home, moreover, after a lifetime of moving from hotel to hotel. A two-year-old baby, Jane by name, whom she adores. A husband, likewise. Work which she enjoys, bringing in money enough so that in three years' time she will be able, if she wants, to forsake it for work which she loves—writing. And finally, a level head with which to mint solid contentment out of the mere crude ore of worldly success. Or call it, if you like, a sense of humor.

A movie queen with a sense of humor! This, indeed, is too much. Open a bottle of the 1914 Clicquot, varlet, for we would celebrate appropriately this marvel which King Talkie has wrought!

"We're so happy, Harry and I" (Harry is surnamed Bannister and fills the husband rôle), "that we're scared, sometimes."

I liked the line as Ann spoke it. A score of movie queens, living in a paradise of fools, say it regularly to interviewers because it looks good in print. Ann said it because it was literally true, I felt.

A Home at Last

"I WAS born at an army post, and as far back as I remember I've never stopped traveling around from place to place; first from one army post to another, then from one hotel to another after I went on the

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Look at any one of the advertisements in this magazine. Its sponsor is well known. That's his signature in clean, cold type—and he realizes that incorrect statements above it would jeopardize the health—the very existence of his business.

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Palmer Students Have Successfully
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Palmer Training covers ALL the elements of writing for the talkies. Located in the heart of the Movie industry—Hollywood—Palmer Institute is endorsed by such great directors, screen-writers and authors as Charles Kenyon, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, etc. *Mrs. M. M. H., Barre, Vt., Palmer Graduate, recently won $1000 in "Photoplay Magazine" contest.* Send coupon for list of other successful Palmer graduates making $100 to $1000 writing screen stories!

FREE! *Coupon brings you free 3 months' subscription to famous writers' magazine! LATEST movie news of Hollywood!*

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Just wipe off Freckles, Enlarged Pores, Skin Blemishes this AMAZING NEW WAY.

A NEW SKIN—clear, youthful, radiant, lies just beneath the surface of your old *outer* skin. *Remove* your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, large pores, signs of coarseness and age—simply, safely, quickly—with an amazing NEW American discovery. No bother—no fuss. Presto—off comes your old, faded, worn out, blemished, *useless outer skin*. Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.

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The Answer Man
Motion Picture Magazine
1501 Broadway New York City

stage. I was never in New York long enough at a time to get a home. Now I don't care if I never go back there. This is a grand place for us—a paradise for bringing up our child.

"There aren't enough trees, but we're transplanting them to our grounds, and planting new ones, which seem to shoot up like magic. Our home is nearly finished. It's on top of a high hill, with a view in all directions that takes your breath away. We have built it on the other side of the hills from Hollywood, to be far enough away to get some privacy. Most of our friends are non-professionals in Pasadena, and we have a grand time with them. But the Hollywood social life is a bit too much for us. So we live off the beaten track, and it doesn't bother us.

"You know, before we came West we heard so much about the parties 'you have to attend' and political moves of one sort or another 'you have to make' to get along in the movies. It scared us a bit; but fortunately we've been under contract all the time and haven't had to bother. I just can't go in for this business of mixing up careerist politics with one's private life. I could never entertain people I loathed just to get work out of them.

Talkies Preferred

"BUT I've always been so lucky. Most of the time I was on the stage I was under contract to A. H. Woods. Here I have been with Pathé all the time, although for five months now I haven't been near the studio—just received my check by mail every week. I like the atmosphere here at Pathé tremendously. There seems to be more time for the amenities of life than at most of the studios. And I like talkie work, too—better than the stage. It is so much more varied and less exhausting.

"It's very amusing in a lot of ways, this work in pictures. I enjoy the fan letters people send me. In my theater days I'd get perhaps one every day. Now they come by the mailbag-full, from all parts of the world. Many of them seem to be from college boys, and they all get a desire to talk at length about their ideals. That may be because I have long hair. Every now and again, the studio people try to have me cut it off. 'The fans will never copy that coiffure,' they say. I never knew before that they tried to make fans copy actresses' coiffures. But my long hair stays.

"Harry and I have a joint contract with Pathé. They can't throw one of us out without the other. Then, too, they can't ask us to work for at least two weeks after finishing a picture. So the working conditions so far as we're concerned are perfect.

Happy Thoughts

"I DON'T believe I am a great actress, or ever will be one. I have had to work very hard to make a success of it; and I have no illusions about myself. Eventually, when we have enough money and when the public is tired of me, I shall settle down to write—to write plays, picture stories and anything else I may want to do. If I can keep it up for three years, I shall be able to do what I want after that. Our tastes are so simple—we don't run to yachts and liveried chauffeurs. If the fans haven't tired of me by that time, we shall then be able to live comfortably—not luxuriously—for the rest of our lives."

There you have your Ann Harding. I can't find any poses, complexes or temperamental what-nots in her. She strikes me as just a thoroughly happy woman, which is the rarest thing in the world.

I am a Bolshevik, and "happy" people are to me like red rags to a bull.

But the contentment of Ann Harding soothes, charms and pleases me. I have a very strange feeling that she has a perfect right to be happy.

not for ladies only

The ladies like it,
The records say.

Feminine instinct
For the best, no doubt.

For style, and class,
And cleverness—
The ability
To do new things
In a new way—
And set a glamourous pace
That others
Cannot follow.

But—
Men also know
A good thing
When they see one.

For men appreciate
Honesty, thoroughness,
Sophistication—
And know when
They are getting
Their money's worth.

They prefer good red meat
To hasty pudding.

And both are satisfied
When they read

Motion Picture
- CLASSIC -

"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

Taking You for a Ride

(*Continued from page 71*)

stuff, and then promptly go back to work and forget about it. Long and wearisome speeches are directed at our celebrity by assistant executives who have him in tow, telling without a trace of a sense of humor all the glories and wonders of their particular organization as compared with others.

Badgered by photographers and baby stars, talked at as if he had the intelligence of a four-year-old tot, and pestered by press-agents for "impressions" of the studio (which will be embroidered into songs of praise for everything on the lot), one can hardly blame the visitor if he becomes slightly nauseated, especially after the canned caviar so liberally heaped on his plate at the "official" lunch.

The Coolidge Bout

"HOSPITALITY," which seems to have as its one object the using of the guest's name for the host's advantage, should perhaps have some other and more fitting word coined for it.

Hollywood's last bout of hospitality was in honor of the Calvin Coolidges. Northampton's First Citizen, who is noted for keeping cool under the most trying circumstances, surpassed himself by saying hardly a word during his entire tour of the studios. But, indeed, it would have been hard for him to get a word in edgewise, so many people were talking at him at once and so many stars were led up to be photographed with him.

The Breakfast Club had got him at the start of the day, and Mrs. Coolidge had contributed to the general merriment there by making a speech consisting of the words "Hello, Ham!" Then came Warner Brothers' studio, United Artists' and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mary Pickford and Will Hays, perspiring slightly from nervousness, accompanied the party from start to finish, and came in for a good share of photographing. Mr. Coolidge had especially asked that business should be as usual and that the tour be a quiet one. But the occasion was too much for the studio moguls, who had batteries of photographers, press-agents and baby stars pursuing the famous man relentlessly. The publicity gained from the Coolidges' day in the studios was worth thousands.

Ignorance Is Bliss

THE almost complete ignorance of its celebrated visitors' achievements is attested by Hollywood's frequent habit of getting their names wrong. When a famous author arrives from England, for instance, he is invariably addressed as, and referred to, as "Sir" something-or-other. An Indian Maharajah, who was a visitor some months ago, was named differently by each of four studios he visited.

Titled visitors are always good for plenty of publicity. On many occasions impostors have arrived on the scene, and have been shown the works exactly as if they were the real thing. Nobody took the trouble to find out whether they were genuine or not. The impostors thought they had put over a superb hoax on the studios; but they were all wrong. The stars who were photographed with the Marquis of Dogsbody got just the same publicity as those whose pictures were taken clasping the Mountbattens around the neck. The studio people were quite right; it would have been a waste of time to look up the credentials of titled visitors, as nobody else knew the difference, anyway. If their stars got good publicity out of it, they had no kick coming. So why kick!

THE FOLLY OF FAT

PROVED FOR 22 YEARS—AND TO MANY

CONSIDER the fact that countless people, for many years, have been fighting fat in the modern way. No abnormal exercise or diet to bring harm.

Note the results you see everywhere. Slender figures now prevail. Excess fat is the exception. New youth and beauty, new health and vigor, have come to multitudes in the easy, pleasant, right way.

One great reason is a discovery that science made some years ago. It was found that most fat people had an underactive gland. That gland largely controls nutrition, and its weakness leads to fat.

Modern physicians, since that discovery, have applied a new treatment to obesity. They have fed the lacking substance.

Marmola prescription tablets, prepared by a famous laboratory, contain the factors they employ. So this effective and right method is at everyone's command.



Marmola has been used for 22 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others the results until Marmola now stands alone. A book in each box gives the formula and explains the reasons for results. So users know what they are taking and why the good effects appear.

Is it not folly to stay fat when so many have found an easy way to slender, normal figures? And the right way. Go try the method they employed. Watch the results from a box or two of Marmola, then decide for yourself what it means. A right condition means much to you. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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"I DEPEND on just one shampoo to keep my hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights, and that's Blondex," says Jeanette Loff, lovely Universal star. "Blondex quickly brings back the true color and lustrous sheen to light hair that has faded or streaked," says Mary Nolan, beautiful star, also with Universal.

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Blondex is *safe!* Contains no harmful dyes or chemicals. Brings out all the natural color and gloss of blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Fine for hair and scalp. Over a million enthusiastic users. Try it TODAY! On sale at all good drug stores.





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Universal

MARY NOLAN
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209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



Starting something: out where the three Keaton boys—Buster, Joseph and Bobby—play, there's about to be a race riot

Bad Boy Bickford

(*Continued from page 64*)

"You saw 'Dynamite,' I suppose," he said with a wry smile. "I think pictures like that should be hissed off the screen.

"I'm just beginning to come to an understanding with Thalberg. On the next picture he's going to have me work on the story with the author."

This may be a measure designed to conserve paper and soothe the ruffled feelings of scenario writers, or it may be the powers-that-be deciding that Bickford is really an intelligent man with ideas worth listening to.

He's Been Around

IT seems Charlie has always been incorrigible, even as a boy. Even his mother, he said, thought she had quite a package. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and used to be a sort of construction engineer around Boston, building bridges and subways and things like that. Then he ran away from home and became a hobo—the kind that always lives somewhere and has plenty to eat, he explained.

He joined the Navy as the easiest means of getting transportation to California, but suddenly found himself down in the boiler room of a ship, shoveling coal and headed on a trip around the world. The Navy doesn't put out any false advertising. You see the world, and like it.

Bickford didn't like it at all. He was a coal-heaver with finer sensibilities, and the beauties of the Orient were wasted on him.

"China, for instance," he said. "The people were diseased, and it was so filthy dirty that I was unable to see any of its picturesque sides. And all the time I was there, I couldn't eat a thing. You'd start to eat something, and you'd lost your appetite, wondering what the cook had."

It was there that he learned to wipe off every spoon and fork before putting it in his mouth, a habit that still persists, even in the comparative purity of the M-G-M commissary.

Where His Money Goes

WHEN the Navy let him go, he wandered back to New York and got that effeminate job in a burlesque show, and from there it was a logical step to his present status as he-man extraordinary of the stage and screen.

He's a great success and he's made a lot of money, but he doesn't invest it in such effete projects as stocks and bonds. He has a leaning toward more virile things, such as markets and pig farms. He recently bought two whaling ships, with the object of selling them later at a considerable profit. But meanwhile he supplies most of the whales for the Embalmed Whale Exhibits that are being sent through the interior of the United States.

He is very much interested in all these things, and can even regale you with the instructive details of whale-embalming, which is accomplished by a man who puts on a diver's suit and walks into the whale's interior.

He has a half-interest in an animal supply company, which provided a rare fish for the title rôle of "The Sea Bat," Bickford's next picture.

He owns a gas station and restaurant across from the M-G-M studio, and was planning to work there if his quarrel with the officials led to his dismissal. He hoped it would annoy them. Fortunately for a world of women who crave brute strength, it's all settled and he has been spared—until the next bout.

Differences of Opinion

BICKFORD has almost become a Cause in his own right. There are two distinct factions around the studio. One claims that Charlie is all bluster, that he doesn't tear up scripts, that he always shows up for rehearsal and does what he's told in the end, and that the adulation he receives is entirely from ladies susceptible to his brutish sex appeal.

Then there are the Bickford-addicts who maintain that it's all true, that his intelligence has saved many a picture, that he has supreme courage, that he will talk back to anybody, and that he never makes an idle boast.

You can take your choice.

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Sylvia, the famous masseuse out at** Pathé, has literally beaten obesity out of the babies.

2—**It hasn't been smooth sailing for John** Gilbert in a vocal way.

3—**Catherine Dale Owen—if you must** know.

4—**Sue and Nick were secretly married so** long that they got the habit.

5—**Johnny Considine and Carmen Pan-**tages were to have been married last September—now he is being seen with the delectable Joan Bennett, while she is cavorting about with Tommy Lee.

6—**Billie Dove continues to speak so kindly** of Irvin Willat that one wonders at the separation.

7—**Edith Mayer Goetz has a papa named** Louis B. Mayer who has friends in Washington, D. C.

8—**There is, apparently, to be no heir-**apparent. Mary and Doug dislike the idea of being grandma and grandpa while they are still on the screen—or so the story goes.

9—**Janet Gaynor seems to be having a** hard time getting the folks to take her Lydell seriously!

10—**You may be thinking of Northamp-**ton's foremost citizen, but we're thinking of William S. Hart, the one and only.

11—**No one can figure out why James** Kirkwood continues so obstinate—since Lila really wants her freedom.

12—**Colleen Moore became fed-up on a** lot of different things all at once—or am I twisted?

13—**They say that Phil Plant parted with** a cool million in cash when he lost Connie Bennett.

14—**Gary Cooper played one of the cow-**boys in "The Border Legion" just for a laugh.

15—**Eddie Cantor will sing an entire** week at Hollywood's newest Night Club—just because he is such a great friend of George Olsen, the owner.

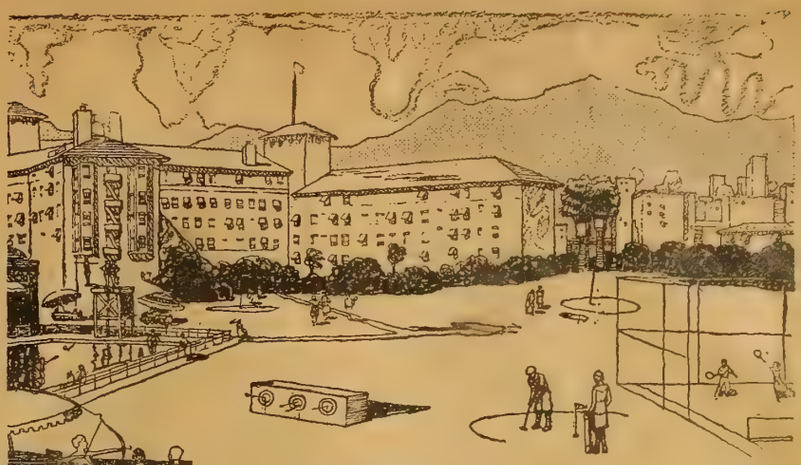
16—**The single game of Pinochle that was** indulged in by Al Jolson and Joe Schenck to see whether Al should pay double-or-nothing for a year's rent of an apartment—at a mere $7,500.00 per.

17—**You'd hardly think to look at him** that Buster Keaton would enjoy playing second base almost as well as he likes playing first comedian.

18—**Who said anything about sex appeal?** We're talking about Marie Dressler, possessor of Hollywood's most mobile features.

19—**Gee! It's great to give you the sad** news. The Sisters "G," taking them both together, wouldn't make a good-sized name.

20—**They had to furnish Davey Lee with** a stepladder when he condescended to "allow for" Marian Nixon.



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42

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Don English

Oasis: according to Prohibition polls, California is not arid—but Clive Brook, landscaping his new home, has discovered that desert greenery can flourish there

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

LEONA—Johnny Risso's loss of an arm in a boyhood accident won him his chance in the movies. Risso, who plays the part of a one-armed newsboy in "Street of Chance," did not let his infirmity deter him from athletic pursuits. He won his tennis letter for three years at the University of California and was a favorite mixed-doubles partner of the then Helen Wills at the Berkeley Tennis Club. Charles Morton, Janet Gaynor, Barry Norton and Nancy Drexel had the leads in "The Four Devils."

B. E. H.—Stanley Smith is appearing in "Queen High." Receives his fan mail at the Paramount Studios. He is about twenty-five years old. Amos 'n' Andy have signed the dotted line at Arkayo to appear in "Check and Double Check." Amos' real name is Freeman F. Gosden, born Richmond, Va., 1899. Andy, Charles J. Correll, born Peoria, Ill., 1890. They're not regusted.

ME—Hope this won't be your last letter? You bet, we're always glad to hear from you. J. Harold Murray was born at South Berwick, Maine, Feb. 17, 1891. Began his stage career as a singer with illustrated colored slides. Sang in Boston and theaters throughout New England. In 1916 went into the music publishing business. Wrote his own songs and sang them in cabarets. Later entered vaudeville and musical comedies. Played the leading rôle in "Rio Rita," which he sang for two and a half years. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, light gray hair and blue eyes. Married and has one child, a boy.

PEST—It's perfectly all right for you to call yourself that. Rita La Roy is about twenty-three years old, five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, black hair and eyes. Miss La Roy appeared on the stage before entering pictures. Has had featured rôles in "Dynamite," "The Delightful Rogue," "Lovin' the Ladies" and "Hawk Island." Baclanova's latest production is "Are You There?" Nils Asther in "The Sea Bat," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

AN ADMIRER—Betty Compson play- ed the violin on the stage before going into pictures. The song she played in "Street Girl" was My Dream Memory. Richard Barthelmess's latest film released is "The Dawn Patrol." "The Circle" was finally titled "Strictly Unconventional." Jack Oakie in "The Social Lion." Helene Costello was married to Lowell Sherman, March 15, 1930.

ME AND MY SHADOW—Well, your shadow will have to write me again for some of those questions, haven't space for 'em all. Sue Carol was born Oct. 30, 1907. Nick Stuart is about twenty-four. Dolores Del Rio, Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905. Dolores Costello, 1906. Loretta Young, Jan. 6. 1912. Ina Claire was born in Philadelphia, Pa., but lived most of her childhood in Washington, D. C. Starting her career in vaudeville, she was a Ziegfeld star in the "Follies" of 1916 and 1917. As a dramatic star, she is the discovery of David Belasco who put her in his success, "Polly with a Past."

PALM LEAVES—Did you see "South Sea Rose" and "Dangerous Paradise"? Those are both South Sea pictures. Richard Arlen is about thirty-one, playing in "The Border Legion." Fay Wray plays opposite. Mona Maris hails from Buenos Aires, Argentine: French and Spanish descent. Educated in France, played on the stage in London and on the screen for UFA in Germany. Latest picture, "Broad Minded."

VIRGINIA H.—Gosh! Virginia, if the players answered all their fan mail, they would never have time to appear in pictures. Nancy Carroll has a sister Jerry, who is planning to enter the movies. Clive Brook's hobby is collecting antique crystals and pewter. A relative in London who is in the antique business sends Clive his choicest pieces and the collection has genuine distinction.

ANNA OF MISHAWAKA—Joe E. Brown has a clowning part opposite Winnie Lightner in "Hold Everything." And he stages a laughable comedy battle in the ring. Billie Dove did not appear in "The Show of Shows." Guess you win the bet. Mary Astor's latest picture is "Cooking Her Goose." Grant Withers played the male lead in "Hearts in Exile."

RUTHY—Glad to hear from you again. Sally Starr was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. She is five feet two, weighs 115 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Not married. Latest production, "Swing High," Pathé. Clara Bow, "True to the Navy." Billie Dove, "The Devil's Playground." Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, July 20, 1906, five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, blonde hair and brown eyes. Miss Damita has been appearing in the stage production of "Sons O' Guns," but is planning to return to the screen.

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

Now, for Betty Compson. She once said that she had two great wants in life. Money and love. Note the order in which she named them. Betty is ambitious. That is why she is one of the few survivors of the silent picture days; that is why she is making thirty-five hundred dollars a week to-day. She works hard, without intervals between pictures. She is one of the most "regular" stars in the movies. No matter what she is asked to do, Betty does it—if it's a possible thing. She gives interviews at odd hours, and poses for publicity stills and fashion layouts at midnight, after a hard day's work. She simply hasn't the time and strength for the frenzied hospitality Jim delights in.

"I hate Flintridge," Betty declared passionately to a friend after she made the second break. "It's too far away—and that awful ride after a long day at the studio. It was too far away to come into town evenings, and I want fun now and then like anybody else. I wanted to go to the Mayfair; I wanted to go up to Santa Barbara to the polo games; I wanted to go to Europe before I get too old to be excited over things. Jim didn't want any of these things. If I went out at all, it was with some other man for escort. It was humiliating!

"Then, those Sunday parties. Open house! I got so I loathed them. People came that I had never seen before in my life. Sometimes they didn't speak to me the whole evening. They complained about the food, and burned cigarette holes in the rugs, and left the house looking like a saloon. It was a nightmare to me—an obsession. I wanted my own life, my own friends—"

One man, the first she ever loved, knew Betty better than any other, perhaps.

Betty Compson's heart history dates back—'way back—to the time when George Loane Tucker directed her in "The Miracle Man." Their love was deep and tragic, for Tucker knew even then that Death stood at his elbow. In the last months of his life, as he lay dying, his only joy was to have Betty stand in his room behind a screen in such a position that he could see her, but she could not see the wreck his sickness had made of him. Standing so, she would talk to him by the hour, and play on her violin—a sad experience for a young girl, and one which Betty Compson has never forgotten.

"Never marry anyone, Betty," they say George Loane Tucker whispered with his last difficult breaths. "You will not be happy, married . . ." And for many years Betty followed his advice.

Then she worked on a picture with another director, a man nearly twenty years older than she, already divorced and the father of a daughter not so very many year younger than Betty herself. The picture was "The Pony Express," and the Director was James Cruze. In 1925 they were married, after a long courtship. Betty insisted on a financial partnership. Her own money was hers to invest as she chose. She and Jim split all the household bills. They were good friends. Pals. "A contented couple," said Hollywood complacently, pointing to them as proof that movie marriages can succeed.

And this movie marriage did succeed—for five years. Then, a little more than a year ago, a fortune-teller whispered to Betty Compson, "You will leave your husband, pretty lady." Perhaps the gypsy put a notion into Betty's head which never afterward quite left it.



Benninger

Sally Blane: The question is—am I jumping to a conclusion? Methinks I see land close by

Helen Kaiser: Nay, 'tis but hard water. And, anyway, I'm here with my little life-preserver



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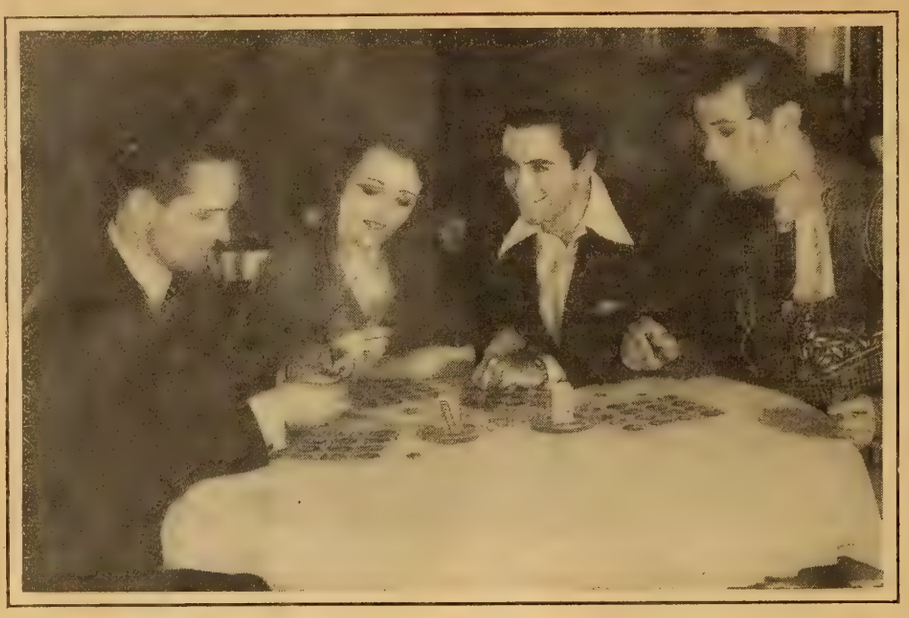


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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

element. Writers, directors, stars, extras, all strive to create the desired atmosphere. Clothes, scenery, mannerisms, speech, are employed to obtain that end. And then—well, take "Marianne," for instance. Everything that could be done to create a typical French atmosphere had been done. The scenery, the appearance of the people, the costumes, the ways and customs of the peasants, the speech, were perfect—until *Marianne* sang "Just Me, Just You." Thus far she had used a delightful French accent when speaking English and had the cutest way of twisting her sentences. And then she sang in *perfect English!* All the atmosphere that had been so painstakingly built up was suddenly torn down by that one little song. Maybe the directors wanted us to catch the words of the song—who knows? But then why not have *Marianne* speak perfect English throughout the entire play? Impossible to have a French peasant girl speak excellent English in a French play? It was just as impossible to hear her sing minus her usual accent. I sincerely hope like mistakes will be eliminated from pictures in the near future.

Martha L. Doehler

Shows for Children

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.—Are not a large percentage of box office receipts admissions of the children? Take a Saturday or Sunday matinée, the greater percentage of the audience will be children.

With this in view I think that the producers should occasionally film a picture that would really be for the kiddies.

It is true that we have a number of kid comedies but most likely the feature picture will be a Murder Story, and what Mother wants her children to see a picture of that type?

Come on, Producers, and let's give the kids a picture that was really made for them.

One war picture went over big, One Murder picture went over big, One College picture went over big, and we have been having them ever since. Get one good picture for the kids, and we know there will be more. *M. I. M.*

Rah for the Movies

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—"Nothing ever happens here!" Yes, that's my town—snuggling quietly at the foot of the mountains. Yet, out of its drab dulness, the MOVIES transport me on a magic carpet to the earth's far corners. Sometimes I am cast upon a rockbound coast among rugged fishermen; so real that I can almost feel the tang of the salt water in my face. Sometimes, amid the music and lights of great far-away cities,—then I follow the villain down the uncarpeted steps of grimy tenements. Sometimes I land on a tropical South Sea Island—then back again to familiar mountain places. Always—wherever I go—I find myself in the thick of action—a real part of the story itself.

I can find a picture for my every mood, whether jolly or serious. And with the Talkies, the pictures are so realistic, they are actually living the story right before me. In tender love scenes, I lose myself. Children, husband and aching limbs fade away and I am back in the days of my long-past youth.

The movies are a godsend to people in the smaller cities. Many tired mothers not only find recreation there, but keep themselves posted on current events.

I feel that my day has been made bigger, broader and better by having seen a good movie. *M. M.*

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Re Biblical Pictures

FERNDALE, MICHIGAN.—Let's have more Biblical pictures. "Noah's Ark" and "The Ten Commandments" are in my humble opinion the best pictures yet produced. They are real educational. They hold one spellbound from beginning to end. The motion picture producers are surely working wonders with the screen. I just can't understand how they ever worked such miracles as in "Noah's Ark." Don't you think if we had more pictures like that it would help with the future generation? It's much better for children to see those things than so much gun play, etc. And as for me I wouldn't miss a picture like that if I had to be carried in. I am just a so-called "flapper." Never been to church but a dozen times in my life, but after seeing pictures like that I stop and wonder if I hadn't better start. *Velna M. O'Brien*

Greta Greatest Artist

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Greta Garbo is a new amazement in talking pictures. Her career is just beginning. The speaking Garbo is less aloof and mysterious than the silent Garbo.

Eugene O'Neill might have written "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo in mind, so perfectly does the rôle fit the heretofore silent Swedish artist.

I can tell those who are in doubt that Miss Garbo has a voice that is just as individual as the glamourous Garbo. In talking pictures it's the *voice*, and the voice of the great Garbo is perfect. Surprisingly low pitched, deep, resonant, unforgettably expressive, the voice of culture. I think quite the most distinguished voice on the talking screen. *B. D. Rounds*

Praise from a Projectionist

SEATTLE, WASH.—Just a word for the movies. I am a Motion Picture Projectionist and have been for the past ten years. I believe I have seen more pictures than the average movie fan, and I enjoy the acting even if I do know just what is going to happen next. Now that we have the talkies, I see no reason to kick. We know it is a written story, that the actors are acting and that most of the scenery is props; but so are the best books a written story. The music of the radio is a written composition, so why stay home and read a book and listen to the radio, when we can go to the movie, see the story in pictures, hear music to fit the story and hear the actors speak their parts, see their expression? I, for one, find the talking pictures very educational. My greatest handicap in the past, has been my inability to speak the words I wanted to speak, because I did not know how to pronounce them, but listening to the actors speak their parts, and making speeches, has helped me more than I can say, for now I can stand up and talk on an equal footing with my superiors with confidence in my newly acquired ability. *E. M.*

Check Your Parcels

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Can't some action be taken by all theatres to rule out the paper bag of candy or peanuts? Why cannot the theatres have check-rooms for all parcels so that the shoppers who drop into the talkies will not annoy everyone with the rattling of the paper-wrapped packages?

The patrons who attend movies in the daytime are comprised largely of shoppers who drop into a show to kill time, and probably have several packages in their laps, and as you pass them it annoys everyone within a radius of several seats, by the rattling of the paper-wrapping, or every move they make. *Gladys Elliott*

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